DEDICATION.

TO

OUR LOVED AND HONORED PRECEPTOR,

DR. MORGAN CALLAWAY, D.D.,

WHOSE UNIFORM KINDNESS AND COURTESY
HAVE CAPTURED THE LOVE OF THE STUDENT-BODY,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
AS A TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM

BY

THE EDITORS.
AFTER months of anxious waiting, days of fear and
nights of mourning, the Editors of the second edi-
tion of our Annual, The Zodiac, take pleasure in
presenting it to the College-body. Not a few obstacles
were to be surmounted before the end could be seen, but
at length we lay it before you, conscious that you will look
with a partial eye on its imperfections and not refuse the
praise due to its successes. To all those who have aided
us, either in word or deed, we return our thanks. The
dition of '93 was surely considered a success. To
prepare a volume that should not be shamed by its dar-
ing predecessor was the hope of the present Editors. If,
in the judgment of the student-body, this has been
accomplished, we shall rest content.

The Editors.
Prologae.

Again to you our Annual offering comes;
Again with doubt we lay it at your feet,
Our labor finished, whether well or ill,
For you to judge if lacking or complete.

No wingèd horse hath borne us far above
To where the Muses in the moonlight dance;
No Pierian fountain purling in the sun,
To us has thrown a poet-inspiring glance.

Then you'll forgive the effort bold,
To lift what mightier arms have borne;
You'll laugh with us, if laughter we bestir,
Or if we fail, with ours your hearts shall mourn.
Zodiac Editors.

Literary Corps.

G. A. B. TOMLINSON, F.,
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College Calendar for 1893-4.

1893.

September 20, Wednesday ................................................................. Fall Term begins.
October 30, Monday .............................................................................. Anniversary Few Society.
November 3, Friday .............................................................................. Public Debate Phi Gamma Society.
December 8, Friday .............................................................................. Public Debate Few Society.
December 31, Sunday ............................................................................. Fall Term ends.

1894.

January 1, Monday ................................................................................ Spring Term begins.
February 22, Thursday .......................................................................... Celebration of Washington's Birthday.
March 8, Thursday ................................................................................. Anniversary Phi Gamma Society.
May 4, Friday ........................................................................................ Public Debate Phi Gamma Society.
May 11, Friday ........................................................................................ Public Debate Few Society.
June 8, Friday ....................................................................................... Annual Meeting of Board of Trustees, 10 A.M.
June 8, Friday ....................................................................................... Commencement Exercises Sub-Freshman Department, 8 P.M.
June 9, Saturday ..................................................................................... Freshman Exhibition, 8 P.M.
June 10, Sunday ..................................................................................... Commencement Sermon, 11 A.M.
June 10, Sunday ..................................................................................... Sermon to Candidates for the Ministry, 8 P.M.
June 11, Monday .................................................................................... Sophomore Exhibition, 10 A.M.
June 11, Monday .................................................................................... Champion Debate Few and Phi Gamma Societies, 8 P.M.
June 12, Tuesday .................................................................................... Junior Exhibition, 9 30 A.M.
June 12, Tuesday .................................................................................... Meeting of Alumni Association, 4 P.M.
June 13, Wednesday ............................................................................... Senior Exhibition, 9 30 A.M., Commencement Day.
Faculty and Officers.

REV. W. A. CANDLER, D.D., President,
"Loveck Fierce" 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.

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"Alfred H. Colquitt" Professor of Natural Science.

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Professor of Greek Language and Literature.

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Professor of Latin Language and Literature.

REV. JULIUS MAGATH, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages and Hebrew.

MANSFIELD T. PEED, A.M.,
Professor of Pure Mathematics and Astronomy.

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

R. M. McINTOSH,
Professor of Vocal Music.

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Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages.

TOMLINSON FORT, A.B.,
Adjunct Professor of Mathematics.

REV. H. S. BRADLEY, A.B.,
Adjunct Professor of Natural Science.

REV. J. E. DICKEY, A.B.,
Adjunct Professor of Mental and Moral Science.

Hon. JAMES 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.
Mr. U. G. Hardeman, Secretary, Oxford, Ga.

Clericae Members.

North Georgia Conference.
Rev. Clement A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga.

South Georgia Conference.
Rev. John W. Burke, Macon, Ga.
Rev. William C. Lovett, Columbus, Ga.
Rev. J. P. Wardlaw, Macon, Ga.

Florida Conference.
Rev. Charles A. Fulwood, Kissimmee, Fla.
Rev. F. Pasco, Jacksonville, Fla.
*Rev. A. A. Robinson, Manatee, Fla.

Eam Members.

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Mr. Chas. G. Goodrich, Augusta, Ga.
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Mr. Lennel 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.

*Deceased.
CLASSES.
Sub-Freshman Class.

YELL—Hi-hi-hi! Hi-hi-he!
'98—'98! Emory!

Class Officers.

H. Garmany.................. Dux.
A. H. Odom.................. Historian.
C. A. Murphy............. Dude.
<table>
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<td>S. P. Aiken</td>
<td>Zebulon, Georgia</td>
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<td>Cleburne, Texas</td>
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<td>W. Farmer</td>
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<td>L. H. Hearn</td>
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<td>L. N. Means</td>
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<td>J. J. Methvin</td>
<td>Anadarko, Oklahoma Ter.</td>
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<td>G. B. McGinty</td>
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History of Sub-Freshman Class.

Our first year begins, and so begins our history. And the event which has made the most lasting impression upon our minds occurred on the 21st of September, when we had gathered around the halls of old Emory. We were indeed a bright and intelligent crowd of boys, never dreaming of the fate which awaited us. When the clock struck nine we marched down to the Chapel, and after prayer retired to the halls to be examined for classes, which they did not make. Very soon this was finished, and left in the hands of the professors to examine and see what was the result, and what classes we had made. After some of our boys had hunted in vain for the campus, being disgusted because they could not find it, nor who was buried under Few Monument, they retired to their respective boarding-houses, where they were soon following in the hot chase of the sanguinary bedbug and evolution of Oxford beef. These were, indeed, new and strange fields. However, we survived the first night, and on the next day we met again. This time we had the pleasure of meeting in the presence of the King, and after being assigned to our classes, we then with much humiliation went into the room of the "Hairy man from Borneo" and marched where we saw stranger things than before.
Into this department came about thirty who could not, as they looked upon the upper classmen, exclaim as did the Pharisee: "We are glad we are not like other men!" Among our number you could find some first year and some second year "Subs," and some in both; those in both classes desired to "make up" something which they never did, and go "first year" all around; to this proposition Professor Harris exclaimed: "I will see. I generally give a fellow all he can do!" I am sure the historian will make no mistake when he records that we have found this as true as any proverb in the Bible. Our first lesson was the Greek alphabet, and as we gazed we became amazed and our hair stood on end, etc., but under the guidance of the "ancient" this has all become familiar, very (?) We were, indeed, kept hard at work until the Christmas holidays, which were enjoyed, of course, at home and with our "best girl." These were the happiest days thus far in our college life. After these were over we returned, leaving our heart behind and found that the "half had never been told." This time the awful words fell upon our ears: "I am afraid some of you will never be Freshmen." Of course we did not understand then what it meant, but can safely say now that before the ivy reaches Seney Hall tower we can exclaim with a common voice: "That was strange!" But this term has been most successful, for we never dare trust but one eye on our books; the other is watching the time to go home. So our history begins.

A. H. Odom,
Historian.
Freshman Class.

CLASS YELL—Boom-la-rahl Room-da-reven!
We are the boys of '97!

Colors—Scarlet and Black.

Class Officers.

J. E. Seals .............................................. Dux.
W. J. McClure ............................................ Historian.
P. Bowden ................................................ Dude.
Freshman Class Roll.

G. Q. Aikin ................................................. Zebulon, Georgia.
J. M. Anderson ........................................... Shiloh, Georgia.
J. H. Battle ................................................ Barnett, Georgia.
C. O. Beauchamp ........................................... Jackson, Georgia.
W. P. Bloodworth ........................................ Forsyth, Georgia.
W. H. Bishop ................................................ Micanopy, Florida.
J. W. Bishop ................................................ Micanopy, Florida.
P. Bowden .................................................... Forsyth, Georgia.
E. R. Bradfield, Jr ....................................... LaGrange, Georgia.
F. T. Buice .................................................... Atlanta, Georgia.
R. E. Callan ................................................... Washington, Georgia.
R. W. Campbell ............................................ Augusta, Georgia.
D. B. Cantrell ................................................ Oxford, Georgia.
M. W. Carnachila .......................................... Jackson, Georgia.
J. K. P. Carr ............................................... Savannah, Georgia.
J. C. Carswell ................................................ Jeffersonville, Georgia.
J. G. Christian ............................................. Atlanta, Georgia.
P. A. Dallas .................................................. LaGrange, Georgia.
J. B. DeJarnette .......................................... Eatonton, Georgia.
G. McF. Eakes .............................................. Oxford, Georgia.
J. E. Ellison .................................................. Ellerslie, Georgia.
R. C. Ellis .................................................... Oak Grove, Georgia.
W. B. Emery .................................................. Atlanta, Georgia.
G. Everett ..................................................... Lumpkin, Georgia.
J. C. Freeman ............................................. Sylvania, Georgia.
M. A. Fleming ............................................. Canton, Georgia.
T. C. Gardner ............................................. Grangerville, Georgia.
J. H. Gress .................................................... Atlanta, Georgia.
A. P. Griffin ................................................ Oxford, Georgia.
H. W. Grady ................................................... Jesup, Georgia.
R. L. Hale ..................................................... New Orleans, Louisiana.
R. H. Hankinson ......................................... Augusta, Georgia.
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<td>M. L. Hardemen</td>
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<td>J. F. Yarbrough</td>
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History of Class of '97.

Editors of Zodiac:—I was informed by one of your number recently that I was expected to write the history of the Freshman Class, and must have my manuscript ready for publication within ten days. I was utterly dumbfounded! Why, just think of writing the history of a class of boys, part of whom are so old that they have really forgotten their ages, while some are so young that they do not know when they commenced this terrestrial existence! The thought of such a task paralyzes my brain and causes my mind to wander into unknown space! Just think! only ten days' notice, when I should have had a whole year before even wetting a pen! But as I must, I guess I must, so here comes the history of a class utterly unknown to the world, but most assuredly known to themselves—and—"Well now!" I will only speak of the class as it is, not as it was, or as it is going to be, for I do not wish to disgrace our class by intimating that we are going to be Fresh eternally.

I cannot give the exact dates of the boys' births, or the exact places where they first began to study Geometry, so I will take the class as a whole and speak of it in general.

The only reason we bear the euphonious name of "Fresh" instead of the euphemism, "Sub," is because the consciences of the respective professors hurt them, and they were forced to let us pass. (By way of parenthesis, it is a self-evident fact that Dr. Moore's and Professor Peed's did.)

The class opened the Fall Term of '93 with a number that is either so large or so small that I am unable to express it in figures. Part of them were refugees from Soph, while others joined us who had become partially civilized in the enchanting realm of Subdom. "Oedipus" meets us at the head of the stairs leading to his room in Language Hall. We stumble over Greek gods, armor of demigods, etc., into his room where we suffer great violence from jaw-breaking combinations of the alphabet, and exhaust our wasted strength by trying to put gignomai around our neck. This last feat is the express command of the professor. We cross over to a room where a venerable old gentleman of some hundred odd years holds forth, and where a game of
baseball may be seen in progress all the while, with the professor as pitcher and the boys forming the remainder of the team. He is certainly a fine one, and "strikes 'em out" every time by his various combination curves, and that "most awful rainbow-out" that he throws. Here our Roman cohort is inspected. We go mounted—"because—because—because!!" From this heroic presence it behooves us to flee, but, alas! we enter a place of black-washed walls, whereon are seen configurations writhed out by many agonized souls who left this mundane sphere in utter despair and misery, while vainly seeking to know the heights and depths of Geometry lore. In this place rowdyism is strictly prohibited. "Know ye all generations, aspirant to Freshman honors, no rowdy enters here." This is a sign, first beheld on entering this mysterious presence, and appears in a very conspicuous place; that is, Professor Peed's countenance. I would not devote so much of this valuable paper to the precincts of Geometry were it not that Professor Peed is so wonderfully enamored of our class; but since he is, I cheerfully record it here. With bowed heads, knees trembling, we betake ourselves to our dying place—the Hall of Judgment. Ah! see that monarch on his throne, with his curling locks, Hyperion-like, adown his shoulders strown. Alas! what sad recollections are recalled every time we gaze upon this countenance! This place is known as the spot where the Ten Plagues were brought upon the Egyptians, and where everything is rhetorical, allegorical, or metaphorical. So sad is the memory of this place that I will say nothing further about it. We finish our round and remain always afterwards—"F-r-a-s-h!!" But to the history that I intended to write.

The dates upon which the members of our class were born are varied; ranging from the deliverance of the Israelites down to only last week. I am glad to say we have only one who is aged. 'Tis indeed quite a treat to hear him tell some of the "experiences" he has had in those long years. Many times, he says, he talked with Washington when he was a mere boy. In the beginning of this history (?) I mentioned the fact that some of the boys (Freshmen) are so old that they have forgotten when they were born. Upon subsequent investigation I find some were kept in Sabdom so long (studying Arithmetic) that they really lost count of their years and have no dates by which to determine their ages.

The places of their births are scattered over the habitable globe. We have some who first saw the light on the shores of Scotland, one from the distant regions of China, where the Lings,
Sings, Lungs, and Tsoongs come from; one from Africa—not black—one who began to squall in the southern part of Hindustan, and was thereafter found in one of California's seaport towns blacking boots for "half-a-dime." Some came to us from the vine-clad hills of France, while others from the verdant green of Ireland. Of course, ut ante dixi, we have them from all parts of the United States. They come from the forests of Maine and the everglades of Florida; from the fisheries of the Atlantic to the yellow banks of California, where the jingling of the golden boulders mingles with the screams of the catamount, and the mountain goat leaps from rock to rock—and—(?!) It is whispered among the boys that there is one from "the red old hills of Georgia," but this is a report, not an authenticated fact.

The individuality of the class is as multiform as the faces. Among us you will find all the way from the rough cowboy of the prairies down to the nice, polite, genteel dude, who struts about in his "duds," and thinks himself monarch of all he surveys. We have poets like Shakespeare (that is, they live out here in Shake-rag district); orators like Demosthenes; one who has the scholarship of an Aristotle; the counterpart warrior to our immortal Lee; one like George Washington, that is, he is never given to prevarications, as people call them nowadays; horribile dictu, we still have the same naughty fellows who say damn. Oh such a conglomeration of characteristics!

Our baseball and football teams, class colors, and caps deserve special mention. Both of these teams are fine, especially the baseball team, which "cabbaged" victories right and left last season. They have come out this season in a beautiful black uniform, and intend to lead and let all others follow who can. The team is much stronger this season than last, and no doubt it will win the pennant. Our class colors—black and gold—form a very beautiful combination, and in consideration of this fact we have supplied ourselves with black caps having a gold braid around them; a nice, genteel cap it makes, too.

Alas! I am about through and haven't written anything that might be called a history! But, to put it in the words of Dr. Moore, "I tell you, I tell you, I TELL YOU," I have tried "about seventeen times" and have at last failed; "because—because—BECAUSE!!"

W. James McClure, Jr.,
Historian.
Sophomore Class.

Class Yell—We swear! We swear! by the river Styx!
That the Sophs and Juniors once did mix!
And now the Juniors are in a fix!
Who put them there!
'96!!

Colors—Orange and White.

Motto—Blood and Revenge.

Class Officers.

T. F. Day .................................................. Dux.
F. Morris .................................................. Historian.
J. D. Boyd, Jr. ............................................. Dude.
Sophomore Class Roll.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<th>City, State</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>Dennis Barton Barrett</td>
<td>∆ A E</td>
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<tr>
<td>James Iorie Benton</td>
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<td>William Troy Bivings</td>
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<td>Joseph David Boyd, Jr.</td>
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<td>William James Bryan</td>
<td>∆ T 9</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Henry Barkhalter</td>
<td>∆ T 9</td>
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<tr>
<td>George Washington Camp</td>
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<td>Robert Franklin Cary</td>
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<td>William Alonzo Covington</td>
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<td>Thomas Fletcher Day</td>
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<td>Olin Sandoford Dean</td>
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<td>William Walter Driskell</td>
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<td>M. Pliny Hall</td>
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<td>John Ellsworth Hall</td>
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<td>Isaac Cheney Jenkins</td>
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<td>Thomas Richard Jones</td>
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<td>Tom King</td>
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<td>Φ Λ 0</td>
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<td>James Thomas Lowe</td>
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<tr>
<td>Frank McClellan Means</td>
<td>Φ Λ 0</td>
<td>Eastman, Georgia</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Colin McRae</td>
<td>Σ Λ Ε</td>
<td>Siloam, Georgia</td>
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<tr>
<td>Percy Florence Merritt</td>
<td>Σ Ν</td>
<td>Marietta, Georgia</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fred Morris</td>
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<td>Patrick Henry Odum</td>
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<td>James Haralson Pace</td>
<td>Χ Φ</td>
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<td>William Holt Park</td>
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<td>Henry Story Redding</td>
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<td>Rembert Gilman Smith</td>
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<td>John Bugg Thrasher</td>
<td>Α Τ Ω</td>
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<td>Shelton Oliver Vickers</td>
<td>Σ Λ Ε</td>
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<td>James Drake Weaver</td>
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<tr>
<td>Osceola Pate Wilcox</td>
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<td>Lumber City, Georgia</td>
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History of '96.

Most Potent Sirs:—Your outrageous proposal, that I take a full page in your infamous book to chronicle, in detail, all the heroic deeds and pleasant memories of our renowned class, reached me recently. I decline without thanks. And not one word of our history shall you have. But you, no doubt, will say: “We do not care, for you have done nothing.” That, we do not deny. But how light is your argument. You have not for one moment considered what we are going to do. The hearts of all swell with a passionate desire to relate what we have yet to accomplish. None, indeed, can have more. Now as we have done so very little in the past, think what a great future is before us. And as we have the grandest future before us, we must necessarily have the most brilliant class. But that is ancient history, you know. And I promised not to give you one line of our past history. But think you that such men as Boland, “Baby” Smith and Boyd have no history? If so, you are quite mistaken.

Sirs, the motto of our class is “Blood and Revenge,” and it is graven on each heart in blazing letters of fire. So, as a friend I warn you, we are going to do great deeds. They will make the hair stand on end, and your tongue will curtain the dormer windows of your mouth when we accomplish them. No doubt they will be fiendish, but when we appear everybody will make room for us. For we will exclaim with a loud voice:

“Behold! Be terrified! We come! and our motto is Blood and Revenge!!” But we will not tell you how we stole the “Junior Bogus” nor how much they are indebted to Professor Card for the same. Then think you that such men as Day, Clements and Hall should have but one page
in your book? Ah! you little know them. They never stand idle when they receive a slight, or see an enemy. They always run—for the absent ones(?). But I will not treat you with silent contempt and thus blight your fondest hopes. Sell your book anywhere and everywhere; you have our permission.

With the rise from a verdant Freshman to the omniscient Sophomore came especial privileges. We had reached the second round of our college ladder with fifteen additional men. We are now allowed to enter the stone-capped portals of Seney Hall, and delve near a great “wheel” in the juciest of subjects—Lounsbury.

We continue in our journeyings under the guiding hand of “Edipus,” receiving knot after knot upon our heads already greasy from exudations of Greece within. And Wednesday’s noon-days bring us within the scope of “Bull’s” voice, a privilege denied all save Sophs and Seniors. We are no longer met with the sweet strains of “Fr-es-h” and “Ah! Me” from the musically inclined (?) boys of ’95. As we draw near the close of our second year’s work, we look back upon many scenes dear to us, and happy days deeply graven in our memory. Our first terms’ work was most successfully passed. So say Wilcox and Connally. Christmas came as a most delightful rest from work, and after a short relief from college routine we were again confronted with countless examinations thickly interspersed with questions no man could answer. Indeed the new term found us not in such a calm, for Dr. Moore has, in a certain way, been more successful in making of us great “athletes,” for he kindly and constantly admonishes us “to keep our eyes on the ball,” and then we can recall many pleasant evenings spent in each other’s room exercising and practicing—well the result was, we could read the next Latin lesson with ease. Some of us have become renowned “athletes” in this line; and, as we have seen from certain reports, the “ball” never passes without a lasting mark from Eli.
Possibly the most noteworthy event in the history of '96 occurred on Thanksgiving Day last. 'Twas preceded by the exultations and succeeded by the lamentations of our most immediate predecessors. The Juniors had decked the eastern goal in red and black. Fancy ribbons were dangling in the air. The Juniors had pulled the stopper out and "Junior" was in the gentle murmurings of the breezes that were wafted to and fro in Professor Peep's side-whiskers.

The eventful hour came, and with it the confident Juniors. High towered they above the Sophs. The game commenced. The mighty avalanche swept against the Sophs' seemingly frail line, time and time again, and Poer or Cox had gained five yards. Rapidly nearing the goal, the Juniors were in full bloom. But hark! Whose form was it that I saw dart behind the line and fall upon the ball? Was it not our little quarter-back? Then I thought I saw a stout figure dart across the area and carry the ball near the center, and I was disturbed in my vision by a shrill whistle and the call of time. Was I sleeping when I saw the full back within Sophs stalwart flying "V" carry the ball thirty yards, and then Boyd and Morris carry it across the line? Methinks I saw the ball fly over the goal post. Fast and furious were the runs and kicks, till when my accustomed nature returned the Juniors were downcast. This was, however, not a shallow dream. For when the score was piled up it amounted to 14 to 0. Now the rest of our deeds, are they not written in the chronicles of Emory?

But, sirs, I still obstinately refuse to yield our history. For on your proposal you can never obtain our history of '96. Never!!

We are at your service (strictly by proxy), gentlemen, for any time, place or weapons.

I am yours truculently,

Fred Morris,
Historian '96.
Junior Class.

Class Yell—Boom-da-rah! Boom-da-rive!
Whoop 'er up, Emory! ’95!
Colors—Black and Crimson.
Flower—White Rose.
Motto—“Take Time by the Forelock.”

Class Officers.

J. C. Elder ......................... Dux.
T. H. Thomson .................. Historian.
Warren Wimpey ................. Prophet.
W. E. Thompson ................ Poet.
N. B. Thompson ................ Chaplain.
J. C. McEachin ................. Secretary and Treasurer.
J. C. Wardlaw ................. Chorister.
Fred Allen .................. Dude.
E. F. Fincher .................. Pugilist.
## Junior Class Roll.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>City</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen, A. H</td>
<td>KA</td>
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<tr>
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<td>ATΩ</td>
<td>Warrenton, Georgia</td>
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<td>Banks, W. T</td>
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<td>Bowden, J. W</td>
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<td>Forsyth, Georgia</td>
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<td>Barkhalter, J. F</td>
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<td>Catchings, F. P</td>
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<td>Clark, A</td>
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<td>Colson, J. T</td>
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<td>Cox, D. D</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. Wimpey</td>
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</table>
A Brief History of the Junior Class.

The Junior has always been an important and often indispensable figure in college life; especially is this true, and rightly so, of the present Junior Class. We have only recently begun to feel that we are “somewhat,” and how the College ever managed to make any marked progress before our entrance into it, is, to us, an unsolved mystery.

When we were “Subs” our class was the largest in College; since then the boys, for various reasons, have dropped out, leaving it smaller in numbers than formerly, but no less brilliant and faithful to duty. Our record from the first has indeed been an enviable one, and we say, not boastfully, but proudly, that the old Institution has been benefited by our presence.

In the fall of ’91 we instituted a class prayer-meeting, which since then has been adopted by every class in College, and it would be hard to find anywhere a more gentlemanly set of boys than are in our ranks. Our journey thus far has not been one “on downy beds of ease”; we have not, as former classes boast to have done, surmounted and overcome all difficulties by the mellifluous smiles of our placid countenances, nor have the abstruse mysteries of Mechanics and the Ultimate Ground of Moral Obligation been readily solved by the mere approach of our massive intellects, but this fact has made the summit which we have at last reached all the more enjoyable, and we now look forward to pleasures more bountiful and to heights of fame hitherto unknown to man.
In athletics our class is second to none. "First in war, first in peace, and first in football and baseball." Last year we won the pennant as having the champion baseball team, which honor we expect to hold again this year. In the gymnasium, on the campus, wherever you meet him, the Junior as a type of physical manhood is unexcelled.

One should not ask how many of us "made a rise" in "Analyt" and Physics; of course we all did, and indeed some have fallen so much in love with these subjects that they have decided to continue the study. We are all expecting places this year, and have begun our speeches.

Taken as a whole, we have the finest set of boys in College, and there is not one among us who is not an honor to the class.

Historian.
Senior Class.

Class Yell—Hip-la-rah! Hip-la-ro!
Hurrah, boys, for ’94!
Boom rah! Boom rah!
Em’ry!!!

Colors—White and Red.

Motto—"Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food."

Flower—Maréchal Niel Rose

Class Officers.

D. Y. Thomas........................................... Dux.
H. A. Wilkinson......................................... Historian.
G. A. Tomlinson........................................ Prophet.
R. M. Thomson.......................................... Poet.
J. E. McDonald........................................ Chorister.
R. C. Sharp.............................................. Secretary and Treasurer.
W. H. Budd............................................. Chaplain.
J. H. Lewis............................................. Pugilist.
M. Williams............................................. Dude.
F. T. Saussy............................................. Captain Baseball and Football Teams.
## Senior Class Roll.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
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Senior Class History.

THE present Senior Class entered College in 1890. This class, with several exceptions, will be graduated June 15, 1894. Judging from this, one might suppose that it is a wonderful class; so it is, and it is not exaggeration to say that from infancy to maturity we have been entirely successful in every department of the college schemes and sports. The highest marks, the choicest oratorical rewards, the championships of field and class-room have been awarded us. Not once during our career as Freshmen or as Sophomores were we found on the losing side of any issue. Those who received the first volume of The Zodiac know how completely we circumvented the Class of '93 in obtaining their song. Of course the Juniors attempted to work some of their ugly tricks on us after we became Seniors, but we proved too sly for them.

They stipulated for and obtained a song which they believed to be ours, but when the moment arrived for them to spring their fake the bird had flown to the Sophomores, who vocalized the town with the bogus song.

The Daisies refused to attend the exercises Arbor Day. Ask them why.

The winds have blown over, however, college strifes are nearly passed and a better to-morrow awaits us. One of our boys has already been in the livery and feed stable business, and has also written a translation to his manual on "Bootlicking Made Easy"; another has signed a
contract to generate gas to light the moon; another is the author of a novel production on "Shorty by Moonlight," or "Navigation Accelerated." Many leach lie; others are on their way to the penitentiary, and some desire to go to the bosom of the rich man.

Some wear the verdure of the collard fields,
With varied blue and green combined;
Some dear ones smile and show upon their backs
Great seeds of hay and moss entwined.

One, it's said, can chaw an iron ball,
Or at times climb a billiard cue;
_Aber das nicht wahr de toute la classe,
_Aber genug, aber genug, aber genug._

Most of us are ugly and good for naught,
But to get there, Eli, at last;
But watch the records for old '94,
On we go, to get there, honey, at last!

**Historian.**
### Chi Phi

**Founded 1824.**

**Roll of Chapters.**

<table>
<thead>
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Chi Phi.

Established in 1869—Gamma Chapter.

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

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO—NINETY-FOUR.
F. T. Saussy, O. B. Smith, R. M. Thomson,
G. A. B. Tomlinson.

NINETY-FIVE.

NINETY-SIX.
J. B. Connally, E. E. Lee, J. H. Pace,
T. J. Johnson.

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

NINETY-EIGHT.
C. F. Fain.
# Kappa Alpha

## Roll of Chapters

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### Kappa Alpha

**Epsilon Chapter.**

**Fratres in Facultate.**

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**Fratres in Collegio—Ninety-Four.**

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**Ninety-Six.**

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**Phi Delta Theta.**

**College Chapters.**

**Alpha Province.**

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Tennessee Alpha .......................... Vanderbilt University.
Tennessee Beta ................................ University of the South.
Alabama Alpha ................................ University of Alabama.
Alabama Beta ................................ Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Alabama Gamma .............................. Southern University.

**DELTA PROVINCE.**

Mississippi Alpha ........................ University of Mississippi.
Louisiana Alpha ............................ Tulane University of Louisiana.
Texas Beta .................................. University of Texas.
Texas Gamma ................................ Southwestern University.

**EPSILON PROVINCE.**

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

**ZETA PROVINCE.**

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

ALUMNI CHAPTERS.
Boston, Mass. ................................................. D. N. Marble, 491 Boylston Street, Boston.
New York, N. Y. .............................................. C. A. Winter, 58 William Street.
Pittsburgh, Pa ................................................ J. E. Couse, 315 Penn Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa ............................................. J. C. Moore, Jr., 4201 Walnut Street.
Richmond, Va ................................................ Dr. C. M. Shields, 30 E. Franklin Street.
Columbus, Ga. ................................................ Herbert L. Manson.
Atlanta, Ga. .................................................. Morris Brandon.
Nashville, Tenn .............................................. R. F. Jackson, 3011 N. Cherry Street.
Montgomery, Ala ............................................. W. E. Holloway.
Selma, Ala. .................................................... A. W. Nelson.
Cincinnati, O .................................................. Dr. J. A. Thompson, 113 W. Ninth Street.
Akron, O ....................................................... W. J. Emery.
Cleveland, O .................................................. C. L. Chalfant, 49 Cory Avenue.
Louisville, Ky ............................................... F. D. Swope, Box 440.
Franklin, Ind .................................................. T. C. Donnell.
Indianapolis, Ind. .......................................... H. U. Brown, care "Indianapolis News."
Chicago, Ill ................................................... Leo Wampold, 3229 Michigan Avenue.
Galesburg, Ill ................................................ J. L. Hastings.
Kansas City, Mo ............................................. S. M. McClannahen.
Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn ...........................................
Denver, Col ................................................... G. E. Preble, U. S. Mint.
Salt Lake City, Utah ......................................... W. S. Ferris, Box 381.
San Francisco, Cal .......................................... C. E. Holmes, Pier 3, Stewart Street.
Los Angeles, Cal ............................................ Leslie R. Hewitt.
Spokane, Wash .............................................. Will E. Willis.
Phi Delta Theta.

Georgia Beta Chapter.

Colors—White and Blue. Founded at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, 1848.

Fratres in Facultate.

Fratres in Collegio—Ninety-Four.
T. G. Callaway, J. R. Dykes, J. W. Greer,

Ninety-Five.
C. Belcher, J. W. Bowden, A. Clark,
E. F. Finch, J. T. Colson, J. W. Poer,
A. G. Shankle, J. C. Wardlaw.

Ninety-Six.
E. Hallman, O. S. Dean, I. C. Jenkins,

Ninety-Seven.
# Sigma Nu Fraternity

## Chapter List

<table>
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<td>Omicron</td>
<td>Bethel College</td>
<td>Russellville, Ky.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pi</td>
<td>Lehigh University</td>
<td>So. Bethlehem, Pa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rho</td>
<td>University of Missouri</td>
<td>Columbia, Mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sigma</td>
<td>Vanderbilt University</td>
<td>Nashville, Tenn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Upsilon</td>
<td>University of Texas</td>
<td>Austin, Tex.</td>
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<td>NAME</td>
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<tr>
<td>Phi</td>
<td>University of Louisiana</td>
<td>Baton Rouge, La.</td>
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<td>Chi</td>
<td>Cornell College</td>
<td>Mt. Vernon, Iowa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Psi</td>
<td>University of North Carolina</td>
<td>Chapel Hill, N. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta Beta</td>
<td>DePauw University</td>
<td>Greencastle, Ind.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beta Gamma</td>
<td>Missouri Valley College</td>
<td>Marshall, Mo.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Drake University</td>
<td>Des Moines, Iowa.</td>
</tr>
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<td>Upper Iowa University</td>
<td>Fayette, Iowa.</td>
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<td>Purdue University</td>
<td>Lafayette, Ind.</td>
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<td>University of Indiana</td>
<td>Bloomington, Ind.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beta Theta</td>
<td>Alabama A. and M. College</td>
<td>Auburn, Ala.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beta Iota</td>
<td>Mt. Union College</td>
<td>Alliance, Ohio.</td>
</tr>
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<td>Southwest Kansas College</td>
<td>Winfield, Kan.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beta Lambda</td>
<td>Central College</td>
<td>Fayette, Mo.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta Mu</td>
<td>University of Iowa</td>
<td>Iowa City, Ia.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>University of Ohio</td>
<td>Columbus, Ohio.</td>
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<td>Beta Omicron</td>
<td>University of the South</td>
<td>Sewanee, Tenn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beta Chi</td>
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<td>Menlo Park, Cal.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beta Psi</td>
<td>University of California</td>
<td>Berkeley, Cal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Delta Theta</td>
<td>Lombard University</td>
<td>Galesburg, Ill.</td>
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</table>

**ALUMNI ORGANIZATION.**

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

Founded January 1, 1869, at Virginia Military Institute.


Xi Chapter.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO—NINETY-FOUR.

NINETY-FIVE.

NINETY-SIX.

NINETY-SEVEN.

NINETY-EIGHT.
C. E. Whittington, Carl Murphy.
# Delta Tau Delta

**GRAND DIVISION OF THE SOUTH.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbol</th>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Institution</th>
<th>City, State</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lambda</td>
<td>VU</td>
<td>Vanderbilt University</td>
<td>Nashville, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pi</td>
<td>UOM</td>
<td>University of Mississippi</td>
<td>University, Miss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta Delta</td>
<td>UGA</td>
<td>University of Georgia</td>
<td>Athens, Ga.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta Epsilon</td>
<td>EFC</td>
<td>Emory College</td>
<td>Oxford, Ga.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>USU</td>
<td>University of the South</td>
<td>Sewanee, Tenn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta Iota</td>
<td>UVa</td>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
<td>Univ. of Va., Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta Xi</td>
<td>Tulane University</td>
<td>New Orleans, La.</td>
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**GRAND DIVISION OF THE WEST.**

<table>
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<tr>
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<td>UI</td>
<td>University of Iowa</td>
<td>Iowa City, Iowa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Xi</td>
<td>SC</td>
<td>Simpson College</td>
<td>Indianola, Iowa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omega</td>
<td>ISU</td>
<td>Iowa State College</td>
<td>Ames, Iowa.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beta Lambda</td>
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<td>UMN</td>
<td>University of Minnesota</td>
<td>Minneapolis-Minn.</td>
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<td>Beta Kappa</td>
<td>UC</td>
<td>University of Colorado</td>
<td>Boulder, Col.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beta Pi</td>
<td>Northwestern University</td>
<td>Evanston, Ills.</td>
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**GRAND DIVISION OF THE EAST.**

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<td>Allegheny College</td>
<td>Meadville, Pa.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rho</td>
<td>SIT</td>
<td>Stevens Institute of Technology</td>
<td>Hoboken, N. J.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sigma</td>
<td>WC</td>
<td>Williams College</td>
<td>Williamstown, Mass.</td>
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<td>Tau</td>
<td>FMCC</td>
<td>Franklin and Marshall College</td>
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<td>Upsilon</td>
<td>RPI</td>
<td>Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute</td>
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<td>South Bethlehem, Pa.</td>
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<td>Beta Mu</td>
<td>TC</td>
<td>Tufts College</td>
<td>Somerville, Mass.</td>
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<td>Beta Nu</td>
<td>MIT</td>
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<td>Boston, Mass.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beta Omicron</td>
<td>Cornell University</td>
<td>Ithaca, N. Y.</td>
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GRAND DIVISION OF THE NORTH.

Beta ............................................................................. Ohio University ......................................................... Athens, Ohio.
Delta ............................................................................. University of Michigan ............................................. Ann Arbor, Mich.
Epsilon .......................................................................... Albion College .......................................................... Albion, Mich.
Zeta ............................................................................... Adelbert College ......................................................... Cleveland, Ohio.
Eta .................................................................................. Buchtel College ........................................................ Akron, Ohio.
Theta ............................................................................... Bethany College ......................................................... Bethany, W. Va.
Kappa ............................................................................. Hillsdale College ....................................................... Hillsdale, Mich.
Mu ............................................................................... Ohio Wesleyan University ........................................... Delaware, Ohio.
Phi .................................................................................. Hanover College ......................................................... Hanover, Ind.
Chi .................................................................................. Kenyon College ........................................................ Gambier, Ohio.
Psi .................................................................................. University of Wooster ................................................. Wooster, Ohio.
Beta Alpha ...................................................................... Indiana University ....................................................... Bloomington, Ind.
Beta Beta ....................................................................... DePauw University ..................................................... Greencastle, Ind.
Beta Zeta ........................................................................ Butler University .......................................................... Irvington, Ind.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

New York Alumni Chapter ............................................. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chicago Alumni Chapter ................................................ Chicago, Ills.
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.
Detroit Alumni Chapter ................................................... Detroit, Mich.
Grand Rapids Alumni Chapter ........................................ Grand Rapids, Mich.
Delta Tau Delta.

Founded in Bethany College, 1859.

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

Beta Epsilon Chapter.

Fratres in Collegio—Ninety-Four.


Ninety-Five.

T. G. Shepard.

Ninety-Six.

J. L. Benton, W. A. Covington, T. M. Cheatham.

H. J. Jolley.

Ninety-Seven.

R. F. Morton, J. C. Freeman, N. P. Walker.
Chapter Roll.

Alabama Alpha Epsilon .................................. A. & M. College ........................................ Auburn.
Alabama Beta Beta .......................................... Southern University ...................................... Greensboro.
Alabama Beta Delta ........................................ University of Alabama .................................. Tuscaloosa.
California Beta Psi ......................................... Leland Stanford, Jr., University .......................... Menlo Park.
Georgia Alpha Beta ......................................... University of Georgia ..................................... Athens.
Georgia Alpha Theta ........................................ Emory College .............................................. Oxford.
Georgia Alpha Zeta .......................................... Mercer University .......................................... Macon.
Georgia Beta Iota ........................................... School of Technology ..................................... Atlanta.
Louisiana Beta Epsilon ..................................... Tulane University .......................................... New Orleans.
Massachusetts Gamma Beta ................................ Tufts College ................................................ College Hill.
Maine Beta Upsilon .......................................... State College ................................................. Orono.
Maine Gamma Alpha ......................................... Colby University ........................................... Waterville.
Michigan Alpha Mu .......................................... Adrian College .............................................. Adrian.
Michigan Beta Kappa ....................................... Hillsdale College ........................................... Hillsdale.
Michigan Beta Lambda ..................................... University of Michigan ................................... Ann Arbor.
Michigan Beta Omicron .................................... Albion College ............................................. Albion.
North Carolina Alpha Delta ................................. University of North Carolina ......................... Chapel Hill.
North Carolina Alpha Chi ................................ Trinity College ............................................... Durham.
New Jersey Alpha Kappa .................................. Stevens Institute ........................................... Hoboken.
New York Alpha Omicron .................................. St. Lawrence University ................................ Canton.
New York Beta Theta ........................................ Cornell University ......................................... Ithaca.
Ohio Alpha Nu ............................................... Mt. Union College ......................................... Mt. Union.
Ohio Alpha Chi .............................................. Wittenburg College ........................................ Springfield.
| Ohio Beta Eta | Wesleyan University | Delaware |
| Ohio Beta Mu | Wooster University | Wooster |
| Ohio Beta Rho | Marietta College | Marietta |
| Ohio Beta Omega | State University | Columbus |
| Pennsylvania Alpha Iota | Muhlenburg College | Allentown |
| Pennsylvania Alpha Rho | Lehigh University | So. Bethlehem |
| Pennsylvania Alpha Upsilon | Pennsylvania College | Gettysburg |
| Pennsylvania Beta Chi | Haverford College | Haverford |
| Pennsylvania Tau | University of Philadelphia | Philadelphia |
| South Carolina Alpha Theta | South Carolina University | Columbia |
| South Carolina Beta Phi | Wofford College | Spartanburg |
| South Carolina Beta Chi | Charleston College | Charleston |
| Tennessee Alpha Tau | S. W. Pres. University | Clarksville |
| Tennessee Beta Pi | Vanderbilt University | Nashville |
| Tennessee Lambda | Cumberland College | Lebanon |
| Tennessee Omega | University of the South | Sewanee |
| Vermont Beta Zeta | University of Vermont | Burlington |
| Virginia Beta | Washington & Lee University | Lexington |
| Virginia Beta Sigma | Hampden-Sydney College | |
| Virginia Delta | University of Virginia | Charlottesville |
| Virginia Epsilon | Roanoke College | Salem |

**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.


Fratres in Collegio—Ninety-Four.


Ninety-Five.


Ninety-Six.


Ninety-Seven.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Roll of Chapters.

Massachusetts Beta Upsilon Boston University Boston, Mass.
Massachusetts Iota Tau Massachusetts Institute of Technology Boston, Mass.
Connecticut Alpha Trinity College Hartford, Conn.
Connecticut Gamma Harvard University Harvard, Conn.
New York Alpha Cornell University Ithaca, N. Y.
Pennsylvania Omega Allegheny College Meadville, Penn.
Pennsylvania Delta Pennsylvania College Gettysburg, Penn.
Pennsylvania Sigma Phi Dickinson College Carlisle, Penn.
Pennsylvania Alpha Zeta Pennsylvania State College State College, Penn.
Virginia Omicron University of Virginia Charlottesville.
Virginia Pi Emory and Henry College Emory, Va.
North Carolina Xi University of North Carolina Chapel Hill, N. C.
North Carolina Theta Davidson College Davidson, N. C.
South Carolina Delta South Carolina College Columbia, S. C.
South Carolina Phi Furman University Greenville, S. C.
South Carolina Gamma Wofford College Spartanburg, S. C.
South Carolina Mu Erskine College Due West, S. C.
Georgia Beta University of Georgia Athens, Ga.
Georgia Psi Mercer University Macon, Ga.
Georgia Phi Georgia School of Technology Atlanta, Ga.
Michigan Iota Beta University of Michigan Ann Arbor, Mich.
Michigan Alpha Adrian College Adrian, Mich.
Ohio Delta Ohio Wesleyan University Delaware, Ohio.
Ohio Sigma Mt. Union College Alliance, Ohio.
Ohio Epsilon University of Cincinnati Cincinnati, Ohio.
Ohio Theta Ohio State University Columbus, Ohio.
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Indiana Alpha</td>
<td>Franklin College</td>
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<td>Richmond, Ky.</td>
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<td>Bethel College</td>
<td>Russellville, Ky.</td>
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<td>Southwestern Presbyterian University</td>
<td>Clarksville, Tenn.</td>
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<td>Cumberland University</td>
<td>Lebanon, Tenn.</td>
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<td>Tennessee Nu</td>
<td>Vanderbilt University</td>
<td>Nashville, Tenn.</td>
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<td>Tennessee Kappa</td>
<td>University of Tennessee</td>
<td>Knoxville, Tenn.</td>
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<td>University of the South</td>
<td>Suwanee, Tenn.</td>
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<td>Southwestern Baptist University</td>
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<td>University, Ala.</td>
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<td>Boulder, Col.</td>
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<td>University of Denver</td>
<td>University Park, Col.</td>
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<tr>
<td>California Alpha</td>
<td>Leland Stanford, Jr., University</td>
<td>Palo Alto, Cal.</td>
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</table>
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

Founded at University of Alabama, 1895.

Colors—Royal Purple and Old Gold.

Georgia Epsilon Chapter.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO—NINETY-FOUR.

R. C. Cheekler, L. B. Rumph.

NINETY-FIVE.

W. D. Thompson.

NINETY-SIX.

T. S. Hawes,
W. T. Johnson,


NINETY-SEVEN.

G. D. Lowe, G. Everett, W. H. Gurr.

W. T. Bivings, J. C. McRae,

I. T. Irvin, Jr.
Non-Fraternity Men.

Officers.

J. W. Moore ........................................ President ........................................ Jackson, Ga.
R. C. Sharp ........................................ Vice-President ........................................ Walesca, Ga.
J. H. Lewis ........................................ Sec. and Treasurer ........................................ Thomaston, Ga.

Members Represented in Engraving.

R. Crain, ........................................ G. Q. Aiken, ........................................ A. L. Davis,
L. Eakes, ........................................ B. B. Norvell, ........................................ R. C. Sharp,
R. E. Wright, ..................................... J. H. Lewis, ........................................ J. B. Thrasher,
R. A. Edmundson, ................................ G. G. Boland, ........................................ J. C. McEachin,
J. L. Patillo, ........................................ W. Wimpey, ........................................ C. Cook.
Non-Fraternity Men.

This year Emory has on her roll an increased number of non-fraternity men, many of whom share the honors of the institution. This fact is due to no abatement of fraternity zeal, but rather to the influence arising from the ability of prominent men in the student-body who have not chosen to identify themselves with the fraternities. They compose about one-third of the student-body, and belong to the oldest brotherhood in the world.

Members:

J. H. Lewis, Claude Cook, W. J. Connor,
Ira Jenkins, L. J. Fowler, R. C. Sharp,
J. W. Moore, J. C. McEachin, Mortimer Hays,
J. T. Robins, Warren Wimpey, M. D. Thrower,
C. L. Smith, C. E. Stipe, G. G. Boland,
C. E. Dunlap, T. J. Rankin, P. H. Odom,
O. P. Wilcox, R. E. Lee, J. T. Lowe,
P. F. Merritt, G. W. Camp, H. R. Guyton,
W. N. Henderson, L. H. Eakes, J. B. Thrasher,
Ralph Smith, G. H. Bell, A. D. Kean,
L. A. King, Wm. McLean, R. G. P. McKinnon,
| Dan McMillan                  | John O. Moore                  | H. P. Park                     |
| M. Perry                     | J. S. Pinder                   | J. Patillo                    |
| T. D. Wooldridge             | R. E. Wright                   | J. M. Yarborough              |
| G. Q. Aikin                  | J. M. Anderson                 | W. H. Bishop                  |
| W. J. Bishop                 | R. E. Collan                   | W. R. Campbell                |
| M. W. Carmichael             | D. B. Cantrell                | I. Carswell                   |
| Joe Carr                     | — Carroll                      | P. A. Dallas                  |
| M. Eakes                     | James Ellison                  | H. W. Grady                   |
| T. C. Gardner                | Perry Griffin                  | L. Holland                    |
| G. K. Heydrick               | A. R. Honaker                  | A. W. Baird                   |
| Sam Aiken                    | W. A. Bradley                  | A. B. Carbine                 |
| R. R. Carbine                | S. A. Carter                   | E. M. Clark                   |
| A. S. Dames                  | M. S. Dames                   | A. L. Davis                   |
| W. C. DeLamar                | W. E. Fairfield                | W. A. Farmer                  |
| E. R. Gunn                   | R. Gignillaitte                | L. H. Hearn                   |
| G. B. McGinty                | G. H. Martin                   | J. J. Methpen                 |
| L. H. Means                  | B. M. Norvell                  | A. H. Odom                    |
| B. M. Poer                   | C. M. Porter                   | Ray Rogers                    |
| E. B. Smith                  | Bennie Sims                    | C. G. Smith                   |
| B. B. Zachery                | Roy Crain                      | L. M. Timmons                 |
| O. C. Tigner                 | M. Simmons                     | Mathone Eakes                |
| B. E. Wilcox                 | H. Garmony                     |                              |
Emory Athletic Association.

M. P. HALL, President.
M. WILLIAMS, Sec. and Treas.

Field Day, Saturday, May 12, 1894.

3-leg race, (Medal), 100 yards  13½ sec.  Wardlaw & Ellis.
S. B. jump, (Medal)  9 ft. 10½ in.  Thrower.
100-yard dash, (Derby Hat)  10½ sec.  Thrower.
Shot putting, (Medal)  34 ft. 9½ in.  Wilcox.
R. H. jump, (Medal)  5 ft. 4 in.  Banks.
Throwing ball, (Medal)  312 ft  Norvell.
S. H. jump, (Medal)  4 ft. 10½ in.  Thrower.
Hurdle race, (Medal), 120 yards  18 sec  Garmany.
Shoe race, (Pair Shoes)  17 ft. 1 in  Murphy.
S. B. jump, (with dumb bells)  12 ft. 1 in  J. H. Lewis.
Mile walk, (Medal)  6 min. 30 sec  Hoyle.
Running B. jump, (Medal)  19 ft. 2 in  Thrower.
440-yard dash, (Medal)  51 sec  Thrower.
Half hammer, (Medal)  10 ft  Wiggins.
Throwing hammer, (Medal)  69 ft  Wilcox.
One mile run, (Silk Hat)  4 min. 42 sec  Hawes.

Cake walk, (Cake)  3 min. 24 sec  Hawes.
200-yard dash, (Medal)  23½ sec  Hawes.
1 mile bicycle race, (Pair Shoes)  3 min. 24 sec  Thrower, Hawes.

This was Emory's first field day, but in spite of a new track and a short time for training, her records will compare favorably with those of Mercer, Technological School and the University.
'Varsity Football Team.

John M. Poer .................................................. Captain.
Frederick T. Saussy ........................................... Manager.

CENTRE.
O. P. Wilcox.

GUARDS.

TACKLES.
F. M. Means, Jr., Joseph Carr.

ENDS.
John McRae, John Poer.

QUARTER BACKS.
Anderson Clark, Joe Brown Connally.

HALF BACKS.
Fred. Morris, Joseph Boyd.

FULL BACKS.
Elsworth Hall, T. S. Hawes.
Emory Baseball Team.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Hall</td>
<td>Captain</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. Morris</td>
<td>Pitcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Seals</td>
<td>Catcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. T. Buice</td>
<td>First Base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Hall</td>
<td>Second Base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. M. Means, Jr</td>
<td>Short Stop</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. M. Garmony</td>
<td>Third Base</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. McMillen</td>
<td>Right Field</td>
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<tr>
<td>M. P. Hall</td>
<td>Center Field</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. T. Saussy</td>
<td>Left Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Griffin, G. Q. Aiken, J. R. Dykes</td>
<td>Substitutes</td>
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</table>
'94 Baseball Team.

Frederick Tupper Saussy .................................................. Captain.
Lewis Benning Rumpii ....................................................... Manager.
John H. Lewis ................................................................. Catcher.
Frederick T. Saussy ............................................................ Pitcher.
John, Robert Dykes ............................................................ First Base.
Joe Syd Lewis ................................................................. Second Base.
James D. Parks ................................................................. Short Stop.
William J. Connor ............................................................. Third Base.
John W. Moore ................................................................. Left Field.
Sterling P. Wiggins ............................................................ Center Field.
Cloude Cook ................................................................. Right Field.
Lawrence Beta Battle ......................................................... Substitute.
Junior Football Team.

D. D. Cox ........................................ Captain.
A. Clark ........................................ Manager.
Ed Fincher ...................................... Center.
M. L. Thrower .................................. Right Guard.
W. T. Banks .................................... Left Guard.
T. J. Robins ..................................... Left Tackle.
J. C. McEachin .................................. Right Tackle.
W. D. Thomson, V. H. Crusselle .............. Ends.
D. D. Cox, J. M. Poer .......................... Half Backs.
A. Clark .......................................... Quarter Back.
T. H. Milner ..................................... Full Back.
Sophomore Football Team.

M. P. Hall, Captain and Manager.

O. P. Wilcox .................................. Center.
W. M. Jones .................................. Right Guard.
J. E. Thrasher ................................ Left Guard.
W. T. Bivings ................................ Right Tackle.
T. S. Hawes .................................. Left Tackle.
J. C. McAle .................................. Right End.
T. F. Day ..................................... Left End.
F. Morris, J. D. Boyd ....................... Half Backs.
M. P. Hall .................................... Quarter Back.
J. E. Hall .................................... Full Back.
J. P. Connally, J. D. Weaver .............. Subs.
**Freshmen Baseball Team.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. E. Seals</td>
<td>Captain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Q. Aiken</td>
<td>Manager</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hankinson, McClure</td>
<td>Pitchers</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. E. Seals</td>
<td>Catcher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. T. Buice</td>
<td>First Base</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. Q. Aiken</td>
<td>Second Base</td>
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<tr>
<td>P. Griffin</td>
<td>Short Stop</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. E. Quillian</td>
<td>Third Base</td>
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<tr>
<td>D. McMillan</td>
<td>Left Field</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. Morton</td>
<td>Right Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Everitt</td>
<td>Center Field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walker, Yarborough</td>
<td>Substitutes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Bicycle Association.

J. R. Dykes, President.

J. H. Gress, A. C. Belcher, L. A. King, E. E. Lee, M. Hayes,

Mercarian Tennis Club.

L. B. Rumph, President.

J. B. Connally, J. C. Wardlaw,
F. T. Saussy, S. O. Vickers,
J. R. Dykes, T. S. Hawes,
A. Bradley, W. Emery,
H. A. Wilkinson, W. Bryan,
D. B. Barrett, J. G. Sessoms,

J. W. Bowden.
Miscellaneous Organizations.
Phoenix Editors.

D. Y. Thomas, Editor-in-Chief.
B. H. Palmer, Exchange Editor.
W. H. Budd, Local Editor.
A. P. Hilton, Business Manager.
Emory Dining Club,

MOTTO: Immer Essen, Nie Studieren.

W. P. Emery, President.
J. F. Allen, Sec. and Treasurer.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>J. R. Dykes</th>
<th>T. S. Hawes</th>
<th>J. B. Connally</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>P. Bowden</td>
<td>L. B. Ramph</td>
<td>W. T. Bivings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Clark</td>
<td>F. T. Saussy</td>
<td>F. T. Buice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. M. Garmany</td>
<td>G. A. Wilder</td>
<td>D. Barrett</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. Gress</td>
<td>E. G. Hallman</td>
<td>E. R. Hines</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Emory Glee Club.

J. R. Dykes .................................................. President.
T. S. Hawes .................................................. Manager.
R. M. Thomson ................................................. Secretary.
L. B. Rumph .................................................. Treasurer.
M. Williams .................................................. Piano Accompanist.
F. T. Bivings .................................................. Leader.

FIRST TENORS.
J. R. Dykes,
R. M. Thomson,
F. T. Bivings.

SECOND TENORS.
T. S. Hawes,
L. B. Rumph,
H. M. Garmumy.

ALTOS.
E. R. Hines,
E. G. Hallman.

FIRST BASSOS.
W. T. Bivings,
A. G. Shankle,
J. H. Gress.

SECOND BASSOS.
D. Barrett,
J. W. Bowden.
Shakespeare Club.

J. M. Poer, President.

J. C. Wardlaw, T. J. Shepard, J. W. Bowden,
A. G. Shankle, C. C. Smith, E. G. Jones,
C. Elder, C. L. Smith, J. F. Allen,
Impromptu Debators.

S. P. Wiggins, J. T. Norris, D. Y. Thomas,
H. A. Wilkinson, J. W. Moore, T. Fort,
R. M. Thomson, J. T. Colson, J. W. Greer,
M. Williams, J. E. McDonald.
Senior Gun Ctab.

R. Dykes, President.
R. M. Thomson, Vice-President.
Wat Milner, Secretary and Treasurer.
J. R. Dykes,
J. S. Lewis,
H. C. Cook,
O. B. Smith,
S. R. DeJarnette,
W. J. Connor,
G. A. B. Tomlinson,
L. B. Battle,
John W. Greer,
R. M. Thomson,
Louis Rumph.
Emory's Farmers' Alliance and Third Party Club.

MOTTO: The Hand that Strews Guano is the Hand that Rules the World.

Members.

M. Williams,  L. B. Battle,  Albert Kean,
B. H. Palmer .......................... Keeper of the Royal Parabola.
John Greer ............................ Right-Reverend Hypocycloid.
Smith and Budd ........................ Busters of the First Degree.
Jim McDonald .......................... Grand All-round Buster.
The Corbett Boxing Club.

Fred T. Buice, President.
Joseph Boyd, Secretary.
F. T. Saussy, Master of Boxing.
Sam Hawes, Vice-President.
Robert Dykes, Treasurer.
D. D. Cox, Bottle Holder.

Members.

J. R. Dykes, John Moore, T. S. Hawes,
Elsworth Hall, F. T. Saussy, John Poer,
Gus Tomlinson, Hockley Garmany, Marvin Thrower,
Troy Bivings, F. T. Buice, Frank Means,
D. D. Cox, G. Q. Aiken, J. D. Boyd,
John McRae, Fred Morris.
Grand Pop-Corn Club.

Fred T. Saussy ........................................... Grand Popper (papa).
H. A. Wilkinson ........................................ Grand Shucker (catch).
T. S. Hawes .............................................. Honey Coater (courter).
J. R. Dykes .............................................. Corn-crusher (masher).
Tom Day .................................................. Corn-roller (twirler).
Fred Buice .............................................. General Overseer (toll).
G. W. Moore .............................................. Corn Wrapper (rapper).

Meeting every Examination night.
Emery Association of Married Men.

Members.

Martin, Cantrell, Wilcox.

Applicant.

R. M. Thomson, T. G. Callaway, T. R. Kendall,
S. R. DeJarnette, J. W. Greer, Chas. Jarrell,
Tomlinson Fort.
The Emory German Club.

Louis B. Rumph, President. S. P. Wiggins, Secretary.

Members:
W. H. Budd, Louis Rumph, Wat Milner,
B. H. Palmer, R. M. Thomson, Laurie Ellis,
Fred T. Saussy, I. D. Jenkins, J. E. McDonald,
Tom Kendall, M. P. Deadwyler, Robert Dykes,
S. P. Wiggins, H. A. Wilkinson, J. H. Lewis,

Meetings daily, except Saturday and Sunday, from 3 to 4 p.m.
## Yellow River Yacht Club


### First Crew

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>J. B. Connally</td>
<td>Bow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joe Boyd</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. T. Saussy</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. F. Day</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. B. Rumph</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. D. Cox</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. Dykes</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. A. Wilkinson</td>
<td>Stroke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. T. Shuprine</td>
<td>Coxswain</td>
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### Second Crew

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Troy Bivings</td>
<td>Bow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fred Morris</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Thrower</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. R. DeJarnette</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Clark</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Everett</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laurie Ellis</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Lowe</td>
<td>Stroke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ben Simms</td>
<td>Coxswain</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Emory Satiric Club.

Ed. Hines, President.
Fred. T. Saussy, Secretary.
Earnest Hallman, Vice-President.
Sam Hawes, Critic.

Earnest Hallman, T. S. Hawes, Fred T. Buice,
J. C. McRae, John Sessoms, Troy Bivings,
Joe Brown Connally, Sterling Wiggins, Dennis Barrett.
H₈ Atoms.

J. G. Sessoms, Grand High Interpreter of Bunnell's Jokes.
M. Williams, Apparatus Breaker.
I. L. Jenkins, Assistant Joker.
L. B. Battle, Gas Generator.
R. L. Ellis, Boot Licker and Bottle Washer.

Members.
J. T. Norris, Jr., B. H. Palmer.

Experiment.
Mingled H₁ (Hodnett’s Ignorance) with a small quantity of C O₂ (Cook’s Omnipresent Odor), to which was added two drams N H₃ (Norris’s Howling Hellish Hideousness) and small quantity of K O H (Kendall’s Old Hat); gas resulted which had heavy greenish fumes denoting presence of P A₂ (Palmer’s Ambulating Asininity) in large quantities.

[Pledge.]
CHAMPION CHESS CLUB

W. J. Connor ........................................ President.
J. S. Lewis ........................................ Vice-President.

Members.
J. G. Gleaton, ...................................... W. H. Burkhalter, ................................ L. B. Battle, ....................................
E. R. Hines, ......................................... V. H. Crusselle, ................................ J. F. Allen, ....................................
I. L. Jenkins. .........................................

Meeting every Saturday night.
Sub-Fresh Orchestra.

Murphy .................. Captain.
Fain .................... Leader.

1. Fain, C. F. .................. Cornet.
2. Murphy, C. A. .................. Cornet.
7. Crane, W. L. ............... Auto Harp.
12. White, Davis ............. Violoncello.
LITERARY.
Who is It?

Who is it lives amongst the hills that dot our northern line,
   Where winter's blast and summer's breeze are felt on every hand,
Where mountain peaks with lovely grace with heaven's clouds combine,
   To form a paradise for those within our bounded land?

Who sallies forth, with weapons sharp, to wage a war of words
   From out her sheltered glen, where insignificance has kept
Her many years close shielded from all harm? Whose fragile swords
   Have pierced the air of language with their point while all men slept?

Who tried as hard as human could to gain notoriety
   By scathing one who preached the truth about the "dear elite"?
But 'stead had better with this crowd engage in purest piety,
   Before again she tries to "chew" a man that's hard to beat?

Who was it that "King Shorty" scored and laughed at with much glee
   When she got mad, because he would not notice her? I must confess
She is a "genius" strong and bold to hurl such repartee,
   But let her keep within her sphere—my friend, can you her guess?
Emory College.

THE body of this sketch is taken from the address delivered by Bishop—then Dr.—A. G. Haygood, President of Emory College, June 8, 1881, at the laying of the corner-stone of "Seney Hall," the gift of Mr. George L. Seney, deceased, but then a citizen of Brooklyn, New York.

February 7, 1837, a company of noble men and earnest Methodists met in the then unbroken forests near where Seney Hall now stands to inspect the land proposed to them as a suitable site for a college campus and a college town. Out of that meeting, and the Christian consultations and efforts that have followed it, have grown this sylvan village of Oxford and this honored Christian school, Emory College.

We recall these broad-minded Christian men, preachers and laymen. They have all entered into the fellowship of the church triumphant. Bishop George F. Pierce, who laid the corner-stone of Seney Hall, being the only survivor of the original Board of Trustees, June 8, 1882.

At the first meeting of the Board of Trustees of Emory College, of which there is any record, there were present: Ignatius A. Few, Elijah Sinclaire, Charles Hardy, Samuel J. Bryan, Alexander Speer, Lovick Pierce, David P. Hillhouse, Charles H. Saunders, William P. Graham, Lucius L. Wittich, Iverson L. Graves, and George F. Pierce.

December 8, 1837, the Board held a meeting and elected the first Faculty as follows: Ignatius A. Few, President; Archelaus H. Mitchell (now living and a member of the Alabama Conference), Professor of Moral Philosophy and, for the time being, Professor of Mental Philosophy and Belle Lettres; Alexander Means, Professor of Natural Sciences; George W. Lane, Professor of Ancient Languages; Harvey B. Lane, Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering.
To the late Dr. Means, who remained with us to love the college and forward its interests till June, 1883, more than to any other is due the fact that Emory College is located here in Oxford and not elsewhere. It nearly went to Culloden, Monroe County. At the beginning Emory College had nothing except a location, some very cheap buildings and some capable and devoted men. Every member of the Faculty was a preacher, and for two reasons: the men chosen were capable, and the College was too poor to command the services of laymen—not under a "vow of poverty" as the itinerant preachers were.

Dr. Few's health failed and he served only one year. The Hon. and Rev. Augustus B. Longstreet, D.D., L.L.D., succeeded Dr. Few and served through a brilliant period, resigning in 1848, when Dr.—afterwards Bishop—George F. Pierce succeeded him. In 1854 Dr. Pierce was elected a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was succeeded by Rev. James R. Thomas, D.D., L.L.D., who served the College till about two years after the war between the States. Dr. Thomas going to California, in 1867, was succeeded by Dr. L. M. Smith, he by Dr. O. L. Smith in 1872. December, 1875, Dr. O. L. Smith resigned, and Dr. A. G. Haygood was elected and took charge January 1, 1876. Dr. I. S. Hopkins succeeded him January 1, 1888, Dr. Candler entering upon the Presidency with the retirement of Dr. Hopkins in 1888 to take charge of the Georgia Technological Institute.

The College has made contributions to the church and the county that do it immortal honor.

Bishop Haygood, nine years President of the College, was recently heard to say: "I have known the College intimately since 1856; it was never so well organized, never so strong, and never did as good work as now."
History of Phi Gamma.

PHI GAMMA SOCIETY dates its existence from the second year after the establishment of Emory College.

The preamble of the original constitution comes down to us a heritage from a former generation—at once the gospel and philosophy of such organizations. Hear it:

"WHEREAS, The notions of the government under which we live render it necessary that we should, under all circumstances, be able to communicate knowledge to others, and as polemic associations have proved an invaluable means of securing this desirable end, and as we have left our homes and friends in order to acquire what may render us most useful to our country,"

"Be it resolved, etc."

The constitution was adopted on March 7, 1837, by a membership of seven souls, as follows: G. W. W. Stone, first President of the Society; Osborn L. Smith, afterwards President of Emory College; Jacob R. Danforth, J. A. Jones, H. R. Branham, M. W. Lewis and E. N. Edwards.

The minutes of the earlier meetings show that the public issues of that day were pretty thoroughly discussed. The world was considerably newer then. Wm. Schley was Governor of Georgia; Mr. Van Buren had just been inaugurated, and John Forsyth, of Georgia, was the head of his cabinet; Queen Victoria was a schoolgirl; Louis Napoleon was lingering out an exile in the United States, and Gladstone's star had just risen above the horizon of English politics. Our own country was in the throes of a fearful financial panic, the first in its history. With this question, and such others as Slavery in the District of Columbia and the independence of Texas, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Hayne and Benton were grappling with giant energy. It was the golden age of American oratory and statesmanship, and no mean age for the development of forensic powers. Naturally, we should expect our Society to have flourished, and it did.

In 1839 it was decided that the purposes of the Society could best be carried out by a division of the membership, and accordingly the Few Literary Society was organized, and has since continued to be an important factor in Emory College.
A few years later the first steps were taken to establish Phi Gamma Library, which has grown into several thousands of carefully selected volumes.

The Phi Gamma Hall has been enlarged from time to time as the growth of the Society has necessitated. At this writing a work of repairing and beautifying the building is just completed at a cost of several hundred dollars.

Anything like a complete list of our alumni who deserve honorable mention would far outstrip the limits of this article. Some names of those known to your historian are herewith given. Among noted divines may be mentioned A. M. Winn, R. W. Bighara, Dr. Heidt, Dr. Robbins, Dr. Walker Lewis, Bishop Key of the M. E. Church, South, and Bishop Haygood, D.D., LL.D.


Of educators and scholars we count G. W. W. Stone, prominent in the history of the College; W. C. Bass, D.D., President of Wesleyan Female College; Rufus Smith, President of LaGrange Female College; Dr. Haygood, formerly President of Emory College and distinguished in the literary world; and Dr. W. A. Candler, now President of Emory and one of the most prominent characters in Southern Methodism. Four of our alumni now dignify chairs in the faculty of the College as follows: Dr. Candler and Professors Bradley, Stone and Fort.

Yet, proud as we may well be of our past achievements, and of the impress which the Society has made upon the State and the Nation, we have no reason to conclude that her productive powers are in the slightest degree weakened. On the contrary, we confidently expect that her influence, in its reach and extent, will be commensurate with that of the College, and that both these will be proportionate to the forces of the age and government which they adorn.

W. A. COVINGTON.
History of the Few Society.

In a time-stained volume found in the archives of Few Society there may be deciphered this record of its initial meeting, bearing the date of August 10, 1839: "The Few Society met according to previous appointment. The house being called to order, the committee appointed presented a constitution and by-laws, which being read and proposed, with a few slight amendments, were adopted." The first regular meeting was held August 30, 1839; the debate being upon the question "Should the petition to the legislature for restricting the sale of ardent spirits become a party question"; and the member who first raised his voice in debate was Solomon Bryan. Amos L. Wallace presided at this meeting and is therefore the father of the Few Presidents. In the minutes of September 26, 1840, may be found, "Moved by Meriwether, that a committee of three be appointed to ascertain how much a hall would cost"; at the next meeting R. U. Lovett was requested to draw up plans; and at the following a committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions. The records prove that in the bosoms of our Few fathers there glowed the sparks of patriotism, for in October, 1840, they debated "Should bachelors be taxed heavier than other citizens?" In the early life of the Society the struggles between Few and the other literary organization over the accession of new members became so violent that the following resolution was adopted at a joint meeting: "That a committee of three be appointed from each Society to alternately choose for their respective societies the new members who may come in." This law was probably borrowed from the University of Virginia, where a modification of it is still in force. There is no record of this resolution, which afterward became a constitutional amendment, being repeated, custom only having rendered it obsolete.
The most eloquent Secretary the Society ever had was E. Wimberley. In 1846 he thus
records the decision of the chair: At last the debate having closed, the Goddess of Victory,
who had hitherto watched with folded pinions the conduct of the marshalled hosts beneath,
spread her golden wings and descended with slow and uncertain flight from her lofty station as
if undecided which one of the contesting parties was worthy of her benignant smiles, but
finally she made a sudden swoop and perched herself upon the negative banner.

On account of the suspension of the College at the end of 1861 the meetings of the Society
were of course discontinued, the last initiate being F. M. Daniel, of Atlanta. Not again until
the fourth Saturday in June, 1866, did the Fews reassemble. The general supposition has
been that Mr. C. Lane presided at this meeting, but the impression is erroneous since his name
is signed to the minutes of that meeting as Secretary and that of Roberts as President. On
that day three new members joined, L. W. Thomas, Edgar H. Orr and W. S. Brown.

Between the years 1845 and 1850 three fights are mentioned as occurring during debate
hours. In 1846 it was ordered that “the President be fined three dollars should he fail to
preserve order.” The minutes of the next meeting, as recorded by the same eloquent Secretary
quoted above, tell in most dramatic phraseology the story of two members debating the ques-
tion with brawn and not brain. The President evidently failed to keep order, and on the same
page is a copy of his resignation. It was too costly to be President.

The present Matriculation book was presented to the Society in May, 1851, by Professor J. M. Bonnell. In it are one thousand three hundred and fifty names, scarcely a third of whom
were graduated.

Colson.
The Small Boy.

His Private Opinions on Emory and the Student.

Oxford is er mity phunuy place anyhow they has er collig here where the Papas send the bad boys to git em made good but it dont work that way much. There is five kind uv stoadents here but the meanest kind is the Subs, they is the ones who holler and think they knows it all, sometimes they is kep in after seool and whipped like the Palmer Institute kids. Then comes the Freshmen, they are Subs who have growed a year and smoke cigarettes and says that bad word what Mama whipped me about onest when Billy kicked my soer to. Sum of the Freshmen is tuff McClure and Buice and Akin is the wust tuffs uv all, Akin cusses bad when he plays bassball. The Softmoors has got sum more sense than the Fresh they is the ones whut makes that loud noise in Elies room. Eli aint much uv er teacher fur one of the Softs told Sister Lizzie that he rid his horse right in the class rum. The Softs go to Cov more'n any other stoadents and they allus cums back er runnin, Sam Hawes said "night wus the time fur exruceice," I think that Bivings boy is a mighty good boy. He tol me the Cov boys shot at him and he run so as not to let his temper ris cause he might kill sumbody and be sorry fur it. The Jewniers aint got much sense they sings in front of the Labratory steps and then they goes in and busts. One Jewnier sed there wus some bootlicks in the class but I never saw em when they licked, I guess they hev got all the blacking off now and hev quit. The Seeenyers is the stuck up ones they dont hev no deelings with the Subs at all they has er easy time fur they looks at er stick with er target on it all day through a micrucoop. Sumtimes they works hard wen Stone cums erlong, and the little fellers whut has to kerry the poles and instremunts sweats like they been boein cotton. Seeenyers is the ones whut says "pollyunfranky" and "speicenzee-dutch" to each others but they dont say much more but begins to talks Eaglesh then. Shorty is the boss uv all but aint no great shakes at footrace in nur bassball.

Yours Sammy.
For the Championship of Georgia.

The Second Round.
Extracts from The Buzzer.

Society Events of the Past Week.

Our illustrious fellow-townsman, T. R. Kendall, has just left with his family for the World's Fair at Chicago.

Ere the bleak trees of winter shall burst into beauty with the blooming buds of Spring, and so on, the wedding bells will again echo over knoll and mudpuddle, announcing the union of two of Oxford's fairest treasures. Charles Crawford Jarrell and Robert Laurie Ellis will be united in the bonds of matrimony, Charles being too modest to marry a girl. May success and happiness attend their pathway in life, and may many sweet little offsprings be added to bless their happy union.

Our illustrious townsman, Lawrence Beter Battle, brought to our office last week the most remarkable cabbage head yet produced in the South. Mr. Battle expects to marry soon and devote his life to raising this variety of cabbage heads.

A Grand Reception.

Our illustrious townsman, Professor M. T. Peed, gave a delightful reception in his drawing-room last week. The following were present: Misses Tommie Callaway, Fatty McDonald, Jerdine Roberta Dykes and Wilhelmina Budd; Messrs. Greer, Palmer, Kendall and Tomlinson. Miss Callaway wore a look of despair with dark forebodings of the future. Miss McDonald looked lovely in hopes of a rise, with a four-in-hand and six zeros to her credit. Miss Roberta Dykes wore a look of assurance which gave her a dark green appearance that was bewitching in the extreme. Miss Wilhelmina Budd had donned (?) the day she saw Calculus, which did not X-tend below her name. Altogether it was an occasion never to be forgotten, and the guests, after lingering till the "wee sma' hours," departed regretfully for the ceiling, vowing they had never spent a more unpleasant evening.

M. W.
Bust, Bust, Bust.

Bust, bust, bust,
In that Analyt Geometry,
And I would that my tongue could number
The zeros Peed's given me.

O well for the Junior so blithe,
As he "kills" Dickey day by day;
O well for the Senior so proud,
As his Mental he finds mere play.

And the stately Senior moves on,
While the Soph takes his Analyt pill;
But O for the sight of the vanished rise,
And would that my heart might keep still.

Bust, bust, bust,
At the No. 12 feet of my Peed;
But the tender face of my faithful "Jack"
Will never appear in my need.
The Raving

AN UNPUBLISHED PIECE FROM POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
As I mumbled sleepy, weary,
Over calculus groaning, sore
On the Asymptote, horrid bore;
While I pondered almost sleeping,
Red my eyes, yes red with weeping,
Suddenly heard I some one creeping,
Creeping to my sanctum door.

Oh! distinctly I remember
That cold night in last December,
When myself and six more members
Of the Class of '94
Had for three long months been sighing,
Groaning, weeping, madly trying,
Praying, boot-licking, wildly lying
For that rise that seemed in store.

As I sat there almost hoping
That I had the sum provoking
I heard some one gently groping
For the knob upon my door;
Then I grabbed a brickbat seasoned
With many heads had it reasoned,
And I chunked it at the weazened
Face within my chamber door;
'Tis some Junior, nothing more.

Open then I flung the window,
For my brain burnt to a cinder
All my efforts great did hinder,
Efforts for that rise in store;
In there came a figure vasty
With a heavy step and hasty,
And its face all pale and pasty,
Jim McDonald, nothing more.

Then he told me how when burning
With the consciousness of learning
He had gone to Peed, concerning
That exam. to be stood o'er;
How Peed's countenance all asaining
With a merry laugh beguiling,
Said to Jim with pungent riling:
"I shall have to say encore."

Jim then used some speech uncivil,
Called Peed "Villain, thing of Evil."
While I yelled out: "What the Devil!"
And a few bad cuss-words more.
Then like madmen went we reeling
Studied hard o'er tangents kneeling,
And next time didn't hit the ceiling,
But shot Peed forevermore.
A Vacation Experience.

There has been a great deal said, one way or another, by public speakers and good men about the privations poor boys have to undergo in order to get an education. Nor has too much been said, but light always follows darkness, and there is never a life so sad but is sprinkled with some real enjoyment. Beef and grits are so mingled with my conception of Oxford that I would have to go contrary to the established law of association if I should fail to recall them. Like Banquo's ghost they follow me when I least expect them—never when I want them.

There is a prevailing opinion among some that students and Chinese can live on air, or former on air, the latter on rats. Eat what you will and dress as you may, it requires money, and the boys have to hustle in summer to get it. One of them, on attempting to sell books, travels wearily on all day with the luck of a fisherman. Towards eve, when the sun begins to sink behind the western horizon, he perceives a watchful farmer toiling at some distance across the field, and feeling much like the hunted stag, he saunters around the curve. He discovers that his friend has disappeared. On going up the lad informs him that his pap has gone away on special business. On asking the youth if he loved to read, "O yes! Rube Burrows and Jesse James are my favorites." The lad begins to propound some such questions as the following, so common among blockaders:

"Are you an officer?" "No."
"Come, dad, he ain't an officer."
"What are you then?" "A book agent."
"For the Lord's sake stay; he is a book agent."

Book agents, peddlers and tramps are classed together in some sections.
Disheartened and worn out, he is persuaded to change his occupation, and securing a log house, about seventy-five children, a hickory withe and a lot of patience, he tries his hand on laying the cornerstone of his future country. After various exercises, of which the switch played no small part, he is persuaded to strictly forbid the application of brush and snuff, since he observed it to be an infallible sign of love. But smooth sailing here does not last. The waves begin to dash furiously against the beach as protracted meetings approach. The gentle shepherd, on wishing to shelter his flock, begins with a tirade on Sunday-schools, declaring them an instigation of hell, and winding up by declaring the teacher a Methodist, synonym for impostor, pointing them to the fact that he never drank or was baptized. He, however, got his vengeance on the congregation unintentionally. If ever man was tormented with fleas he was, and judging from their size they must have been the direct descendants of those preserved by Noah during the flood, and they were like the sands of the seashore in number. Believing that cold water would kill them, run them or something, he and the children cast an abundance of water under the house in the evening. Their only access was the house and in they hopped as if bunching for market. The market came the other way. That night the house was crowded and the ladies got to thinking right from the beginning, and it had a peculiar effect on their nerves which prevented them from being quiet. Somehow the preacher took a wide circuit and kept up his walk as if he were a sentinel and a pointed dagger would be his lot if he should stop. There was, somehow, a satisfaction to see those dear old ladies slapped.

His experience was similar to the "Bashful Man," his fine appearance having fascinated a red-headed girl whose pampered beauty still haunts his daily walks.
Tableau

Scene 1

Scene 2

Call at my office & explain why your call private this day.

W. A. Chandler
Liberty or Death.

The boy stood on the campus edge
Whence all but him had fled;
The flames that lit the autumn trees
Flared redly overhead.

Yet beautiful and bright he spoke
With gestures grown so warm;
It looked as if they'd surely wreck
His proud though child-like form.

Full forty minutes thus he begged
“For liberty or death,”
Saw not the man who crept behind
With angry, bated breath.

Then—crash! a brick came through the air,
An Irishman cried out
“It’s liberty or death ye want!
I’ll fix ye widout doubt;
Ye’ve woke the baby, seared the wife,
Now ye can take yer pick,
I’ll give ye liberty right now
Er bust ye wid a brick.”

A moment later—silence deep,
The boy—O where was he?
Ask of the winds that play about
The Senior’s mustachee.
Commandments of Cephas.

1. Thou shalt come into my room at 10 o'clock and not at 10:15.
2. Thou shalt not Spit tobacco on the floor, nor on the stove, nor on anything thereabouts. Thou shalt not put thy feet upon the desks, nor make any racket with them whatsoever.
3. When I say “two and two is?” thou shalt invariably answer “four.”
4. When thou takest the transit out thou shalt be very careful of it, for I will not hold him guiltless who handleth the screws and levels thereof.
5. When thou hast a difficult chapter in Mechanics thou shalt not cry noisily, “Lecture!!” but wait until I shall say, “Write the lesson.”
6. Thou shalt not study “Mental” in my room.
7. Thou shalt not eat peanuts and chunk the hulls at my head.
8. Thou shalt not lie in the shade and smoke whilst thy squad sweats furiously, but thou shalt chain until the whole hour be passed.
9. Thou shalt not “fudge” on me to make the angles come out even, but shall read the instrument to the uttermost minute or second.
10. Thou shalt not ask me to work examples which I cannot solve, nor request me to make passages plain which ye wot well I know not how to comprehend.

Parable of the Sower.

Once there was a Sower who went out to sow and he scattered Men instead of Seed, and some fell in the Sub-Fresh and sprung up quickly, but lo a Harris came upon them and asked them the Greek verb, and they wilted. And others fell upon Stony ground and in the morning they surveyed gladly, but when afternoon was come they played baseball, and they were fatigued from much chaining and struck out and were cussed muchly. But others fell on good ground—Peed’s room—and brought forth of “busts” some thirty, some sixty and some an hundred fold. Selah!
Oxford Beef.

Oh! for a taste of renowned Oxford beef,
My twice hungry palate to soothe,
Which, touched by a hint of the sun’s tenderness,
Slides down so serenely and smooth.

Long I again for this “richest” of meats,
Than which is a sweeter ne’er found;
Tender as chicken, if boiled for a week,
To soften its steaks from the round.

Sometimes we utter in accents of joy
Sunday-school words most profound;
Then sing we again with one loud accord
O’er the bones that our teeth have ground.

Only the sunlight of twenty long years
Had softened his “delicate” hide;
While snowflakes had fallen for twice twenty more
On the “tenderloin steak’s” inside.

Alas, was he slain while yet in his “prime,”
As veal was he offered for sale;
But—“dad blamed the luck”—false teeth must we get
To masticate this without fail.

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When on the table the steaklet is placed,
   As long, lank and lean as a stork,
So tough does it seem—I am speaking the truth—
   In the gravy one can't stick his fork.
Away with the villain who dare would proclaim
   That "Western Beef" leads all the van,
When knows he quite well, by instinct, of course,
   That none our own surpass can.
An old yoke of oxen—who'd bow his head
   To call me a lie when I say,
That these feed us all; these we chew 'stead of gum,
   From morn until eve of each day?
Listen to me, hearken well to my words,
   A prescription, a ready relief!
Take from the table each day when you leave
   A slice of nice, rare Oxford beef.
Your life it will save; try it, dear friend,
   As a billet will it serve you well;
Knock your foe down with this chunk of beef,
   And the story he'll not live to tell.
NOW in the fourth year of King Grover, began Shorty to reign over Emory, and Shorty walked in the ways of Jeroboam the son of Nebat who made Israel to sin.

2. And he walked also in the ways of other kings of Emory and did much evil, setting up rules without number.

3. And an evil man of the tribe of the Amalekites came unto Emory, and he spake to the people, and his words were sweeter than molasses, and he persuaded Shorty muchly until the brain of King Shorty became like to the brain of a two-year old child.

4. And then departed Shorty from the path of right and walked in the way of evil, and heeded he the deceitful words of Northrup, planting much Japanese Ivy round about.

5. And he offered prizes of silver and of gold and of frankincense to those who should plant the most Ivy, but the people waxed strong in the Lord and planted not.

6. And lo, the winds came and the rains fell, and the students leaned upon that Japanese plant, and lo, after a time it wilted and was not.

7. And Shorty waxed wroth and foamed, saying: “Yea I will break the dinged neck of this stiff-necked people.”

8. And he procured a book full of all the abominations of the Ammonites, and its pages reeked with the foul things of Dugald Stewart, and of Kant, and of Hamilton, and he called it Mental Philosophy.
9. Then a great judgment fell upon Shorty for his iniquities, and he was sore distressed.

10. For the Queen of the Woman Suffragists came up against him with an hundred and four-score and ten thousand mighty adjectives of denunciation, and the Nelsonites brake the chariots and pursued they him even unto Seney Hall, smiting and sparing not.

11. And Shorty turned upon his people heavily, and he called upon one Cook that he should sacrifice to the idol of Mental Philosophy.

12. But Cook prayed long and was strengthened and comforted, and he bowed not down, saying not a word.

13. And then the King growing wroth, said to Cook: "Verily, thou art one bereft of intellect, no diploma shalt thou receive," and Cook went out and smoked cigarettes bitterly.

14. On the night before the day in which a tree is planted by the Seniors, the people rose, saying: "Go to, let us slay him," and they encompassed his palace round about and played on the cymbal and the psalter and the jew’s-harp and the tin pan, and many other stringed instruments, so that he came nigh unto death.

15. And the rest of the acts of Shorty, are they not in the book of the Kings of Emory?

Selah!
Friendship.

The sweetest flower that blooms in friendship's bower,
And spreads its fragrance in each vale and cot,
Sighs softly when our dear ones 'gin to leave us,
And seems to whisper, friend, forget me not.

The sweetest pleasures of life's fleeting hours
Are spent with those whom we can trust and love;
Such bliss, when honor rules each passion,
Crowns us alike with blessings from above.

What some call love, in youthful fancy dreaming,
Is but a passion soon to be allayed;
When nobler traits than those which fraught our childhood
Dispel from us the thoughts they once conveyed.

'Tis true, to love is one of the great blessings
That teach the heart in accents mild and sweet,
To tell to those whom we have gathered 'round us
The old, old story, and often it repeat.

But better still than all of youthful fancies,
And nobler than the words of love, tho' true,
Is friendship, guided by an ever constant yearning,
To blot the many sins of life from view.

The dearest of all things in life, the best,
That come to us but never pass away;
And Memory's chamber fills with precious thought.
Is this, a friend we've gained through life for aye.
Owed to Howell.

’Twas only the small sum of fifty cents
That caused the disturbance in camp;
For peanuts and candy, cigars and gum,
And, no doubt, a wick for the lamp.

Each day in the week received I a “dun”
For these articles, oh, so small;
Persuasion no good, he finally swore
That the sheriff should pay a call.

But threats were like chaff swept away by the wind,
His pleadings were also in vain;
The “sweet” words he uttered, while seeking pay,
From mentioning shall I refrain?

He “downed” me at last, caused great grief in heart,
When I thought the vict’ry I’d won;—
Seized he my trunk, oh, sad, sad to relate,
Then from Oxford drove me with a gun.
Old Times at Emory.

He was an old stager—one of those rare, antiquated fossils who never have any trouble in remembering incidents that might prove the superiority in every respect of "ye olden time" over the present. Seated in front of one of Oxford's attractive stores, he was entertaining a crowd of boys with tales of the days before many of us were born.

"Ah, you boys don't have the big times the fellers of my age useter have in college. They was a gay set, I tell yer," and the old man chuckled as memories of his youth flitted across his mind. Now and then he looked a little sad as he perhaps thought of what we miss in the piping times of peace and monotony of existence of to-day. He blew his nose and went on.

"What did they do to have so much fun you ask? What didn't they do? you might more reasonably inquire. Why, they just done what they wanted ter, that's all about it. They had two or three dog fights a day; they had cock-mains—every feller in college was a cock-master—and how them old roosters would claw each other—ha, ha! it makes me young agin ter think on it.

"Old Dr. —— often tried ter ketch up with 'em and put a stop ter these things, but 'twan't no use. Some of the boys 'ud go with him at nights, tryin' ter make it appear like they war helpin' him ter ketch the other fellows; but—law! before the old man 'ud know what was what, he would be in a ditch an' his guides ascumperin' away as fast as they could. Why didn't he expel 'em? Why, he couldn't fine all on 'em, and in them days a boy would die before he'd tell on the others.

"I remember one thing in particular that'll forcibly show yer the devilment that was in them fellers. On a November night, black as the meanness that stirred 'em up, they got half a dozen cow bells an' tied 'em in the bushes near the old Doctor's house. Then they stole all the dogs they could find in the neighborhood, an' ter their tails hitched bells, oyster cans filled with rocks, and every conceivable thing that could make a noise, an' took their stands near the Doctor's. At the pointed time the fellers that had long strings to the cow bells began ter pull 'em. They would tinkle 'em one by one fer awhile, tryin' ter make a kind o' harmony, but 'twan't very musical. Then they would pull 'em all together, and the noise sounded like all the old cows in Georgia was grazin' around the Doctor's house. The good old man come to his front door and looked out, but, bein' as the night was dark as Egypt, he of course couldn't see a thing.
"The tinklin' stopped after a little, an' he went back into the house. But he hadn't got in
good before the whole thing began agin, worse'n ever, and the boys set all the dogs a-yellin' by
pinchin' of their tails. Dr. —— appeared once more, this time with a lantern. He marched
right out in the direction of the noise of the bells, his eyes gleamin' with a murderous fire and
mutterin' some right bad things fer the preacher that he was. The bells quit ringin', and the
silence was so oppressive that you could feel it. He groped about till he come ter a clump of
bushes, whar three or four bells was tied. The boys gave 'em a pull, the bells everywhere else
began ter peal out, and to add pandemonium to horror, them bad fellers turned all the dogs
loose.

"The curs, the hounds, and the p'inters, scared nearly ter death by the rattlin' an' clangin'
of things tied ter their tails, went flyin' in every direction, yelpin' an' barkin' an' howlin'. Some
took after the others, thinkin' they was enemies of theirn, and soon half a dozen fer 'em was
clawin' an' bitin' an' rollin' over each other on the ground.

"Wall, it sartinly would er made you split yer sides ter see the Doctor. He dropped his
lantern, danced 'round fast on one foot an' then on the t’other, whooped at the dogs, yelled fer
his son (who, by the by, was in the gang of boys), and then scrambled around on the ground fer
a stick. Finely, some of the dogs made a break in his direction. He forgot about his stick an'
everything else but to get out’n the way. The dogs, blinded by the lantern an' mad as lions,
rushed by him like a western cyclone, hittin' him on the legs with the oyster cans, and snarlin'
an' bitin' at him as they passed. Then some of the boys pelted him with rocks, an' the Doctor
thought his time was come sure enough. He gave two or three yells an' made a beeline fer his
house. After fallin' down a time or two, and scrapin' all the skin off his shins, he run up the
steps entirely exhausted, blowin' like a porpoise, and as red in the face as a beet. Them fellers
was never ketched up with, and the Doctor never tried very hard to find them out, neither.

"Ah, them was gay old days, I tell yer—never been sick since then," and the old man, com-
placently smiling, spat his tobacco juice at a post near by and walked away.

A. P. H.
The Senior.

SONNET.

He's the “pick” of all the flock,
Bless his heart!
He's the pride of all the girls,
Ain’t he “smart.”
As he views the campus o'er
All the youngsters feel quite sore
Because like him they will not soon depart.

See him try to curl his moustache,
Ain’t he grand?
Like great trees upon the desert
Do they stand.
So “thick” that you can see them
As the wild winds whistle thro’ them
And he turns aside to save each lonely strand.

He's the man of greatest reason,
Understand,
Who can count his many vict'ries
On his hand.
But, alas, he turns away
When a query's put his way,
And his pocket like his head is full of sand.

He's the leader of the fashion,
Beau Ideal,
Who the sceptre of society
Would wield,
But deprive him of his clothes,
So the old, old story goes,
Then you'll find out that this dandy is not real.

Touch him gently as you pass by
On your way,
Lest like him you too, alas!
Will go astray;
Let not water touch his head,
Or the rain his clothes o'erspread,
As like sugar he, poor lad, will melt away.
The Junior.

Who walks the campus day-by-day,
Who tries to fool some country "jay,"
But never can good "sense" display?

The Junior.

Who failed to rise in "Analyt,"
Yet through his teeth does often spit,
But is not gifted with much wit?

The Junior.

Who was it that Mechanics left,
Poor fellow, of a rise bereft,
And in whose head's a spacious cleft?

The Junior.

Who lies in ditches all the night,
And with vile reptiles crawl and fight,
While hunting for the Senior bright?

The Junior.

Who seeks, alas, the Senior song,
(In feet than in his head more strong).
With such a mighty, glorious throng?

The Junior.

Who of his conquests often brags,
But better still, in all things lags;—
Both day and night, whose tongue e'er wags?

The Junior's.

Who makes night hideous with his bawl,
The devil's spirit tries to call,
And lest he stop will with him fall?

The Junior.
To The Sophomore.

When the morning sun is rising
And the dew is on the ground;
When at ev'ning it is sinking
'Hind the clouds, hear we the sound,
And the distant caterwauling
Of some Soph vainly calling,
For his long lost brains,
If he had any.

You can hear him speak of conquests;
And with "straight" face most sublime
He will picture in your fancy
How he made a "rise" one time.
But e'en then he had to creep,
While professors were asleep,
Fatigued by constant hearing
Of his "unprepared."

He had only stayed Fresh four years,
Fore he got his looked-for rise;
And 'twas then through abject pity
That he thus obtained the prize.

From professors' deep compassion
For his daily, weekly fashion
Of busting day and night—
What "great" intellect!

Thus keep on, most "potent" fellow,
In the paths that you have trod;
Shed your tears of anguish freely
On the cold and cruel sod!
Then with some smooth sailing,
And as many times a failing,
You will get your "dip"
By the judgment day.

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To the Freshman.

The wild and verdant Freshman,
From the country clothed in green,
Struts o'er the campus day by day,
As young cocks lank and lean
Who've just been hatched.

He begins to feel his freedom,
When his father sends him here;
But soon he changes tactics,
His heart bowed down in fear
Of "Eli" and of Scomp.

He needs for consolation
A nurse both old and wise,
To press him to her bosom
And wipe his tear-stained eyes
Each day and night.

To tuck him safely in his bed,
To give him a "sugar teat,"
And sing to him of fairyland
Some simple song quite fit
To make him sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep, until at last
Your wings grow strong with age.
Be quiet, child, the time will come
When you may leave your "cage"
To mix with men.

Be good! the Senior needs thee
Thy wanted task to do;
'Tis honor true for Freshmen all—
And, like the others, then you too
May black his boots.
"Love's Crucible."

They were standing in the hallway, beneath the winding stairway, and had been standing there for the last half hour. George had told Gwendolyn that he loved her, just seventy-seven times, and was on the point of repeating the "old, old story," when the great clock in Seney Hall slowly struck the hour of midnight, and the student who roomed up above the parlor and had been poring over the musty pages of Analytic Geometry for the past two hours, interrupted every few minutes by such expressions as "Quit George," "You can't kiss me again," always followed by a sounding smack, having at last lost all patience began to sing "Daisy Bell" in a voice as musical as Bob Morton's, with the vain hope of driving George away. The thought of that lesson in Mechanics, to be written on the morrow for a Stony member of the Faculty, at last moved George to say good-bye but an idea seemed to enter the beautiful blonde head of his darling as it rested so snugly on his manly vest containing his priceless Waterbury, and as she raised her dreamy eyes to his "classic" countenance she whispered in a voice as low and sweet as the murmur of the Yellow River, "George!" and in an instant George was all attention, "would you have loved me as well if you had never seen me?" And George, carried away by the restless ardor of his manly nature, and dimly thinking of those "Odes" unread, and "Logic" unprepared, vowed that he would have loved her even better than he did now. But with head erect she left him to find his way out alone. And now that student who rooms over the parlor pursues the elusive "Parabola" undisturbed. And George is visiting a lovely girl in Covington every Sunday night, and runs all the way from River's Hill (for exercise, so he says), and Gwendolyn's heart is broken.
YE COLLEGE-WIDOW'S DREAM.

Some of the many forms she sees,
Whose hearts her charms have won,
And others that she yet shall win,
Before her course is run.
Love and Sorrow.

The old moon waxes and wanes and dies,
And the flowers bloom and pass away;
And winters darken the sunny skies,
But love lives on for aye, for aye.

The wandering bird flits to the sea,
The storms they come and the wild winds blow
But thought lives on with its misery,
And sorrow lingers and will not go.

There once was a day—a golden day,
O! love, when we wandered, hand in hand,
Through flowered meadows, in young life's May,
Where the brook sang low o'er its silver sand.

And I dreamed of the dear, sweet days to be,
When, hand in hand, with my bonny bride,
Through life I'd wander joyously
As I did that day by the clear brook-side.

But O! for love, with its golden dream,
And O! for hopes that are not to be;
For youth recks not of death's dark stream,
Of death's dark stream and its mystery.

And the seasons come and pass away,
And the gray old ocean doth storm and roar;
But love lives on for aye—for aye,
And sorrow lingers forever more.
Homeward Bound.

Dramatis Personae.

King Shorty, Lord of the Realm.
Cheek Quigg, a Sophomore Student.

Scene I.—Palace of King Shorty at Emory. (Desk, chairs, etc., patent boot-lifting apparatus.)

Enter Quigg.

Quigg.

Your most royal highness,
Who hast the power the haughty low to cast,
Who mak'st the proud from lofty heights to fall;

Thou basest, vilest, most corrupt of scamps—
Thou chief of all who strivest to degrade
The noblest of mankind, betake thyself
From me, whom thou wouldst eternally pollute
With the corruption of thy godless self.
Oft have I with my eyes bedim'd with tears
Observed thee puff the baneful cigarette;
Attire thyself with the hated football sweater,
Thy fresh young face, so full of intellect
Muzzle with the most odious baseball mask.
Oft have reports, sure flying on trusted wings,
Most noble, gracious, holiest of kings,
Well do I know that thou hast heard of me,
How I have failed my rightful work to do.
Remember well do I my fate so oft
While working on Lord Mansfield's "Analyt";
Keep well in mind do I the tortures sure
That racked me in Eli's abode of death;

Most pleased thy gracious excellence thus to will,
Pardon my recent indiscretion.

And spired to swiftest speed on favoring breeze,
Portended that thou wert on terms too close
With Jacks of divers pedigrees and speed—
Of attainments most excellent in degree—
And that thou hast at sundry times been known
To hit with cruel force—merciless blows—
The plastered ceiling in Lord Mansfield's room.
And now, with emphasis, I say to thee
(And seek thou not to change this my decree),
"Villain, be gone!" let not thy loathsome countenance
Darken again the many sacred halls
That do around my realm exist.

And how I "unprepared" did go to scump,
And oft absent me from that good place
Where Saxon tongues is taught to be revered.
But now, with bitter tears, I beg of thee
Once more my humble self to kindly test,
And let me, O King, my name strive to redeem.
King Shorty.

Enough of this most puerile of pleas. So now, again, I pr'y thee, get thee hence. No more shall I thee grant another chance; Thou stand'st! How base, thou most ignoble ass! For ne'er hath man been more kindly inclin'd My rank alone prevents my calling down Than I toward thyself have always been. A thousand oaths on thy most perverse head.

[Exit Quigg on toe of Patent Boot-lifter.]

SCENE II.—Post-office in the Village. Old Men, Young Men and Boys.

ENTER QUIGG.

First Young Man.

How now, friend Quigg! Before the time when gowned gentry cease What cause hath brought thee home, Their arduous toil to seek recreation?

Quigg.

Did consummate the object of their course. Didst thou fail to flaunt the tell-tale sign To win a name t' adorn the page of history That heralds one's superiority?

Second Young Man.

But why art thou, O man, thus unadorned Why dost thou fail to flaunt the tell-tale sign With badges of thy marked success at school? That heralds one's superiority?

Quigg.

But that which benefit shall give to me. But that which benefit shall give to me. While digging deep down in the mine of books, In short, my friends, of my record just past I strived to get not baubles, transient, mere, I pardonomly feel a certain pride.

First Young Man.

Thou hast to us perversely stretched the truth. Away by good King Shorty's 'spres advice. By chance we know what record thou didst make; And now, since thou hast lied to us, How thou wert ignominiously sent We shall proceed on thee as meet we should.

[Exit Quigg on sharp rail.]

Curtain, Soft Music.
An Old Song.

Soft as the tinkle of cow-bells at twilight,
   Sweet as the South's breath o'er roses' bank blowing,
Thrilling as maiden's first kiss to her lover,
   Comes an old song through my memory flowing.
So through the sunshine, and so through the tears,
   So through the shadows, and so through the fears,
       Mother's old song drifts on through the years.

I heard a song, a sad, low, plaintive lay,
   By trembling lips sung to me long ago;
The words and tune have long since passed away,
   But through my life its tender measures flow.

The singer's voice is silent now for aye,
   No more to sing that sad, sweet song again,
But death itself can never tear away
   The tender memory of that sweet refrain.

No other lips may sing that song to me;
   It died with her who sleeps so calm and still,
Where shattered roses shed their petals free
   On her sad grave upon the lonely hill.

And I, so weary, plod upon my way,
   And, sometimes, when the way grows rough and steep,
Upon that hill I fain my form would lay
   By her dear side and there forever sleep.
Proverbs.

1. The fear of ignorance is the beginning of knowledge; but the appearance before "Shorty" is the end thereof.

2. The heart of the Senior is glad; but the name of the Junior is Dennis.

3. He that "jacketh" scientifically, walketh surely; but he that guardeth not his ways shall be busted.

4. He that stealeth not a song feeleth sorrow; but he that stealeth a history liberateth himself.

5. The lips of Seniors sing much; but Juniors hide away for want of songs.

6. It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top than survey with brawling Cephas in a broad field.

7. He that often receiveth billet-doux and hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be shipped, and that without remedy.

8. Yet a little sleep, a little folding of the hands in slumber, and Monday morning cometh, to one as one that traveleth and Peck's Mechanics as an armed man.

9. Look not upon the cigarette when it is lit, and regard it not when its smoke curleth up for it is an abomination unto Shorty.
Football in the Past.

It had been a day of triumph on Olympus; Jupiter was again elected, after a hot contest, to the office of President of Olympus. Saturn, the defeated candidate, had collected all his voters and made an attempt to stuff the ballot box. But it was "no go," for Jupiter had recently attended an election in Phi Gamma, and came back replete with new and startling schemes for obtaining political office. Bacchus had been made thoroughly drunk, and took in the hill, shouting, "Hie, hello! Jupiter, Rah! Rah! Lesh e go, Galliger!" The patriotic band, under the leadership of the distinguished musician, Boreas, had blown until one young Muse said she be "blowed" if she blew any more. Then the great event of the day took place. Just as the hands of the clock on Jupiter's palace pointed to 3:40, the Gods and Goddesses betook themselves to a large field, at each end of which two upright poles, with another at right angles, proved that it was set apart for the great game of football. The Gods were to play the female
divinities, and every one was in an ecstasy of expectation. Presently Momus, the referee, gave
the signal and the teams lined up quickly. Jupiter was captain and played full-back, while
Mars held down centre and Mercury was left half-back. Bacchus had sufficiently recovered and
placed his avoirdupois in the line opposite Diana. On the other side Juno, Minerva and Diana
formed a centre not to be sneered at, for, gentle reader, Juno's weight was just 312. Suddenly
the play began. Venus, the full-back, lifted her dainty skirts rather higher than occasion
demanded, and with her little number two punted the ball away. Then there was a rush. Jupi-
ter caught the ellipse and came tearing down the field, spitting out lightning at every step. It
was a grand and awe-inspiring sight, but his flames did not terrify, and in a trice his healthy
spouse had tackled him and down he came. Mars, relying on his burly strength and patent nose
protector, bucked the line for five yards. Apollo then forgot his position as quarter-back, got
his signals mixed up with the terms of a late poker game, fumbled the ball, and Diana, who was
on the alert, fell on it. Venus tripped around the end, but Mercury gave her a terrible fall.
She would have been killed but fell on her brazen and well developed cheek, and so escaped.
Hereules, who was playing guard, lost twenty-five yards for slugging, and things began to look
blue for the male deities. Juno smote the line where Bacchus played, and as he was absorbed in
absorbing some choice old rye, she burst through and made a brilliant run of fifteen yards, being
downed by her affectionate spouse. The ball was then lost on downs, and Mercury, buckling on
his "Talaria," spurted around the end. Hebe grabbed at him, so did others, but on he sped.
The bleachers were roaring. "Go it, yer chump," yelled Cupid, shooting a dart clean through
the nose of Momus. The excitement was terrible. On past Venus, who flung her lovely arms
in vain about his neck, sped Mercury. Right through the goal, and a touch down was scored.
Immense cheering followed, and old Boreas came near bursting with wind and enthusiasm, and
went around "blowing" what he would have done had he been Venus. A second half was similar
to the first. Hereules used his Nemean war-club freely and broke the opposing guard with
ease. Apollo sang "after the ball" to the right-tackle, who fainted, and the lyre-god went
through for twenty-five yards. At length time was called, and the score stood 12-0 in favor of
the Gods. Venus, inflamed with anger, bade Hereules stay away from the dance she would give
that night, and gave some exhibitions in high kicking that took away the breath of Cupid. As
the sun went down they all sought the shining palace. Poor Bacchus lay cold and still in the
gaslight with a stream of beer trickling through his tired frame, while his lips gently murmured,
"We won't go home 'till morning."
Sophomoric Anthem.

A Trilogy.

AIR—AND HE NEVER CAME BACK.

A leaper entered Eli's room
All loaded down with care,
For he through "Subdom" had just passed
A privilege very rare.
But Vulcan to this man cried out:
"My dear, hear my decree:
You are too old to learn Latin,
I'll only give you three."

CHORUS:— And to him it seemed good,
And to him it seemed good,
For Candler respects him the more;
But in vain will we seek for his visage so meek,
When we meet on that beautiful shore.

The Sophs for three long weeks did go
About the streets in grief,
For unto them Peleg had said,
In language fierce and brief:
"Arithmetic exam, I'll give
As soon as it shall rain."
And now in loathsome voice they mock
A prof. who is insane.

In apprehension like a god
Old Stilts sat in his chair,
And speaking to the Freshman said:
"Lift high your hats in air
For I am lord of Cesar's ghost
And next to Shorty soar;
I give a ten to whom I please
To others only fours."

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Our Question Column.

To Edmondson, '95—

(1). No, we have never heard that you were brilliant; some idiot circulated the report. You should cowhide him.

(2). We hardly think you can count on being Champion Debater next year.

To M. Williams, '94—

(1). No, we did not say that you were wittier than Saul Smith Russell.

(2). Think it would be hard for you to shorten your feet; try an ax on them.

To J. W. McLure, '97—

Yes, we know you play baseball a little, but scarcely think that you can pitch as well as Clarkson. Try heating to get the India-rubber out of your palms.

To W. D. Thompson, '95—

(1). To our certain knowledge you have never been called handsome. You are probably mistaken about it.

(2). Try sleeping between mattresses to get the kinks out of your legs.

To Cheney Jenkins—

No, we hardly think that your writing is up to Macauly’s, or scarcely as truthful as Rider Haggard’s.
Reductam Ad Absurdum.

A Drama By Billium Shakespear.

(From an old manuscript found in the ancient tower of Seney Hall.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke Mansfield de Peedus; Count Pussy.
The Lord Treasurer Count Henry Cephas; The High Priest Eli.
A Freshman; Wheel and Shorty.

SCENE LAID IN OXFORD.

Scene I.—(Enter Count Pussy armed to the very teeth with a slice of Braham’s cheese.)

Count Pussy. Foiled again; ah, ha, ha!! Revenge! Revenge! Blood and Mud Turtles!! Who can stand before me? Villains! they come a score strong, and with this good cheese have I routed them. Hist—hark! My name is Revenge. (Enter a little yellow dog with drooping tail.)

Comest thou again, miscreant, to tempt thy fate? (Throws cheese to dog, who eats it and dies with convulsions.)

(Enter Duke Mansfield from right and Count Cephas from left of stage.)

Count Pussy. Good morrow, fair gentlemen, if such ye be.

Count C. Good morrow.

Duke M. Good morrow.

(Each then tries to display his knowledge.)

Count Cephas. Having placed the Transit, be very careful, gentlemen, about this instrument. You next proceed to chain the distance from A to—

Duke Mansfield. No rowdyism, gentlemen; I won't have it. Now, Mr. —, proceed. If the concentric circles cut the parallelogram in radius of the second degree, according to hyperbolic in—(enter the High Priest Eli.) Ahem, ahem; I tell you Latin is hard, hard. My dear friends, you are crossing (shakes finger for five minutes), crossing the Dead Line. (Shakes finger for ten minutes without speaking.)

Count Pussy. Gentlemen, I perceive yonder a Fresh; let us question about his attainments. (Enter wooly-headed Fresh.)

Freshman (solus). To bust or not to bust, that is the question; whether 'tis nobler to suffer the iota subscript or by riding “jacks” over a sea of Greek, and by overriding end it.

Duke M. Cephas, by yonder College clock I swear—

Count Cephas. Swear not by the clock, the inconstant clock that daily changes in its circling orb.

Duke M. What shall I swear by then?

Count C. Swear not at all, or if thou must, swear by thine own common sense, for that is constant, having grown none since thou wast a child of two years old.

Duke M. Meanest thou to insult? Villain, I have thee now. Stand! I'll cleave thee to thy very cosine with my blade.

Count C. Ha, ha! thou, who art a butt for all College jokes, thou cleave me? I'll make a surveyor's chain of thy neck.

(Enter Shorty and Wheel shouting.)

Avant, avant, ye fiends. Never venture beyond the campus gates again. (To Pussy.) Thou walking Encyclopedia on miscellaneous idiosyncrasies, retire. (Exeunt omnes, except Duke Mansfield de Peedus, who remains to sing in the phonograph.)
Sonnet.

Down on Tybee's distant shore!
To me, musing many things,
Silence brings its offerings;
While the winds o'er ocean blow,
Mingling with its foamy roar;
And the wave its music sings.
And the seagulls spread their wings;
O'er the ocean wide they soar;
Bringing back much love to me,
O'er land and ocean without rest.
Bring they back words to my mouth
From the lands across the sea,
From the East e'en to the West,
From the North e'en to the South.
The Absalom of Emory, or When We Get to Tacitus.
**My Pipe.**

I sat by my fire, with feet resting higher
Than my head, on the mantel, smoke-stained and time-hued,
And my pipe and the fire soothed restless desire
As thy smoke of blue, lazily mounting, I viewed.

Oh my pipe!

I dreamed of ambition and fame and position
And pleasure and love and a dear blue-eyed girl,
And this peaceful condition gave care its dismissal,
As I watched thy smoke 'round me fantastically curl.

Oh my pipe!

And in language, care-free, I apostrophized thee,
My pipe, and quite cleverly sang of thy charms,
And said, that with thee from mortals I'd flee.
But give me my pipe, with its peace-giving balsams.

Oh my pipe!

I laughed in proud joy as I thought, when a boy,
I first tried thy charms to be sick for a week,
And I cried: Oh my boy, the dear pipe is coy,
And maiden-like says no the first time you speak.

Oh my pipe!

But O! what is this?—There is something amiss,
Good heavens! It can't be the pipe. Oh my head!
And just now for this damned pipe I'd dismiss
All friends and relations—is that what I said?

Oh my pipe!

And those numberless feet on the mantel, which greet
My wandering view, they surely ain't mine?
Oh death would be sweet! Tobacco, you cheat!—
Quick, the wash-tub—the bowl—anything you can find—

Oh my pipe!!!

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Entrance Examinations.

HISTORY.

1. State your reasons for placing the birth of Eli’s jokes in Silurian or Antediluvian times.
2. Tell what you know of the American prize-ring, and state the names of its champions and its greatest battles.
3. Give names and dates of principal battles and sieges of Northen’s war at Waycross.
4. State who was King of Israel and who was Emperor of Rome at the time when John Greer and Claude Cook entered College.
5. Give the subject of the great debate between Shorty and Daniel Martin.
6. On what date was Geo. Metry married to Ann. A. Lytic, and state fully the disastrous consequences of that union on Sophomores of the present time?
7. Draw a historical parallel between Alexander the Great and Annie Laurie.

MATHEMATICS.

1. If \( y = 3z \) and Seney Hall tower is 70 ft. high, how long will it take a trunk to come from Covington on Luesnious Fast Freight Line?
2. Calculate approximately the number of times Eli has said, "I tell you Latin is hard, hard."
3. How long will it take a Junior of 0 ability to gallop through Livy on the horse \( x^2 + 3x + 4z = J \sqrt{\frac{a + c - b}{k}} \)?
4. State approximately the number of dead and wounded if Pussy should turn loose his phonograph on an army of 100,000 men at the distance of one-half mile?
LITERATURE.


2. Name the principal qualities of style in the works of T. C. Jenkins. Relate a sad incident connected with his matrimonial attempts. On what work does his fame rest?

3. Give examples of all kind of poetic feet, including those of Nath. Thomson.

4. Compare the oratory of Edmund Burke with that of Bob Edmondson.

5. In what respects is the Brutus of Shakespeare excelled by the “Brutus” of Emory?

6. In what comedy of Shakespeare do we find that current expression, “Where am I at?”

Pledge!
Advertisements.

Fat Folks use "Antidiposidia" for surplus flesh.—J. E. McDonald, '94.

Use Rankin's unwashable Hair-dye.—Rankin, '96.

Small feet; no acid or ointment used by me.—Nath. Thomson, '95.

Blotches, pimples, freckles and all cutaneous affections removed immediately.—Cox and Clark, '95.

Genuine XXX, 4 Aces, Old Jamaica and other fine whiskies. Apply to—Budd and Jarrell, '94's.

French language and literature taught at small cost by—Truth Battle, '94.

Osborne's Calculus revised and abridged by—B. H. Palmer, '94.

Kendall's Energy Restorer for sale by—I. R. Kendall, Jr., '94.

Boot-blacking (licking) of all kinds taught at low prices.—R. L. Ellis and C. C. Smith.

Etiquette of the table, of the ballroom and of the reception. Apply to—Sharp, Aiken and Keon.

Boxing, fencing, wrestling, running and all field and track sports taught by—Sister McLean.
An intensely interested listener to one of Pussy’s lectures.
Latest Books Just Out.

“A Thrilling Tale of Romantic Adventure; Should Be in the Stove of Every Family.”
The Art of Self-Defence (with illustrations). By the famous heavy-weight, Rembert Smith.
A Defence of “Jacking.” By Fred T. Buice.
“A Scholarly and Masterly Treatise, by One thoroughly Experienced in the Art.”
How to Live Well on Four Zeros a Day. By G. Q. Aiken.
Our English Tongue. By Edmonson, of ’95.
Society, as It Has Found Me. By C. C. Smith.
A History of Emory College, from Its Earliest Days to the Present Time. By John W. Greer.
The Song that Reached My Heart, and Other Boguses; a Beautiful Collection of Lyrics.
By the Class of ’95.
Easy lessons in Duding or an Introduction to Foppism. By Marvin Williams.
From House to House, or Always on the Go. By Herman Shuptrine.
Oratory Made Easy. By Claude Cook.

For sale at the College Book Store.
A WEARY student once sat in his room reading a copy of the Boston Herald, containing a graphic account of the Yale-Princeton football game. The room must have been quite warm (since no one can assert that the account of a football game is productive of soporific effects), for the student dozed and finally fell asleep. A classmate knocked at the door, and receiving no answer, stepped in and was attracted by the look of extreme horror on the face of the sleeping student, and immediately hastened to arouse him from his fearful dream. It was several minutes before the awakened man could control his speech so as to talk coherently. The tale he then told was as dreadful as it was interesting. He had dreamed it was November, 1920—he had come back to Emory to spend Thanksgiving with his only son, and to witness the game of football to be played between Emory and their rivals—the University of Georgia. For our President at this time was a broader and more liberal-minded man than the one of former days.
To the side of the old football grounds stood a large grand stand, holding about ten thousand people, over which a huge lavender and black flag spread its folds to the breeze. From the cheering and murmuring of this mass of humanity, I easily perceived that they were growing impatient, for it was already past the time appointed. Presently a tremendous coach drawn by two score oxen could be seen in the distance, and after some time reached the grounds. About one hundred in all descended from the coach; this was Emory’s team, substitutes and coaches. A moment later the University team arrived, and the referee cried out “play ball.” Emory had won the toss and chosen the ball. But what a sight were the equipments of these football players. The rush line was clad in armor to a man. Our center-rush (whom I afterwards learned was young Wilcox, son of Old Pete) had on a helmet, on the top of which was a long sharp steel point; this would enable him to outdo his adversary. The guards were provided with large hickory clubs, while a pair of grappling hooks were in the possession of each tackle. The ends each had a large gatling gun and cartridges, the quarter-back had a knapsack filled with dynamite bombs. The half-backs were allowed a brace of derringers each, while the full-back was a noted cowboy, who could throw the “lasso” with absolute precision. Emory started off with a “hop-skip-and-a-jump-play.” This was something new to me, but on being explained three times I had a faint conception of it. With a hop the center-rush put the ball in play; with a skip of ten yards our line reached their opponents, and with a jump our full-back with the ball, went flying over our opponents’ heads and a touchdown seemed inevitable. But no, the University full-back, swinging his lasso over his head and letting it fly, caught the fleeing figure, and with a jerk brought it to the earth with a dull thud. Here a most barbarous sight was seen. The University guards, reaching our prostrate full-back first, proceeded to club him till the umpire declared that life was extinct. A substitute was immediately called in. The next play was a bombardment of the line. This time our cannons belched forth pounds of lead in the faces of our opponents, and when the smoke had cleared away five lifeless University men lay on the gridiron (battlefield), and Emory had scored her first touchdown. Then ten thousand voices rent the air, and ten thousand souls were made happy. The football being rammed in a cannon, it was carefully aimed at the goal. Another report and the pig-skin went
flying squarely between the post. Another tremendous cheer, and the score stood Emory 6, Athens 0. Now Athens had the ball. Judging from their maneuvering, our men could easily see that they were preparing to make that old play that they used to call "the flying wedge." Our quarter-back was filled with extreme disgust, and at the moment the ball was put in play, he reached his hand down in his knapsack, and drawing forth a bomb he threw it at this rushing mass of humanity. An explosion and the Varsity team was no more. Substitutes readily volunteered to take their places, and again Athens had the ball. This time they resorted to a new trick, one that has never been equaled. Preparing themselves with huge cannons they loaded them up to the muzzle with powder. A report and the whole gridiron was covered with smoke. When it cleared off, to the amazement of the crowd of spectators as well as to Emory's eleven, the Athens half-back had, under cover of the smoke, scored a touchdown. After loading their gun with the ball and aiming it for the goal, they prepared to fire. A smile could be seen at that moment on the face of our full-back, Texas Bill. Bang! and the pig-skin went sailing through the air straight for the goal. But at that moment Texas Bill let fly his lasso and caught the ball in mid-air and drew it to the ground. Then pandemonium itself seemed to be turned loose. A fierce battle raged. The University boys contended that it was a foul. But above the din of battle could be heard the cry of the referee, "Emory, Emory forever." At that moment I saw an Athens tackle grab him with his grappling hooks and tear him asunder. Then a spectacle met my gaze that froze my blood. Not ten yards off was an Athens end aiming his cannon directly at me and was about to fire when—and then the student awoke to find his classmate shaking him. But the memory of that University boy aiming the cannon at him, the remembrances of that football game and young Pete Wilcox killing his opponents, clung to him till his hair acquired a distinct grayish hue.
BARGAINS IN HORSEFLESH.

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**VIRGIL:** Fine Roman Mare; 12 hands high; perfectly trained with the exception of a playful habit of pitching her rider to the ceiling.

**OVID:** Handsome piebald classic trotter; has all the gaits; perfectly gentle and can be ridden with safety by Sophomores; no bid under 50 cents received; has a tail that Eli can't see; a splendid bargain; no credit given.

**HORACE:** Chestnut gelding; fine horse for racing, and has made a mile in 2.03 when driven by the noted jockeys, Hawes, Boyd and Connally; will not shy at sight of Eli's face.

**LIVY:** White Latin Jack; good draught animal; has no tricks; will carry four or five Juniors with ease; will sell cheap on account of blindness in left eye which sometimes causes him to fall.

**TACITUS:** Good brood mare; dam of "Quick Bust," "Didn't Make It," and other well known colts.
New Boy's Diary.

1. Bound for Oxford,
   Trunk packed,
   Whiskers parted,
   Ears backed.

2. Six valises,
   Strap 'em tight,
   Dawn on Emory
   'Morrow night.

3. Say, little newsboy,
   Right about—
   Very small matter,
   Buy you out.

4. Help yourself, sirs,
   Oh, I'm in it,
   Buy creation
   In half minute.

TWENTIETH—ON CARS.

1. Feel, I'm swelling,
   See me grow,
   Never tell them
   All I know.

2. "Name is Green, sir,
   Thou art whom?"
   Getting bigger,
   Gimme room.

OXFORD—TWENTY-FIRST.

Last of money
Gone to-day,
Still I'm happy
On the way.
TWENTY-SECOND.

1. Beaver sold, and
   Watch pawned.
   Thing's over
   Done "dawned."

2. Been examined,
   There's the rub—
   Applied for Senior,
   Fell Sub.

TWENTY-THIRD.

Ears folded,
Banner furled,
Not much longer
For this world.

TWENTY-FOURTH.

Lamentations!
Cruel fate—
Angels open
Golden gate.
Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Williams. (Five years hence.)
Northen at the Bridge.

Great William J. of Georgia,
By the Nine Gods he swore,
That into Georgia never
Those sluggers should cross o’er.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And set a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and West and South and North,
To summon his array.

East and West and South and North,
Brave Northen’s henchmen go,
And sound through town and hamlet,
“Arm! arm! and meet the foe.”
And many a mother’s cheek grew pale,
The woeful call to hear,
And many a bronze-faced veteran
Wiped from his cheek a tear.
And rusty uniforms were cleansed,
And rusty bayonets shine,
And in the various armories
The men fell into line.
The last fond look is taken,
Said is the last good-bye,
Then forth the gallant soldiers go
To conquer or to die.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a town and village,
From many a fruitful plain.
On to the fight they bravely march,
From Brunswick by the sea,
From Waycross and from Jesup,
From Tifton to Tybee.

Brave Northen and his counselors,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some telegram
Brought tidings of dismay.
Some said this thing and some said that,
Till vexed the chief did grow.
How could those wicked prize-fighters
This good man worry so?
Then outspoke Northen roundly,
   "That bridge must guarded be,
That is the way those men will come,
   Thus it appears to me."
So down where the St. Mary's stream
   Forces its crooked way,
Those gallant boys were stationed
   To hold the foe at bay.

The drizzling rain, alas, did cool
   Their patriotic fire
(It's hard to be a patriot,
   Knee deep in Georgia mire.)
The night comes on and all is still,
   Save now and then is heard
The valiant name of Northen
   Coupled with some sulphurous word.

And o'er the line at Jacksonville,
   Smiling at this sad scene,
Mitchell and Corbett spar away
   All quiet and serene.
In vain was Mitchell's threatening,
   In vain was Northen's flight,
This comedy of errors found
   Its last act in the fight.
O the breezes of South Georgia,
   They are keen and sharp, they say,
And they blow from many an animal
   Its lion skin away.
They whisked through Northen’s whiskers,
   And from out their depth and gloom
They blew into eternity
   His senatorial boom.

And when around the fireside
   They meet in days to be,
And talk of great men and the deeds
   They wrought on land and sea,
With weeping and with laughter,
   Still will the tale be told.
How well great Northen kept the bridge
   In the brave days of old.

—O. G. Cox, in LaGrange Graphic.
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You can get a low priced or a high priced one, but any will be new styles and good, honest weaves.

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Will be low because it will be the best.

FURNITURE
The lowest in any house for hard woods.

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