

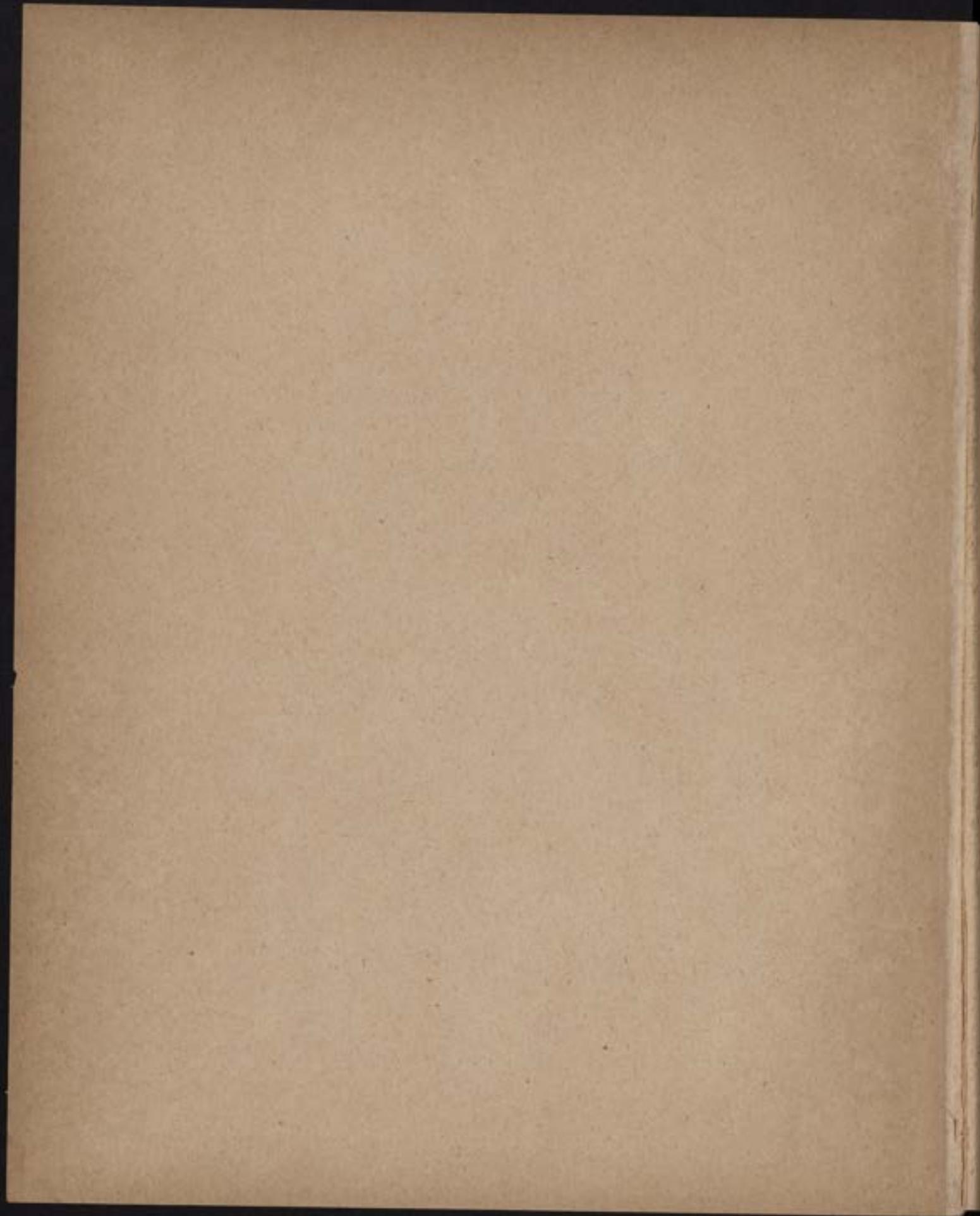
THE YELLOW JACKET

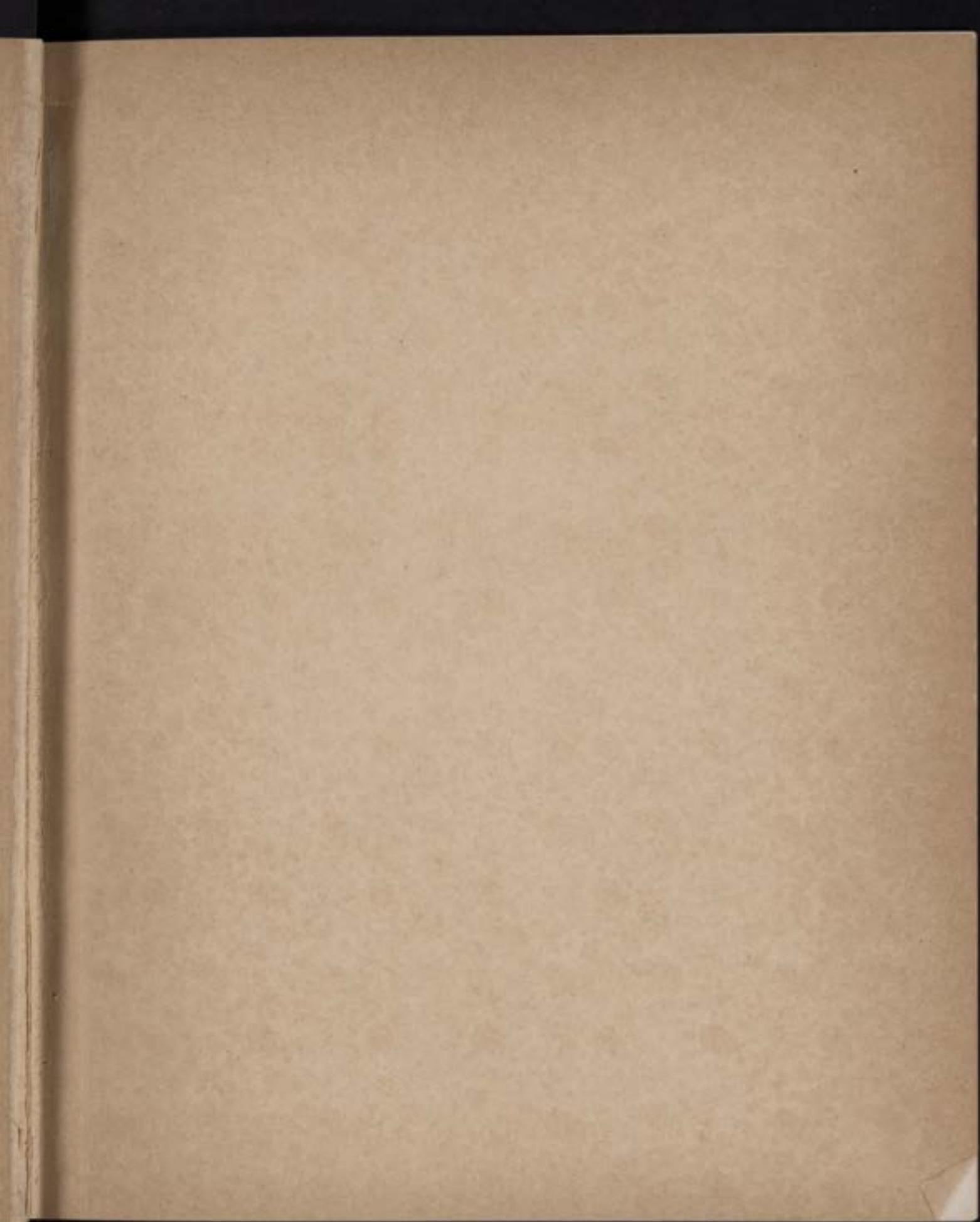


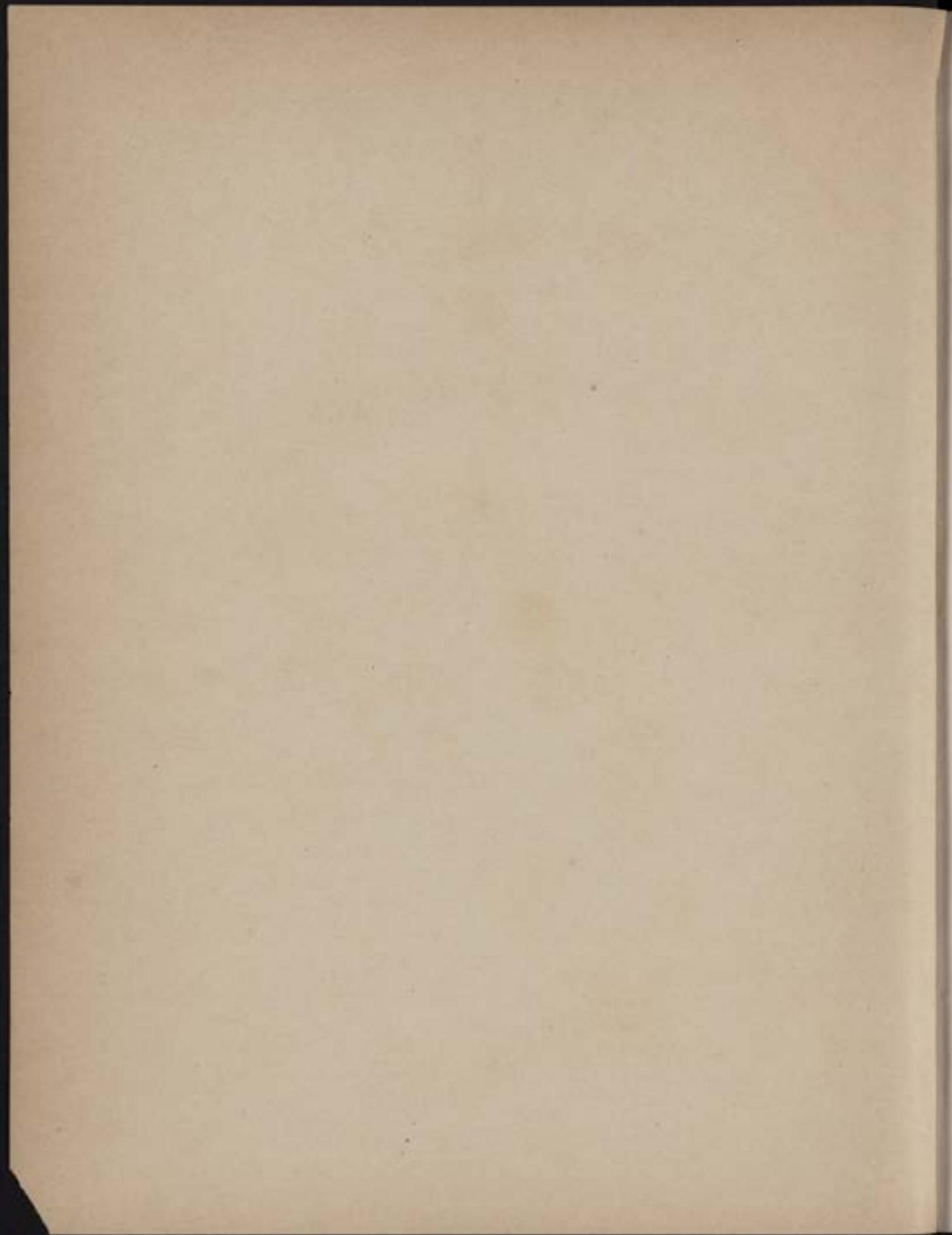
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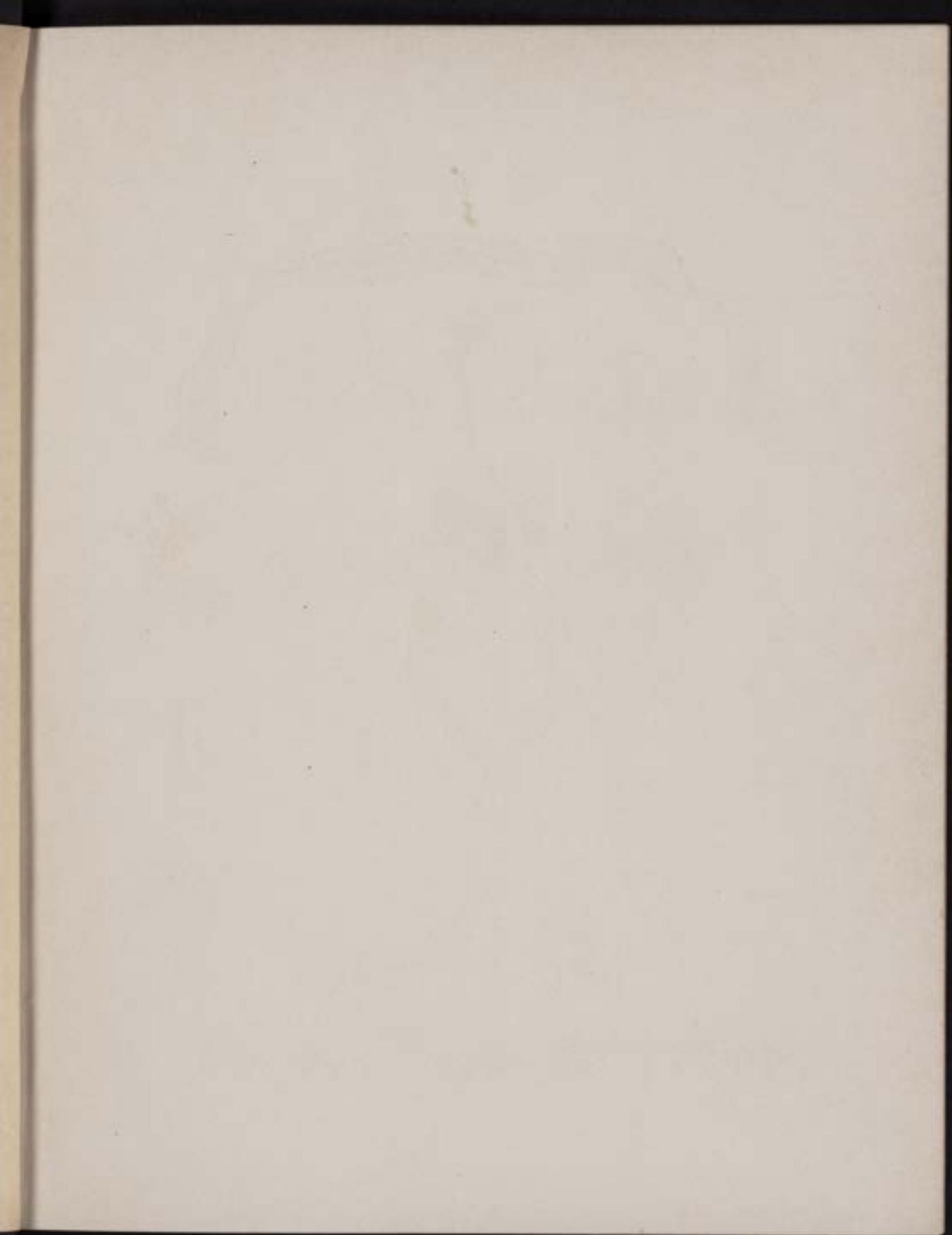
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THE
YELLOW JACKET

VOLUME III

1901



PUBLISHED BY THE
LITERARY SOCIETIES OF RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE,
ASHLAND, VIRGINIA.

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To

Charles Dabney Hagland,

whose manliness, strength of character and devotion to duty
set a beacon for us :

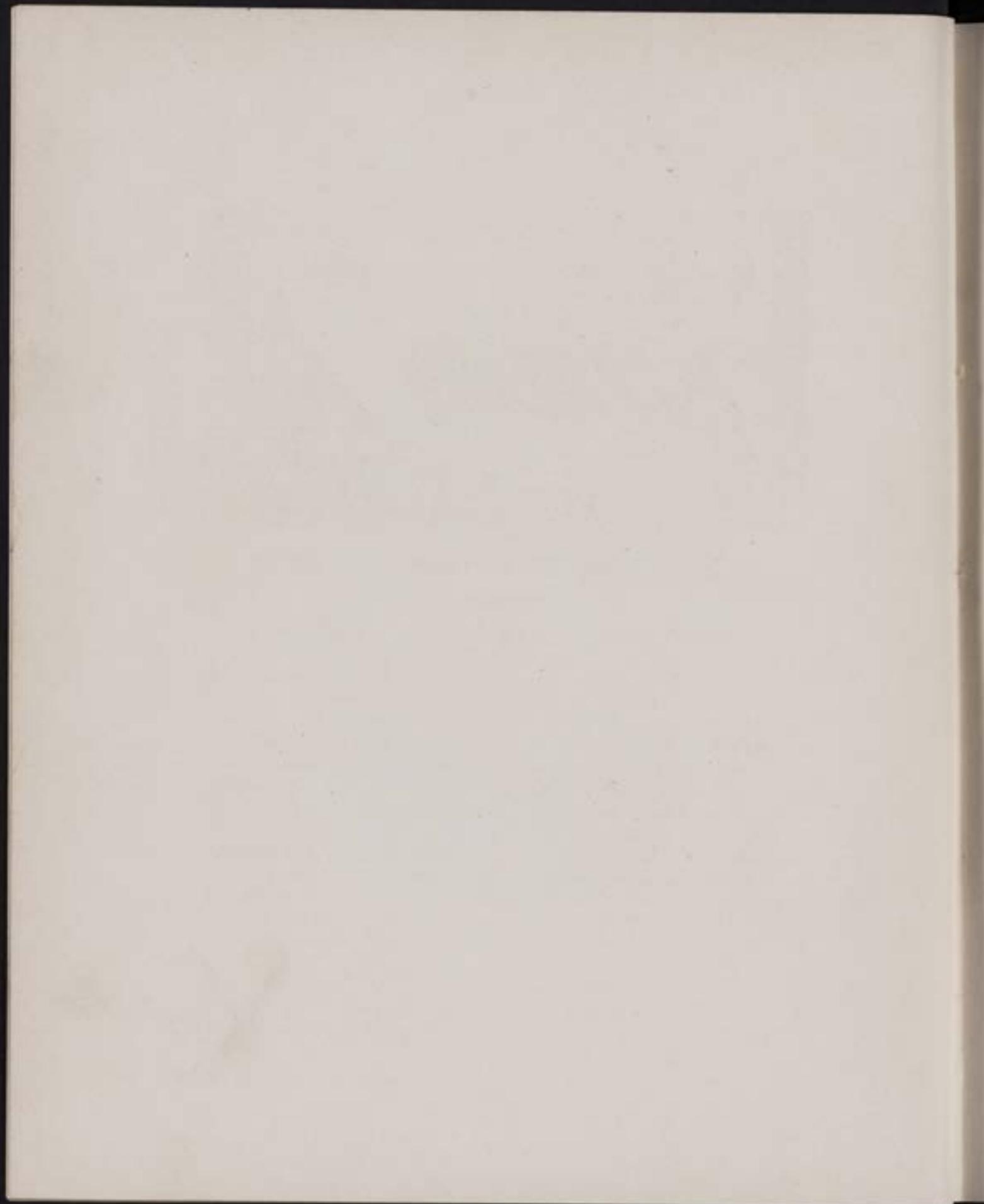
to him, professor and friend, who
"brought well and died gloriously," our hearts now
dedicate this volume.



DR. CHARLES DABNEY RAGLAND.



DR. CHARLES DABNEY RAGLAND.





In Memoriam.

A CASUAL acquaintance never appreciated the character of DR. CHARLES DABNEY RAGLAND. To estimate correctly the breadth and strength of his nature a close acquaintanceship was necessary. Even under such circumstances it was not easy to discover the true man. Dr. Ragland was sensitive, reserved and retiring. We, his associates, only learned the strength and worth of the man when we won his confidence. Then we found him true, noble and brave.

A correct estimate of Dr. Ragland would place his earnest, yet undemonstrative determination as his chief characteristic. To see him at his daily work, and to see how cheerfully he took up his duty, was a revelation to those who had not known him. No difficulty daunted him, and to recognize a duty was for him but the beginning of his attempt to do it. It is a living memory with us to recall how he shrank from public speaking. Yet who can forget the quiet heroism with which he undertook this duty? Who can forget his earnest purpose, his conscientious regard to details, and his heroic attempt to do his best when he was called upon for this public service? This patient, unflinching, and uncomplaining spirit will live with us long years to come.

In the second place, manliness was a most prominent characteristic of Dr. Ragland. We remember with pride his physical prowess. He played well, strongly, and fairly. He abhorred all subterfuges, and he stood for all that was

best in college athletics. He was positive in action, fearless in everything, and outspoken in his convictions.

If we now turn to his home life we get another glimpse of this earnest Christian man. It was here that he revealed traits almost wholly unsuspected. Here he was a new man, for his reserve and reticence disappeared, and he showed the tender side of his deep nature. His devotion to wife and child was measured only by the strength of his will. At home he became a man full of joyous fun, full of the milk of human kindness, forestalling every wish of his loved ones, and always tender and gentle.

Take these characteristics—his love of home, his manliness, and his determination; add to these a wealth of accurate information, and finally, as the force of his life, animate these characteristics by the power of the love of God; see how this fundamental principle guided and shaped his work, understand his deep piety, and then we can begin to appreciate the man who lived a true and noble life, and who died as he lived, trusting in God.

The dates associated with Dr. Ragland's too short life are few.

Dr. Ragland was born February 5, 1868. After suitable preparation, he entered Randolph-Macon College September, 1884, and graduated with the A. M. degree in 1890. As a student at college, his life was governed by the same principles which afterwards dominated him as a professor. He stood firmly for all that was best in student life. In any crisis he could always be depended upon to stand for the right.

After graduating he immediately entered Randolph-Macon Academy, at Bedford City, as an instructor. Here he taught until he entered the Johns Hopkins University in October, 1894. At this university he found a place suitable for his development. He soon showed himself worthy of the highest honors, and his accurate scholarship won him a fellowship in chemistry. In June, 1897, he received his Ph. D. from the Johns Hopkins University, and in September, 1897, he entered Randolph-Macon College as Professor of Chemistry. On October 30, 1900, his soul passed to his Maker.

When the innocent babe dies we think, even though our hearts are wrenched by grief, of a life saved from misery and wretchedness, and of a pure soul gone to God, its Maker. In this dark hour, as we watch the flickering light of life in the little one, even then we, with eyes blinded by anguish, can thank God for child-love and the glory of a resurrection. We can understand, in part, this death.

When an old man totters to his rest, after a well-spent life, we say he has "fought a good fight," and he has "finished his race." We glory in his life, we revere his sanctity, we love his good works, his tender words, his gracious acts,

and we thank God that this man has lived. We thank God for his example. We can understand this death.

But when a young man dies; when we see one whom we loved stricken by death; when one, strong in body and mind, one who, by determination, by devotion to duty, by patient years of toil, by consecration to God, had prepared himself for his life-work—when we see in a moment all the enthusiasm stilled, all hopes blasted, we stand aghast and stunned. We cannot understand this. We can but take our breaking hearts to a loving God, and cast ourselves into the arms of Him whose tender mercies and loving kindnesses are infinite.

There is a heroism of life greater than that of battle. There is a method of living grander than the charge at Balaklava. It is the heroism of a life whose every detail was earnestly and sacredly done. When we see a sensitive and tender man, one who, fully conscious of his great life-work, takes up every duty in the fear of God, and who, when smitten, makes a grim fight with death, and who, though defeated, conquers the bitterness of disappointment, and calmly and unhesitatingly yields up his life to God, that man is a hero. Such a man was Charles Dabney Ragland.

A. C. WIGHTMAN.

In Memoriam C. D. R.

When daylight dies the voice of night
Sings a sad requiem, soft and sweet;
And crystal tears, the dew drops bright,
Shine on the flowers about our feet;
And sweet bird-music, clear and low,
Sings requiem too when daylight dies;
And evening sheds a hallowed glow,
And zephyrs breathe their softest sighs.

While in the depths of many hearts
Are held the blessings of the day,
And ne'er from memory's halls departs
The glories that round daylight play,
And as we long for day to break,
Hope rises up and lightens gloom;
And points, with faith that naught can shake,
To morning's rising from the tomb.

Thus, with us when his life was past
A quiet came—a night of grief,
And with a faith that e'er holds fast
We mourn'd his loss; but found relief
In knowing that good deeds will live,
When he who wrought them in this life
Has reach'd that home that God will give
To all who dwell apart from strife.

We will not seek to speak his praise,
Or show his life, noble and good;
He would not have us, if we would
Hold up his virtues to the gaze
Of all the world; so rather than
Sound in his name the richest praise,
This tribute to his name we'll raise
"He was a noble gentleman."

GREETING.

"Goe little booke! the world is wide,"
Thus, wrote an author in the past,
As out upon the ocean-tide
Of life, his dearest work he cast.

So we would make our bow to you,
And show you with an author's pride,
Our little work, while we say too,
"Go little book! the world is wide."

Just as her builders launch a ship,
Out on the ocean's rearing tide,
And say as down the ways her trip
Is made, "Go ship, the sea is wide."

"The sea is rough and rock and shoal
And wave and wind, and stormy sky,
Will strive to keep you from your goal—
A harbor safe when winds are high."

So we would launch our little boat
Upon the rolling sea of life,
And may she ever buoyant float,
O'er waves that roar in furious strife.

Just as upon the boat, new-built,
A name is given by woman's lips;
And on her glistening side is spilt
The christening wine as down she slips.

So we would our craft, just built,
Our Alma-Mater sponsor stands
Good-will's red wine in on her spilt
From R. M. C.'s beloved hands.

A flag flies out, lemon and black,
A flag to visit many lands;
And, high above the ship's foam-track,
Her name "The Yellow Jacket" stands.

We know her faults; our willing hands
Have placed her timbers, joys, fears, cares,
And aspirations—hope's steel hands,
Hented with tears, welded by prayers.

So we would greet you one and all,
And bid you board our boat and ride
Beneath our flag that will not fall—
Lemon and black, our joy and pride.

And when our days on earth are o'er
May we reach harbor safe and free,
And anchor safe upon the shore
Across Infinity's dark sea.

EDITORIAL.



THE third volume of the *YELLOW JACKET*, gentle reader, is before you. We believe it is the custom for Editors to make an apology for their work, but we do not intend to follow their example. Not because we believe none is needed, but because we have the conscientious conviction that we have done our duty. We have spared neither time nor labor in order that we might present to you a pleasing, attractive book.

Several changes from last year's edition have been made. First of all, as you will observe, the shape and size are different, and we are vain enough to think that the volume is as neat and attractive as any one might wish. We have kept the covering and the stamp almost as they were, because we are desirous of the appearing of the lemon and black as often as possible.

Then, too, changes have been made in the arrangement of contents. Many weary moments were spent in enquiring and debating as to the best manner of grouping and placing the material. You have it as it appealed most forcibly to us.

We have endeavored to make the volume truly representative of College life, and we hope we have not failed. It has been our aim to omit no part, but to give, as it were, a bird's-eye view of all.

In the selection of literary matter, we have chosen that of a light nature, leaving the more serious and solid articles to the magazines to which they belong.

We wish to thank our many friends for the kind suggestions and sympathizing help we have received from their hands. Words of gratitude are also due the members of the business staff and our artist friends, without whose aid we could not have published the volume.

We send the *YELLOW JACKET* forth hoping that it will be received with kindness and appreciation, and desiring that, in after years, when life is more serious and we are called to face its stern realities, it may awaken some pleasing and inspiring thought of by-gone days. If it accomplish this much, our labor shall not have been in vain.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29,	College Opens
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29,	Thanksgiving
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22,	Christmas Holidays begin
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2,	College Reopens
TUESDAY, JANUARY 22,	Intercollegiate Examinations Begin
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2,	President's Reception
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3,	Anniversary Day
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5,	Examinations Close
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6,	Second Term Begins
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22,	Celebration Washington's Birthday by Wash. Lit. Soc.
FRIDAY, MARCH 1,	Intercollegiate Debate with Richmond College
FRIDAY, APRIL 11,	Annual Debate Washington Literary Society
THURSDAY, APRIL 18,	Annual Debate Franklin Literary Society
FRIDAY, MAY 3,	Declamation Contest, Washington Literary Society
SATURDAY, MAY 11,	Field Day
SATURDAY, MAY 18,	Declamation Contest, Franklin Literary Society
THURSDAY, MAY 30,	Final Examinations Begin
SATURDAY, JUNE 15,	Final Examinations End



SUNDAY, JUNE 16:

- 11 A. M. Baccalaureate Sermon.
REV. JOHN HANNON, D. D.
8 P. M. Sermon before Y. M. C. A.
REV. J. T. WIGHTMAN, D. D.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18:

- Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19:

- 11 A. M. Address before the Society of Alumni.
12:30 P. M. Sutherland Oratorical Contest.
8:30 P. M. Exercises of the Graduating Class.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20:

- 11 A. M. Baccalaureate Address.
IRA REMSEN, LL. D.
1 P. M. Prizes and Diplomas Conferred.
8:30 P. M. Joint Exercises of the Literary Societies.
Address by HON. CHAS. T. O'FERRALL.

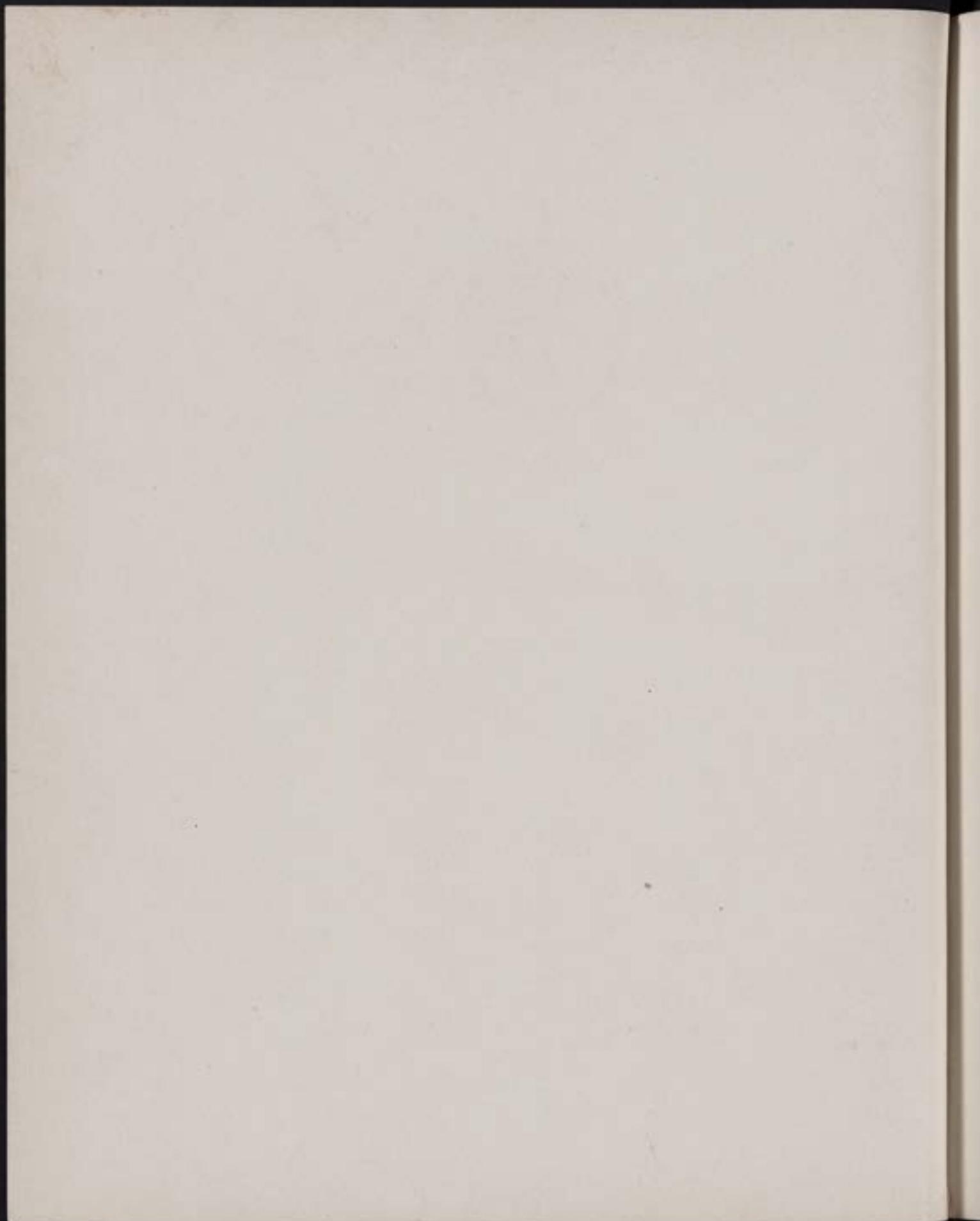




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COLLEGE PHYSICIAN.

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CHAPLAIN.



A SKETCH OF THE FACULTY.

DR. WILLIAM G. STARR, A. M., D. D., President,

Was graduated from Randolph-Macon as a Master of Arts in 1859. Licensed to preach in 1860. Served in the Confederate Army during the four years of the Civil War as a Chaplain. Then he engaged himself regularly in the Methodist itinerancy of Virginia, except for interruptions during educational work. In 1879 the University of North Carolina conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. He has contributed much to the cause of education in his own State and elsewhere, being now identified as a special factor in the Twentieth Century movement. Elected President of Randolph-Macon College in 1899.

ROBERT EMORY BLACKWELL, A. M., Vice-President of the Faculty,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH,

Was graduated from Randolph-Macon College as a Master of Arts in 1874. Studied two semesters in Leipsic. Traveled elsewhere in Europe, spending several months of study in Paris. Was elected to the Chair of English and French in 1876. A member of the Modern Language Association of America.

ROYALL BASCOM SMITHEY, A. M., Secretary of the Faculty,

PROFESSOR OF PURE AND APPLIED MATHEMATICS,

Pursued the study of Mathematics at the University of Chicago. A member of the American Mathematical and American Historical Societies. Author of Smithey's History of Virginia; also of Smithey's Civil Government of Virginia. Was elected to the Chair in 1878.

DR. ARTHUR C. WIGHTMAN, M. A., Ph. D.,

PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY AND PHYSICS,

Graduate of Wofford College, South Carolina. Studied at Hopkins, where he received the doctor's degree in Biology and related subjects. Was Senior Demonstrator in Physiology while at Hopkins. Did Botanical work at Harvard. Has published some independent work on Physiology and Biology. Several years Adjunct Professor of Biology and related subjects in this College. Was elected to a full professorship in June, 1900.

DR. EDWIN W. BOWEN, A. M., Ph. D.,

PROFESSOR OF LATIN,

Graduated at Randolph-Macon with the degree of Master of Arts. Studied at Hopkins, receiving the doctor's degree in 1892. One year Assistant Professor of English in the University of Missouri. Studied several semesters at the University of Berlin. Elected to the present position in 1894.

DR. CHARLES DABNEY RAGLAND, A. M., Ph. D.,

LATE PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY,

Graduated from Randolph-Macon with the Master's degree in 1890. Instructor for four years at Randolph-Macon Academy, Bedford City, Va. Took special work in Chemistry at the University of Virginia and at Cornell University. Entered Hopkins University in 1894. Doctor's degree conferred upon him in 1897. One year fellow in his department at Hopkins. Elected to the Chair of Chemistry in 1897. Died October 30, 1900, while performing his work for his Alma Mater.

DR. WILLIAM E. EDWARDS, A. M., D. D.,

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE,

Graduate of Randolph-Macon in the Class of 1862. Entered the Virginia Conference. Served as Chaplain during two years of the Civil War. Has filled the most important appointments of the Conference. In 1882 his Alma Mater conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. Elected to the present position in August, 1899.

PROFESSOR THOMAS M. JONES, A. B.,

PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND GERMAN,

Graduated at Randolph-Macon College in 1894. Instructor for one year at Randolph-Macon Academy, Bedford City, Va. Entered Hopkins University to pursue the study of Greek in 1898. Professor of Greek in Emory and Henry College, 1899-1900. Took graduate work in Greek at Chicago University. Elected to the Chair of Greek in June, 1900.

DR. WILLIAM E. DODD, Ph. D. (Leipzig),

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ECONOMICS,

Entered the Virginia Polytechnic Institute in 1891. Graduated with the B. S. degree in 1895. Taught two years in this institution, taking the M. S. degree in 1897. Entered the University of Leipzig in the summer semester of 1897. Here he pursued the study of History, Philosophy and Economics. Graduated with the Doctor's degree in 1900. Elected to the Chair of History and Economics in August, 1900.

DR. HALL CANTER, A. M., Ph. D.,

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY, GEOLOGY AND ASTRONOMY,

Graduated at Randolph-Macon as an A. B., 1892. For three years instructor at Randolph-Macon Academy, Front Royal, Va. Took the Master's degree at Randolph-Macon in 1897; the same year entering Hopkins University. Was a fellow in his department in 1898-1899. Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, 1899-1900. Doctor's degree conferred in June, 1900. Elected to the Assistant's Chair of Chemistry in Tulane University in the summer of 1900. Resigned this position to accept the Chair of Chemistry and related subjects at Randolph-Macon in November, 1900.



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HON. J. H. HOLT, Orator for June, 1901.

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FOUNDED 1897.

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B. F. WESTCOTT, '90, Treasurer.



CAMPUS LIFE.

GLANCING backwards over the events of the session, a feeling of delight and pride comes over us. The year has been a glorious one and much has been achieved in all departments of college life. We feel inadequate to the task of recounting its history. In this brief sketch we shall simply mention the events that are most pleasant to the hearts of all.

On the twentieth day of September a number of students might have been seen wending their way towards the College chapel, some, who had trod the shady paths before, with an expression of joy and delight; others, who had come to College for the first time from the green mountain sides laden with nature's richest grandeur, or from the rolling, dashing sea-coast, with a sensation of wonder coupled with fear.

Many faces which always greeted us with a tender smile were to be seen no more. One of our most popular professors, Prof. De La Warr B. Easter, had resigned to continue his studies at the Johns Hopkins University. To succeed him was Prof. T. M. Jones, a Randolph-Macon alumnus, and late professor at Emory and Henry College. A new chair—that of History and Economics—had been added to our curriculum, with Prof. W. E. Dodd, Ph. D. Leipsic, to take charge of it. We also found Prof. G. W. Russell, a Randolph-Macon graduate, as assistant instructor in Chemistry. We are well pleased with our new professors, and look upon them not alone as teachers, but also as enthusiastic workers for our beloved Alma Mater.

To complete the events of the month were the Y. M. C. A. reception and the election of the officers of the Athletic Association.

OCTOBER.

Football began in earnest. We were fortunate in procuring the services of Mr. Edward McLaughlin, of Franklin and Marshall College, as coach. Our first game was played with Richmond College, on the fifteenth, at Broad Street Park. The game was a hard-fought one from start to finish, and our line played well, but we lost by a score of 5 to 0.



The poet's statement that "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love" was well suited for this time of the year also. The matrimonial fever took hold of some of our friends, and such was its extent that we were all wondering who would be the lucky next.

The Historical Society, a class with the object of doing historical and bibliographical work, was organized.



About this time came the Grasshopper Cantata and the wonderful Rhoda Royal and Sig. Santelle shows. The sound of the steam organ was heard far and near, and the little village was changed as if by magic touch. Some of us still feel the hollow effects. The "fish" were given their annual visitation, and the cottages resounded with oratory and song such as had never before "touched the auricular cavity of man."

On the thirtieth we were all pained and grieved by the sad news of the death

of Dr. Ragland, professor of Chemistry. He had always been a most sincere friend and we felt that we had sustained an inestimable loss. "Man dies, but his memory lives."

NOVEMBER.

On the first we met Fredericksburg College in a game of football and won by a score of 20 to 0. Our next struggle was with Hampden-Sidney, and it was with a true friendly feeling that we welcomed them among us. Both teams played well



and in the first half neither side scored. In the second half the superior weight of the visitors asserted itself, and they succeeded in making the score 11 to 0. A second game was played with Richmond College on the twelfth on our own grounds. Again were the "Fates" against us, losing by a score of 11 to 6. The football season was closed by a game with William and Mary. In this we were victorious by a score of 11 to 0.

Dr. Canter, who had been chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Ragland, took charge of his duties. He is a Randolph-Macon alumnus, and his desire is for her success and prosperity.

Thanksgiving! It did come at last. How we had waited and longed for that joyful, blissful day, when we could "shuffle off" all College work and take a few moments to breathe! How we had lain awake at night, thinking of "punk boxes," with their turkeys and cranberries and other delectable delicacies! We spent the day walking the streets of Richmond and yelling for the 'Varsity team.

An entertainment by "All Saints" Quartette, of Richmond, and the election of the editor-in-chief of THE YELLOW JACKET and his staff completed the happenings of the month.



DECEMBER.

On the eleventh we are highly pleased with an entertainment by Miss Gay Ragland of Richmond.

We begin to reckon the hours and inquire the schedule of trains. We are planning, counting our change, and wondering what we can buy our girl for Christmas. Finally the time comes to leave, and amid the blinding snow we board the train and rush on to our destination. How the days are enjoyed at home!



Loved ones greet loved ones and we are all made merry. Our thoughts go back to the time when we lay awake trying to hear Santa Claus, and the words of the poet came into our mind, "Ah, happy years! once more who would not be a boy?"

1901.

Like all the fleeting scenes of life, our vacation soon came to an end. We bade farewell to our loved ones, some perhaps never again to see, and retraced our steps to the bare, cold campus.

This being the beginning of the century, more resolutions were in order. Some of us resolved to work harder, some to "calico" less extensively, and the rest various things; but alas! have we kept them? One thing, at least, was gratifying, and gave us peace of mind—the fact that the "powers that be" had decreed that this was not a leap year.

Examinations began, and with fear and trembling did we take ourselves to the class-room. The gauntlet was soon run, and although much midnight oil had been consumed, we did not grieve over the result.

It was during this distressing time that some of us were cast down and felt like giving up in despair, while others were hilarious and to whom life presented new charms. The cause for this was nothing more nor less than the visit of the fortune-teller. Indeed it was with a sense of awe that we listened to our hidden future and the awful destiny that awaited us.

FEBRUARY.

On Sunday the third we celebrated the seventy-first birthday of Randolph-Macon. The day was observed with appropriate exercises, Bishop Granbery



preaching in the morning, and our president, Dr. Starr, in the evening. Our College has had a glorious record. Long may she live and prosper and continue to send forth noble sons to battle with the great questions of life.

On the eve of the day of the celebration we enjoyed a most cordial reception at the home of our president. The doors were thrown open from eight to eleven

o'clock, and when the hour of departure came we were all loath to leave. These occasions are mile-stones in the daily routine of College life, and are not soon forgotten. Would that they came oftener!

The annual meeting of the Virginia Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held at the University of Virginia. Our representative brought back a silver loving cup, the trophy awarded our baseball team of 1900 as champions of this division of the State.

On the twenty-second Wash. Hall celebrated the anniversary of George Washington's birthday with suitable exercises. The oration was delivered by the Attorney-General, Mr. Montague, of Richmond.

To complete the events of the month were Dr. Hannon's lecture on "Tub Philosophy," and the fire in seventh cottage, among the "Hot Stuff" crowd.

MARCH.

During the entire session this month had been looked forward to with great expectation; and naturally, because were we not to meet Richmond College in a contest, not with muscle against muscle, but with brain against brain? On the evening of the first a special train brought the speakers from Richmond with a large number of supporters. Preparation had been made to receive them. The tasteful decorations with the intertwining of the blue and red and the lemon and



black, and the coursing strains of sweet music, lent a pleasing effect to the whole occasion. The question debated was, "Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people." The affirmative was defended by Messrs. J. R. Eggleston and B. M. Hartman, of Richmond College; the negative by Messrs. D. R. Anderson and Earl Riley, of Randolph-Macon. When the judges decided unanimously in our favor, who can express the pride that filled the heart of every true Randolph-Macon man. One more victory to go down in the annals of the old institution. After the debate we tendered the visitors a reception in our societies' halls.

On the eleventh Willoughby Reade, the elocutionist from the Episcopal High School, Alexandria, gave one of his readings, which was highly enjoyed.

Scarcely has an Ashland audience ever listened to a finer musical entertain-

ment than that rendered by the Peabody Orchestra, of Baltimore, on the 21st. The entire program was highly classical and met with full appreciation.

We enjoy watching the men practicing for the baseball team, and pass our criticism without reserve. We attend "Goat Croakers" reception, feast upon the ethereal delicacies, listen to the toasts of the distinguished guests, and return with an "aching void."

APRIL.

"All Fools" day was celebrated by a baseball game with Fredericksburg College. This was the first of the season, and we anxiously awaited the result. Soon the victory was ours by a score of 18 to 7. On the fifth the strong nine from Gettysburg College stopped off and allowed us to place another victory in the baseball records, the score being 14 to 6.

Our next game was with Richmond College. This was the first championship game of the year. With a large number of "rooters," including the fairest of the fair, we entered Broad Street Park, to "do or die." The game was intensely interesting from beginning to end, and oftentimes a solemn stillness reigned. The score was 0 to 0 until the fourth inning, when we succeeded in landing one run. During the remainder of the struggle no more scores were made. But what did we care? The victory was ours and that was enough.



Roanoke College team visited us on the eighteenth, and it was with very little difficulty that we made the score 12 to 3.

Another victory had been decreed for us this month, and that was over William and Mary. Indeed they were, to use a College boy's expression, "easy fruit," and the score soon bounded to 21 to 4 in old Randolph-Macon's favor.

Some might think that all we did this month was to play baseball, but other pleasant and interesting things took place. The debates of the two literary societies came round in due time (and with them a few due bills) with their accustomed enjoyment. These are the two most social occasions of the year, when the fair sex of Ashland (and where could fairer be found?) are at the zenith of their glory, and when even some of our number, though with fear and trembling, dare speak to a maiden.

Our baseball team left on the eighteenth for a trip to Hampden-Sidney, Bedford City, and Washington and Lee. In this the "Fates" were truly against us,

for "the windows of heaven" were opened and we returned without playing a single game.

We must not fail to mention as the last but not the least event of the month the banquet (?) of the staff of THE YELLOW JACKET. Wit and humor flowed freely and toasts were responded to by different members present. When the time came to depart we were all sorry, knowing that the pleasure comes but once in a life-time.

CONCLUSION.

Our first defeat in baseball came on the fourth of May. This was by Richmond College. For some reason or other we were not in the playing humor, and the score was made 10 to 3 against us.

We must now lay aside our pen. We wish the remaining events of the year could be chronicled, but the printer is waiting for our material. We would like to record the remaining baseball games, the examinations, and that great occasion, commencement. The session will soon be over; its deeds will be written in bright letters on the pages of history, never to be recalled. Even though its events have been poorly written, nevertheless enough has been said to awaken enthusiasm in every Randolph-Macon student's heart.

To some of us commencement cannot come too soon. The many sacred spots of our own homes are inviting us and we are anxious to obey the calls. But to those of us who step out from the classic walls, never to return as students, an inexpressible sensation comes over us. Our lives have been moulded and changed, and we almost wish we could remain here forever; but we must take our places in the world.

Let no one blush at the name of Randolph-Macon, but glory in her noble past and rejoice in the grand future that awaits her.

"God bless you, Randolph-Macon! Here's a student's love for you."
J. W.





THE SENIOR

History of the Class of 1901.

TIME in its endless flight has again brought to us the duties of a historian. It is in a certain sense with delight, yet with that reverence with which one attempts a great task, that we commence this history. Perhaps there is no place with which it is more fitting to start than the first day we entered College. Who is there among us who does not remember that time? It was in the middle of September, when the campus was arrayed in all the splendor that nature could afford. We can never forget the time we got off the train, and found ourselves surrounded by a throng of old students, the Faculty, and, I may also say, "calico"; for although they may not have been at the very steps of the cars, nevertheless they were in that gathering at the depot, and there in abundance. On leaving the depot we wended our way to the campus. A Frank Hall man was on one side and a Wash Hall man on the other, and each was setting forth with all his eloquence the merits of his Hall.

The next thing in order was to see Captain Irby, and then we were made in reality Randolph-Macon students, entitled to as many privileges as the most dignified senior. After this we went through all the amazing circumstances that generally befall "fish," until Halloween night. This is one of the great landmarks in our history, the first time that we "fish" ever saw and participated in a "calithump." The corroding influence of time can never assume such power as to erase this from our memories. The "calithump" went on very nicely until some one made known the fact that in a stable, not far from the campus, was a calf. With a rush, characteristic of students wild with joy and expectation of something great, we reached the stable. In less time than it takes to give the details the calf was gotten out of the stable, and, bleating as "a sheep carried to the slaughter," was hurried to the chapel. Just at that time it dawned upon the mind of one of the old students that perhaps some of the Faculty might be around, trying to find out what was going on. This, of course, made every one much more excited than he was before. When we reached the chapel we decided to put the calf in there for the night. While this was being done some one said that one of the professors was coming around the end of the building, and immediately was begun a stampede as characteristic of "fish" as was the ardor displayed in making the attack upon the stable. Only one of our entire number remained at the door holding the calf. His heroism, however, was so great, considering the fact that he was a "fish," that the class voted this night a night to be commemorated in future years, and one upon which all might look back with mingled delight and sorrow.

The next event of much interest to us was a difficulty between the Senior Class and the Tennis Club. This was not of much importance to the class as a whole, since not all of us participated in the affair. Those who did take part in it, however, showed so much skill in breaking down the door of the Senior Class that they were recommended to the United States Army to be used in battering down the walls of the Philipinos. The saddest part of the whole thing is that our recommendation had no effect, and they were left here with us. During the remainder of the session our history was one chain of movements—the act of going to class—the monotony being broken here and there by a “bust” on examination, announcement of 10 per cent. work, or something else of like character. In the athletics of this year we were better represented than any other “fish” class had been for many years. We had five men on the baseball team, and about the same number represented us in football. This, our first year at College, furnished us with many difficulties. We, at that time, thought that these obstacles thrust in our way were too irksome to be borne, but we have learned since then that they only paved the way for greater achievements in the future.

Let us now take a glance at our second year at College. It was as the second year of every class is at every college. The greenness and freshness of the “fish” had faded away, and the dignity of the senior had not yet been assumed. Some of those who started out with us did not return, and some of those who did return thought that they were doing the class an injustice by longer staying in it, and accordingly dropped to the class of 1902. Only one event of importance happened during the year. This was the breaking up of an attempted “calithump” by the “fish” on the night “when the stars did not fall.”

The third and last year of our College career is both the most enjoyable and the most sorrowful of the series. It is enjoyable on account of the many pleasant associations it has furnished us, coupled with the fact that we are seniors, to whom the “fish” look up with respect. It is sorrowful since we cannot again enjoy these pleasant associations which every one of us holds so dear. It is quite impossible to portray with pen the feelings of a senior on Commencement Day. He has those feelings distinctly peculiar to a senior, they differing materially from those of a second-year man, or a “fish.” In the dreams of his boyhood he pictured the day on which he should receive his degree. This has been his prime object ever since he entered College, and now that day has come. The goal of his ambition has been reached, but accompanying it come questions that puzzle his mind. He for the present, however, banishes these more serious problems from him, and follows the example set by the Epicureans in the days of ancient Rome.

Now, as we step forth into the busy world, some to one vocation and some to

another, what can be said of our course since the time we first entered College? Has our class a record inferior to those of other classes, or has it one capable of being set forth as an example to be followed by classes yet to come? The answer, that the latter is the case, comes immediately upon our lips. We have orators, debaters and athletes such as Randolph-Macon is proud to own. Behind us are the Shires of rugged territory through which we have trodden; before us the Gates are ajar, showing the sun of prosperity that may ever shine upon us. Class of 1901, go forth, being proud of the role you have played in College life, and being sure that, if in later days you act as you have done here, you will add honor to yourself and glory to your Alma Mater.

R. T. WILSON, JR., Historian.



CLASS 1901.

MOTTO : Vincit qui se vincit.

COLORS : Garnet and Emerald Green.

YELL : Hyka ! Hyka ! Hyka !
Ho ! Yah ! Hee !
Naughty-one ! Naughty-one !
R. M. C.

OFFICERS.

HERBERT CANNON LIPSCOMB, PRESIDENT.
WILLIAM BOULDIN SAUNDERS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT.
LETCHER STEVENS SHIRES, SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT.
NEWTON TALIAFERRO BRINGHURST, SECY. & TREASURER.
RICHARD TAYLOR WILSON, JR., HISTORIAN.

MEMBERS.

MASTERS OF ARTS.

DICE ROBINS ANDERSON (A. B.)
BEVERLEY WAUGH BOND (A. B.)
WARNER PEATROSS CARTER (A. B.)
WILLIAM BENJAMIN GATES (A. B.)
LEONIDAS ARNOLD HADEN
NORVAL THOMAS HEPBURN (A. B.)
JOSEPH HUGH NEVILLE
WILLIAM BOULDIN SAUNDERS
JOHN NOTTINGHAM WARE
CHARLES HENRY YOUNG

BACHELORS OF ARTS.

HARRY LEE AMES	LLOYD CARLETON MOORE
NEWTON TALIAFERRO BRINGHURST	EARL RILEY
CLARENCE MINOR CARTER	LETCHER STEVENS SHIRES
HERBERT CANNON LIPSCOMB	THOMAS McNIDER SIMPSON
WILLIAM BURTON McNEAL	JOHN WILLIAM SMITH

RICHARD TAYLOR WILSON, Jr.

CLASS NIGHT.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19TH, 1901.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT.

ROLL CALL :

SALUTATORY	BEVERLEY WAUGH BOND
CLASS POEM	THOMAS McNIDER SIMPSON
ORATION	DICE ROBINS ANDERSON
HISTORY	RICHARD TAYLOR WILSON, Jr.
RECOMMENDATIONS	WARNER PEATROSS CARTER
PROPHECY	WILLIAM BOULDIN SAUNDERS
WILL AND TESTAMENT	JOSEPH HUGH NEVILLE
VALEDICTORY	WILLIAM BENJAMIN GATES

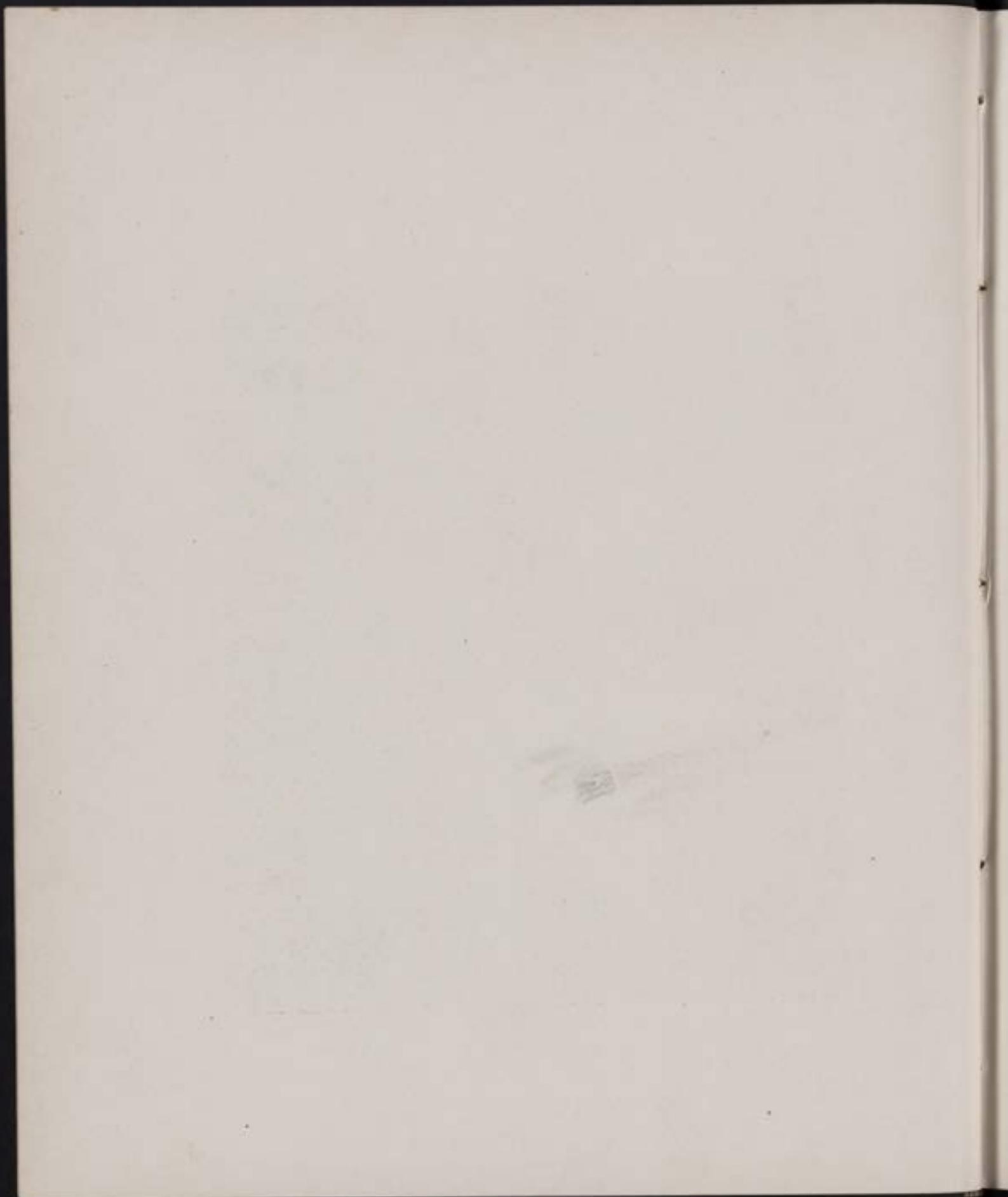




CLASS OF 1901



CLASS OF 1901



Sketches of the Members of Senior Class.

- HARRY LEE AMES, FRANKLIN.....Painter, Va.
- DICE ROBINS ANDERSON, WASHINGTON.....Saluda, Va.
 President Washington Literary Society, '98-'99. Debater, Public Debate, Washington Society, '99. Vice-President Public Debate, Washington Society, '00. Orator Washington's Birthday, '00. *Monthly* Board, 1899-1900-'01. Editor-in-Chief *Monthly*, 1898-'99. Assistant Editor *Monthly*, 1900-'01. Assistant Business Manager YELLOW JACKET, '00. Washington Society's Declaimer's Medal, '98, Murray Medal for Proficiency, '99. Washington Society's Debater's Medal, '00. Washington Society's Orator's Medal, '01. Instructor in Latin, 1899-1900. Instructor in French, 1900-'01. Debater Intercollegiate Debate with Richmond College, '01. Valedictorian, Class '00. Orator, Class '01.
- BEVERLY WAUGH BOND, FRANKLIN.....Baltimore, Md.
Monthly Board, 1900-'01. Orator, Public Debate, Franklin Society, '01. Salutatorian, Class '01.
- NEWTON TALIAFERRO BRINGHURST, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$; FRANKLIN.....Alexandria, La.
 Champion Tennis Singles, '00. Vice-President Final Celebration of Literary Societies, '01. Secretary and Treasurer, Class '01.
- CLARENCE MINOR CARTER, FRANKLIN.....Ashland, Va.
 Baseball Team, '00.
- WARNER PEATROSS CARTER, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$; Δ ; FRANKLIN.....Danville, Va.
 President Final Celebration Literary Societies, '00. Member Board of Directors Athletic Association, 1900-'01. Chief Marshal, Public Debate, Franklin Society, '01. Recommendarian, Class '01.
- WILLIAM BENJAMIN GATES, $\Theta \kappa \Sigma$; Δ ; WASHINGTON.....Charlottesville, Va.
Monthly Staff, 1898-'99-1900-'01. Declaimer's Medal, Washington Society, '97. Artistic Staff YELLOW JACKET, '00. Member Board of Directors Athletic Association, 1899-1900. Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, 1899-1900. Manager Baseball Team, '01. Vice-President Virginia State Intercollegiate Athletic Association, 1901-'02. Valedictorian, Class '01.
- LEONIDAS ARNOLD HADEN, $\Phi \kappa \Sigma$; Δ ; FRANKLIN.....Evington, Va.
 Football Team, '97, '98, '00. Captain Football Team, '98, '00. Baseball Team, '98, '99, '00, '01. Captain Baseball Team, '99, '00. Member Board of Directors Athletic Association, 1898-1899-1900. President Athletic Association, 1900-'01.
- NORVAL THOMAS HEPBURN, $\kappa \Sigma$, FRANKLIN.....Oliver, Va.
 Football Team, '98, '00. Editor-in-Chief *Monthly*, 1900-'01. Assistant Editor *Monthly*, 1900-'01 (last half). Assistant Business Manager YELLOW JACKET, '01.
- HERBERT CANNON LIPSCOMB, $\Phi \kappa \Sigma$; FRANKLIN.....Petersburg, Va.
 President Franklin Society, 1899-1900. Baseball Team, '99, '00, '01. Captain Baseball Team, '01. Football Team, '00. Member Board of Directors Athletic Association, 1900-'01. Associate Editor *Monthly*, 1900-'01. Murray Medal for Proficiency, '00. Instructor in Latin, 1900-'01. President Class '01.

- WILLIAM BURTON McNEAL, K Σ; FRANKLIN.....Garysburg, N. C.
Recording Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1899-1900. Football Team, '00.
- LLOYD CARLETON MOORE, WASHINGTON.....Beckham, Va.
- JOSEPH HUGH NEVILLE, Σ X; FRANKLIN.....Portsmouth, Va.
Football Team, '98, '00. Baseball Team, '97, '98, '99, '00, '01. Reader of Will and Testament, Class '01.
- EARL RILEY, FRANKLIN.....Richmond, Va.
President Franklin Society, 1898-'99, 1899-1900. Debater, Public Debate, Franklin Society, '98. Orator, Public Debate, Franklin Society, '99. Franklin Society's Debater's Medal, '99. *Monthly* Board, 1898-'99-1900-'01. Business Manager *Monthly*, 1898-'99. Assistant Editor *Monthly*, '99-'00. Editor-in-Chief *Monthly*, 1900-'01. Assistant Editor YELLOW JACKET, '99, '00. Debater, Interscholastic Debate with Richmond College, '00, '01.
- WILLIAM BOULDIN SAUNDERS, WASHINGTON.....Penicks, Va.
President Washington Society, 1899-1900. Debater, Public Debate, Washington Society, '00. Orator Washington's Birthday, '01. Orator Final Celebration Literary Societies, '01. *Monthly* Board, 1900-'01. Associate Editor *Monthly*, 1900-'01. Assistant Editor YELLOW JACKET, '01. Assistant in Chemistry, 1900-'01. First Vice-President, Class '01. Class Prophet, '01.
- LETCHER STEVENS SHIRES, WASHINGTON.....Alderson, W. Va.
President Washington Society, 1900-'01. Orator, Public Debate, Washington Society, '01. Second Vice-President, Class '01.
- THOMAS McNIDER SIMPSON, FRANKLIN.....Danville, Va.
Debater, Public Debate, Franklin Society, '01. Delegate State Convention Y. M. C. A., '00. Treasurer Y. M. C. A., 1899-1900-'01. Assistant Editor YELLOW JACKET '01. Assistant Editor *Monthly*, 1900-'01. Orator, Final Celebration Literary Societies, '01.
- JOHN WILLIAM SMITH, FRANKLIN.....1035 N. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.
Debater, Public Debate, Franklin Society, '00. Secretary Y. M. C. A., 1898-'99. Chief Marshal Commencement, '00. *Monthly* Board, 1900-'01. Editor-in-Chief YELLOW JACKET, '01. Instructor in Greek, 1900-'01.
- JOHN NOTTINGHAM WARE, FRANKLIN.....Ashland, Va.
Baseball Team, '00, '01.
- RICHARD TAYLOR WILSON, ϕ K Σ; FRANKLIN.....Petersburg, Va.
President Franklin Society, 1900-'01. Baseball Team, '99, '00, '01. Football Team, '00. Historian, Class '01.
- CHARLES HENRY YOUNG, FRANKLIN.....Petersburg, Va.
President Franklin Society, 1900-'01. President Public Debate, Franklin Society, '01.

“Will and Testament of Class of 1901.”

BE it Remembered, That we, the Graduating Class of 1901 of Randolph-Macon College of Ashland, in the county of Hanover and State of Virginia, about to go forth from our College into the vast arena of life, realizing the hardships through which we have passed, and knowing too well that those who follow in our steps will have to experience even harder trials, owing to the progress our College is constantly making, and at the same time fully appreciating each and every trial our Faculty has endured in our behalf, and trusting that a bequest and devise of our personal and real estate which we have acquired at College may be of benefit to our successors, hereby revoking all former wills and codicils by us made, do make this our last will and testament in manner following :

ITEM 1. We order and direct that all our just debts shall be paid with convenient speed ; also, that all debts owing to the class shall be collected as soon as possible.

ITEM 2. Belonging to some members of our class there are certain articles that they have possessed so long that we, as a class, feel that these said articles belong to us. Among these said articles there is a certain pair of golf-pants. Now, if it were possible that this said pair of golf-pants could be of any use to the Biological Laboratory, we would certainly bequeath them to it. However, as the Laboratory could have no use for such articles, we give and bequeath this said pair of golf-pants to “Judge” Crawley.

ITEM 3. All “Eggs” are not what they are cracked up to be. Fourth Cottage “Egg” is. To this said “Egg” we do give and bequeath an automobile, in order that the distance between Fourth Cottage and the “Slaughter” House may to him seem shortened.

ITEM 4. It is our will and we give and bequeath to Mr. Landon Paulett fifteen dollars as a remuneration for the manifold services he has rendered the honored president of our class by carrying his notes.

ITEM 5. We give and bequeath to Dr. Dodd all of our razors, trusting that they will be immediately put to use.

ITEM 6. For our bachelor professors we request that there be purchased a small lot to be used as a flower garden, with this injunction : that in this said flower garden they cultivate only roses ; said roses to be worn only by said professors, and only on the occasion of the Intercollegiate Debates between Richmond College and Randolph-Macon.

ITEM 7. What will become of the Ashland girls, better known as "calico," since Haden and his "old woman" will not be back next year, we do not know. Then, too, Beverley will be gone. However, as Dr. Bowen has a large yard in which said "calico" may play, we give full care of the same to him. We would suggest, also, that the said Doctor get some new jokes for his Latin classes, as we think these would also interest the girls.

ITEM 8. At the suggestion of the student body, we order that the College wood-pile be in the same place, behind the Gymnasium, next session, as it was this session, for this spot seems to suit all.

ITEM 9. To the inmates of Seventh Cottage we give one box of crackers and one can of potted ham, in order that the "Hot Stuff" Club may have a banquet.

We appoint Mr. "Bill" Trevillian guardian to the Class of 1904; and we direct that he be not required to give a bond for his fidelity as guardian.

We hereby constitute and appoint "Judge" Crawley the executor of this our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We, the Graduating Class of 1901 of Randolph-Macon College, have hereto set our hands and seal, this twentieth day of June, in the year Nineteen Hundred and One.

[SEAL]

CLASS OF 1901 OF RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the Graduating Class of 1901 of Randolph-Macon College as and for their last will and testament, in presence of us, who at their request, in their presence, and in presence of each other, have hereto subscribed our names as witnesses.

JOSEPH H. NEVILLE.
GARNETT C. PEATROSS.
HOWARD M. PLITT.

CLASS POEM.

To the final celebration of the class of Naughty-one,
When the race is almost over and diplomas have been won,
When there comes the thrill of joy, as we feel we've stood the test,
We welcome you, our friends, with our greetings very best.

But the joy that we feel is with sadness not unmixed,
Though diplomas have been signed and the seals have been affixed,
For "we've fought the fight together" through the years that have
just passed
And to think fills us with sorrow of the parting at the last.

Yet there comes a satisfaction as we scan the fleeting years—
Years full of mirth and music though not without their tears,
For we know that we have struggled and at last attained the prize
On which, while upward toiling, we have gazed with longing eyes.

Now the future lies before us; in our hands we hold the keys
To the treasures of our country and the islands in the seas;
But the broadest education can indeed avail us naught
If we fail to wisely use what already we've been taught.

We stand upon the threshold of the century dawning new,
When the top-round of the ladder is possessed by very few,
And while the weak are falling, there's a chance for those with might,
Who keep their swords unspotted and battle for the right.

The paths that ope before us lead in divers many ways,
And the choice of the road deserves the thought of many days;
But when once we've fixed our purpose, our decision made for life,
We should plunge into the combat where the battle rages rife.

It requires a great endeavor to obtain a great renown,
And he must have much patience who would wear the victor's crown;
But in this there is a thought that our hopes within should raise,
That the laurels of Olympus were for those who'd trained for days.

There's a lesson all should learn in our motto we've expressed,
That the one who self can conquer is the one who conquers best;
And though sometime in conflict we be forced to beat retreat,
If we keep o'er self the mastery, it can ne'er be called defeat.

The years that we have spent 'mid these classic shades and walls
Will give us pleasure always, when our memory them recalls,
And when in Life's arena, we shall answer Duty's call,
We know our Alma Mater will watch o'er us, one and all.

Our President, professors, we can never, ne'er forget,
In the Spring-time of our life or when Winter's sun is set;
For patiently they've helped us to get ready for the strife,
That we may not meet failure in the struggle stern of life.

There's a tie of kindly friendship that binds brothers all together,
A tie that e'er will stand through the storming of the weather;
'Tis a bond that holds most firmly and a birthright we'd not barter,
For the tie that binds our hearts is a common Alma Mater.

Brothers, ye, and class-mates of the class of Naughty-one,
Our history is completed, as a class our race is run;
But though no more we gather in these halls so loved and blest,
May we meet again together in the land of endless rest.

T. McN. SIMPSON, JR.



Prophecy of the Class of 1901.

AND it came to pass in those days when William III. of the house of Starr ruled the realm of Randolph-Macon, that there dwelt in his land a certain people from divers places of the kingdom of America, known as the tribe of 1901. Now, therefore, in the second year of his reign, on the twentieth day of the ninth month of that year, it being the feast of Commencement, the High Priest called unto the prophet of that people saying, "Proclaim, I pray thee, the future deeds of the warriors and men of the tribe of 1901, that generations of other days may see their errors and follow the laws of Olin, Duncan, and the mighty men of ancient times." Then spake the prophet of that people to the High Priest, saying: "Now, therefore, O holy one of Randolph-Macon, hearken ye to the prophecy of the future deeds of these men that it may come to pass that out of Ashland shall the great ones go, even out of the land of Starr.

Now the first of this tribe, according to their rank as warriors and men, is from the Accomacites of the house of Ames. Harry is he called, which being interpreted means the quiet one. To him will there be great achievements in the years yet unknown. A noted Electrical Engineer shalt he be, yea so great as to guide and manage the electricity of the world that the people of that benighted country of the Accomacites may know the power and wisdom of their people and may leap and dance for joy.

Greatly shalt the mind of the second of this tribe incline itself toward wisdom. His lot shall be cast among those of whom it is said, "Woe unto ye lawyers." Many shall be his attempts at greatness, and much praise shall there be to him in future days. In those days, Randolph-Macon shall rejoice and Richmond shall tremble, for greatly do they fear Anderson, that slew the proud hosts of the Richmondites when they pitched their tents towards Ashland. And he shall be a lawyer of fame, but terrible shall be the scourge of his tongue, for the just shall he imprison, but thieves and robbers shall he set free.

O, thou anointed of Randolph-Macon, now must I proclaim to thee the secret ways of him that is said by his people to have "googoo" eyes. For many years hath he been the scape goat of his tribe. Therefore is he called Bond, which being interpreted is Beverly. In the days when he hath acquired more learning he will in those days be a teacher among men. Yea, he shall have many accomplishments. He shall dance and sing and make sweet music upon the lyre. The Hottentots and Philipinos shall he instruct, even a Y. M. C. A. shall be lead as in the days of Starr the king.

The fourth of this tribe cometh from the land of cane and cotton. The "L'il

Fellar" is he called by some, but mostly is he known as "Twisbey" Bringhurst. He shall be loathe to leave this land, and shall take up his abode here even when his tribe hath departed. When he doth become a Master of Arts, then shall he return to the land of his birth, but only to herd the sheep in his father's pastures. Not toward the city shall he pitch his tents; but his joy shall be in the green fields and running brook. In those days shall he yearn to see this land, and especially will his heart long for the fair daughters of Ashland that once made his life joyous.

Many of our tribe shall belong to that class of sinners, the lawyers. Even here is another, Clarence Carter, that wisheth to cast his lot among them; but it shall not be so. A tax-gatherer shall he become, even a publican that liveth upon the wealth of others. Yea, he shall gather all that is his due and more. Therefore his coming shall be a cause for sorrow and lamentation to the people.

O, High Priest, there are some good men in this tribe, but alas, it is as one looking for a needle in a haystack to find them. Yea, it is as easy to find the evil ones as for a needle to go through a camel's eye. The worst of all is the detective—"Nick" Carter. No account can be made of him, for he is a wily youth, and given to revelry, but when he is very old, then shall he see his folly and cleave unto wisdom to become a worse than detective—a Biologist.

O, lift up your head, ye Gates, even thou, Benjamin, why art thou cast down? For in future days, even in the days of the twentieth century, thou shalt be known in the land. Among the learned men thou shalt be called a lawyer. Even at the bar of justice shalt thou appear, for thy deeds have been many. And it shall come to pass that missionary lawyers shall in those days go to foreign lands. Then shall it be that this Gates, yea even this Benjamin, shall arise and take his departure into a far country, and there spend his substance. There shall he be a cowboy, yet shall he herd hogs, and after being many days in this country he shall return to the land of his fathers, only to find the place of his birth the stranger to his old age, and that all the calves are too poor to kill. O, thou Benjamin, no fattened calf shall be to thee.

Mighty warriors are of this tribe, O, High Priest, yet none are like unto Leonidas, captain of the hosts of Randolph-Macon for many years. Many times hath he saved his country when the Richmondites have placed themselves in array against our land on the plains of Ashland. O, Haden, thy deeds shall be mighty. After many years thou shalt be a teacher. To the heathen land of the Campbellites shalt thou go, even unto Evington, and there show thy wisdom. In time thou shalt become a trader, and in "calico" shalt thou deal especially, and thou mayest become rich; but, O Haden, hearken to this prophecy. Calico is not to be depended upon, for it hath been weighed in the balances and found wanting.

Now must I declare to thee the ways of Hepburn of Hanover, for a mighty

Biologist is he even now. After many years shall have passed this man shall graduate in medicine. Then shall he begin his work of killing. And in those days he shall go into a city and take up his abode in the upper room of an undertaker's shop; for, being a quack doctor, he shall be a friend of him who buries. Many people shall he kill, yet they shall not see their folly, for this doctor shall ever be of wise appearance.

This tribe, O anointed one, hath a noble leader, called by his people Lippie, which being interpreted is Lipscomb. He too shall be among the learned doctors, but not of those that dissect men. Only ponies shall he operate upon; for Latin shall he teach, yea in the language of the ancient Romans shall he give instruction. Broad shall be his learning even from the Vatican to the Sabine Hills. Of Etruria will he sing, but his delight shall be in one of the realm of Randolph-Macon. Yea, after many years shall this Lipscomb return to this land, even to the land of his love, and there shall he be made happy.

For business and trade none shall be like unto this McNeal, from the land of the Tar Heels. Yea, in future days he shall hie himself into this land of the pine, and there for the remainder of his days shall he labor to bring from the trees tar, pitch and resin to put upon the heels of future generations, that they may ever remain a slow and tarry heel people.

One of the strangest of our tribe is a certain man of the house of Moore, known as Lloyd. A mighty preacher shalt he become. From the meadows of Dan even unto the waters of the great deep shalt he be known for his wondrous appetite, even for his love of chicken. Upon a blind horse shalt he traverse his circuit, and even the mountaineers shall pity him in his progress. But it shall come to pass that after many years of trial and after many calamities shall have come upon him, he shall receive a jug of "moonshine" for his trouble, and be revered as the presiding elder of a wayward and perverse people.

Now there is one of this tribe of the house of Neville, yea, one Joseph, whose brother Marius once ruled the Bowery. This Joseph, O High Priest, shalt in future days be placed upon the coast to warn vessels of the rocks, for anything hearing the voice of Joseph shall flee far from it. After a long time he shall become a prize fighter, in order that it may be fulfilled, as was spoken by Simcoe, the humorist: "Out of the realm of Randolph-Macon shall one Joseph go, even to become a fighter." Yea, it shall come to pass that one shall smite him under his fifth rib, then shall he be heard again upon the coast, for like unto a fog-horn is his voice.

The glory of this tribe hath for three years been in its "Judge." In the second great war with the Richmondites, it was he that slew their giant Eggleston, and freed his land from bondage. A judge has Riley been all his days, and when he

hath taken his departure from this tribe even in the seat of the lawyers shall he be seen. Surely his judgeship shall not be taken from him, for it shall come to pass that upon a bench shall he ever sit, being too poor to buy a chair. Yea, his fame shall be cast abroad as a farmer soweth his seed, but his wisdom shall be as the vine that bringeth forth no fruit. Yet upon the bench shall he ever sit supremely content as a Justice of the Peace.

And there dwelt in that tribe a certain prophet, but alas, as the Cassandra of Troy, no one shall hearken to his words of warning. Yea, the mountains have labored and a prophesy is brought forth. "Peaks" is the prophet called, which being interpreted is mountain. Of the house of Saunders is he, from the land of the Bedfordites. Woe unto ye lawyers, shall be said of him. After many years he shall return to his people to instruct them in the laws. In those days many of this tribe shall appear before him. Then shall he labor to free them from their just punishment, but alas, they would not heed his warning, and who can hinder the ways of fate. "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," even so with him.

A preacher of the word shalt thou be, O Shires. To the mountains of West Virginia shalt thou hasten, but alas, how shall the people receive thee? Thy work shall surely prosper, for after forty years of labor thou shalt be given a horse upon which to carry thy much learning. In those days thou shalt be very old. Then shalt thou spend the remainder of thy days on the cool and shady banks of the Greenbrier, watching the fishes and thinking of what a slow fish thou wert in the days of 1901.

And it shall come to pass that when the tribe of 1901 hath been scattered to the four winds of the earth, that thou, O Simpson, shall return to the realm of Randolph-Macon, and shall be a mighty warrior in 1902. Lo, thou shalt be loathe to leave this land, but the prophesy must be fulfilled. A great leader of men shalt thou become, for a teacher thou shalt be. In those days the fish shall tremble for thee. Mathematics shall be thine, and a Trigonometry shall be thy inheritance. Therefore thou shalt be learned and far-famed.

The deeds of Jonathan, the son of Smith, shall now be made known to thee. To the realm of Vanderbilt shall he betake himself for instruction. This Jonathan is a strange being, therefore he shall become a preacher. A "Bib. Lit." is he, but the nightingale shall sing of him, and the English sparrow repeat his praises. And it shall come to pass that he shall preach to the people of the uselessness of this life, and shall say unto them, "O, vanity, vanity, thy home is in Ashland."

O, High Priest, dost thou know the Ware of this tribe? Jonathan is he behight. Of his great works only the scientists shall know. To the study of Chemistry shall he devote himself, yet one mighty work shall he perform that

shall be known far and wide. After many years of labor he shall devise a scheme by which brains shall be made to grow larger, even large enough for expanded craniums.

O, Richard, thou son of Wilson, whither shalt thou go? If thou study the stars yet wilt thy voice make the planets tremble. But it shall come to pass that in future days thou shalt go to the Senate, for great is thy ambition. Alas, when thou shalt arise to speak all the people shall flee, for they shall say: "Behold Wilson, the Senator; flee for your lives lest his voice blast thee, even as it shook the firmament of Randolph-Macon." Thy glory shall wither as the broken oak, and thou shalt be feared by the people.

Now must I declare to thee the deeds of the most wondrous man of our tribe, even the deeds of Young. Early hath he decided his fate and taken unto himself a better half. Therefore no one can tell his future, for none can know which half of him shall gain the mastery. Yet he shall prosper and be happy. Length of days and much joy shall be his.

These, O High Priest, are the future deeds of the tribe of 1901, which are recorded in the chronicles of this realm, that future generations may see the error of their ways and follow the laws of the mighty kings of this land.

W. B. SAUNDERS.



CLASS 1902.

MOTTO: Sapientia est potentia.

COLORS: White and Blue.

YELL: Holly gu nack, gu nack, gu noo,
Holly gu nack, gu nack, gu noo,
We are the class of '02,
Woo up, woo up, w-o-o!

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ORRIE HANCOCK TUFTS, VICE-PRESIDENT.
ELDRIDGE WATTS POINDEXTER, SECRETARY.
ERNEST LORRAINE STARR, TREASURER.
HARTLEY POE SANDERS, HISTORIAN.

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H. W. DAVIS	F. O. SMITH
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H. H. KENNEDY	H. P. SANDERS
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R. E. McCABE	O. H. TUFTS
R. K. MORTON	B. P. TYLER
T. H. PHELPS	C. T. THRIFT

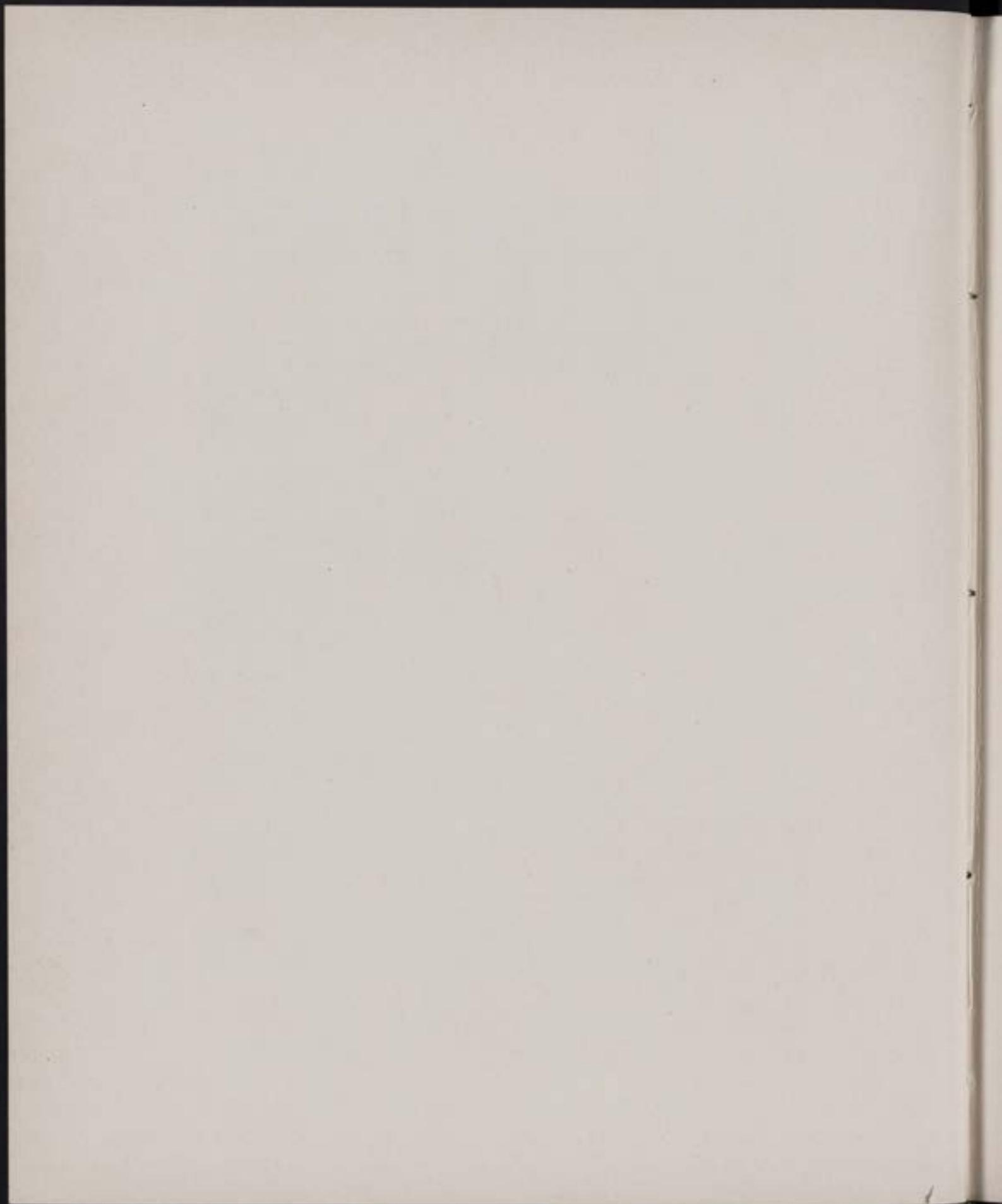
N. P. WESCOTT



CLASS OF 1902



CLASS OF 1902



History of the Class of 1902.

IN WRITING the history of the Class of 1902 this year we are glad that it is no longer our irksome part to make our salutation as the incoming class and present ourselves by saying what we expect to do; nor is it yet our pleasure to make our final bow as we, posing as seniors, step out of the arena of college life into the arena of life proper; ours is to salute you as of the Class of 1902, and as the representative class in college affairs.

In presenting our class thus we do not mean to exhibit any egotism, nor do we believe we do, since it is a generally conceded point that the genuine article of college spirit is to be found in the intermediate class (the Class of 1904 is an introductory class). We have by this time passed the stage of "fishdom," and have therefore shed our greenness, but have not yet donned the cap and gown of the grave senior. The position of the intermediate year at Randolph-Macon is a unique one. Every class gets there. The seniors have been there, the "fish" will finally get there, and at present we *are* there. In this year it is our part to haze the "fish," to torment the seniors, and to take life easy; and we are glad to say that the part is well played by the majority of our members.

That our eligibility to the title of representative class needs any establishment by argument we more than seriously doubt; yet incidentally we would say that we, as a class, have captured more college honors thus far on our course to our degrees than has any preceding class thus far on its route for the last several sessions. As one we mention the business managership of *THE YELLOW JACKET*, and also that of *The Monthly*, with the editorship-in-chief of *The Monthly* for the last half.

This session was started, as is usual with classes as they approach their graduating year, with a slight diminution of membership. One cause of the thinning of our ranks is not that the men did not return to College, but that they have given too much attention to the class's special prerogative of taking life easy, to the neglect of the other essentials, and have thus become disqualified. Among the number that have thus deserted us are many of our athletic men; therefore our athletic roll is short. On the football team, however, we had three men, and our president has been elected captain of next year's team.

While in athletics we have not held first place, in the halls and lecture rooms we have been where we should have been. Since it is odious to make comparisons

or to use personalities in this connection, we simply refer you to our past record as students and to the long list that have a "snap" for their degrees at the commencement of 1902.

To sum up the year's history and make it brief enough to be contained in this one volume, and yet treat everything and everybody with fairness, we would say that in every college affair of the year we have been right there. And since this is not our senior year, when one sheds tears and gets pathetic and comments on things that will soon be no more, and although there are some of our number who may never be seniors, we here close without any further ado.

H. P. SANDERS, Historian.





CLASS 1903.

MOTTO: Dum vivimus, vivamus.

COLORS: Cream and Royal Purple.

YELL: Zipity rip! Zipity rip!
Who are we? Who are we?
We are the class of Naughty-three!
Naughty-three!

OFFICERS.

JOHN COLBOURN OPENHAVER, PRESIDENT.

LEWIS STAFFORD BETTY, VICE-PRESIDENT.

GRANVILLE BURRUSS, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

LOUIS FIELDING TISINGER, HISTORIAN.

MEMBERS.

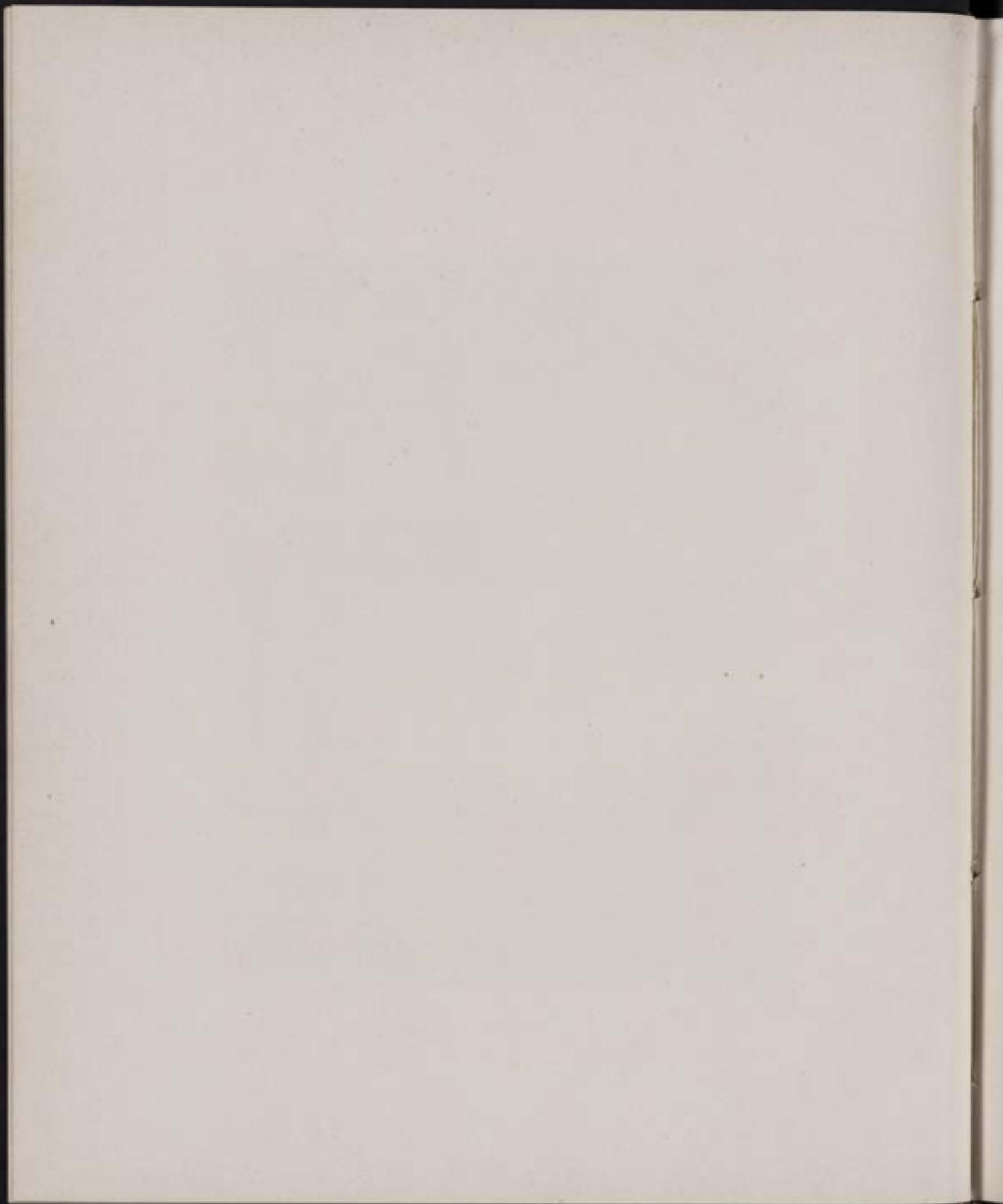
L. S. BETTY	R. A. POWELL
O. R. BOWEN	W. F. PRETTYMAN
G. BURRUSS	S. M. REDD
J. C. OPENHAVER	M. M. RILEY
R. B. DAVIS	E. J. SMITH
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F. L. LYNCH	C. E. WILLIAMS
I. J. PARTLOW	E. J. WOODHOUSE
J. G. POWELL	G. H. ZIMMERMAN



CLASS OF 1903



CLASS OF 1903



History of the Class of 1903.

THE Class of 1903 presents to the consideration of others, perhaps, and maybe to ourselves as well, some points of considerable interest. One of our chief characteristics—in fact, our virtue "*par excellence*"—is modesty, and, as true merit is universally conceded to be in modesty, it follows as a logical sequence (?) that we are meritorious in a superlative degree. Without doing violence to that estimable trait of character which forbids that we boast of what we have accomplished during the closing session, we think we may venture the assertion that we have made a record to which we can point with pride.

We may even hint that among us are some geniuses of the first rank. But because of this same modesty, which characterizes us collectively and individually, we shall not even mention the name of that brilliant mathematician who can

"Resolve by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wants in weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' the day
The clock does strike by algebra"—

nor yet of that distinguished linguist of whom

"... 'tis known he can speak Greek
As naturally as pigs do squeak,"

to whom

"... Latin is no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Our history, as a class, lies not so much behind as ahead of us. It is to be made within the next two years, and we realize that what that history is to be will be determined by our efforts. We feel safe in making the statement that each member of our class realizes the superior advantages that Randolph-Macon College offers him, and has formed within his breast the steadfast resolution to act his part in a manner worthy of his Alma Mater.

Of certain members of our body we have reason to be proud, on account of attainments literary and also of attainments otherwise. As to our President, the great abundance of his good nature often breaks forth from its narrow confines in uproarious gusts of infectious laughter, carrying everything before it. In fact, he can laugh more than any other man in the College. This assertion can be proved by any one who was fortunate enough to be present at the rendition of the "Grasshopper" concert.

Our Vice-President has within him—dormant though they may be—faculties

that will blaze the way for him to a great and glorious future. For our part, we lay no claim to the gift of augury, but base our prophecy upon what the gypsies told him, feeling sure that, as was decreed by these nomadic, unwashed masters of the occult science, so must it be with this, their most enthusiastic admirer and disciple. The beatific smile adorning his comely features is an expression of his realization of the greatness that dwells within him.

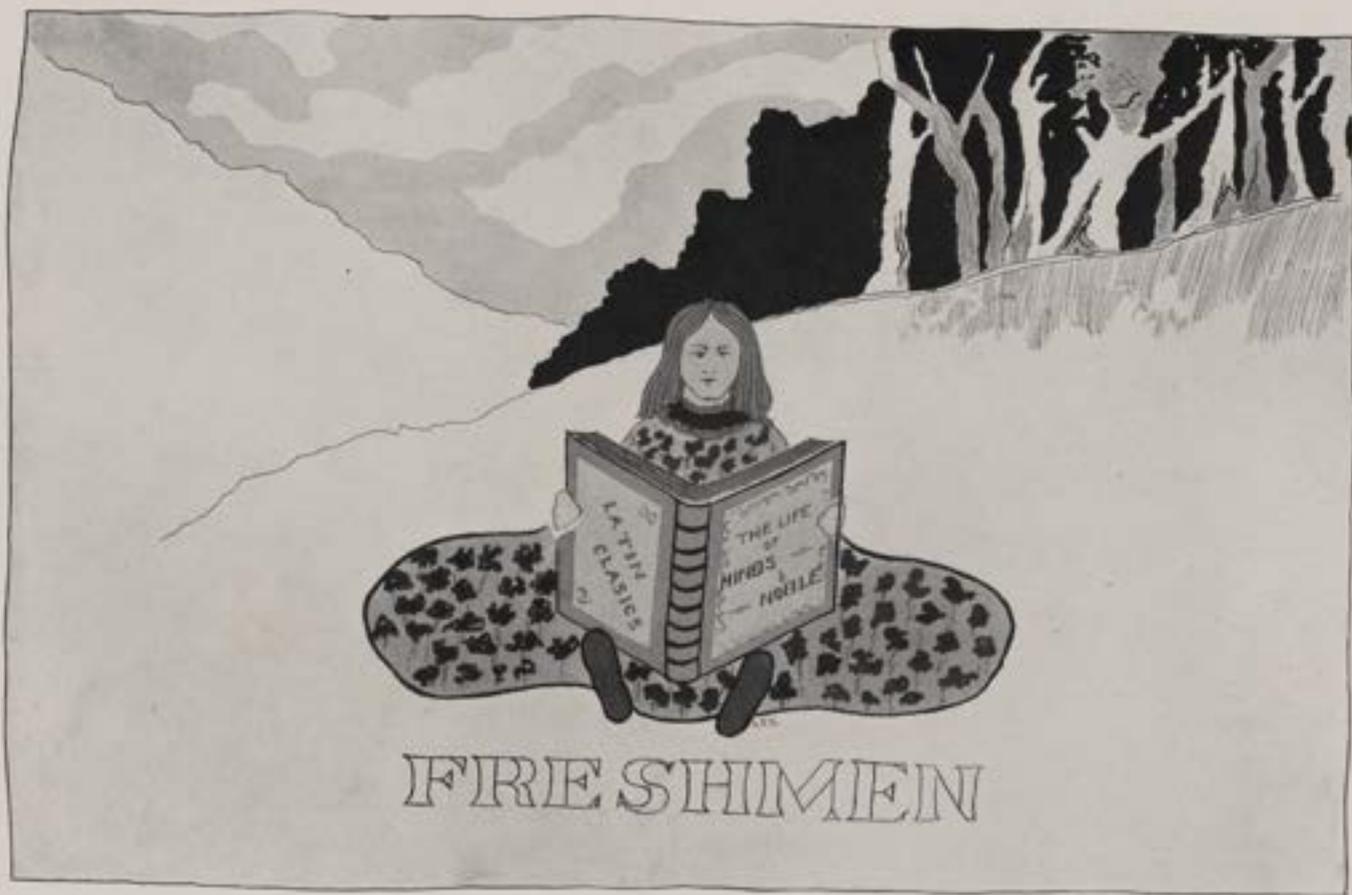
Our Secretary and Treasurer has a countenance that bespeaks the nature of the man. As Treasurer of the Class of 1903, with hordes of wealth rolling into his pockets for safe-keeping, and stupendous problems of finance forcing themselves upon his attention, he has been subjected to temptations sufficiently strong to test the character of any mortal being, and has come through the ordeal with record unsullied. We point to him with pride as one of the "noblest works of God—an honest man."

One of our members has the distinguished honor of belonging to the Senior Chemistry Class. In the beginning of the session he made a discovery that he thinks will render obsolete the whole present science of Chemistry. But, out of respect to Dr. Canter, he has decided not to publish his discovery just yet, but for a while longer to continue his study of Chemistry along present lines. That all flesh is dust, says this learned member, is a back date statement. He would have us to teach the rising generations that all flesh is PHYSICAL ETHER.

Our most studious member, and one deservedly popular, hails from the wave-washed shores of Princess Anne. He will ever occupy a verdant spot in the memories of some of the class, both on account of his own intrinsic worth and of the association of his name with the delights of pickled oysters.

We believe, in all seriousness, the Faculty of the College concede the fact that, as a class, we have discharged our duties honestly and faithfully. And we trust that in this respect the past work is but an indication of what is to come—that the record of the two succeeding years may surpass in merit even the record which the historian has spread before you for your consideration.

L. F. TISINGER, Historian.



FRESHMEN



MOTTO: Aei anotato.

COLOES: Orange and Blue.

YELL: Rip! Rap! Tip! Tap!
 Fish Galore!
 We are the class
 Of Naughty-four!

OFFICERS.

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 CARL HOWARD McCULLEN, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.
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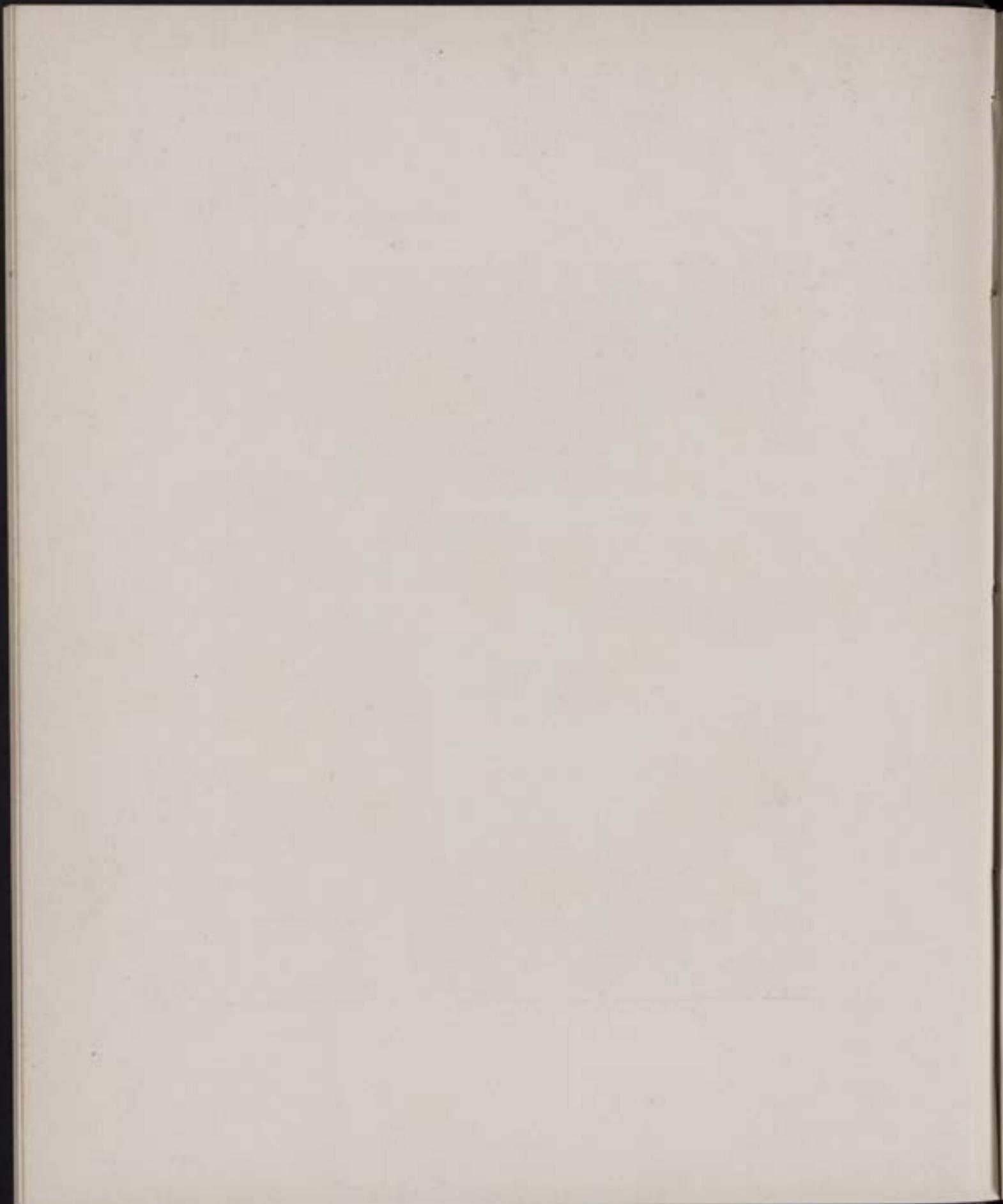
JAS. WOODWARD



CLASS OF 1904



CLASS OF 1904



History of the Class of 1904.

IT is with great pleasure on this lovely spring morning, as the mocking bird pours forth her melodious notes and all nature seems to shout songs of praise to its Creator, that I introduce to you the Class of '04. Indeed we have just sprung into existence, and although our day of activity is now only dawning, yet we can already vividly behold the crowns of success that anxiously await us as we pursue our course over the trackless waters under the guidance of that star which abides with us perpetually.

We, of course, are known by that extremely handsome name of "fish," which term is applied by the grave and reverend senior majestically strutting about the campus, but we wish to gently remind him of the fact that in days gone by he was also dubbed (and fortunately too) with this honorable title, and in all probability we shall capture our degree and bid dear old Randolph-Macon adieu before those will who would so vauntingly deride us. At any rate, we will not yield to the whimsical fancies that so characterize the morals of the rising generation and be compelled through our entire course "to foot the bill for two." We shall kindly solicit the fairy to beckon patience to her rescue, and to calm her agitated breast by remembering that the long sought for prize is the most estimable.

Well, as regards our "calicoists," I can unhesitatingly say that we have a full supply; and what class has better representatives in this feature of social enjoyment than is found in McCullen, Woodward and Alsop? These are men to be proud of, and surely the inmost souls of Ashland's fair "calico" must shrink from bidding the sad and loving farewell to those whom the tender cords of affection have made so dear.

Looking into the bright and intelligent faces of the members of this class, we readily recognize a future president, honorable and illustrious senators, and men of whom our noble country will ever be proud, and whose names will ever afford a brilliant radiance to the pages of history.

Our first year's work is rapidly drawing to a close, and soon we shall leave the halls of our old college for a pleasant and refreshing vacation. Time is passing as with lightning wings, and ere long it will usher us upon the arena of life. What shall our conduct be?

We cannot boast of the past; we are what we are in the present; we shall be what we will to be in the future.

O. L. McMATH, Historian.

WANDERERS.

Like trav'lers on Sahara's Desert lost,
We wander on, before us all unknown,
Behind us "foot-prints on the sands of time,"
And some of them our own.

Like pyramids that rear their forms so huge
Above the sands, like obelisks so vast,
The deeds arise our generation's done,
And those of ages past.

Like shade of friendly palms to worn-out forms,
Weary of wandering o'er the heated sands,
Appear kind words and charitable deeds
Perform'd by willing hands.

Like an oasis where a bubbling spring
Pours forth its waters pure and unalloyed,
Making a spot of desert paradise,
Are pleasures we've enjoyed.

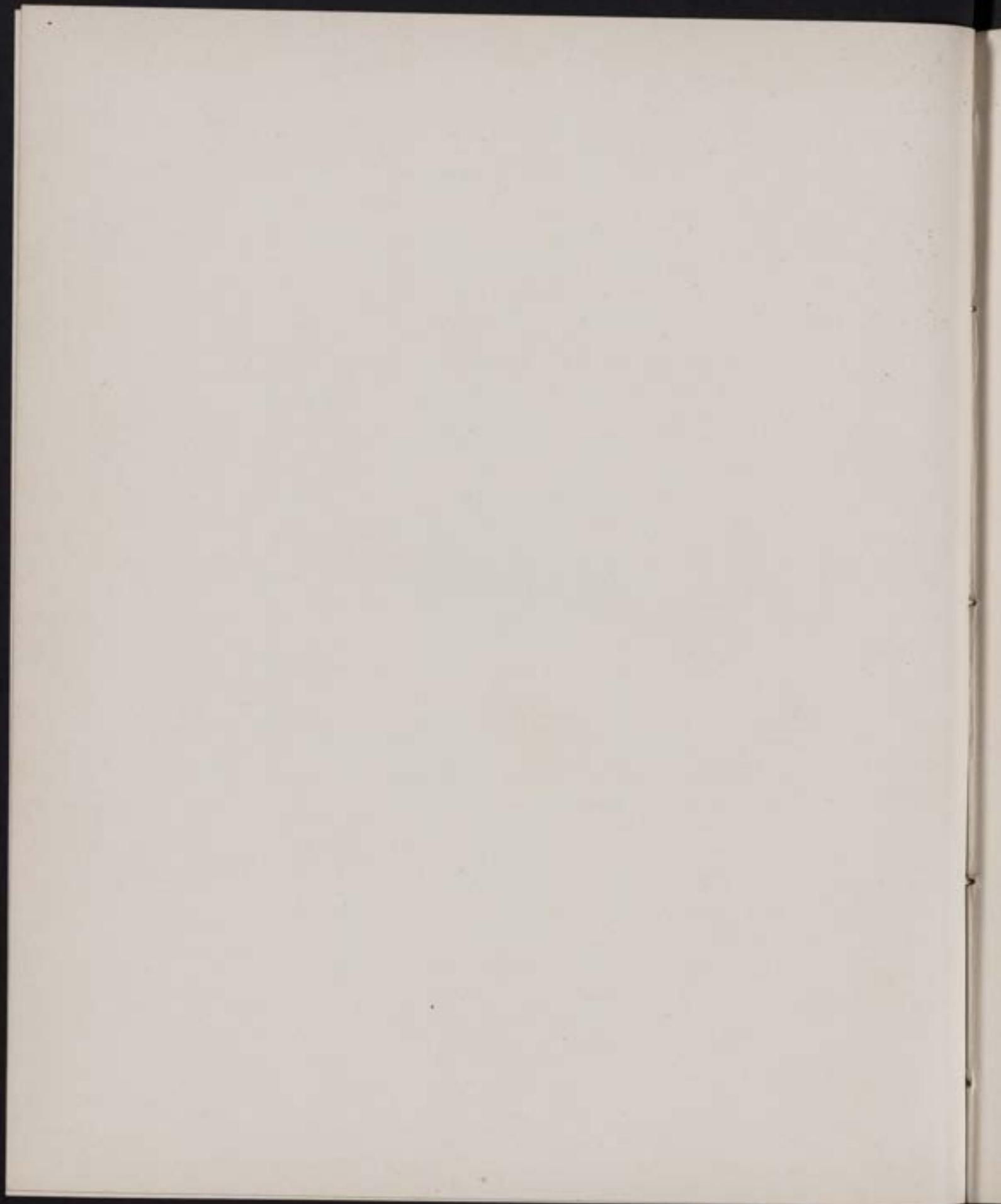
Like the mirage that makes us seem to see
A lake lie silver-like before our way,
Upon whose verdant banks we long to rest,
Are ideals held one day.

Like trav'lers on Sahara's Desert lost,
We wander on, before us all unknown,
Behind us "foot-prints on the sands of time;"
And some of them our own.

J. MILLER LEAKE.







The Literary Societies.

A department of work that no college can afford to neglect is that of a literary society. And those colleges that do look upon this work lightly are making a mistake that is proving costly to every student connected with them.

Randolph-Macon has ever encouraged "Hall" work, and the result is that literary societies have been established both in her academies and her colleges. At the mother college in Ashland there are two societies—the Washington and the Franklin—in a flourishing condition, and the students regard this work as important as that of the class-room. These two "Halls" are very evenly balanced both in size and in material, although in the eyes of the members of each, his society is the "best." Weekly meetings are held in each, and the impressions here made are the very last to leave the student in his after years. Of all the college work the most pleasant experiences are those connected with the "Halls," and it is these experiences that draw the attention of the man back to his Alma Mater when all other associations are forgotten.

Of course the public cannot estimate the important work which takes place "behind closed doors" in the weekly meetings of these societies. Consequently public exercises are given annually in order fairly to represent this work to our friends. And although the debates may not "wax so warm" on these occasions as they so often do in private sessions, yet the true spirit of a debate is shown.

In the last two years the work of our societies has attracted the attention not only of all our home people, but also of those of the entire State. In the State intercollegiate oratorical contest held in Lexington in May, 1900, the first honors were carried off by a member of one of these societies; and on March 1, 1901, two other members won for Randolph-Macon the decision in the annual intercollegiate debate with Richmond College. With such examples as these to incite us, we prophesy, and look forward to, even greater achievements for our literary societies in the future.

WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

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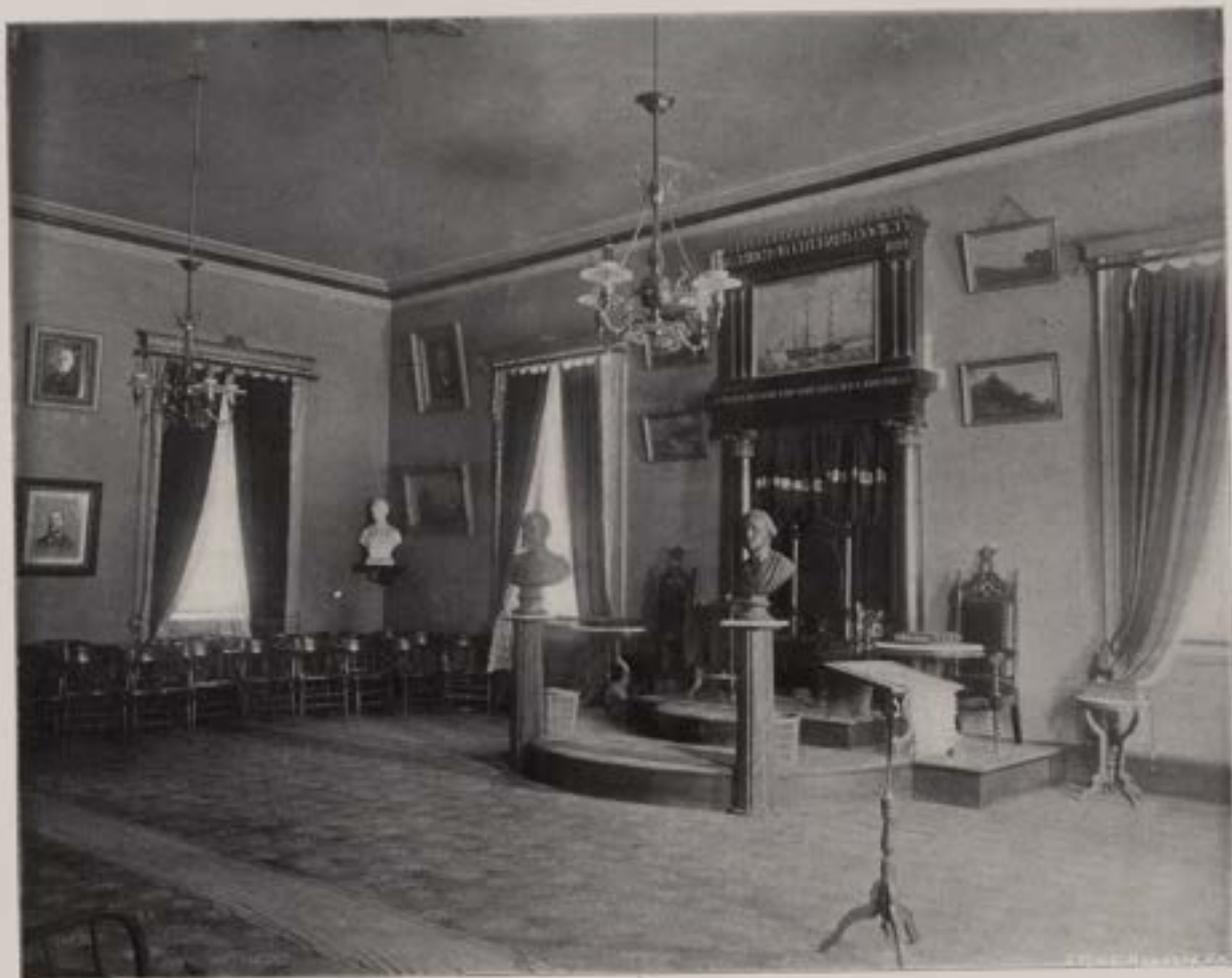


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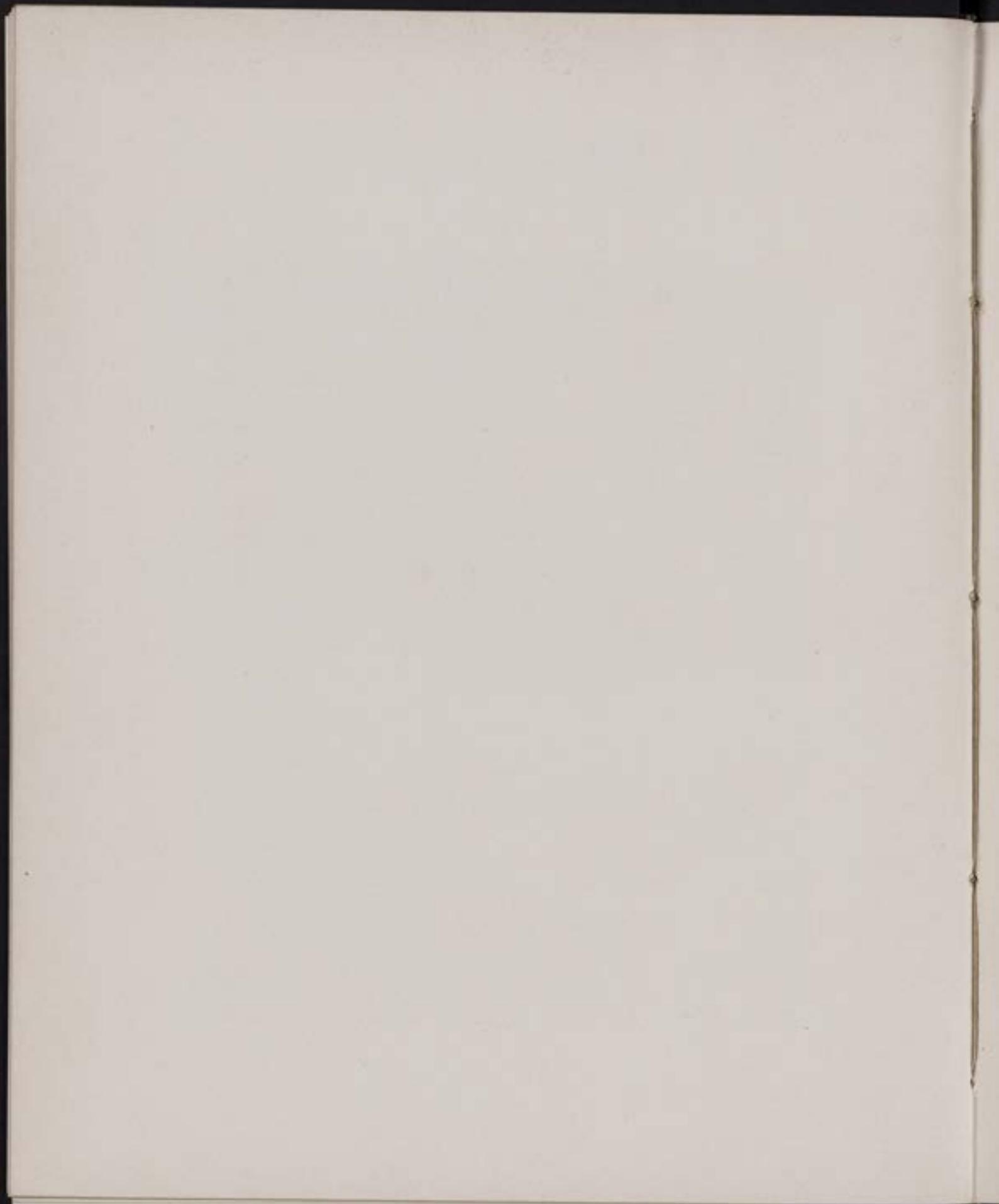
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WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY HALL



WASHINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY HALL



The Intercollegiate Debate.

ON FRIDAY evening, March 1, 1901, the second intercollegiate debate between Richmond College and Randolph-Macon was held in the chapel of Randolph-Macon College. A special train brought the speakers from Richmond with a large number of their supporters. The tasteful decorations with the intertwining of the lemon and black and the blue and red, and the coursing strains of sweet music, lent a most pleasing effect to the whole occasion.

The judges—Rev. Dr. Witherspoon of Richmond, Prof. W. H. Randolph of the Episcopal High School, Alexandria, and Rev. J. W. Ware of Ashland—returned a unanimous decision in favor of Randolph-Macon.

After the debate a reception in the societies' halls was tendered the visitors.

The following is the program :

PRAYER,	REV. W. E. EDWARDS, D. D.
ADDRESS OF WELCOME,	PRES. L. G. CRUTCHFIELD, RANDOLPH-MACON.
DECLAMATION,	C. H. DUNNAWAY, RICHMOND COLLEGE.

DEBATE :

Question—"Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people."

AFFIRMATIVE—(RICHMOND COLLEGE)	NEGATIVE—(RANDOLPH-MACON)
JOHN H. EGLESTON, E. M. HARTMAN.	D. R. ANDERSON, EARL HILEY.
DECLAMATION,	H. H. KENNEDY, RANDOLPH-MACON.

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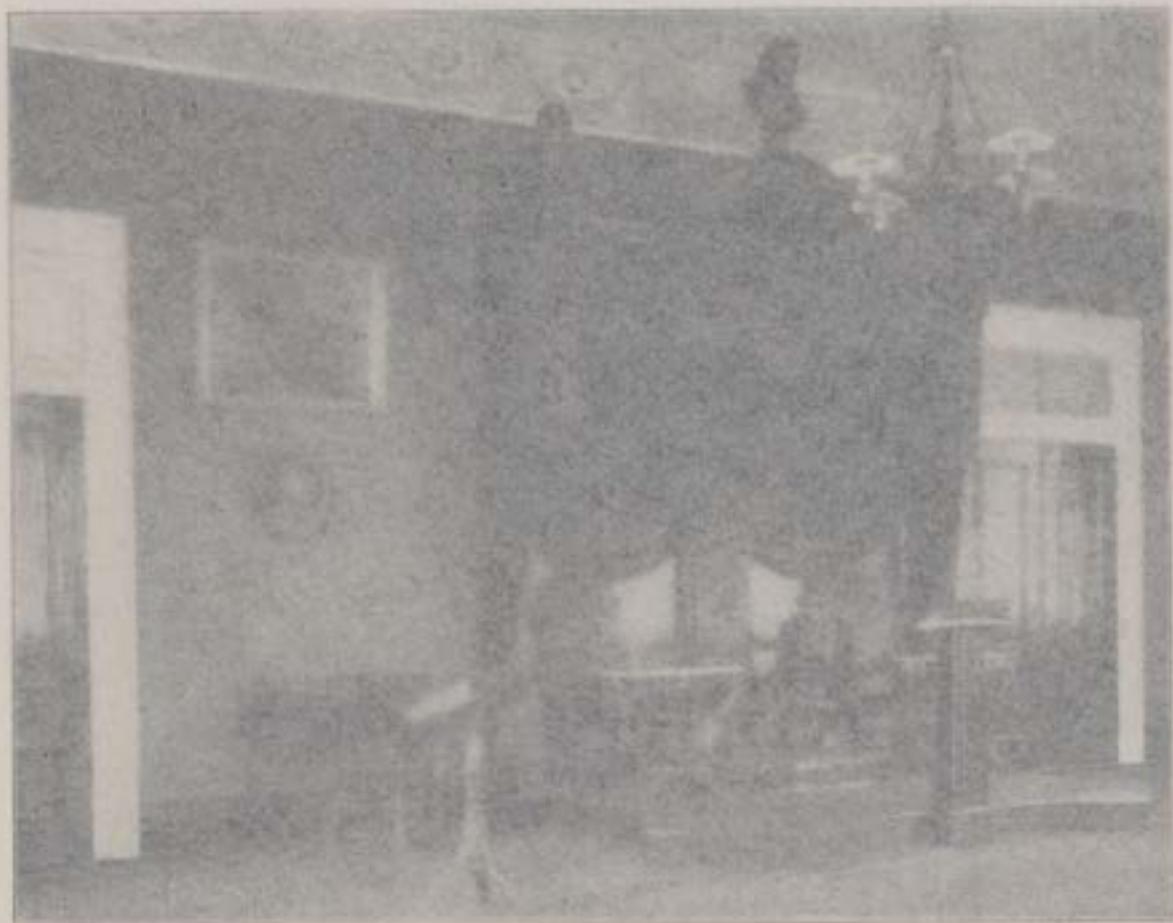


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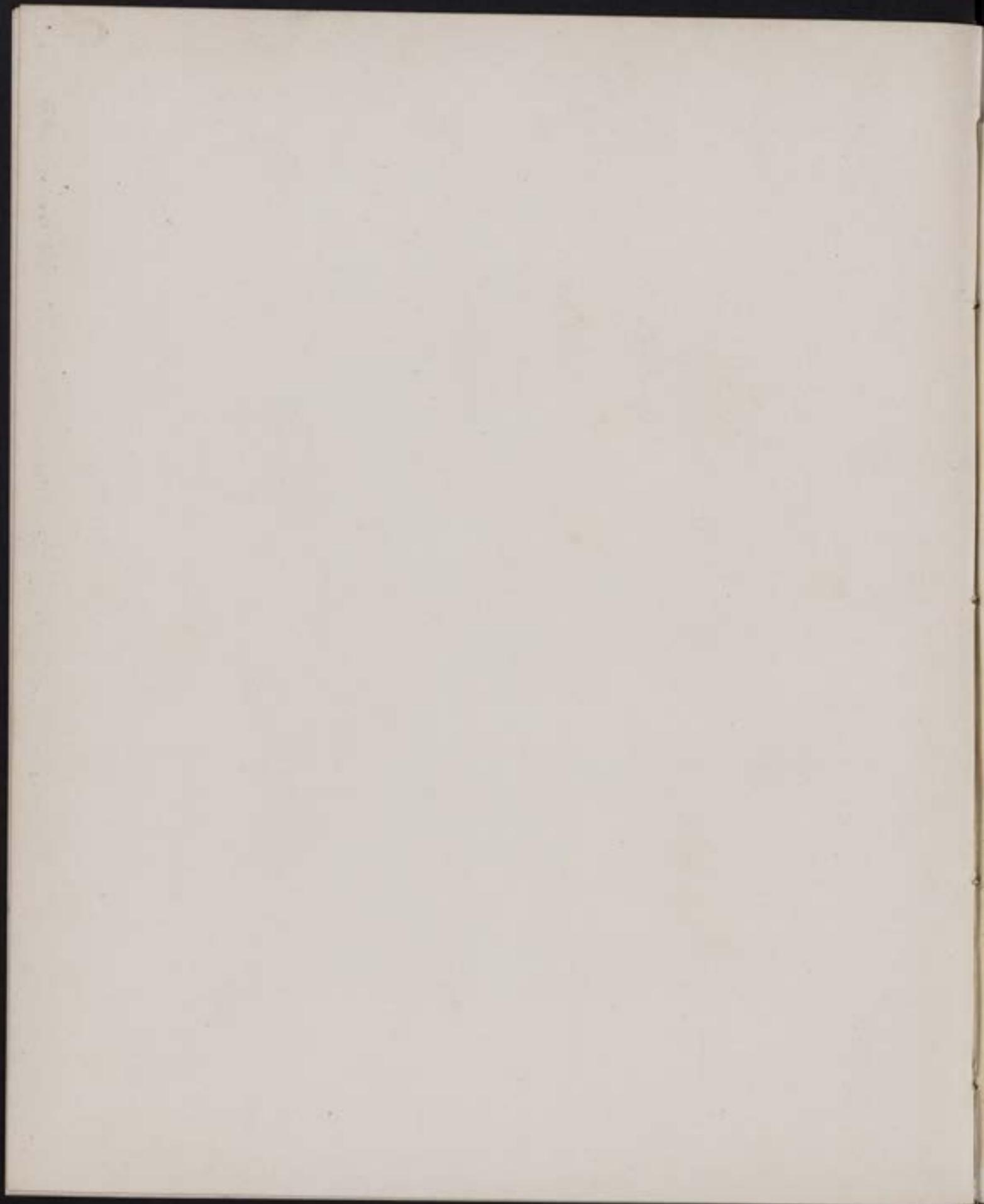
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



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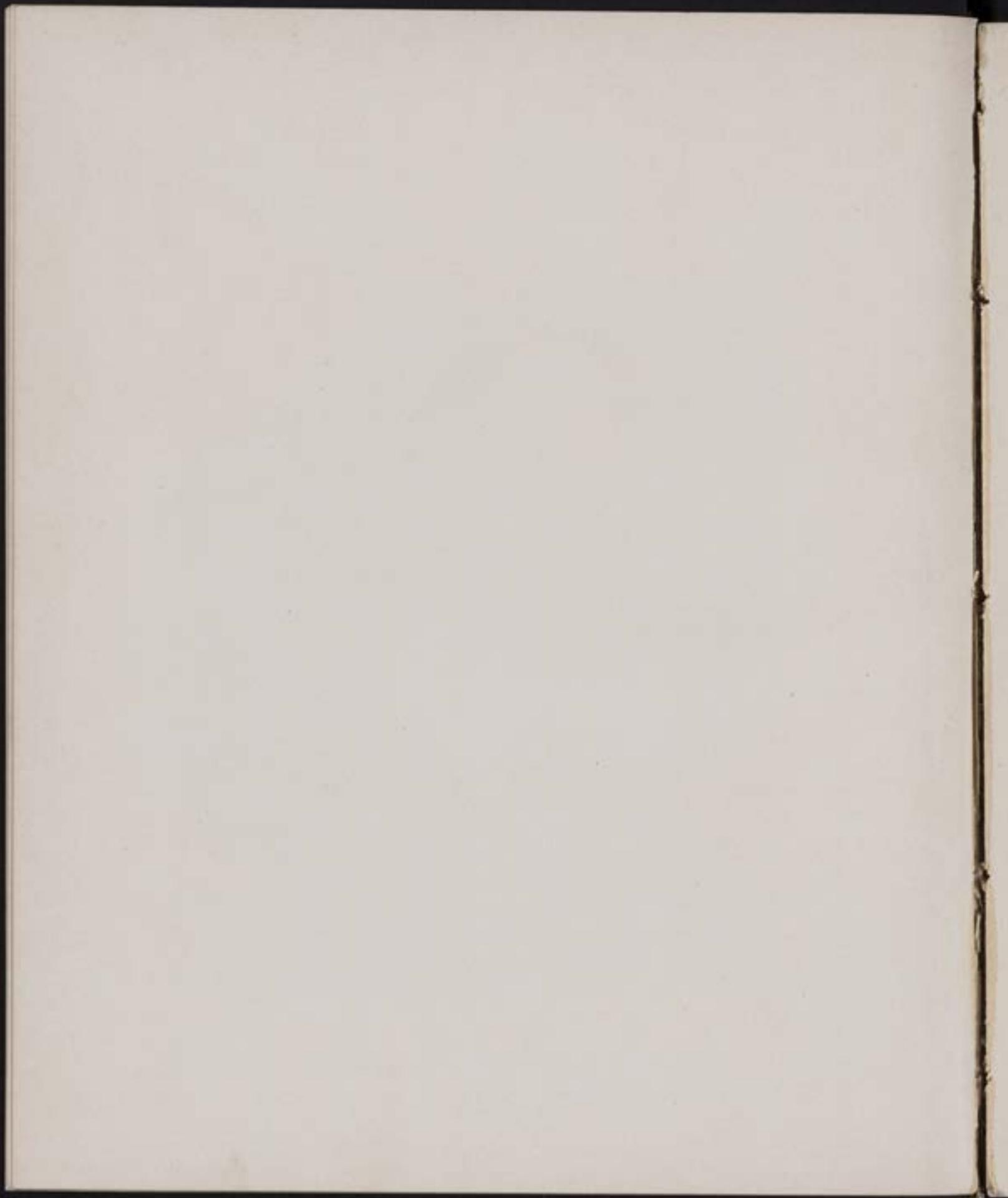


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THE STAFF OF THE YELLOW JACKET.



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THE RANDOLPH-MACON MONTHLY.

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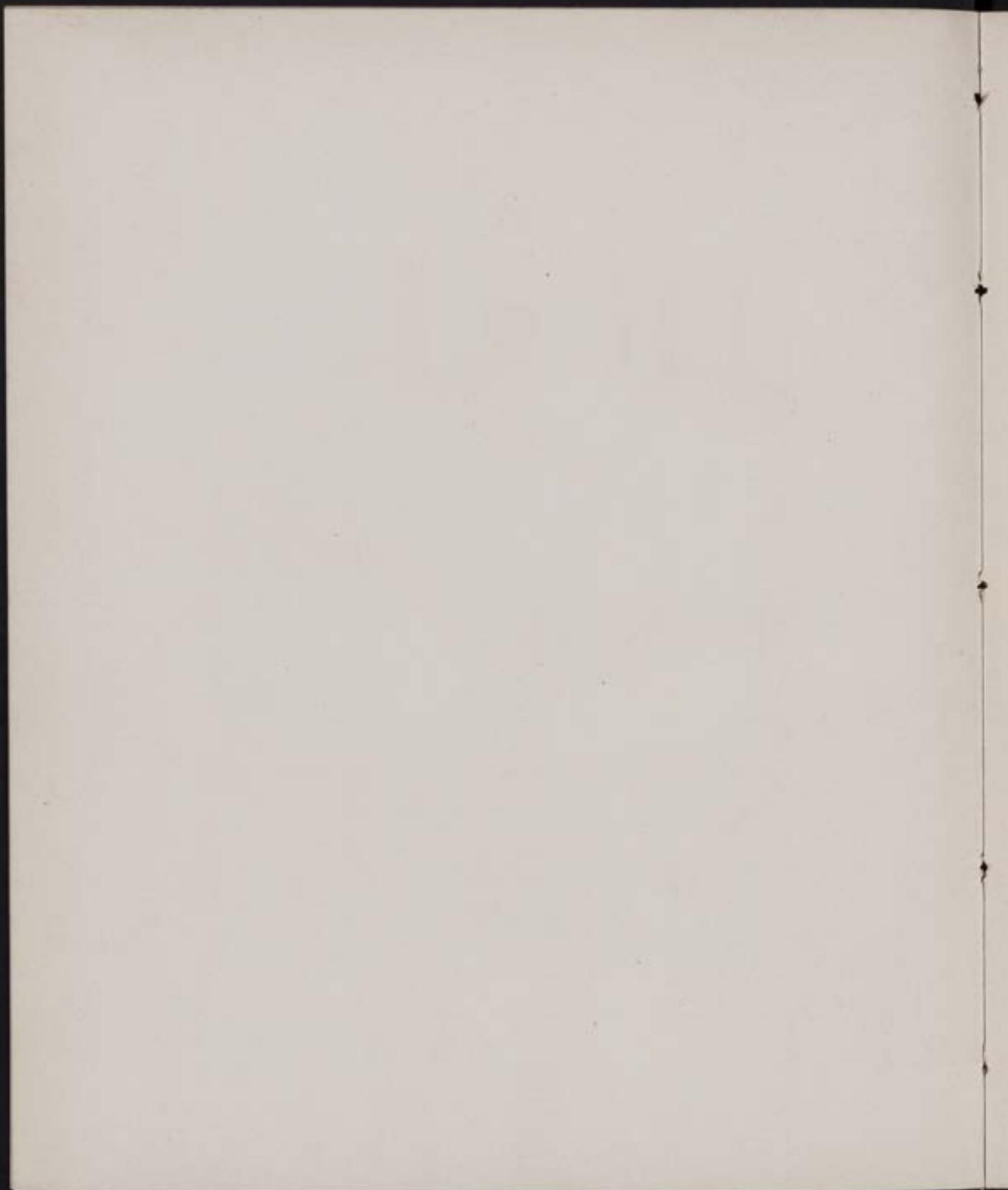
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THE MONTHLY STAFF



THE MONTHLY STAFF





BY NO MEANS is the Y. M. C. A. a neglected department of our college work. It has the cooperation of the students and the hearty sympathy of the faculty. Much good has been done by this association in nourishing the spiritual life of the students and in training them for efficient Christian work when their college days are over.

The delegates' report from the State Convention held at Roanoke, February 21-24, 1901, states that the association at Randolph-Macon stands among the very first of college associations "in membership and in financial support."

The work of the past year has been especially encouraging. The percentage of membership has exceeded that of any preceding year, and the entire work has been done more systematically than ever before. Of 132 students at college 90 were members of the Y. M. C. A., and reference has only to be made to the reports of the committees to know the work they have been doing.

The Devotional Committee, by a happy selection of leaders, has made our weekly meetings interesting and helpful. The Missionary Committee has done excellent work both in the missionary study class and in the collections for the missionary cause. The Bible Study Committee has been conducting two Bible classes with much profit to all who have attended. We expect greater work from this department next year, when it will have in charge three classes instead of two. The other committees likewise have not been idle, and, in brief, we may say that much credit is due the officers and members of this association for the time and earnest labor they have given this work, which we know will not prove fruitless. May each succeeding year add its share to the very important work of the Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.

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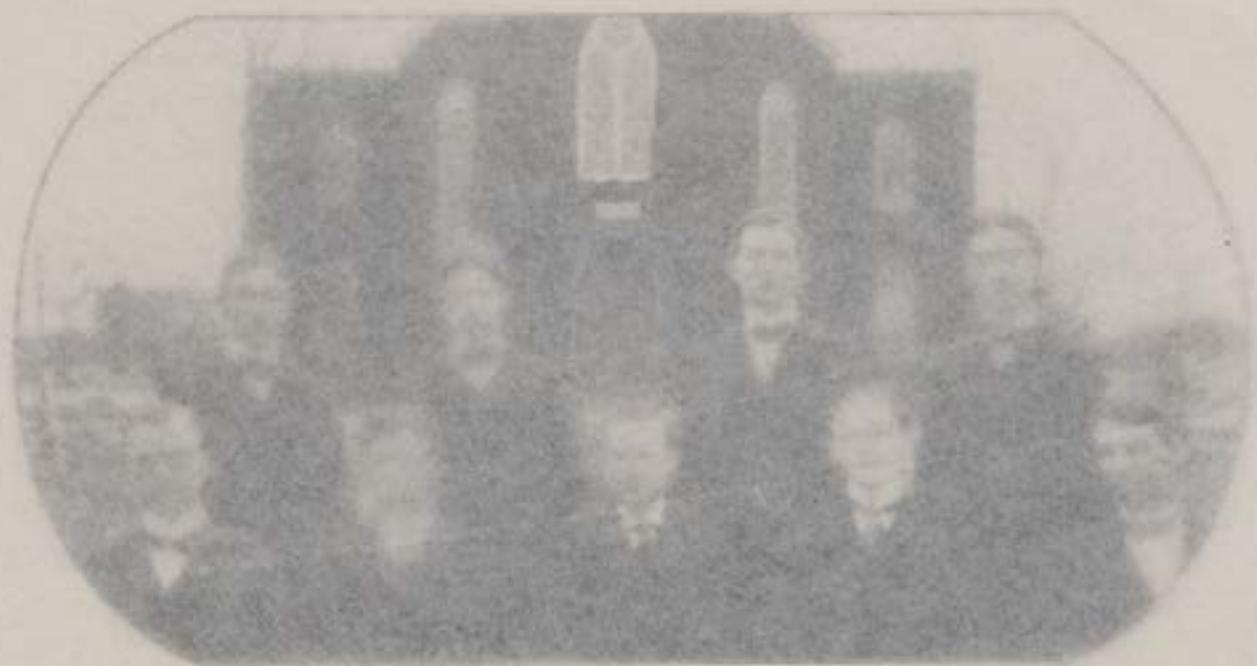
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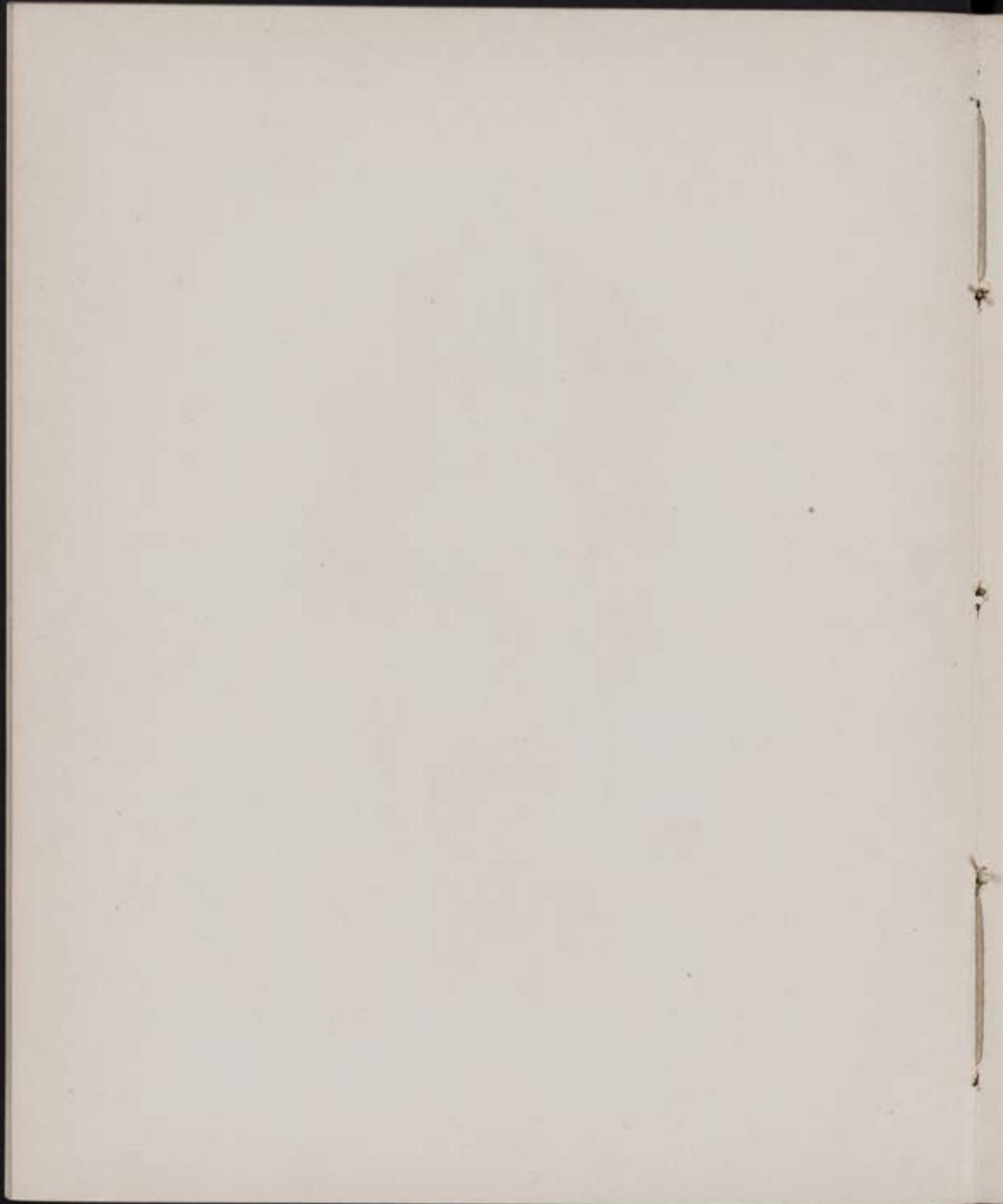
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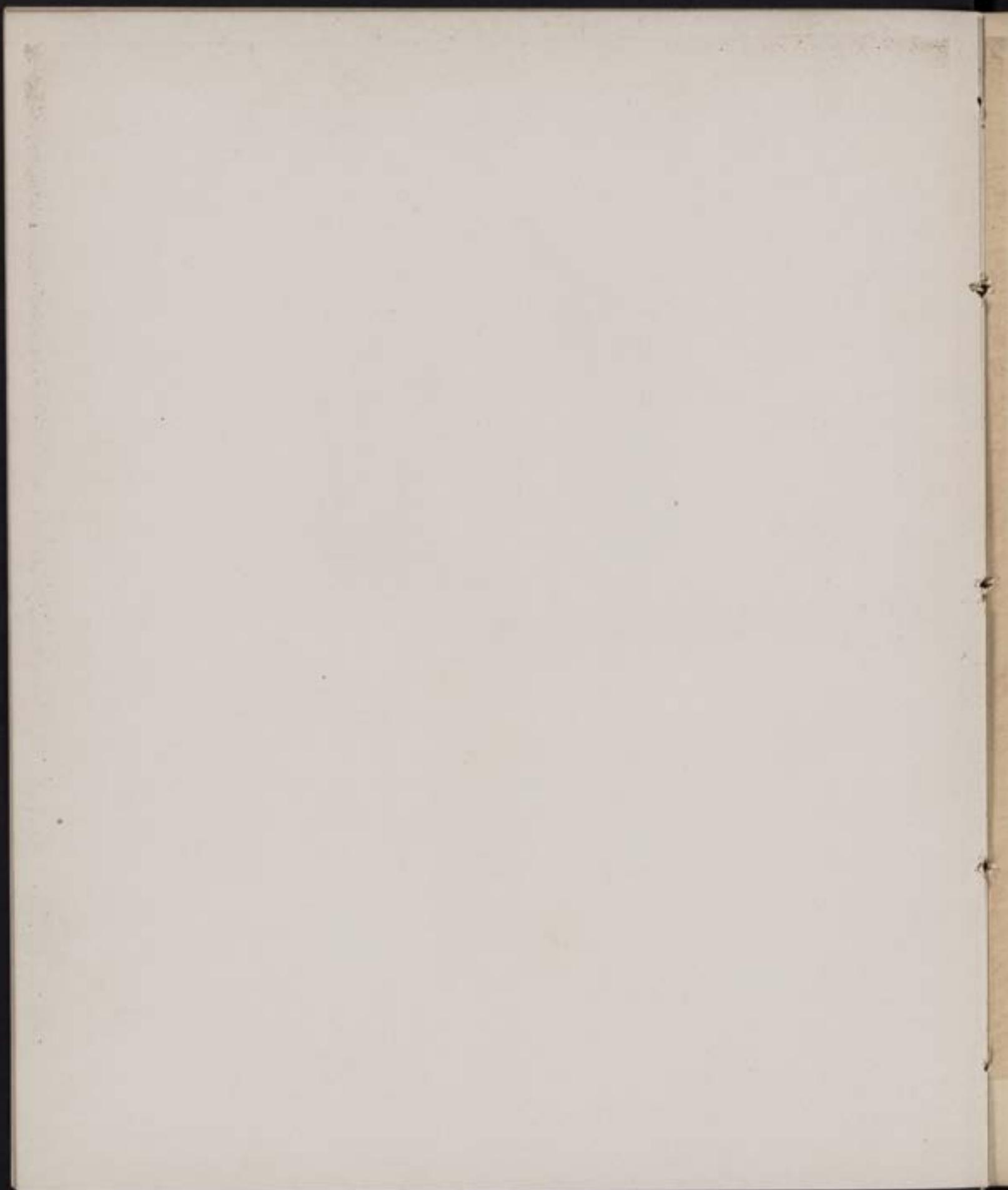


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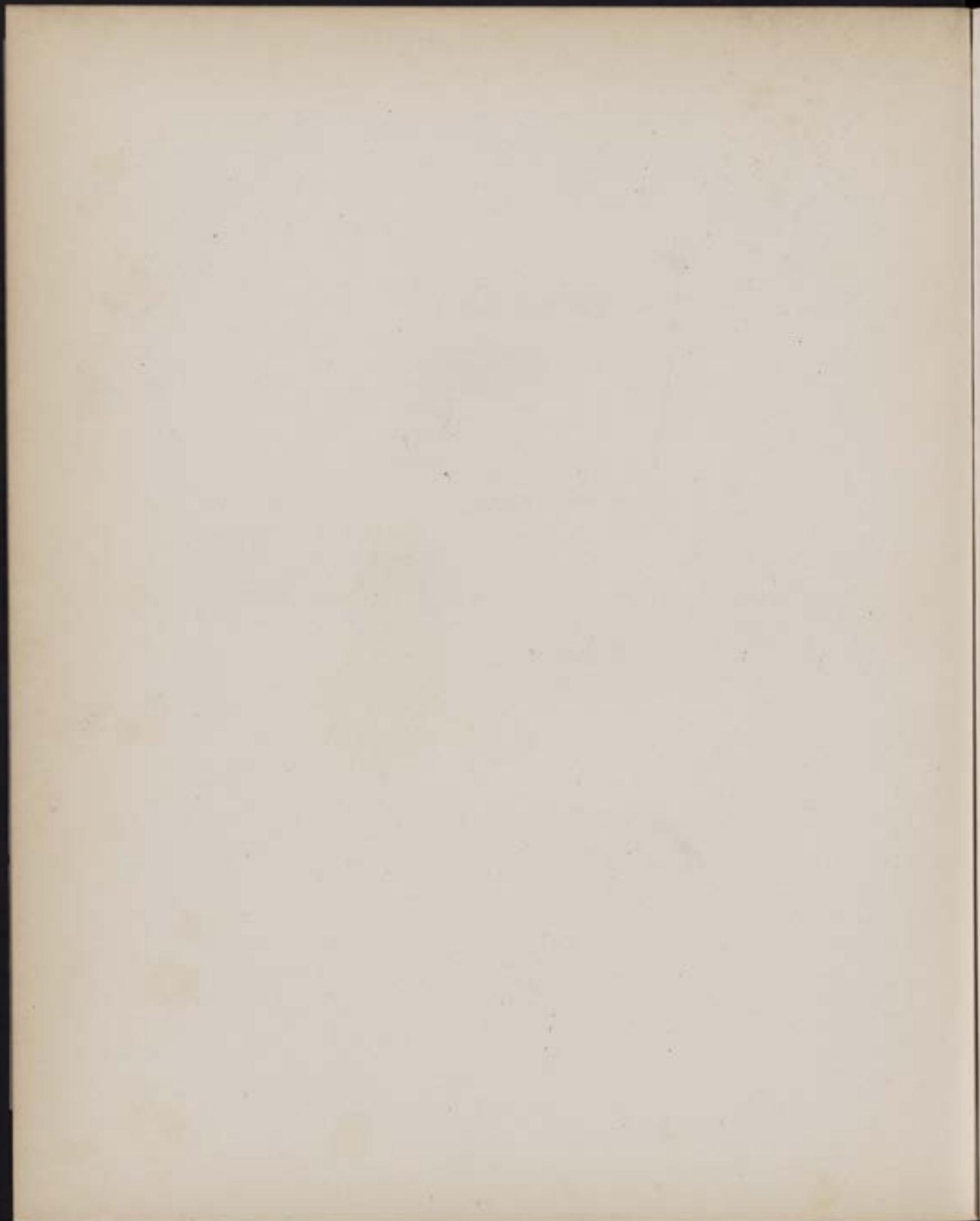


FRATERNITIES









Kappa Alpha.

(SOUTHERN.)

Founded at Washington and Lee University,
1865.

Zeta Chapter.

Established November, 1869.

COLORS: Crimson and Old Gold.

FLOWERS: Magnolia and Red Rose.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

Prof. ROBERT EMORY BLACKWELL, A. M.

Prof. HALL CANTER, Ph. D.

FRATRES IN URBE.

WILLIAM LANCASTER.

SAMUEL REDD CARTER, B. L.

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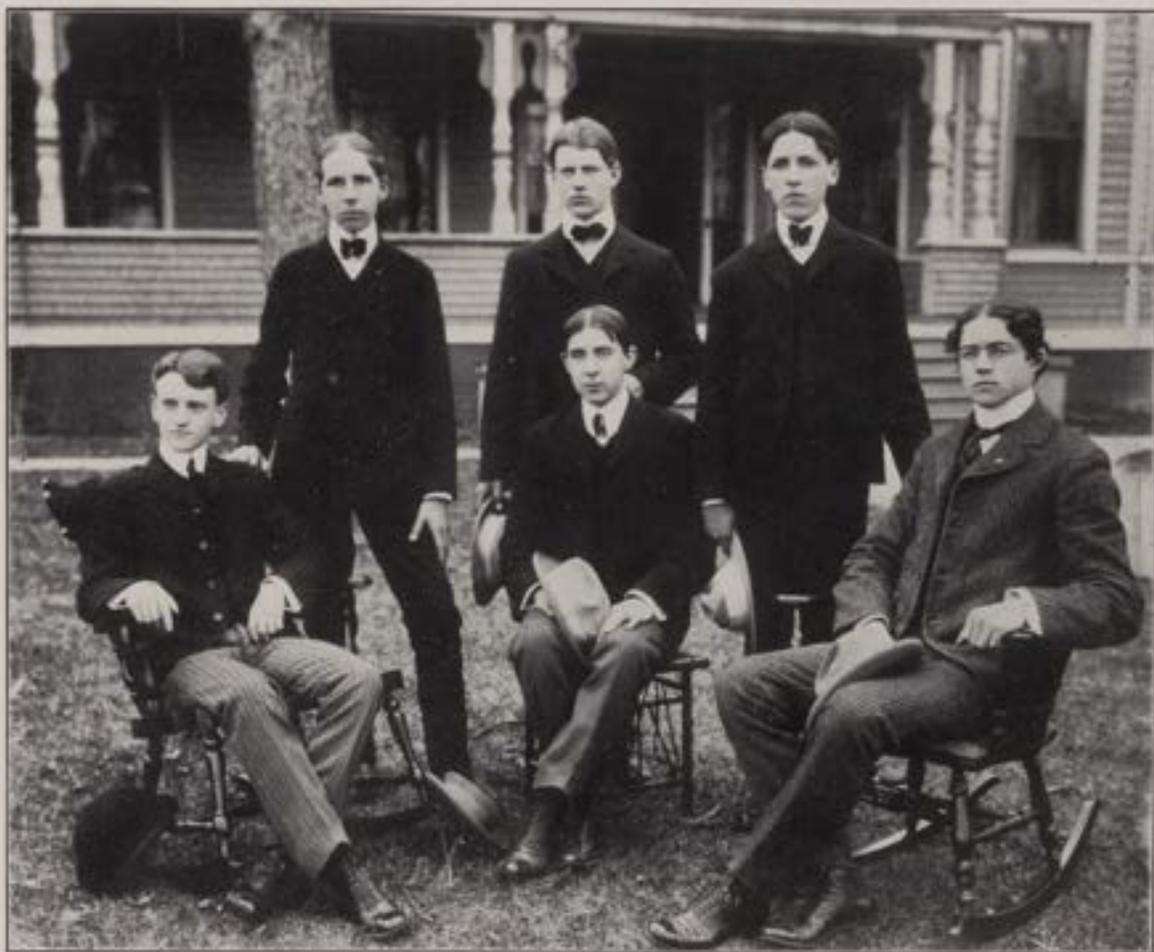
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ROLL OF ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

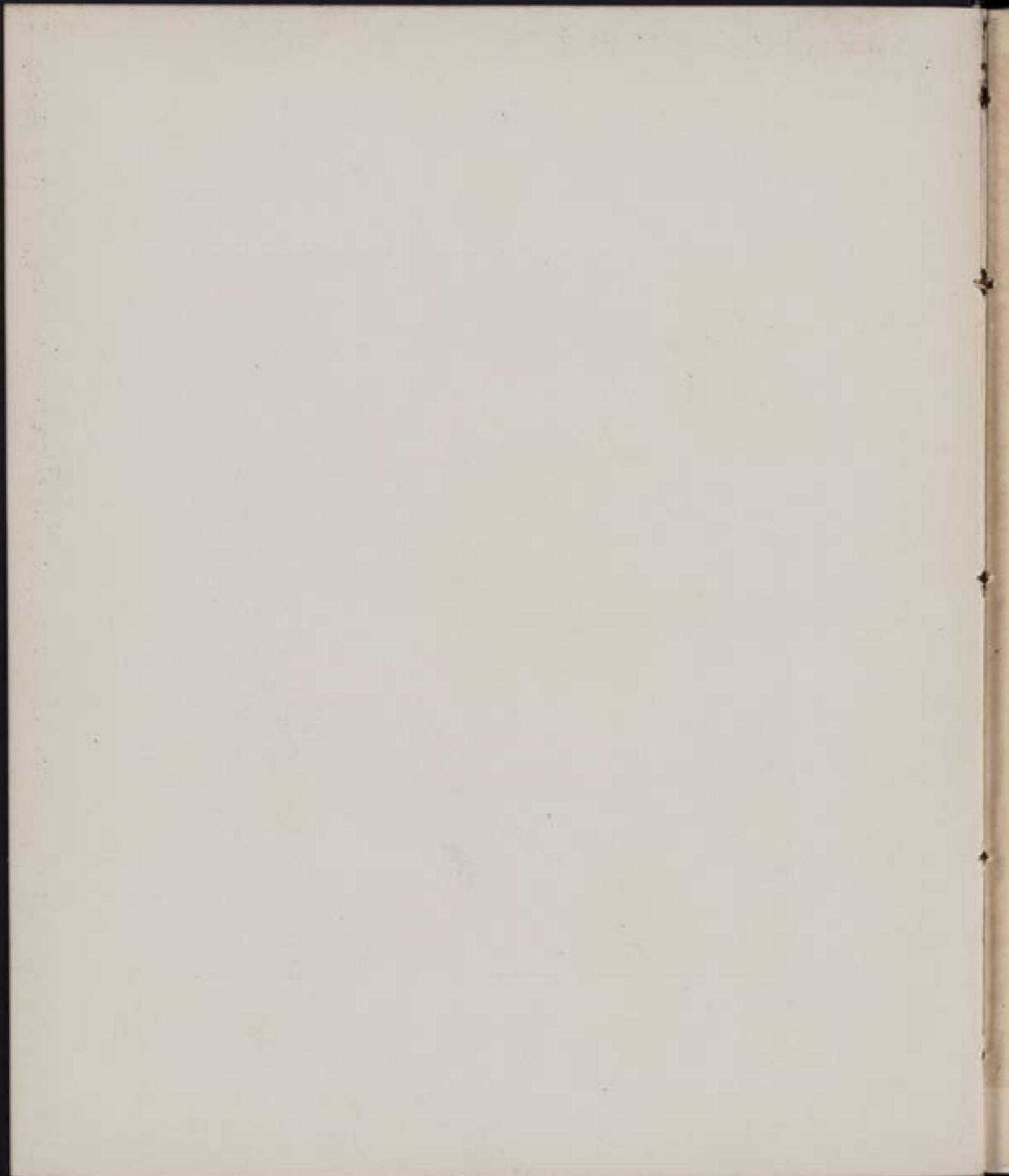
- ALPHA—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
GAMMA—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
DELTA—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
EPSILON—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
ZETA—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
ETA—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
THETA—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
KAPPA—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
LAMBDA—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
NU—Polytechnic Institute, A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala.
XI—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
OMICRON—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
PI—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
SIGMA—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
UPSILON—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
PHI—Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.
CHI—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
PSI—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
OMEGA—Centre College, Danville, Ky.
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ALPHA-BETA—University of Alabama, University, Ala.
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ALPHA-OMICRON—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
ALPHA-PI—Leland Stanford Jr. University, Stanford Univ. P. O., Cal.
ALPHA-RHO—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
ALPHA-SIGMA—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
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ALPHA-UPSILON—University of Mississippi, University, Miss.



KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY



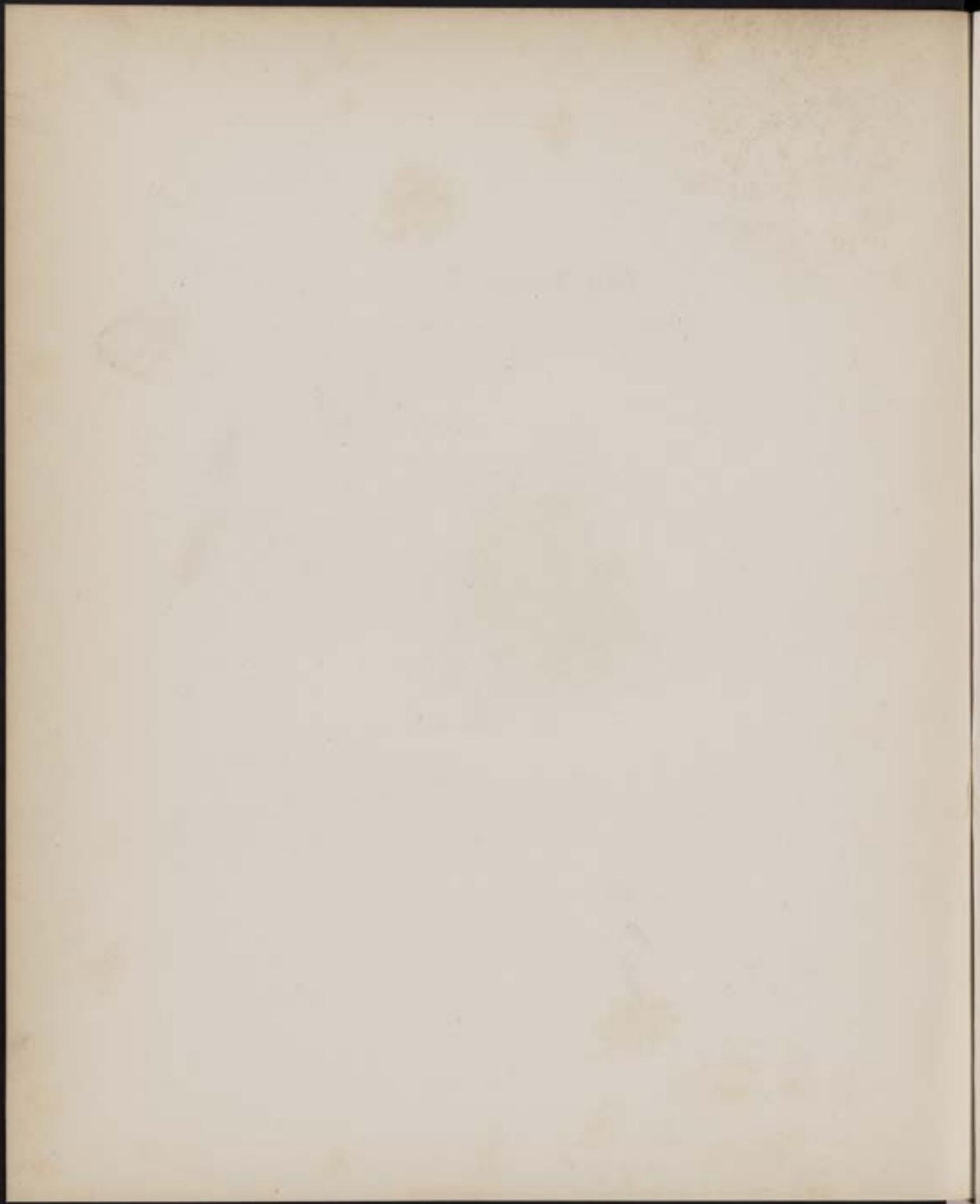
KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY







L. BROWN 1844



Phi Kappa Sigma.

Founded at the University of Pennsylvania,
1850.

Tau Chapter.

Established 1872.

COLOBS : Old Gold and White.

FLOWER : White Carnation.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

WILLIAM SCOTT BROWN

FRATRES IN URBE.

ISAAC NEWTON VAUGHAN

LESLIE ELLIS

JOSEPH MARVIN ALLEN

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

WILLIAM BENJAMIN GATES

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JOHN CAMPBELL WHITMORE

RICHARD LANDON PAULETT

SELWYN KENNEDY COCKRELL.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of the Fraternity
held in Philadelphia.

W. S. BROWN, DELEGATE.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

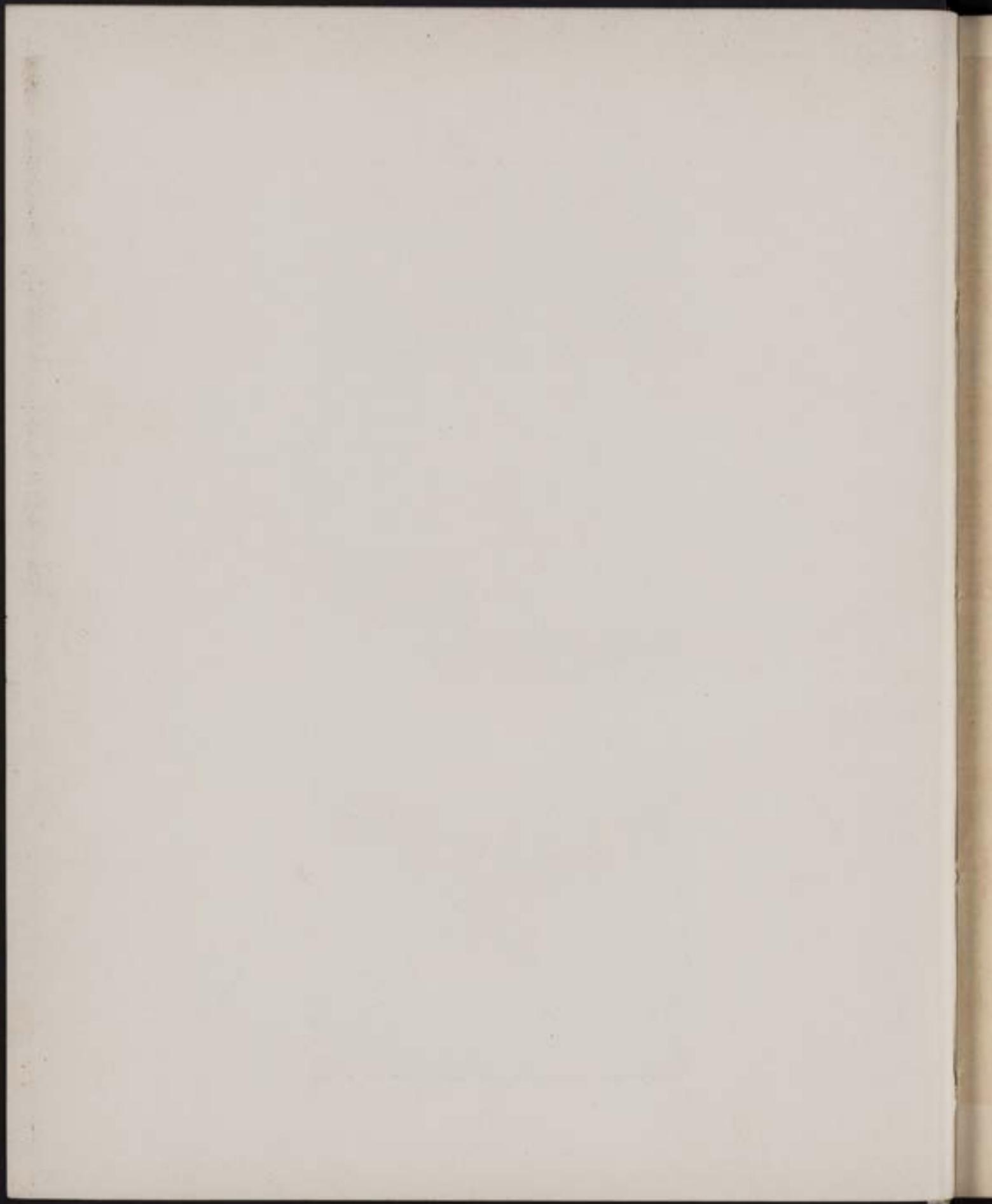
- ALPHA—University of Pennsylvania.
DELTA—Washington and Jefferson College.
EPSILON—Dickinson College.
ZETA—Franklin and Marshall College.
ETA—University of Virginia.
MU—Tulane University.
TAU—Randolph-Macon College.
UPSILON—North-Western University.
PHI—Richmond College.
PSI—Pennsylvania State College.
ALPHA ALPHA—Washington and Lee University.
ALPHA GAMMA—West Virginia University.
ALPHA DELTA—University of Maine.
ALPHA EPSILON—Armour Institute of Technology.
ALPHA ZETA—University of Maryland.



PHI KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY



PHI KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY

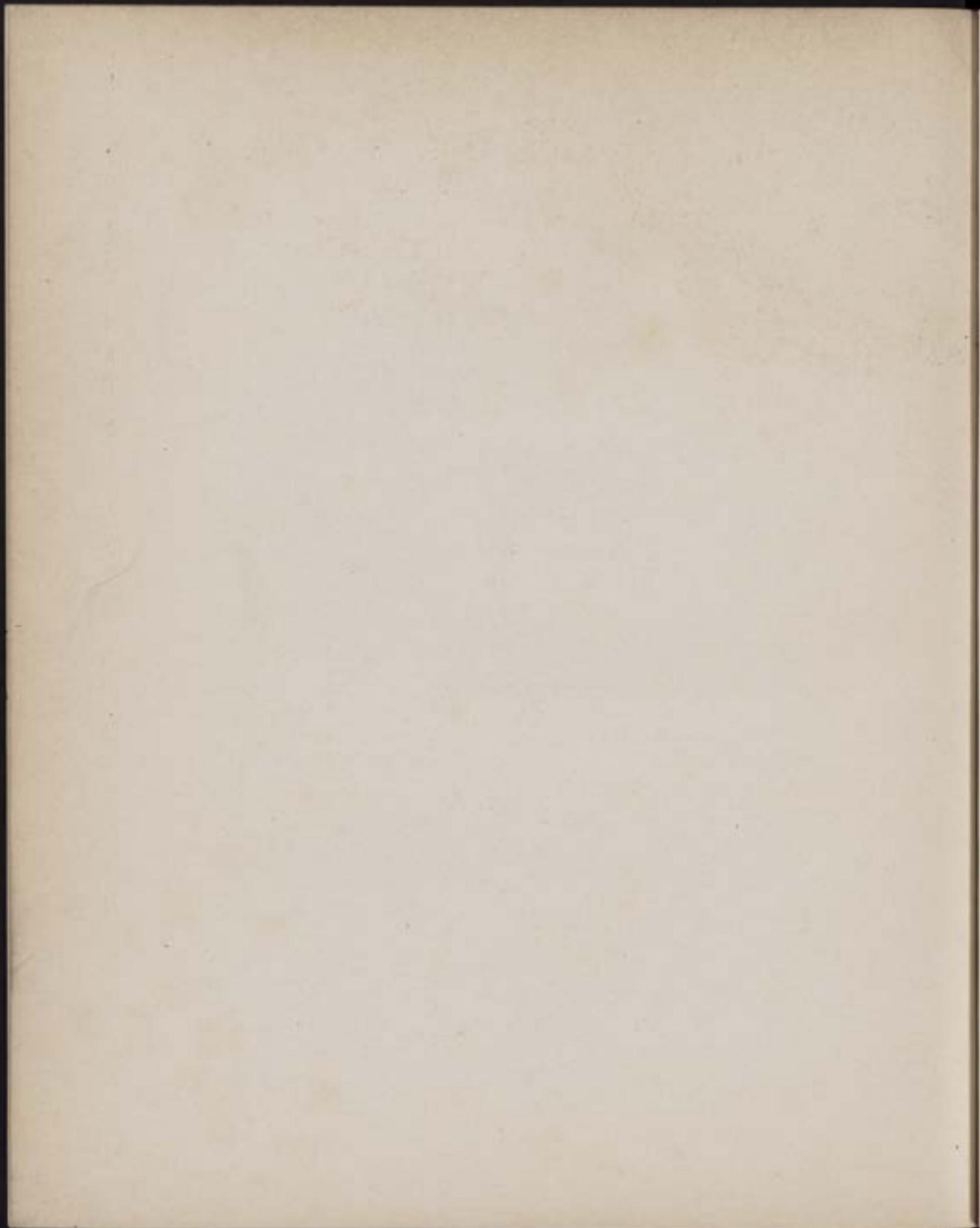




J. H. ...



THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
FOR THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
1868



Phi Delta Theta.

Founded at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio,
December 26, 1848.

Virgiuia Gamma.

Founded 1873.

COLOURS : Argent and Azure.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

WARNER PEATROSS CARTER

GARNETT PEATROSS

NEWTON TALIAFERRO BRINGHURST

HARTLEY POE SANDERS

JOHN COLBOURN COPENHAVER

GEORGE HENRY ZIMMERMAN

National Convention held in Louisville, Ky.,
Thanksgiving Week, 1900.

WARNER PEATROSS CARTER, DELEGATE.

CHAPTERS

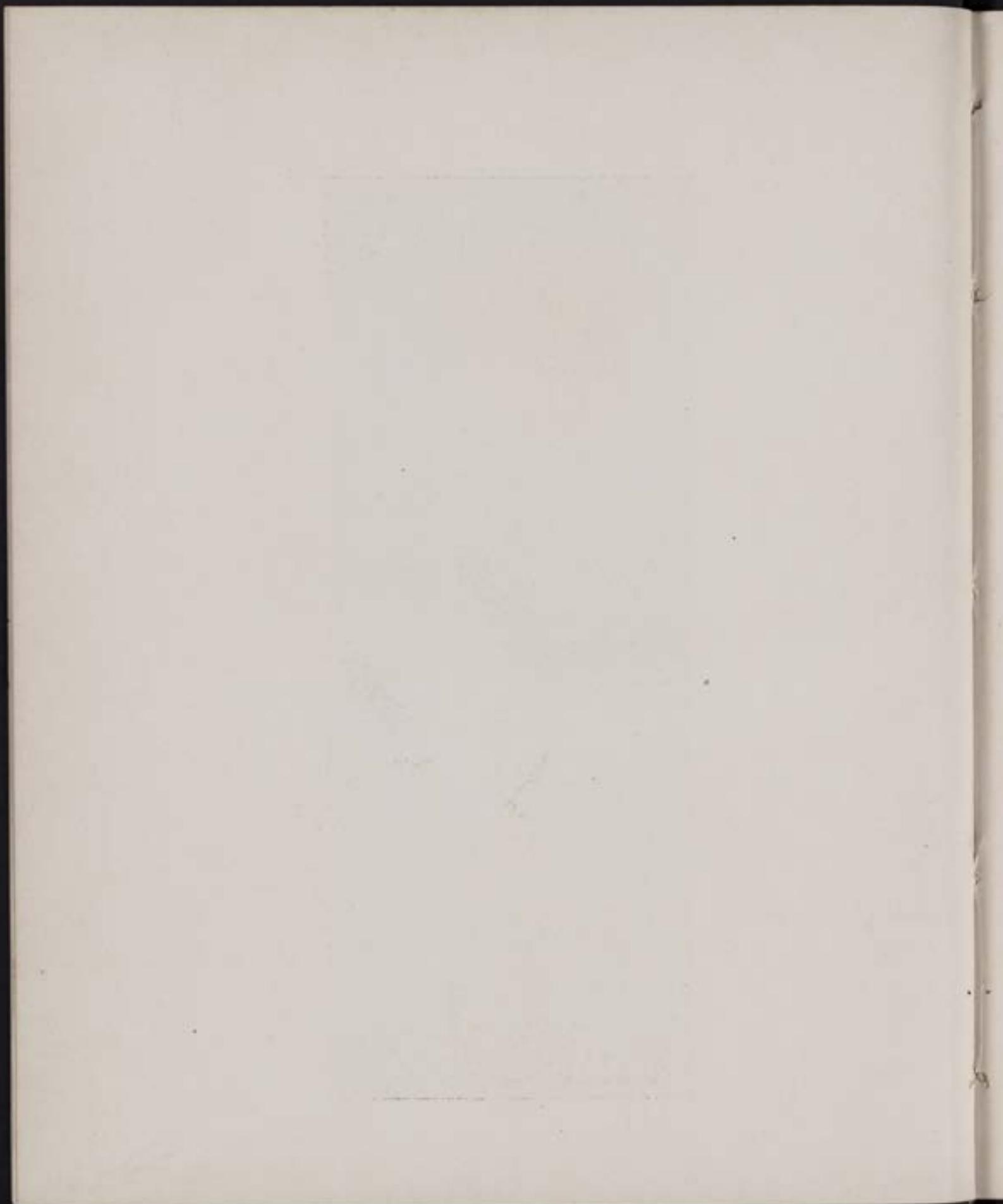
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UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
WILLIAMS COLLEGE
AMHERST COLLEGE
BROWN UNIVERSITY
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UNION UNIVERSITY
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SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE
PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE
WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE
ALLEGHENY COLLEGE
DICKINSON COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
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UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY
UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON



THE DELTA THETA FRATERNITY



PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY



Sigma Chi.

Founded at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio,
June 20, 1855.

Gamma Gamma Chapter.

Founded March 7, 1874.

COLORS: Blue and Gold.

FLOWER: White Rose.

FRATER IN URBE.

W. W. BENNETT.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

JOSEPH HUGH NEVILLE

WALTER TAYLOR SIMCOE

HOWARD MAXIMILLIAN PLITT

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

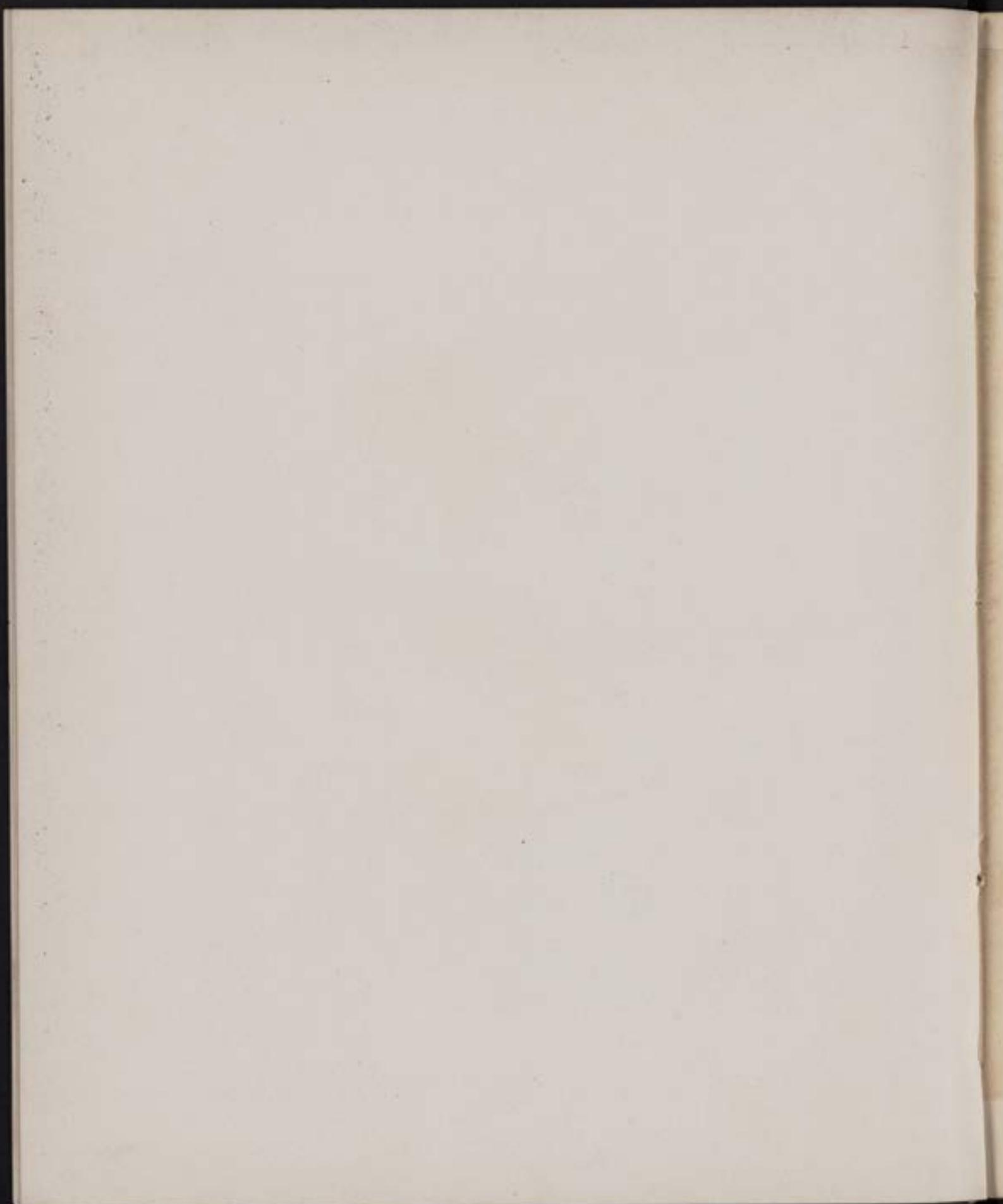
MIAMI UNIVERSITY	KENTUCKY STATE COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF WOOSTER	WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY
THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY	COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
COLUMBIAN UNIVERSITY	UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI
WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY	UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI	HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE
PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE	UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY	UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
INDIANA UNIVERSITY	OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY
DENISON UNIVERSITY	UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA
DePAUW UNIVERSITY	BELOIT COLLEGE
DICKINSON COLLEGE	MASSACHUSETTS INST. OF TECHNOLOGY
BUTLER COLLEGE	THE ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
ROANOKE COLLEGE	UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
LAFAYETTE COLLEGE	UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
HANOVER COLLEGE	UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS
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DARTMOUTH COLLEGE	VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY
THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS	LELAND STANFORD JR. UNIVERSITY



SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY



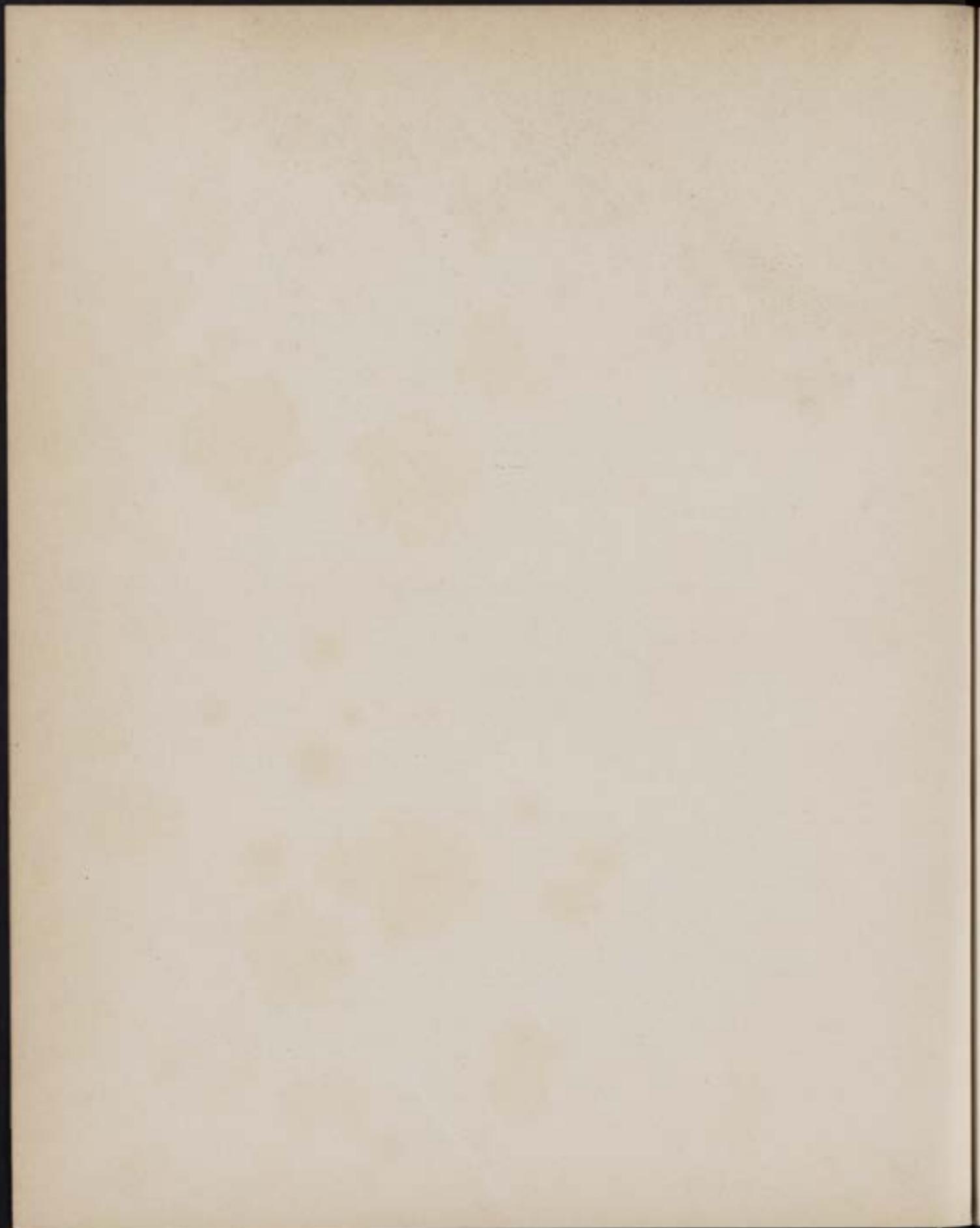
SIGMA CHI FRATERNITY







ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗ



Kappa Sigma.

Italy, 1400.

United States, 1867.

JOURNAL: "The Caduceus."

FLOWER: Lily of the Valley.

COLORS: Maroon, Old Gold and Peacock Blue.

Eta Chapter, Randolph-Macon College.

Established 1889.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

N. T. HEPBURN, '01

W. R. McNEAL, '01

J. M. LEAKE, '02

G. W. M. TAYLOR, '02

T. H. PHELPS, '02

C. G. FERGUSON, '02

R. K. ALSOP, '04

O. L. McMATH, '04

J. R. McNEAL, '04

FRATRES IN URBE.

H. BUCHANAN

H. D. KERR

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION.

DISTRICT I.

PSI—University of Maine.
BETA KAPPA—New Hampshire College.
ALPHA RHO—Bowdoin College.
ALPHA LAMBDA—University of Vermont.
BETA ALPHA—Brown University.
ALPHA KAPPA—Cornell University.

DISTRICT II.

PI—Swathmore College.
ALPHA DELTA—Pennsylvania State College.
ALPHA EPSILON—University of Pennsylvania.
ALPHA PHI—Bucknell University.
BETA DELTA—Wash. and Jeff. College.
ALPHA ALPHA—University of Maryland.
ALPHA ETA—Columbian University.
BETA IOTA—Lehigh University.

DISTRICT III.

ZETA—University of Virginia.
ETA—Randolph-Macon College.
NU—William and Mary College.
UPSILON—Hampden-Sidney College.
BETA BETA—Richmond College.
DELTA—Davidson College.
ETA PRIME—Trinity College.
ALPHA MU—University of North Carolina.

DISTRICT IV.

ALPHA NU—Wofford College.
ALPHA BETA—Mercer University.
ALPHA TAU—Georgia School of Technology.
BETA—University of Alabama.
BETA ETA—Alabama School of Technology.
BETA LAMBDA—University of Georgia.

DISTRICT V.

THETA—Cumberland University.
KAPPA—Vanderbilt University.
LAMBDA—University of Tennessee.
PHI—So. W. Presbyterian University.
OMEGA—University of the South.
ALPHA THETA—So. W. Baptist University.
ALPHA XI—Bethel College.
ALPHA OMICRON—University of Kentucky.

DISTRICT VI.

ALPHA UPSILON—Millsaps College.
GAMMA—Louisiana State University.
EPSILON—Centenary College.
SIGMA—Tulane University.
TAU—University of Texas.

DISTRICT VII.

XI—University of Arkansas.
ALPHA OMEGA—William Jewell College.
BETA GAMMA—Missouri State University.
ALPHA PSI—University of Nebraska.

DISTRICT VIII.

ALPHA SIGMA—Ohio State University.
CHI—Perdue University.
ALPHA PI—Wabash College.
BETA THETA—University of Indiana.
ALPHA GAMMA—University of Illinois.
ALPHA CHI—Lake Forest University.
BETA EPSILON—University of Wisconsin.
BETA MU—University of Minnesota.

DISTRICT IX.

BETA ZETA—Leland Stanford Jr. University.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

Yazoo City, Miss.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburg, Pa.
New York City, N. Y.
New Orleans, La.
Chicago, Ill.

Indianapolis, Ind.

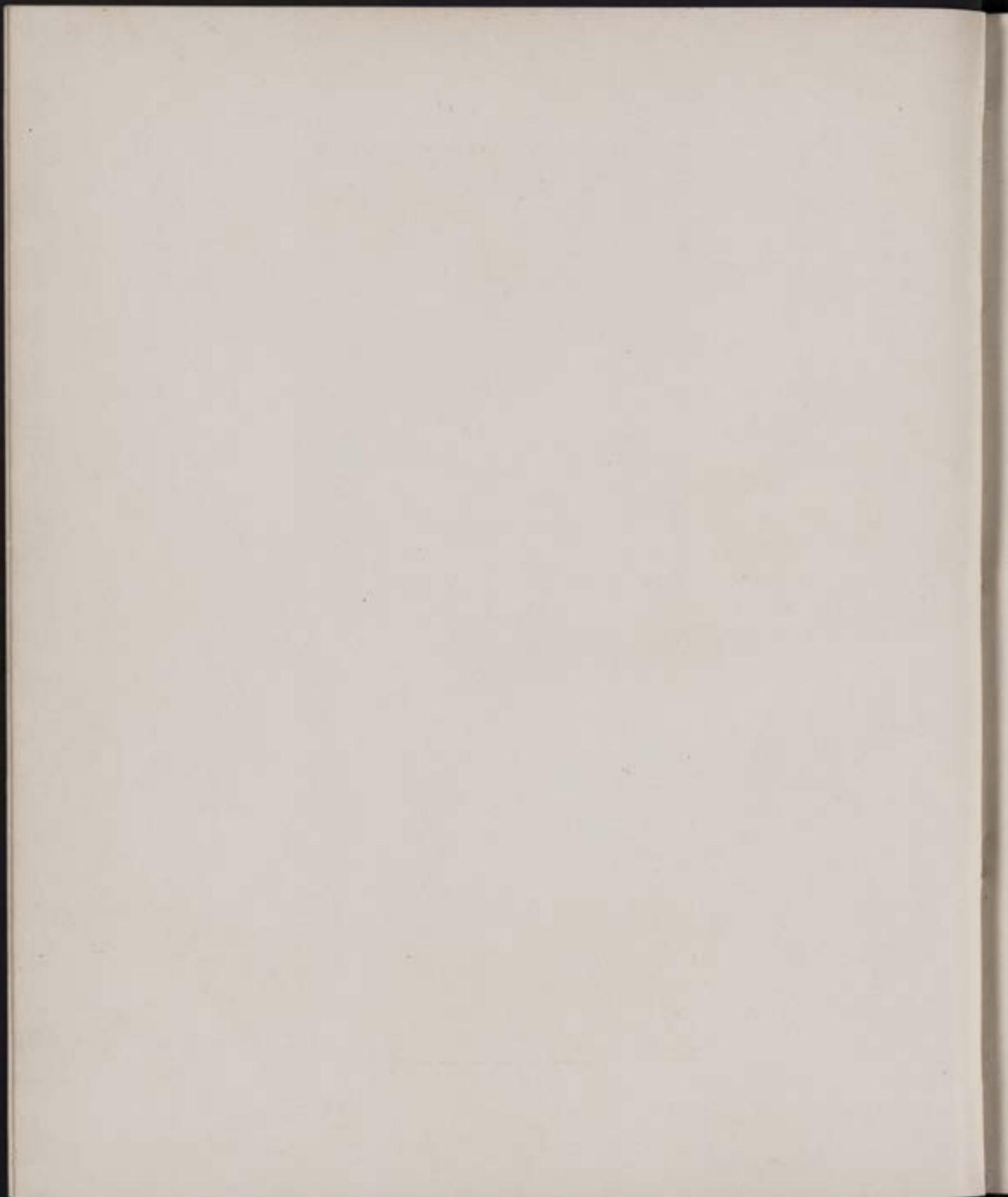
St. Louis, Mo.
Pine Bluff, Ark.
Ruston, La.
Boston, Mass.
Chihuahua, Mexico.
Memphis, Tenn.



KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY



KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY



Deltas.

D. D. D.

The Green Ribbon.

L. F. F.

FRATRES IN URBE.

HENRY DREWRY KERR

JAMES MARCELLUS COX

SORORES IN URBE.

MISS ANNIE LEE BLINCOE

MISS CONDÉ ROY BRIDGES

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

WARNER PEATROSS CARTER

LEONIDAS ARNOLD HADEN

WILLIAM BENJAMIN GATES

GARNETT PEATROSS

LOUIS FIELDING TISINGER

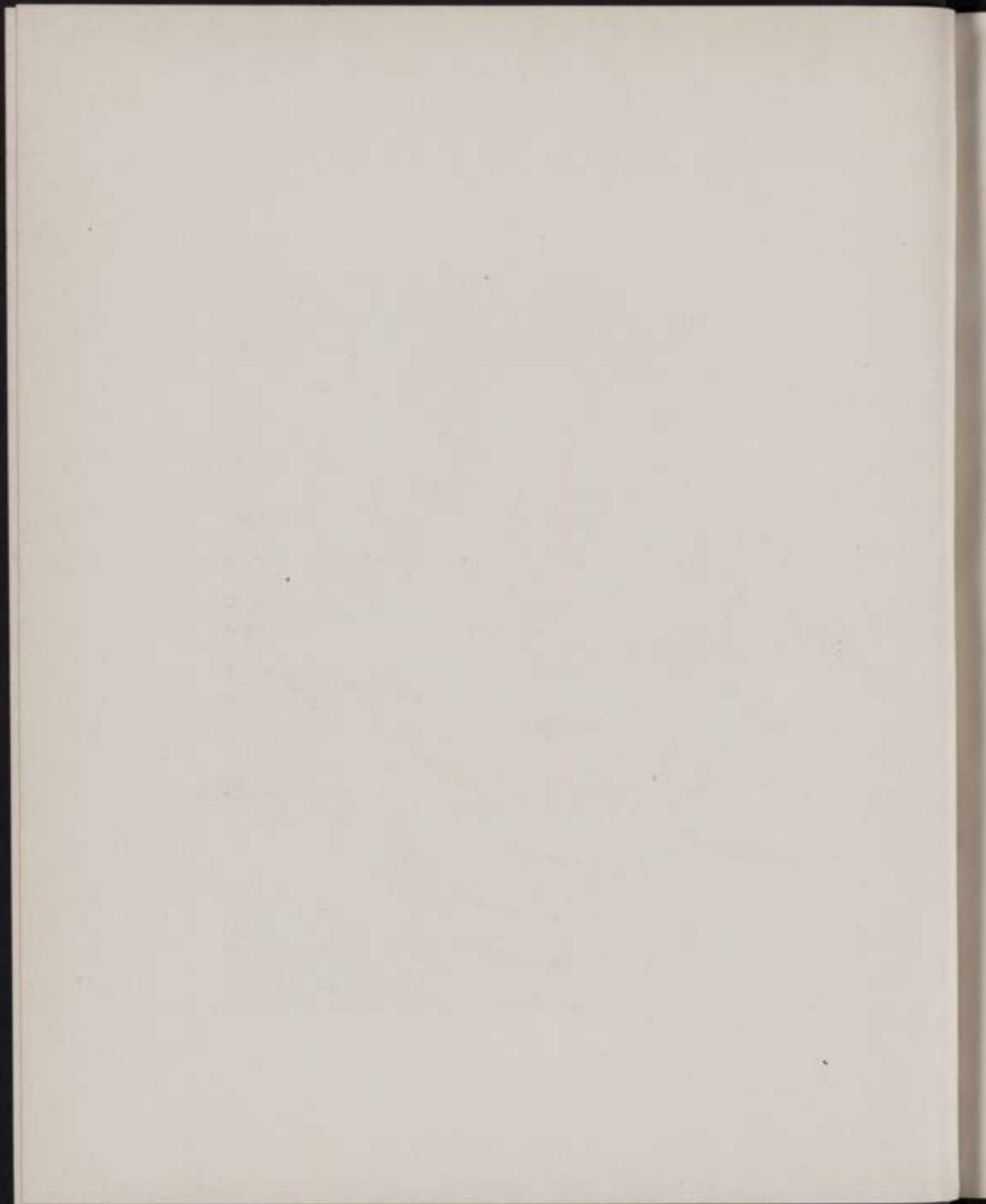
“Haec olim meminisse iudabit.”



DELTAS



DELTAS





The General Athletic Association.

PRESIDENT LEONIDAS ARNOLD HADEN
VICE-PRESIDENT JOSEPH HUGH NEVILLE
SECRETARY AND TREASURER JOHN COLBOURN COPENHAVER

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

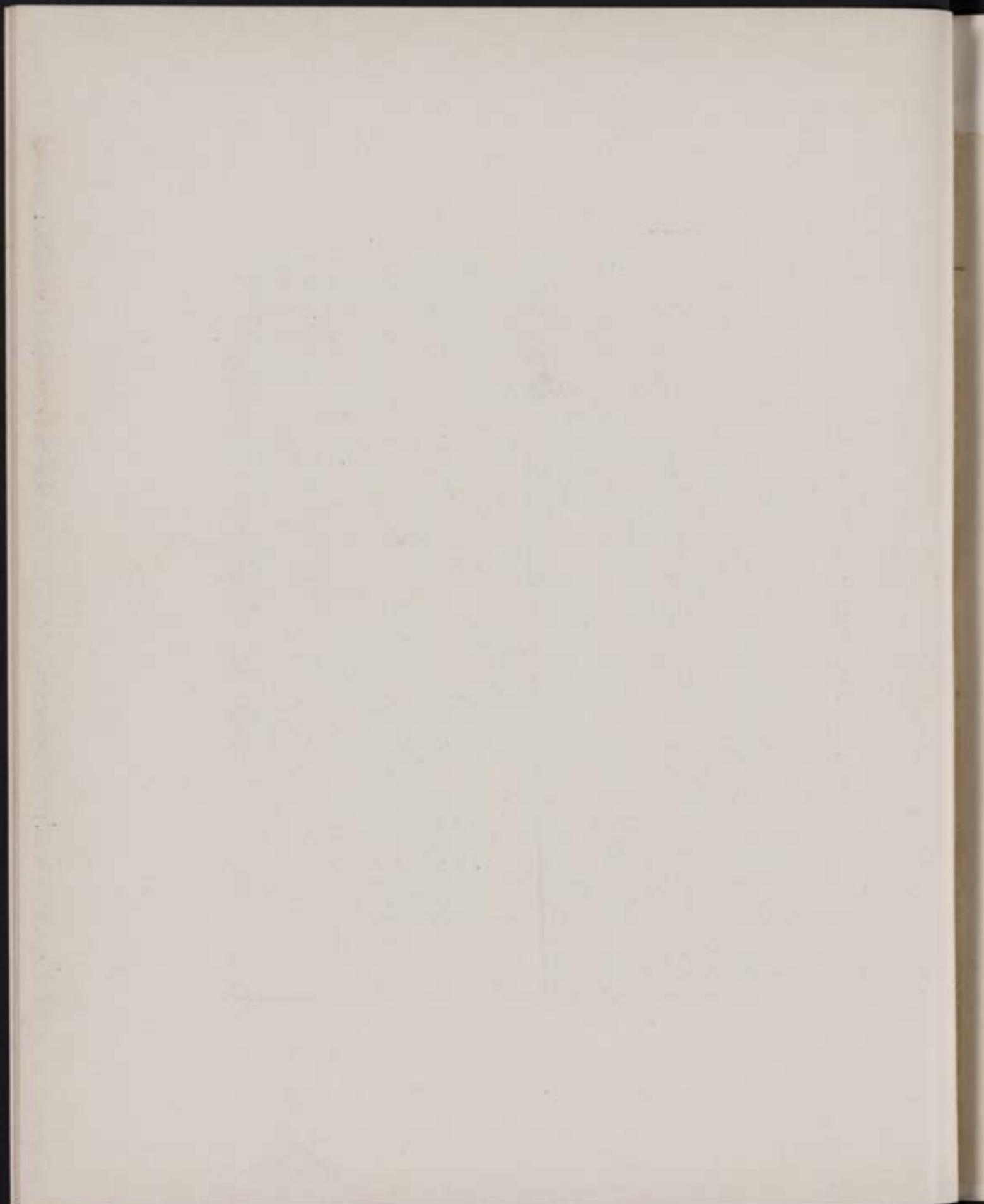
DR. ARTHUR C. WIGHTMAN WILLIAM SCOTT BROWN
HERBERT CANNON LIPSCOMB JOHN COLBOURN COPENHAVER
WARNER PEATROSS CARTER



OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

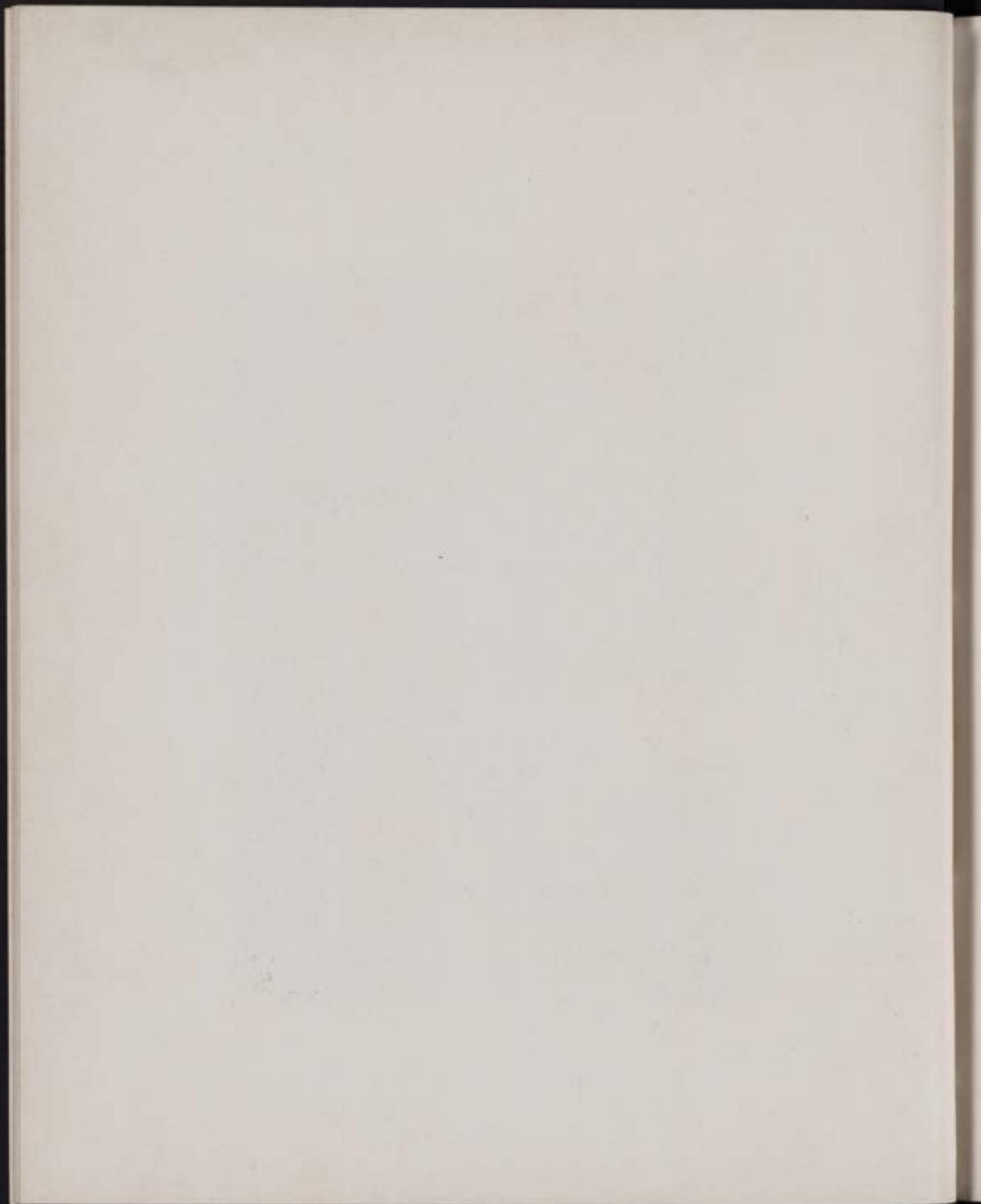




FOOTBALL TEAM



FOOTBALL TEAM





FOOTBALL.

Manager—JOHN C. COPENHAVER.

Captain—L. A. HADEN.

Coach—ELWOOD McLAUGHLIN, of Franklin and Marshall.

THE LINE-UP.

Left End—F. O. SMITH

Right Tackle—J. J. BRADFORD

Left Tackle—W. E. BURGE

Right End—W. T. SIMCOE

Left Guard—R. T. WILSON

Quarter-Back—J. H. NEVILLE

Center—W. F. KELLAM

Left Half-Back—L. A. HADEN

Right Guard—R. E. McCABE

Right Half-Back—H. M. PLITT

Full-Back—N. T. HEPBURN

SUBSTITUTES.

H. C. LIPSCOMB*—Quarter-Back

W. B. McNEAL*—Tackle or Guard

J. M. LEAKE*—Half-Back

F. M. BOND—Tackle

J. C. WHITMORE—End

N. A. PAGE—Tackle

JAS. WOODWARD—Full-Back

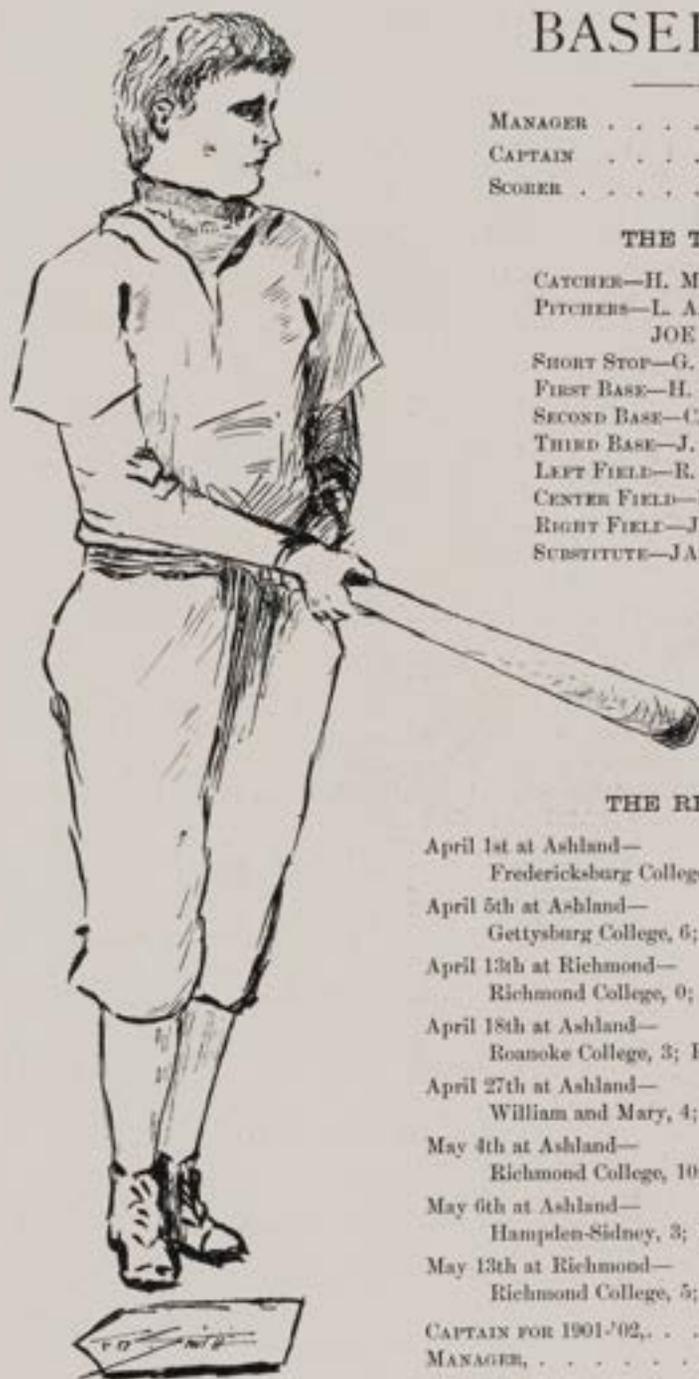
THE SCORES.

October 15—At Richmond.....	Richmond College.....	5;	R.-M. C.....	0
November 2—At Ashland.....	Fredericksburg College.....	0;	R.-M. C.....	20
November 5—At Ashland.....	Hampden-Sidney.....	11;	R.-M. C.....	0
November 12—At Ashland.....	Richmond College.....	11;	R.-M. C.....	6
November 17—At Ashland.....	William and Mary.....	0;	R.-M. C.....	11
Totals.....	Opponents, 27;	R.-M. C.....	37	

CAPTAIN FOR 1901-'02—R. E. McCABE.

MANAGER—H. C. LIPSCOMB.

* Played in a regular game.



BASEBALL.

MANAGER W. B. GATES
 CAPTAIN H. C. LIPSCOMB
 SCORER W. P. CARTER

THE TEAM.

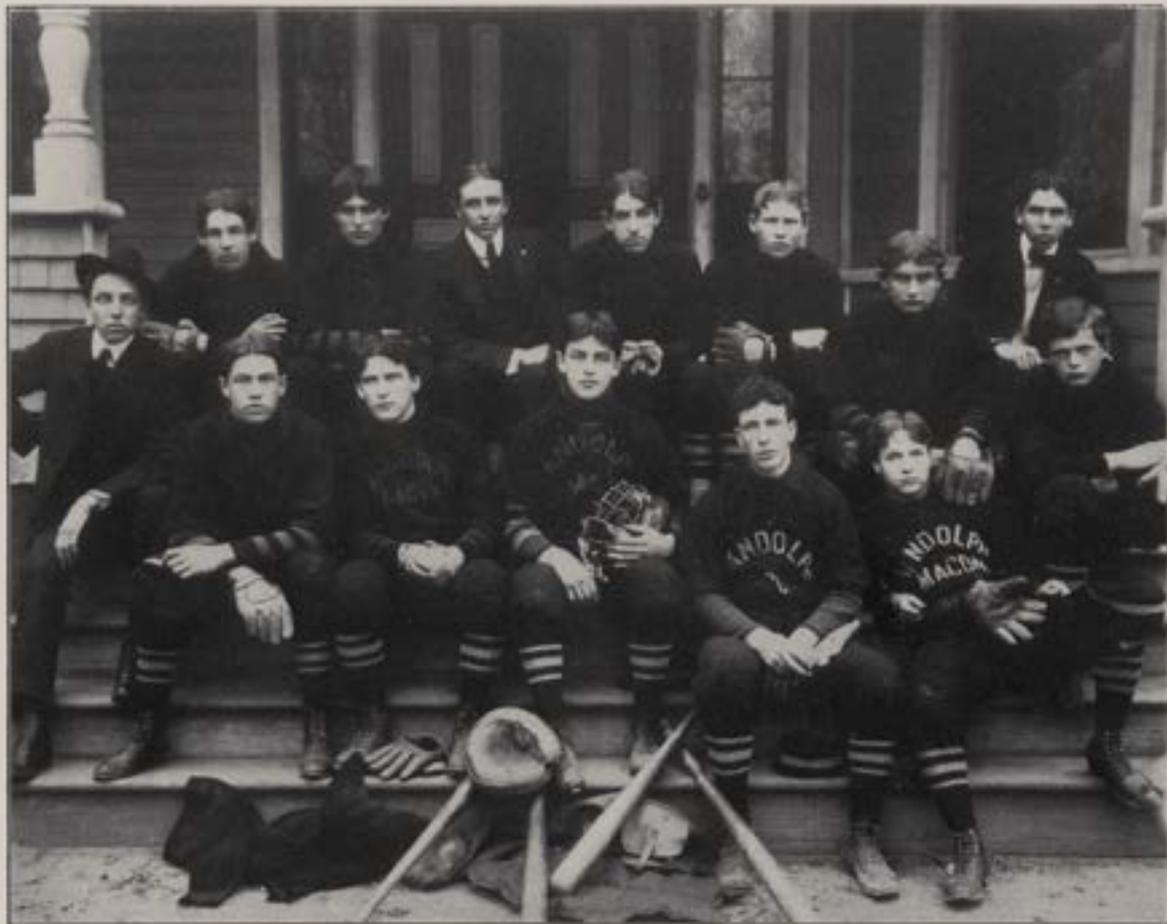
CATCHER—H. M. PLITT
 PITCHERS—L. A. HADEN
 JOE LEAKE
 SHORT STOP—G. PEATROSS
 FIRST BASE—H. C. LIPSCOMB
 SECOND BASE—C. E. GREEN
 THIRD BASE—J. H. NEVILLE
 LEFT FIELD—R. T. WILSON
 CENTER FIELD—H. FLEETWOOD
 RIGHT FIELD—J. N. WARE
 SUBSTITUTE—JAS. WOODWARD

THE RECORD.

April 1st at Ashland—
 Fredericksburg College, 7; R.-M. C., 18.
 April 5th at Ashland—
 Gettysburg College, 6; R.-M. C., 14.
 April 13th at Richmond—
 Richmond College, 0; R.-M. C., 1.
 April 18th at Ashland—
 Roanoke College, 3; R.-M. C., 12.
 April 27th at Ashland—
 William and Mary, 4; R.-M. C., 21.
 May 4th at Ashland—
 Richmond College, 10; R.-M. C., 3.
 May 6th at Ashland—
 Hampden-Sidney, 3; R.-M. C., 18.
 May 13th at Richmond—
 Richmond College, 5; R.-M. C., 4.
 CAPTAIN FOR 1901-'02, H. C. LIPSCOMB.
 MANAGER, J. C. COPENHAVER.



BASEBALL TEAM.



BASEBALL TEAM

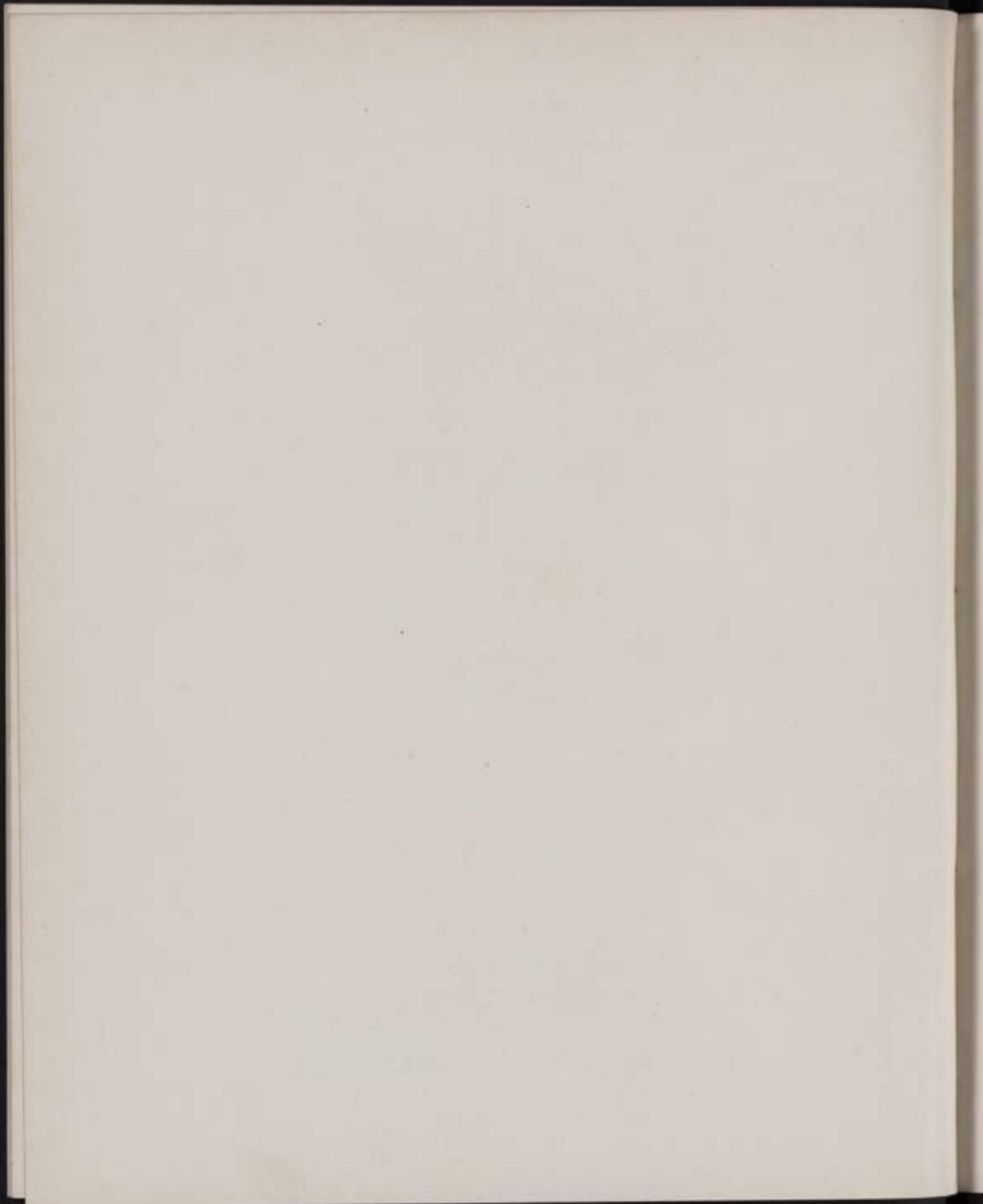




THE EGYPTIANS



THE EGYPTIANS



THE EGYPTIAN LEAGUE.



President—F. M. BOND.

Secretary—N. T. BRINGHURST.

Treasurer—W. P. CARTER.

Official Umpire—C. H. YOUNG.

PTOLEMIES.

C.—W. P. CARTER, Captain

P.—S. M. REDD

S. S.—S. C. LEAKE

1st—H. L. AMES

2nd—F. L. WELLS

3rd—N. T. BRINGHURST

L. F.—C. O. TUTTLE

C. F.—E. J. SMITH

R. F.—O. H. TUFTS

ASSYRIANS.

C.—G. H. ZIMMERMAN, Captain

P.—B. T. HUNTER

S. S.—R. P. LATANÉ

1st—J. R. McNEAL

2nd—E. J. WOODHOUSE

3rd—B. T. KILBY

L. F.—N. P. WESCOTT

C. F.—I. J. PARTLOW

R. F.—O. R. BOWEN

NUMIDIANS.

C.—T. McN. SIMPSON, Captain

P.—J. L. WRIGHT

S. S.—E. L. CLARK

1st—L. G. CRUTCHFIELD

2nd—F. R. SMITHEY

3rd—R. L. PAULETT

L. F.—F. L. LYNCH

C. F.—F. M. BOND

R. F.—EARL RILEY

SUBSTITUTES.

S. K. COCKBELL

C. H. McCULLEN

C. E. WILLIAMS

H. W. DOYLE

G. M. DAVIS



TENNIS CLUB

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT N. T. BRINGHURST
VICE-PRESIDENT . . C. H. YOUNG
SEC. AND TREAS. . . F. O. SMITH

MEMBERS.

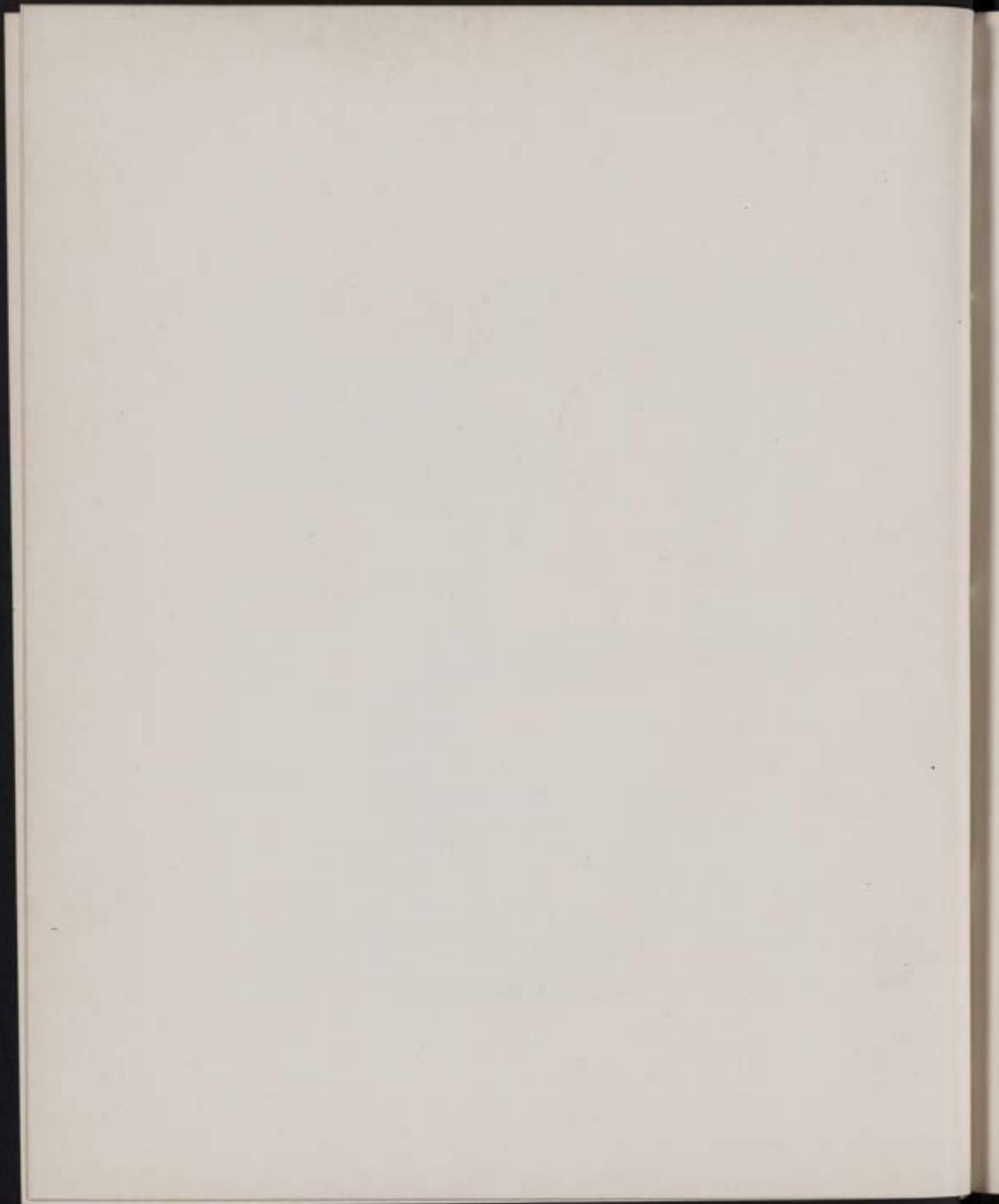
L. S. BETTY	W. F. PRETTYMAN
B. W. BOND	W. T. SIMCOE
E. L. GREEN	T. McN. SIMPSON
H. H. KENNEDY	E. J. SMITH
C. H. McCULLEN	F. O. SMITH
I. J. PARTLOW	E. L. STARR
R. P. PAULETT	L. F. TISINGER
H. J. PAYLOR	B. T. TYLER
T. H. PHELPS	R. R. WARRINER
E. A. POWELL	C. H. YOUNG



TENNIS CLUB



TENNIS CLUB



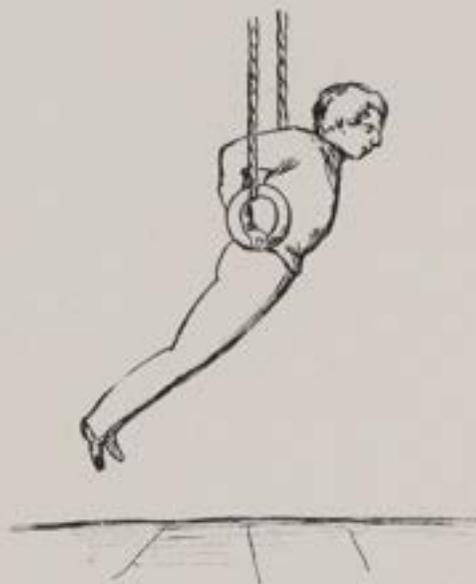
FIELD DAY.

May 11, 1901.

EVENTS.	WINNERS.
Throwing Baseball	R. T. WILSON
Putting Shot	F. M. BOND
100 yard Dash	T. J. C. HEATH
Standing Broad Jump	C. E. GREEN
Standing High Jump	F. O. SMITH
Half-mile Race	J. M. LEAKE
Hurdle Race	C. E. GREEN
Shoe Race	S. M. REDD
Running Broad Jump	C. E. GREEN
Pole Vault	R. P. TYLER
Pick-a-Back Race	HEATH AND GREEN
High Kick	S. M. REDD
Three-legged Race	HEATH AND GREEN.
Tug of War	W. F. KELLAM'S TEAM
Mat Diving	N. T. HETHURN
Potato Race	S. M. REDD
Dodge Ball	C. A. RHODES'S TEAM.
Sack Race	J. M. LEAKE
Tennis Singles	— — —
Tennis Doubles	BRINGHURST AND SIMCOE
Consolation Race	G. E. TURNER

GYMNASIUM TEAM.

W. S. BROWN, Instructor.



MEMBERS.

R. K. ALSOP
H. L. AMES
H. BLAKENEY
F. M. BOND
B. W. BOND
N. T. BRINGHURST
G. BURRUSS
W. P. CARTER
W. L. CHENERY
S. K. COCKRELL
F. B. COOPER
J. C. COPENHAVER
L. G. CRUTCHFIELD
H. W. DOYLE
F. FURR
E. L. GREEN
R. M. GRIMM
W. S. HOUGH
R. T. HUNTER

C. F. KARN
V. H. KELLAM
W. F. KELLAM
H. H. KENNEDY
B. T. KILBY
J. M. KLINE
J. B. LAUGHTON
R. H. LEWIS
F. L. LYNCH
O. L. McMATH
W. B. McNEAL
E. K. MORTON
H. J. PAYLOR
G. PEATROSS
W. K. PENNINGTON
T. H. PHELPS
E. W. POINDEXTER
J. G. POWELL
W. F. PRETTYMAN
S. M. REDD

C. A. RHODES
E. RILEY
W. B. SAUNDERS
T. McN. SIMPSON
E. J. SMITH
F. O. SMITH
J. W. SMITH
W. R. SMITHEY
E. L. STARR
G. E. TURNER
J. W. WALTERS
B. B. WARRINER
F. L. WELLS
N. P. WESCOTT
J. H. WHITMORE
O. M. WHITMORE
C. E. WILLIAMS
E. J. WOODHOUSE
G. H. ZIMMERMAN



GYMNASIUM TEAM



GYMNASIUM TEAM





T. D. Smith

CLUBS

OUR ARTISTS.



ARTISTIC STAFF.

FRANCIS OSGOOD SMITH

JAMES RIDDICK LAUGHTON

ARTISTS.

Miss ROSEBUD CAMPBELL

Miss A. J. ANGELO

Miss EVELYN DORNIN

LEBOY E. KERN

WALTER WELLMAN



HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

Organized October, 1900.

W. E. DODD, Ph. D., President.
W. B. SAUNDERS, Secretary.

MEMBERS.

D. B. ANDERSON
B. W. BOND
L. G. CRUTCHFIELD
N. T. HEPBURN
L. A. HADEN
L. C. MOORE

J. F. PEAKE
E. W. POINDEXTER
E. RILEY
W. B. SAUNDERS
J. W. SMITH
C. H. YOUNG

Capt. RICHARD IRBY

GLEE AND SERENADE CLUB.



MOTTO:
"Cantamus ut edamus."

FAVORITE SONG:
"Carry me back to Old Virginia."

ORCHESTRA.

G. PEATROSS,	Violin.
F. M. BOND,	Flute
W. F. PRETTYMAN,	First Mandolin.
E. L. GREEN,	Second Mandolin.
C. N. SWIMLEY,	Banjo.
R. P. TYLER,	Autoharp.
E. L. STARR,	Guitar.

QUARTETTE.

J. C. COPENHAVER,	First Tenor.
W. S. HOUGH,	Second Tenor.
G. W. M. TAYLOR,	First Bass.
F. O. SMITH,	Second Bass.

CHORUS.

FIRST TENORS:
H. W. DAVIS,
C. N. SWIMLEY,
J. C. COPENHAVER.

FIRST BASSES:
G. W. M. TAYLOR,
W. F. PRETTYMAN,
H. L. AMES.

SECOND TENORS:
J. K. HOLMAN,
F. M. BOND,
W. S. HOUGH.

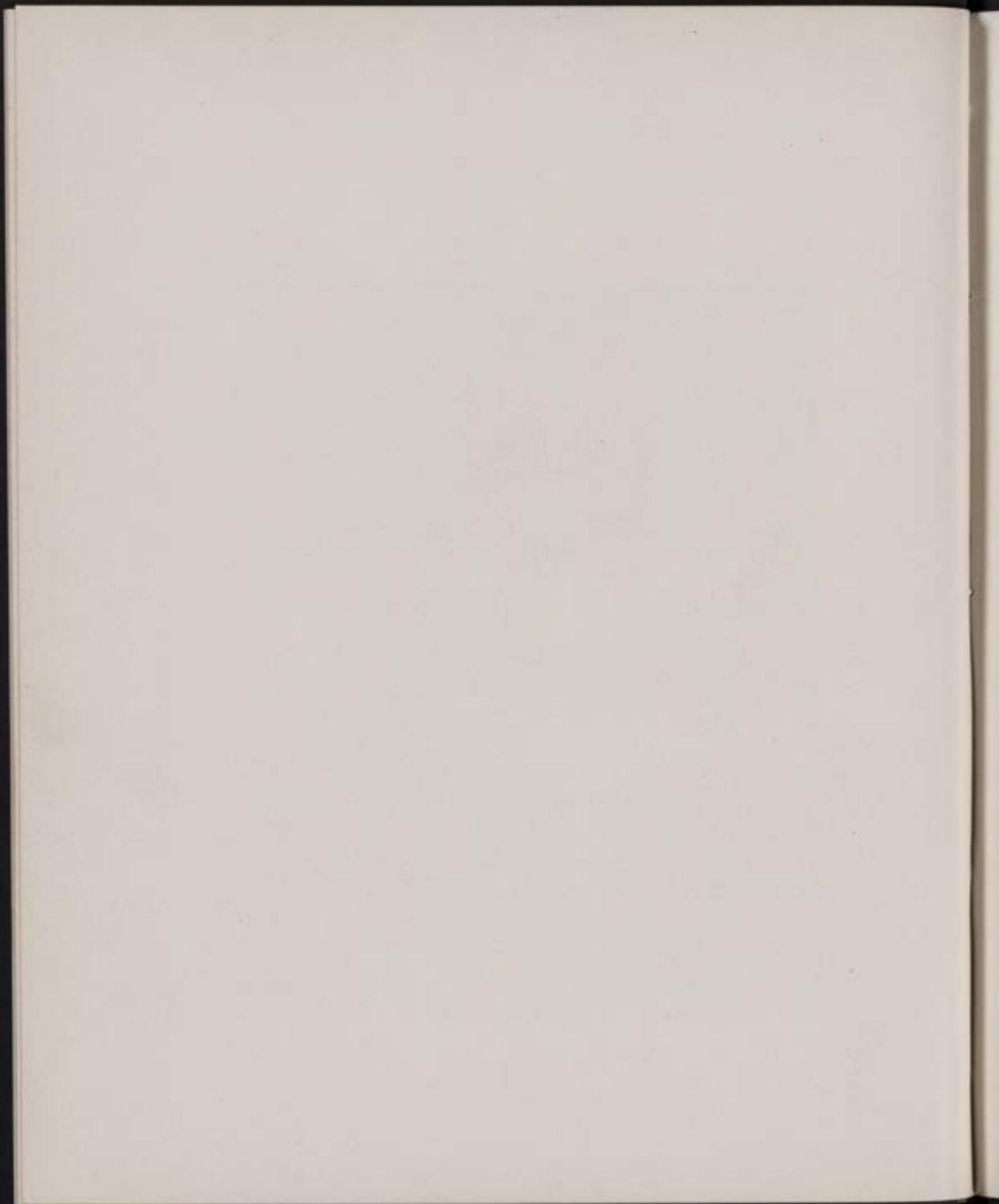
SECOND BASSES:
J. W. SMITH,
F. O. SMITH,
J. H. NEVILLE.



GLEE CLUB



GLEE CLUB



CHURCH CHOIR.



Mrs. A. C. WIGHTMAN, }
Miss MAI JORDAN, } Organists.

MEMBERS.

MISS ANNIE BLINCOE

MISS BESSIE BLINCOE

MISS LOUISE CHILDS

C. N. SWIMLEY

J. K. HOLMAN

W. F. PRETTYMAN

J. F. PEAKE

H. W. DAVIS

W. S. HOUGH

G. BURRUSS

F. O. SMITH

J. W. SMITH





This ancient and honorable club has stood the test of many stormy years and yet remains, as it was when founded, the most popular club in college. This year, as is usual every year, its offices were hotly contested for, and after a close run for chief between Lipscomb, Wilson, Smith, J. W., and Sanders, the position was finally won by Wilson, who wears his honor well.

Motto: "Let us Live and Love."

Color: Green.

Song: "I'll be with You."

CHIEF CALICOIST.

R. T. WILSON, JR.

THE STAFF OF REGULAR ASSISTANTS.

LIPSCOMB
SANDERS

MCCABE
SMITH, J. W.

HEPBURN

SERGEANT AT ARMS.

TUTTLE

DISPENSER OF "CALICO."

R. W. BOND

CHAPLAIN.

HEATH, T. J. C.

MEMBERS.

BRINGHURST
MORTON
ALSOP
GATES
NEVILLE

BOND, F. M.
TAYLOR
ZIMMERMAN
HADEN
PLITT

and many others.

POST GRADUATES.

YOUNG

PAYLOR

IN FACULTY.

Dr. W. E. DODD

THE BEDFORD ACADEMY CLUB.



MOTTO:
"Sic itur ad Collegium."

FAVORITE SONG:
"We're the Boys from R.-M. A."

OFFICERS.

President, L. A. HADEN.
Secretary, T. H. PHELPS.

Vice-President, W. B. SAUNDERS,
Treasurer, E. W. POINDEXTER.

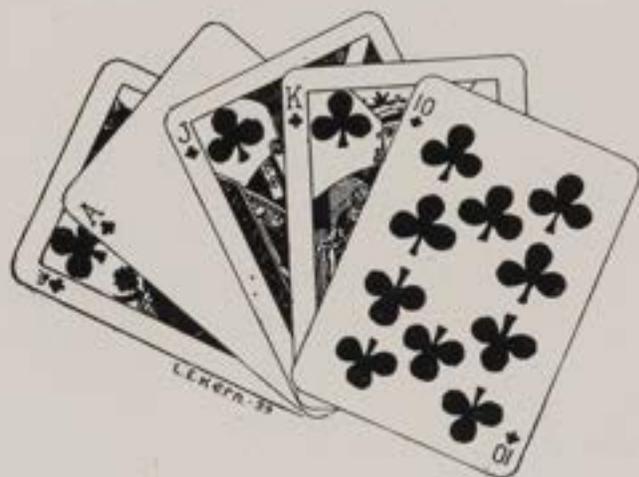
MEMBERS.

W. E. BURGE
J. J. BRADFORD
J. R. EGGLESTON
H. FLEETWOOD
C. E. GREEN
H. C. GREGORY
T. J. C. HEATH
J. K. HOLMAN
V. H. KELLAM

W. F. KELLAM
R. H. LEWIS
W. R. McNEAL
J. R. McNEAL
O. L. McMATH
L. C. MOORE
R. A. POWELL
J. G. POWELL
G. PEATROSS
M. M. RILEY, Jr.

J. H. RUSSELL
W. R. SMITHEY
F. R. SMITHEY
E. J. SMITH
L. F. TISINGER
G. W. M. TAYLOR
V. R. TURNER
O. H. TUFTS
E. J. WOODHOUSE

FRONT ROYAL CLUB.



OFFICERS OF FRONT ROYAL CLUB.

PRESIDENT	J. F. PEAKE
VICE-PRESIDENT	J. W. SMITH
SECRETARY AND TREASURER	B. W. BOND, Jr.

MEMBERSHIP.

BLACKWELL	MADDOX
BOND, B. W.	PEAKE
BOND, F. M.	PLITT
BOWEN	PUGH
COOPER	PENNINGTON
ELLISON	RUDASILL
FIELDING	RHODES
FURR	SANDERS
GROVE	SMITH, J. W.
HITT	SWIMLEY
KENNEDY	WHITMORE, O. M.
WHITMORE, J. H.	

Annual Banquet, Hotel Jefferson, Richmond, Va.
June 17th. Hour, 10:40 P. M.



SNORING CLUB

MOTTO:

"Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole;
To Mary, Queen, the praise be given
That sent the blessed sleep from heaven
That did into my soul."

OFFICERS.

Chief Snorer, "NICK" CARTER.

IMPROMPTU AND CONTINUOUS SNORERS,

W. BENJAMIN GATES
WALTER T. SIMCOE
HARTLEY P. SANDERS

ROYAL SNORTERS,

JOE NEVILLE
DICK WILSON
"DUSTY" RHODES
HOWARD M. PLITT

YOUNG SQUEAKERS,

"KID" DAVIS "BABY" CLARK
"PULLET" PAULETT

GENTLE SLEEPERS.

HARVEY FLEETWOOD FRANK BOND GARNETT PEATROSS
JOHN WHITMORE CHARLIE GREEN "GOAT" WILLIAMS

CHIEF SINGERS OF LULLABIES.

DR. W. E. DODD
DR. E. W. BOWEN



PLACE OF MEETING—At the Chapel Door.

TIME OF MEETING—8 A. M.

OBJECT—To escape 10%.

YELL—Hold the Door!

UNIFORM—The thing you can put on quickest.

HONORARY SPRINTER.

PROF. R. E. BLACKWELL

GRAND SPRINTER FROM THE CAMPUS.

W. B. GATES

GRAND SPRINTER FROM HOME.

E. L. STARR

SPRINTERS ORDINARY.

Everybody else.



SKATING CLUB

L. A. HADEN, President.
Miss BESSIE BLINCOE, Vice-President.
J. H. NEVILLE, Secretary.
Miss FRANCES STARR, Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

MISS ANNIE BLINCOE	MISS FRANCES STARR
W. P. CARTER	STAFFORD BETTY
W. T. SIMCOE	J. C. COPENHAVER
MISS BESSIE LADEW	MISS EPIE BLACKWELL
H. P. SANDERS	H. C. LIPSCOMB
N. T. BRINGHURST	W. B. GATES
MISS TUNYWEE WRIGHT	MISS ROSALIE MILNES
E. L. STARR	J. C. WHITMORE
R. E. McCABE	R. B. DAVIS
MISS ANNIE HUNTER	MISS MOLLY BRIDGES
CARL McCULLEN	H. M. PLITT
R. T. WILSON, Jr.	EMORY CLARK
H. FLEETWOOD	
J. R. McNEAL	
J. M. LEAKE	

SNOWBALL BRIGADE.



MOTTO:

“Forward! do or be done!!!”

FAVORITE MARCH:

“Fight, fight, fight, the snow is melting.”

BRIGADIER GENERAL.

JOS. HUGH NEVILLE

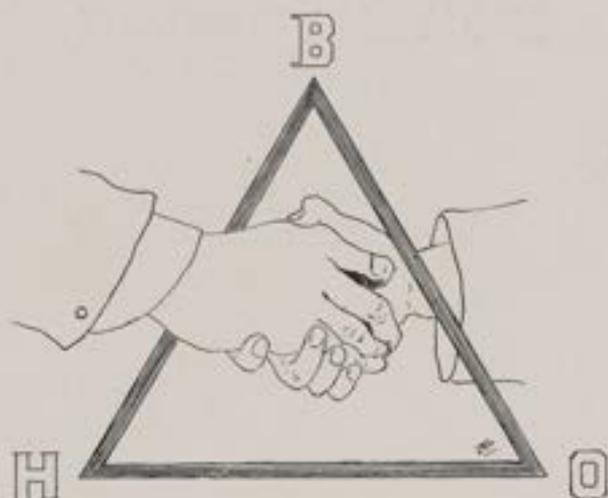
STAFF OFFICERS.

COLONEL	NEWTON T. BRINGHURST
MAJOR	R. KEMP MORTON
CAPTAIN	WALTER T. SIMCOE
FIRST-LIEUTENANT	LEONIDAS A. HADEN
SECOND-LIEUTENANT	NORVAL T. HEPBURN
DRUM MAJOR	EMORY CLARK
COMMANDER OF RETREAT	H. M. PLITT

PRIVATEES.

STAFFORD BETTY	R. E. McCABE	W. T. SIMCOE
R. B. DAVIS	E. W. POINDEXTER	J. C. WHITMORE
H. FLEETWOOD	W. R. SAUNDERS	LEITCH WRIGHT
KARL McCULLEN	T. McN. SIMPSON	R. T. WILSON, Jr.

And all others of a cowardly yet brave nature for storming breastworks and other fortifications of a less dangerous kind.



AIM: To satisfy "gastronomic expectancies."

YELL: B. H. O.,
 B. H. O.,
 B. H. O.,
 Boggs.

DISPERSAL: "Stand not upon the order of your going, but *go-at once*."—*Macbeth*.

OFFICERS.

GRAND HIGH GEE-WHIZ	CARTER
KEEPER OF THE ROYAL BUMPER	PEATROSS
KEEPER OF THE PERFORATED PADDLE	WELLS
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	BURRUSS
CHIEF GRAND INQUISITOR	COPENHAVER
LORD HIGH ANNOUNCER OF DECISIONS	SIMPSON
EXALTED DESIGNER OF THE SYMBOLIC EMBLEM	LAUGHTON

HONORARY MEMBERS.

DR. BOWEN PROF. RUSSELL

RESIDENT MEMBERS.

PACE LAMBERT
 BARNES BENNETT

COLLEGIATE MEMBERS.

BLACKWELL	LAUGHTON
BOWEN	PEATROSS
BURRUSS	SIMPSON
CARTER	TURNER
COPENHAVER	TYLER
KILBY	WELLS

"B. H. O."

'Tis a joyous, glad sound,
Which my soul loveth well—
The musical notes
Of the boarding-house bell,
As it rings rich and clear
O'er the campus at eve,
And bids the pale student
His studies to leave.

Ah, pleasant the meeting
O'er biscuits and tea,
Delightful the converse
And swift repartee,
As, study's hard pursuer
Removed for a while,
In social delights
We the moments beguile.

The dust of the class-room,
The professor's just wrath,
The remains of dead language,
And problems in Math.,
The myst'ries of Chemistry,
Physics, and "Bi.,"
Philosophy, Rhet'ric,
And Theology.

The deeds of the past
Writ on History's scrolls,
All now for the moment
Give place to hot rolls;
And merriment, humor,
And innocent glee
Is fully indulged in
O'er steaming hot tea.

But one place there is,
Famed the whole village through
For its circle of wits
And its jolly good crew—
We have but to name it,
For who does not know
Of that great institution—
The grand B. H. O.?

Its glories and deeds
Have been fully proclaimed,
And all will agree
That most justly 'tis famed.
Now, if of good comradeship
You are in quest,
Just drop in some evening,
And we'll "do the rest."



CLUB HOUSE: Seventh Cottage.

MYSTIC SYMBOLS: S. P. G.

PATRON SAINT: Epicurus.

YELLS: Hot stuff! Cold stuff!
Got a plenty good stuff!
Seventh Cottage!

Sugar and bread! Sugar and bread!
Seventh Cottage still ahead!

THE ECHO: Comes from Fourth Cottage.

OFFICERS.

GREAT BIG FRIED OYSTER	COPENHAVER
HOME-MADE CHEESE	MORTON
POTTED HAM	McCABE
UNFEED BISCUITS	McNEAL, W. R.
GORBLER	SIMPSON
FRESH FISH	McNEAL, J. R.
THE GOAT	WILLIAMS

MEMBERS.

TAYLOR—"Come on boys, let's give the yell."

BETTY—Of "Push Joke" fame.

CLARK—The "Baby."

HONORARY MEMBERS.

COPE'S AUNTS.

CHIEF ALIEN.

SAUNDERS—Who "comes when he's called."

MEMORABLE DATES.

February 19—The Fire.

March 8—The Goat's Reception.

THE ROOTING CLUB.



MOTTO:

Root pig or lose your "tater."

YELL:

"Pour the oil on him."

HOGS IN OFFICIO.

CHIEF HOG:

"PEAKS" SAUNDERS

FINANCE HOG:

ORRIE TUFTS

RECORDING HOG:

"BLINC" SIMCOE

GROUND HOG:

"JUDGE" CRAWLEY

BIG SOW:

"BIG" KELLAM

RUNTS:

"BEV" BOND
"BABY" CLARKE

SQUEALERS:

"FISH" DAVIS
"PULLET" PAULETT

SHOATS.

"TWISKY" BRINGHURST
HOPE KELLAM
BOB McCABE

"KID" McNEAL
ELDRIDGE POINDEXTER
EDDIE SMITH
J. M. LEAKE

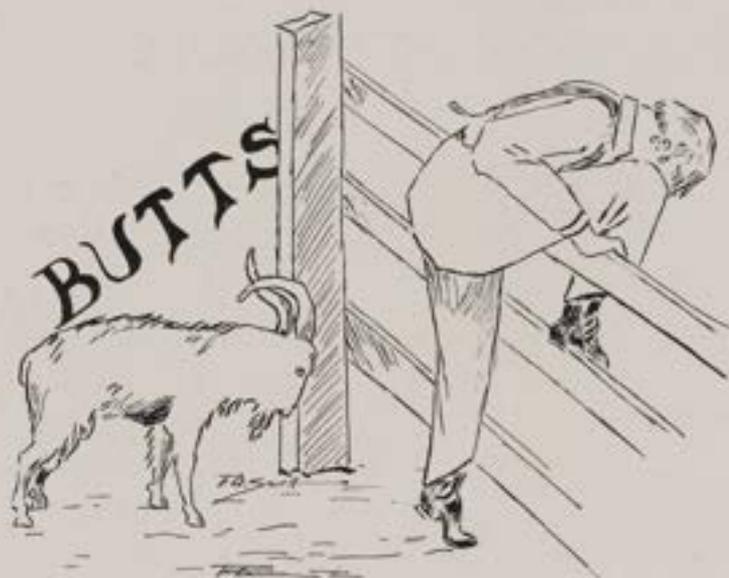
ERNEST STARR
T. McN. SIMPSON
EDDIE WOODHOUSE

RAZOR BACK GRUNTERS.

"LONG" FIELDING
TOM HEATH
"JAKE" HOLMAN

"LORD" PAYLOR
BOB PUGH
"DUSKY" RHODES

"BRE'R" SWIMLEY
"GRANDPA" SHIRES
"BIB LIT" TAYLOR



"This music mads me; let it sound no more."—CHAPEL CHOIR.

"A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits."—RUDASIL.

"My dearest, I could die for thee!"—J. W.

"I am growing fonder of my staff" (?).—THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

"I can find no remedy against this consumption of the purse."—"BANNY"
GATES.

"Too comic for the solemn things they are."—"THE BIBLITS."

A tower of strength for Randolph-Macon.—HADEN.

"He lards the lean earth as he walks along."—"FATTY" KELLAM.

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray."—JAMES.

The hairs of thy head are all numbered.—WELLS.

"None but himself can be his parallel."—THRIFT.

"He was with her always."—"CAPT." LIPSCOMB.

"In self-assumption greater than in the note of judgment."—JOE ANDERSON.

At the "Chick" House table: "Where does macaroni grow?"—"JUDGE."

"The best of men have ever loved repose."—FLEETWOOD.

"The worst of madmen is a saint run mad."—JAKE HOLMAN.

"Base is the slave that pays."—FISH DAVIS.

"Either thou art most ignorant by age or thou wert born a fool."—HENRY DAVIS.

Prof. Astronomy: Where would you look for your zenith? Mr. Furr: I'd look east.

W-w-why, G-g-g-goat, if s-s-s-o-x don't spell sox, what d-d-d-does it sp-sp-spell?—BETTY.

"Unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone."—OUR LOAFERS.

"No true love there can be without its dread penalty—jealousy."—EGGLESTON.

"Get money; still, get money, boy; no matter by what means."—THE BUSINESS MANAGER.



THE FACULTY AS WE HEAR THEM.

PROF. BLACKWELL :

"Why don't you know it? Go on!!! — — — — — Um—be a plenty."

PROF. SMITHEY :

"Did very well, but didn't quite make it," or "Did much better than I expected."

DR. WIGHTMAN :

"Keep right cool now. Ach! Fish, h-a-v-e some sense. Look it up."

DR. BOWEN :

"Oh! Mr. ———. No; *impossible, impossible*. The Romans would not express it *that way*."

DR. EDWARDS :

"Lo and behold, young brethren," or "I question very seriously—"

PROF. JONES :

"I don't like to be dogmatic, but it *occurs* to me it should be this way. What do you think about it, Mr. ———?"

DR. DODD :

"I guetsh you'd like to have a zero, Mr. ———?"

DR. CANTER :

"Now, we will have an interesting demonstration."



LITERARY.

HUSH ME TO SLEEP WITH A SONG.

Hush me to sleep with a song, my dear,
For the daylight dies and the night is here,
And a sad wind sobs in the branches near,
So hush me to sleep with a song.

Hush me to sleep with a song, I pray,
For I am tired out with the noise of day,
So come to me now in the old sweet way,
And hush me to sleep with a song.

Hush me to sleep with a song at last,
When my life's harsh day, like a dream, is past ;
When the twilight falls at the close of day,
Be near me, then, dear heart, I pray,
And hush me to sleep with a song.

His Last Farewell.

IT WAS one of those inexpressibly beautiful evenings of an Italian spring. The sun, a great ball of flame, slowly and majestically sunk into billowy clouds, while the whole heavens were bathed in azure softly shaded outward to pink and then to a brilliant roseate hue. A light zephyr stole from the ocean and fanned the glossy lemon and olive leaves. Ever and anon the deep-toned bell notes of the old gray monastery, far away on the green hills, sounded indistinctly through the humid atmosphere. It was vesper time, and the cowed monks, with downcast looks, were filing into the chapel.

On the piazza of the hotel sat a cluster of chattering Americans, just in from a day of sight-seeing. I was tired, and feeling that longing for solitude and rest which sometimes comes to the most buoyant of natures, I, unobserved, slipped away, and not knowing whither I went, I sauntered along a shady, narrow street. Upon collecting my wandering thoughts, and suddenly looking up, there, just in front of me, loomed the towering old cathedral. Birds flitted about the fretted, tapering spires, which gracefully reared their lofty crosses to the sky. The heavy pile of masonry, massive and gray, stained by the ravages of centuries, stood grim and silent. The great carved entrance seemed to invite to the quiet restfulness within, and I entered.

All was still and silent, and I was alone in this great house of God. The time of day, the vastness of the cruciform structure, the heavy architecture, and the ancient relics all around me, seemed to awe and cast, as it were, a spell over me. When about half way up the central aisle I sank into a high carved pew and rested my head against a velvet cushion.

When I had been thus communing with myself for a few minutes my ear seemed to detect faint strains of music. At first I thought it was the sighing of the breeze through some of the many friezes and lacey carvings, but presently I was aware that from some part of the structure real music—no, it seemed almost unreal from its soft, melodious sweetness—was stealing. I had never heard anything like it. It was like an opiate to me; it quieted, it comforted, and drove away all care and thought. I leaned still farther back in the spacious corner of the pew and listened to such strains of melody as had never before reached my ears. I did not wish to seek out the cause and location of the sounds; I wanted only to remain passive and listen, listen on forever.

Presently, however, the notes became louder and more distinct; they gradually increased in volume and seemed to come nearer until, all at once, a great

volume of sound rent the air. Such, oh, such magnificent notes swelled and reverberated through the arched nave. A very flood of joyful praise rolled back and forth through the dim edifice and spoke of untold things. The massy triple columns seemed to vibrate and tremble under the undulating sounds of this heavenly oratorio, and I, gasping, stood erect, with hands clinched on the railing, with lips parted and with wide-open eyes, while conflicting emotions shook my frame. Joy, fear, gratitude, praise and awe were all at the same time experienced. After a few moments, each of which seemed an hour, I sank cowering back into the corner. The mixed sublimity and awfulness can never be known by man. I was glued to the place indeed; I would not have moved for worlds.

The cathedral was growing dimmer and heavy, uncouth shadows were lengthening across the body of the church. Now the powerful soul-lifting strains were gently sinking, sinking to unspeakable pathos. As the first notes of the melody were sweet and lovely, as the grand thunder of the oratorio was magnificent and impressive, so these fading strains bore an exquisite pathos, a pleading sorrow. I fell to my knees, and as I lifted my eyes to the high altar, before which burned the eternal fire in swinging censers, a ray from the sinking sun darted through a high stained window in the western transept and rested on the altar-piece. It was an old painting of the agony in Gethsemane. The Christ had just arisen from offering his last prayer, and his face, pale and drawn from the mental agony, bore drops of blood.

I bowed my head and tried to pray, while tears coursed down my face. The music was now hardly audible, and it was no more than a sob. Finally it died away in a sigh.

When I looked up, the kindly face of the old sexton was bending over me. He carried a great bunch of jangling keys, and bade me leave before he closed the doors for the night. I followed him down the broad aisle, now scarcely visible in the vast gloom that had settled in the cathedral. As we passed along, the figures on the stations of the cross peered at us in ghastly forms.

I asked the kind old man who played the organ that afternoon. His dim eyes filled with tears as he replied in Italian that it was their handsome, beloved young organist, who had had charge of the organ since he was a mere boy. He had consumption, and had been away to regain his robust health, but the day before he had returned to die, and had that afternoon been carried to his beloved organ, where he requested that he might be left alone to make his last farewell to his dear friend, to speak through this medium the feelings of his inmost soul. . . . And this was what I heard!

The following morning he was found dead, with his fingers still laid on the cold, senseless keys, which had so recently responded to his touch with such depth of feeling.

K.

POEM.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO TENNYSON.)

Broke, broke, broke,
By going with thee, O maid!
And I would that I never might see
The debts that must now be paid.

O well for the millionaire,
Who has plenty of money to spend!
But sad for the college boy
Who must write to his father to send.

And the stately maids pass on
To their pleasure without the bill;
But O for the touch of a dollar note,
And the sound of the dimes that are still!

Broke, broke, broke,
By the base-ball games and debates!
But the *tesder* notes of a day that is passed
Were spent at the entrance gates.

J. W.

SUGGESTED BY HEARING LEYBACH'S
FIFTH NOCTURNE.

Shadows of trees on sleeping lakes
Where ripples murmur soft and low
And moonlight throws the mountain walls
In dusty silhouettes below.
Down on the mirror-surfaced lake
Upon whose shores the ripples break
In never dying harmony;
And melody as soft and low
As silver rain-drops rhythmic fall
On leafy domes of forest trees;
The music of the summer breeze
Upon the lyre of leafy boughs;
The low, sweet music of the pines
When through their tops a soft wind sighs;
The pipe of bird in swinging nest;
The buzz of bees in fragrant flowers;
The nameless harmony of joy;
The beauty of the moon-lit hours—
All these the master's art has harmonized
And given us Nature's own melody.

J. MILLER LEAKE.

Ashland.

THE town of Ashland, the present site of Randolph-Macon College, is sixteen miles north of Richmond, on the main line of railway between that city and Washington, D. C. It is near the centre of Hanover county, which is about forty-five miles long.

The site of the town is a plateau, from which the streams flow to both the Chickahominy and South-Anna rivers. Like all plateaus it is level, but the lands near its edge slope in every direction, particularly towards the last named river, distant about four miles. The impression that it is a part of the "Slashes of Hanover" is incorrect, it being one hundred and eighty-seven feet higher than Broad street, Richmond. This impression grew out of the fact that it was called originally "Slash College," in honor of Henry Clay—the "Mill-boy of the Slashes," whose birthplace was about six miles Southeast of Ashland. The name was changed to ASHLAND, the name of Henry Clay's Kentucky home, some years after it was built.

The land occupied by the town was originally acquired by the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad Company, which company still owns some of the land in and near the town. On it was built the first important station north of Richmond, which was made so by its becoming the point where the passengers on all the trains got their meals.

In the year 1850 a company, called "The Ashland Hotel and Mineral Well Company," bought the property now occupied by the College. This company built largely to accommodate visitors during the summer months. The present campus was laid off and improved by walks and grass, so as to make it attractive to visitors. Besides the hotel there was a handsome building near the railroad track. Other buildings dotted the lawn.

It was in full blast when the war commenced. It then became a camp for cavalry, and the companies were drilled constantly near by till they were called to the field. During the war it became the home of refugees largely. At the close of hostilities it was much dismantled. Its banquet hall was deserted, its lights all fled, and nearly all its original occupants dead or gone away.

In 1868 Randolph-Macon College was moved and brought here from Boydton, its original site. The old ball-room was converted into a Chapel and Literary

Society Halls. The Ashland Hotel was utilized for lecture rooms and dormitories. The cottages became professors' houses and dormitories. The campus was filled with students, some of them veterans from the army.

Dr. James A. Duncan was the president, with Thomas R. Price, Richard M. Smith, Harry Estill and W. W. Valentine, professors. Under his presidency the College prospered and the town revived with freshened life. It now spreads over more than double the territory it originally occupied. Its population has increased from a few hundred to over one thousand. A convenient and tasteful station house and grounds have taken the place of the former shanty and its untidy surroundings. The town is noted for its beautiful homes and lawns and shrubbery.

Instead of three passenger trains of two cars each, for travelers, now there are nine, averaging five or more each way, North and South. Instead of three freight trains a week there are about a dozen a day.

The old ball-room chapel burned down in 1878, and was succeeded by the present "Duncan Memorial Church and College Chapel." The hotel building was removed some years ago and all the cottages and buildings except one have disappeared. "Old things have passed away and all things have become new."

CAPT. IRBY.



THE SONG OF THE FISH.

(With all due apologies to the shade of Thomas Hood.)

With countenance haggard and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A student sat, with dejected air,
Holding his aching head—
Throb—throb—throb!
To end his life he could wish,
And still in a voice of dolorous pitch
He sang the "Song of a Fish!"

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work—work—work
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where a thing like a student was never known,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Math, and Latin, and "Bi"—
Which with problems and formulas teem,
Till over my lessons I fall asleep,
And study on in a dream.

"And if, perchance, I dream
Of home and the loved ones dear,
And thus some glimmer of heavenly light
Shines into my life so drear,
Alas! it does not endure,
For, just as I long and wish,
A Senior comes thundering loud at my door
With a terrible cry: 'Work, Fish.'

"O! professors, if hearts you have,
If sons or brothers dear,
Pray have compassion on us poor Fish
Ere our brains become worse for wear!
Work—work—work,
I study, and pony, and cram,
For fear I shall bust at the end of the year,
When I'm called to stand the exam.

"But why do I talk of exam!
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
Ah me! that degrees should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright.
But the labor is not for aye,
It will end now pretty soon;
For the session opens in September
But closes again in June.

"Then home—home—home
Turn the thoughts of the homesick Fish,
And home—home—home
Is their one desire and wish;
With yells and shoutings, and joy,
When Commencement has come and gone,
They'll take their leave of the College halls
And Ashland maidens forlorn."

JAMES R. LAUGHTON.



A True Experience.

COMMENCEMENT was over. I had scraped through Latin with a margin somewhere in the ten-thousandths and had come into the possession of the coveted A. B. When I went to say good-bye to all the girls and boys I was sorry that A. B.'s had been invented, and I wished that one could go to college all one's life. But now it was all over, and I settled down at home to await calls from universities and other institutions of learning to come and occupy chairs of honor within their classic walls. As no such calls came, I at last decided to accept the position of teacher in a small country school in the back-woods portion of Virginia. The position was not very lucrative, but I thought it might furnish me with some experience which would be beneficial to me in procuring a better position.

I shall never forget the feeling with which I viewed my field of labor on the morning school opened. Half the desks, or rather benches, were in one way or another disabled; great holes were in the plastering, especially on the boys' side, and the laths revealed at such places were plentifully bespattered with tobacco spit; the stove was an old one, cracked and battered, and everything about the room and its fixtures presented the appearance of having seen better days. The house was pretty well filled. There were perhaps eighteen boys, assorted colors, sizes and shapes; most of them, however, were large, overgrown, and rough, larger than myself and several of them older. They wore very large boots, coats either too long or too short, with sleeves to correspond; I don't think any one of them had on a whole suit of the same kind. The girls presented a more varied spectacle than the boys. They had their hair dressed in every style from Queen Elizabeth's time down—bangs, psyches, water-falls, plaits, and curls galore; curls seemed to be the most predominant style—long mud-colored ones, coated with grease to keep them from uncurling. Their dresses were, as a general thing, plain, with colored gingham aprons; but one or two of the damsels had on their Sunday attire in honor of the occasion, and these were truly wonderful. There are only seven colors in the rainbow, but I counted thirteen distinct hues in one of those dresses. Of a truth, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. No doubt they intended to take the teacher by storm—break his heart at once; but there they failed, for I had been to Ashland and was prepared for such things, thanks to my lessons in "calicoing."

Such was my mental photograph of the school, and it is no wonder that my heart sank within me as I proceeded to call the school to order and to look sternly

at two boys who were trying the effect of a salivary bath on each other's feet. On my desk I found a pretty good sized club, placed there by some well-meaning young hopeful as an intimation of what I would need to govern the school. There was a decided titter and an ominous shuffling of feet when I turned my back for a moment to put the club in the stove. I got along very well, though, and as time progressed I got along better and better. It is true I had to keep one of the largest girls, a young lady nearly my age, in all of the noon recess one day and compel her to recite to me then a grammar lesson that she refused to recite when the class recited, and several other similar incidents occurred before they realized that I meant to be obeyed; but finally they saw that it was of no use to try to move me by tears or smiles, and then all that trouble was over.

On my first holiday, which was the following Saturday, I went out hunting, and happened to meet with Bub Hawkins, one of my largest boys and acknowledged leader of them, who was out on a similar errand. We hunted together all day, and I accidentally made several fine shots at game, which raised me to a high pedestal in his estimation. On Monday he invited me to come out to their house and spend the night some time. That was a great honor, so on Thursday evening, after school, I went.

The "Hawkinses" lived in a house down by the creek, and were considered "well-to-do" people. They had a "pianny" which, although it had floated "clean across the room" at the time of the last freshet, and they had taken six "bucketsful" of mud out of it afterward, and had never had it tuned since, was "the sweetest tuned pianny" they had ever heard, and they "didn't say it because it were theirs, neither." Well, after I had gone through the process of being introduced to "Pap," "Ma," "Louly," a girl of about twenty-two years of age, and six or seven younger Hawkinses from five years down, supper was announced and everybody scrambled for the table. Such a supper! Everything you could imagine, topped off with cake, pie and custard. I upheld my former R.-M. reputation and did my duty to it. Once three or four dogs came in and got in a fight under the table, but as none of the others seemed to notice it, I soon became accustomed to it and went on eating.

After supper Louly volunteered to play a piece, and as she said she knew "Black Hawk" waltz without her notes I called for that. I have often wished that some of my musical friends in Ashland could have heard that masterful production. She struck about three notes correctly in every five bars; if she had not told me it was "Black Hawk" I never would have known it. It sounded more like a callithump than anything else. The family all looked on with admiring eyes and the girl banged on with the air of one who had a certain number of rocks

to break and a very limited time to break them in. At last she ended with a final discordant crash, and as she arose from the instrument with a look of triumph on her face she asked me if I did not think her "pianny" had an exceptional fine tone, to which, of course, after making several mental reservations, I replied in the affirmative. When bed-time came they ushered me into the "spare room." It was a small room, the two windows of which were filled up with all the jellies and preserves the family had collected in the past three years. In one corner of the room stood an old-fashioned high-posted bedstead, upon which was a feather bed at least three feet deep. When I got into it it closed up over the top of me, and I never expected to see daylight again, but having become resigned to my fate, I managed to sleep pretty well. It is true I had some trouble getting out next morning, but by vigorous swimming I managed to reach one side.

I continued to get along nicely with my school. All the scholars seemed to like me, and consequently tried to learn. The boys would gather around me at the dinner hour and I would tell them college yarns—all about the baseball and football teams, etc. I had a great time to keep my scholars from chewing gum in school hours, especially the smaller ones. Chewing-gum was their currency; they would chew it awhile and then trade it to another for something else. Once a little urchin offered me a generous hunk which had been chewed by at least half a dozen before he got it. The little fellow had the best intentions and I hated to hurt his feelings, but nevertheless I had to decline.

There was a poor backward boy named Campbell in my school, and I had some trouble in keeping the other boys, as well as the girls, from imposing on him; he was as large as any of them, but he was bashful and backward and they took advantage of him. About three weeks before school closed, one day at noon recess, ten of the larger boys managed to get themselves with Campbell locked up in an old building near the school-house, and they did not get in until school had been in an hour. They did it just to get Campbell "kept in," for they knew he had a horror of it. I caught on to their game, having overheard accidentally part of their conversation, and that afternoon after school I kept in every one in the crowd except Campbell. They urged the excuse that they were locked in and could not get out, but when I asked them if they were locked in against their wills they remained silent. Bub was the ring-leader of the crowd and it cut him to the quick because I had kept him in. I suspect it hurt me a great deal more than it did them, but I could not help it.

For several days afterward none of the gang, as people called them, would speak to me except when I asked them a question, and then they would answer in the shortest way possible. They would not do anything against me openly, but

every little thing they could do to worry me, without really committing an offense, they did. Those who had once been my warmest friends were now my bitterest enemies. I learned that they had sworn to take vengeance on me, and that on the last day of school they were going to buck and gag me. I overheard several remarks at the country store pitying "that poor little teacher" and saying they "would hate to be in his shoes on the last day."

Thus matters went on until the night before school closed. I had retired early and was in the midst of a good nap when I heard the cry of "Fire! fire!" I awoke and found my room illuminated by the burning building, which was not far off. Now in the country they do not have fire companies, who go out, brave and heroic, extinguish the fire in a few minutes, and return, all covered with glory and mud, as they do in Ashland and other large cities, but every one turns out and assists; so I threw on a few clothes and hurried to the scene. It was Hawkins' house, and it seemed that the fire was well under way before the family awoke. When I arrived the house was past saving. All the family of numerous Hawkinses were safe except one little girl, who had in some manner been left behind up-stairs, and the poor mother was almost distracted. The stair was on fire and there was no ladder to be had. I quickly took in the situation and immediately decided on something rash. I don't know what made me do it; it was certainly not meant for a brave act, for I had no idea that fire is as hot as it is. I seized a coil of rope and quickly made my way up the corner of the house. As it was a log structure, and the up-stairs windows reached nearly to the roof, I had no difficulty in reaching the roof, kicking in a window and letting myself in. Once inside, the heat and smoke nearly stifled me. Fortunately about the first thing I stumbled against was the child, who had fallen in a heap on the floor near the window, unconscious from the smoke. I quickly fastened the rope around her and lowered her out of the window; then tying the rope to the sill, I reached the ground in safety, though right badly scorched. In the open air the child soon revived, and I hurried back home, got my landlady, good Mrs. Jones, to apply some nightshade and elder-root salve to my wounds, and went to bed, though I did not sleep much, as burns are not the most pleasant things a man can have.

The next morning I went to school with both hands bandaged up, my eyebrows and most of my hair singed off. Bub made his appearance at school, too, in a borrowed suit of clothes, and just before I dismissed school for the last time he got up with a shame-faced look and apologized to me for the conduct of the gang for the past three weeks, and made a little speech which, though not couched in the most brilliant language I ever heard, yet made me feel good. Needless to say, I was not bucked.

I had many invitations back to take the same school the next session, but I did not go, for I had obtained the much-needed experience and succeeded in getting a much better place.

LEE DUNCAN.

THE MESSAGE OF AUTUMN.

What is the message the autumn winds bring,
As through the tree-branches they tunefully sing?
Now softly and low, like the notes of a dove
As he coos to his mate his devotion and love;
Now deeper and richer; now wild, like the wail
Of lost souls in torment; now into a gale
Of frenzy and passion, of fury sublime;
Then blending their tones in one sad mournful strain,
As of Nature o'er-burdened with sorrow and pain,
In musical cadences dying away,
They fall to a zephyr as gentle as May.

What is the message the autumn woods tell,
On mountain and hill-side, in valley and dell?
Scarlet, and yellow, and crimson, and gold,
The trees of the forest their glories unfold;
Scarlet, and crimson, and golden, and brown,
The leaves of the forest come fluttering down;
O'er the brown earth they lie in their gorgeous array,
Only to wither, and die, and decay.
But if, in the spring-tide, we go forth again,
We may note, where the dead leaves of autumn have lain,
A far richer verdure on mountain and wold—
The life of the new in the death of the old.

Ah! this is the message comes borne on the breeze,
Speaking low to my soul, in the woods and the trees—
Life's summer is passing, the autumn is near,
And the leaf of thy being grows yellow and sere.
O, then, when it falls—doomed to wither and mould
On the bosom of earth, swept by winds harsh and cold—
On the earth-life around may a richness be shed,
That a new life may spring where the old life lies dead.
Scarlet, and crimson, and golden, and brown,
The leaves of the forest come fluttering down,
They die but to live; then, my soul, cease thy fears,
A life is before thee, unmeasured by years.

JAS. R. LAUGHTON.

SCHUBERT.

He found upon the shores of Time's wide sea
A shell called music—harmony of sound.
He held it to his ear, and heard the voice
Of things we can not hear—the moan of seas,
To us unknown, the music of the spheres,
Infinite joy and pain, triumph's loud song,
The miserere of a hopeless grief;
And, hearing things that are not heard by all,
He caught Infinity's melodious sounds,
And made them into music, we can hear,
And feel, and love, and sometimes understand.

J. MILLER LEAKE.

Hanover Courthouse.

HERE and there scattered throughout our rural districts are quiet, modest scenes which have, by fortune's hand, been woven into history's great fabric. One of these scenes is Hanover Courthouse—a quaint and unpretentious structure. As we stand at the foot of the gentle hill upon whose crest it is located and gaze upon the calm, quiet spot, while the mellow rays of the departing sun throw themselves athwart the green carpet and mingle with the lofty branches of the locust trees, we are touched by the calm unspoken words which tell us of the days when the air around rang with the tones of Virginia's orator as he plead for liberty and for justice. We do not need any companion to remind us that it is not a modern building, but one which has been breasting the storms of winter and facing the heat of summer for many long years. Into this plain, one-storied, flat-roofed, brick building there used to enter a man whose words of wisdom and eloquence did not cease to vibrate in the hearts of his countrymen until they unanimously joined in the exultations of America's freedom. When we look upon the very walls which heard him speak, and tread upon the very stones which bore his weight, we feel that architecture is incomplete because houses cannot speak. Along the front are five arched doorways leading into the portico which extends across the front, and these seem to suggest that into those halls enter Deliberation, Justice, Liberty, Honor and Democracy.

The Courthouse stands on a plot containing about two acres, having near it nothing save the irregularly arranged locust trees which stand as aged sentinels to guard the honored spot. On both sides of the lot are other county government buildings. These, however, in no way resemble the Revolutionary Courthouse. That bespeaks itself to be of a ruder and more distant age. Time and style have wrought but few changes in its appearance. Occasionally you may find some inscription rudely carved upon the bricks, but these are few. The ground plan is T-shaped, having the top of the T as the front. In the interior several changes have been made since the days when the great silver-tongued orator was there. But still, both inside and out, it is quite modest. It furnishes one an example of those instances where plain, unostentatious roofs have given shelter to those of whom any State may be proud, and in whose deeds a nation may rejoice.

The Courthouse is standing yet, but where is he whose association has thrown around it that halo by which it is now encompassed? History says he is gone. Yet we know that the mantle of his liberty-loving spirit has fallen upon us. His memory still lives, and whenever it wells up into our consciousness it comes like

a fountain of cool, living water to bathe us in inspiration and in hope. He plead for liberty; we have it. Never shall we admit that "armies and navies are necessary to a work of reconciliation and love." He said that our fathers must fight. They fought, they won. To-day we stand as that nation in whose presence all other nations are eclipsed and whose name is the symbol at once of freedom and of power. There are few structures standing to-day which witnessed the birth of this great nation; that time when the glorious sun of liberty gradually rose above the crests of the bloody waves of war until at Yorktown he burst through the smoke of the last battle-field and flooded our land with peace. Surely we feel something of reverence in approaching even the insensible bricks and mortar which saw that day. In their presence we feel somewhat in touch with the heroes whom they once knew. Although around this Courthouse there may now be an air of calmness and quietude, yet it has not been ever thus. The time has been when those walls were unable to confine the sentiments of their inmates. Those sentiments which flashed from breast to breast, from home to home, from community to community, until with one unanimous voice the American people sang the chorus of the Declaration of Independence.

Many long years have now rolled by since this was new Hanover Courthouse, because it was new in 1735—one hundred and sixty-six years ago. During those years many a wall has crumbled. But these walls have been fostered by a nation's care. But we may ask ourselves why these have been preserved while so many others have been allowed to totter and fall? Ah! may we not say that these have been supported by the twining branches of memory's ever verdant vines? We cannot forget those ancient days, for "the deeds that men do live after them." It is the deeds of the hero of Hanover which nourish those vines of memory. Patrick Henry has left his indestructible stamp upon this house and its surroundings. While we are standing in the presence of them, by imagination's art we catch the thrilling tones of his voice as it comes with ever-increasing volume down the corridor of the centuries. We hear him say, "Give me liberty or give me death." May time's destructive years long spare these ancient walls as monuments of his glory.

As at the eventide I was departing from the sacred spot I felt that I had seen a place whose image was in my mind once and forever. There was no grand architecture, no gorgeous display, no mighty tower, but yet for the sake of the long gone days I could not but reverence the spot. Great men make places great, and it was through these men that such places have been raised to that height at which they are viewed by the nations of the earth. Where are the places of fame which are now unknown? May they be made many and fast by the heroes of to-day and by those yet unborn.

THE BIBLIT'S WOOING.

(With thanks to the author of "The White Man's Chewing," and with apologies to Longfellow.)

Southward from the land of blizzards,
In the pleasant spring-time season,
Came the fair and charming maiden—
Came the beautiful Florina,
She was charming as a Venus,
And her glances were so fatal
That no heart could e'er resist her.

Soon a brave, once woman-hater,
At her feet was prostrate kneeling,
Asking her to take his heart, and
E'er to hold it in her keeping.
And Florina heard his wooing,
And she listened to his pleading;
Then she gave the longed-for answer
That she'd be his guardian angel
Till they come to death's dark river,
And cross o'er to fields Elysian.
Happy then was Ceotina,
Happy then as cooing pigeon,
Or as Laughing Minnehaha
In the days of Hiawatha.

Often in the pleasant evening,
Strolled they through the Ashland meadows,
Loving in the happy present,
Planning for the happy future.
All the sky was stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crimson,
And the evening sun descending,
Reddened with its rays the meadows,
And the gentle western zephyrs
Kissed the cheeks of man and maiden.
Yet, to loving Ceotina,
Naught had charms as his Florina.
She, the silent, pensive maiden
Thought him fairest of creation.

By the sinking Star of Evening,
They were warned of night's approaching,
Then they turned their faces homeward,
Strolled they slowly o'er the meadows,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the sinking Star of Evening.
Turned not Ceotina from her,
And with slow steps walked beside her,
And he took her hand, as white as,

White as snow is in the winter,
Called her sweet-heart, his Florina,
And, more happy than Osseo,
In the days of Nenemoosha,
Was this lover, Cootina.

Then the prowling Duski-Rhoda,
Noisy, shouting Duski-Rhoda,
He, whose tongue is always wagging,
Saying things that should stay secret,
As one evening he was searching
In the garden for some blossoms,
Peeped in through the parlor window,
And there saw our Cootina
Wooing still his sweet Florina.

On the sofa sat Florina,
By her side the faithful lover,
Saying o'er the old, old story.

Thus was saying Cootina:

"Let our hands be clasped more closely,
Let our hearts be more united—
See! a star falls," said the lover,
"From the sky a star is falling."
Then in truth they were clasped closely,
And the lips of Cootina
Found the sweet lips of Florina.

"Joy, O, joy!" says Cootina,
"I have found the fields Elysian."

Then the prying Duski-Rhoda,
Laughing, shook his tangled tresses,
Rushed he to the college campus,
And he said a star had fallen,
Told the tale of Cootina,
Then he turned to Eggleston,
"Eggleston," learn a lesson
From this act of Cootina;
If for you a star be shooting,
First draw close the window curtain,
Lest you end as did Osseo,
In the days of Nenemoosha.

DREAMING AND DOING.

Not to dream, not to *dream* of the turmoil and strife,
Of the far-away din of the fray ;
Not to dream, not to *dream* of the warrior's life
'Mid the bellowing cannon's deep bray ;
For the dreamer is lost in the land of his dreams,
And the vision it fadeth away.

Not to dream, but to *do*, in the warfare of life,
Then arouse ye, as soldiers, to arms !
For the battle is raging ; the noise of the strife
Stirs our souls with the martial alarms.
'Tis no time now to slumber ; then rouse ye anew !
'Tis no time now to *dream*, but to *do*.

JAS. R. LAUGHTON.

The Mission of Art.

THE history of art is the history of the inner life of man, of the aspirations of his higher nature after an ideal, of the struggle of the spiritual for perfect and adequate expression. Throughout the history of art, from its crude beginnings down to the period marking its most glorious achievements, we may discover a continual effort of the soul of man to express its unutterable yearnings and longings, its deepest thoughts and its profoundest experiences.

Art was never given simply for the amusement of man. It does something more than merely charm his fancy or minister to his more refined perceptions. Art plans, but it does more than that. Art charms, but it fulfills a higher mission than that. Art delights the eye and gratifies the senses and elevates the soul, but its obligation to man is deeper than that. In the words of Millet, the great poet-painter of France: "Art is a language, and a language is made to express thoughts."

The law of growth is a universal law of nature, and it applies to the spiritual and intellectual as well as to the natural. The flower springs from the seed; the oak from the acorn. God's germ-thought in the seed and in the acorn finds its full expression in the fragrant flower and in the spreading oak. "The child is father to the man."

The strength and vigor of manhood can be attained only through the natural processes of growth. It is in art as in nature; it is with art as with man. The crude picture-writing of the earliest times marks the beginning of pictorial art. Men possessed ideas which they were endeavoring to express.

The child must learn the alphabet before it can begin to write; the student of language must master first the principles before he can begin to use the language intelligently. Perfection of thought-expression depends largely upon perfection of form. Progress is necessarily slow. With patient toil they must labor on, step by step.

So, in the infancy of the world, these beauty-loving children, the primitive artists, gazing in open-eyed wonder upon the mysteries of nature and creation, received impressions, conceived ideas. They lived close to the heart of nature; her myriad voices bore to their souls messages for their fellow-men. These thoughts burned within them; they labored to express them. The form of expression was crude, but those earnest souls struggled on, pursuing their ideals. The more diligently they strove, the greater became the burden of their thoughts and the more intense became their desire to give them fitting expression. The laborer was

often called from his labors and compelled to lay down his unfinished work, his half-expressed idea. Indeed, the true worker never fully expresses his ideas. The thought in the mind of the thinker must ever be greater than the formal expression, which is but as the shadow to the substance. So the work would remain for awhile in its state of incompleteness, until some kindred soul, aflame with the fire of genius, one who had himself received a similar vision, and who found in the unfinished work a complement to his own thought, would combine the half-expressed conception of the artist with his own conception, and would produce a noble and lasting work of art.

Thus we trace the development of art throughout the ages. A great work of art is not the product merely of one mind, nor is it peculiar to one period. It represents the accumulated thoughts of many men. It is the product of time; it is the outgrowth of the thoughts, the experiences, the feelings of the past. Many artists before Raphael had entertained conceptions of the Madonna and the infant Christ. They had striven earnestly to present those conceptions intelligently upon canvas. But it remained for Raphael to produce the immortal work which so magnificently expresses his lofty idea. The Sistine Madonna is great principally because it is human. It interprets human thought; it expresses human feelings; it awakens human sentiment; and it has therefore appealed to the hearts of men from the time of Raphael to our own time. Many artists before Phidias had developed their ideas of the chief of the gods. But the great statue of the Olympian Zeus, the product of the chisel of Phidias, was the one which appealed most strongly to the Greek mind, and which interpreted the thought of Homer, whose representation of the "father of gods and men" inspired the work.

Correggio, on studying the works of Michael Angelo, felt the inspiration of the same mighty genius, and experienced a feeling of sudden kinship of soul to the soul of the great master, which caused him to burst forth into the passionate exclamation, "And I, too, am a painter!" Genius is hereditary. The mantle of the master falls on the pupil. The progress of thought is from generation to generation.

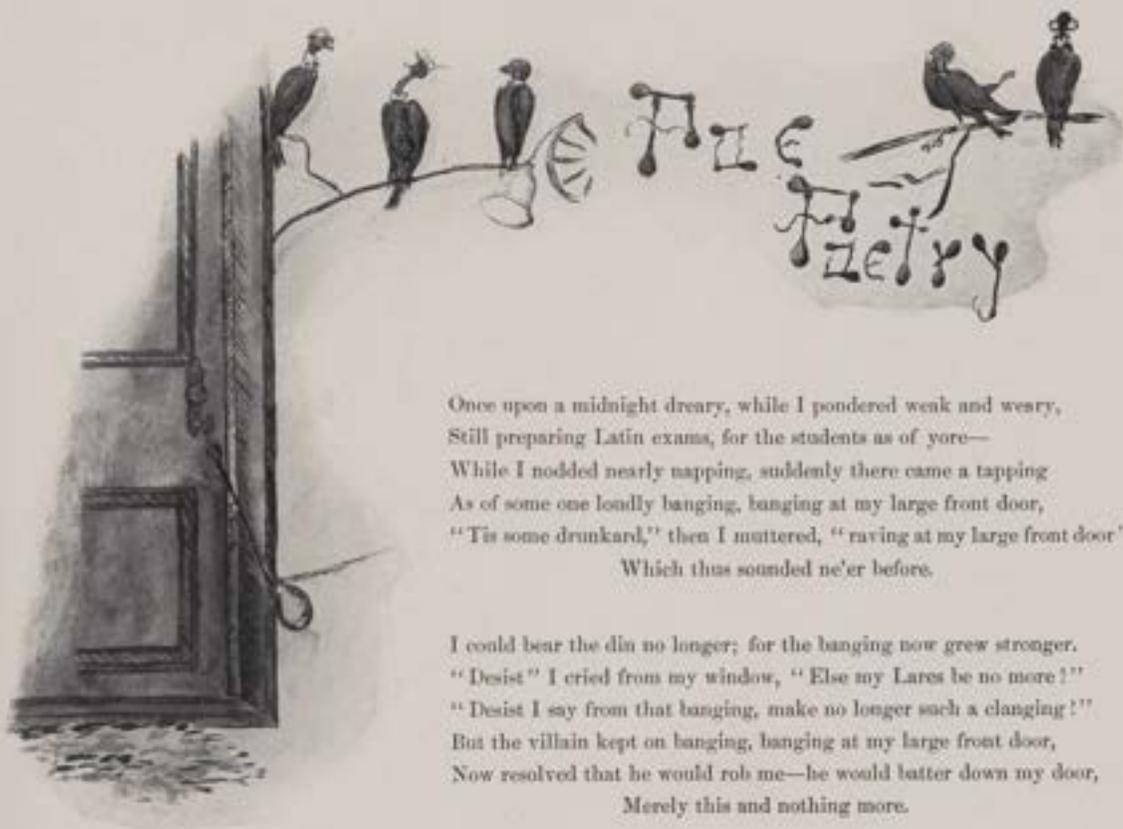
The mission of art, then, is to convey thought. Whether in pictorial, architectural, or mimetic art, whether in literature or in music, its mission is the same. The artist is no vain dreamer or idle speculator, walking among his fellow-men yet not with them, out of sympathy with his kind, his head continually in the clouds, absorbed in thoughts remote and visionary. The true artist is, in the best sense, a man of the world. He is a man of deep and broad sympathies, a profound student of men, of life, and of human conditions. He is a thinker, a philosopher, a prophet. His convictions are strong, his faith intense, his spiritual vision clear.

No light task his. The mission of the true artist is a sacred trust. He stands as the interpreter of God to men ; as the revealer of spiritual mysteries to the darkened understanding of mankind ; as the interpreter, also, of men to men.

Standing on the mount of spiritual vision, the artist receives the full glory of revelation. He is permitted to see things not vouchsafed to common eyes. There is flashed upon his sight visions pregnant with deep lessons to his fellow-men. His ear is attuned to the harmonies of Heaven, and ever and anon strains of celestial melody are wafted in upon his ravished senses. "The music of the spheres" may not have been a mere fancy. His soul, in continual communion with the spiritual, receives profound impressions, fraught with rich significance to humanity. The mission of the artist is to preserve the vision, placing it in beautiful colors upon the canvas ; to reproduce the melody in noble music, the language of the angels ; to interpret the impressions in heart-moving and soul-entrancing poetry. The vision beautiful is not for the artist only, but for his brother man. It is for the artist, Prometheus-like, to bring down these heaven-born elements to earth, and with the magic touch of genius, clothing them in the garb of imagination and fancy, to present them to men in the varied forms of art. Thus art unites earth with heaven, surrounding even the common-place with a halo of glory.

JAMES R. LAUGHTON.





Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Still preparing Latin exams, for the students as of yore—
While I nodded nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one loudly banging, banging at my large front door,
"Tis some drunkard," then I muttered, "raving at my large front door"—
Which thus sounded ne'er before.

I could bear the din no longer; for the banging now grew stronger.
"Desist" I cried from my window, "Else my Lares be no more!"
"Desist I say from that banging, make no longer such a clanging!"
But the villain kept on banging, banging at my large front door,
Now resolved that he would rob me—he would batter down my door,
Merely this and nothing more.

Quickly to my front door rushing, all my blood within me gushing,
Determined I would end that banging or "die game" upon my floor.
Here the door I threw wide open, and with syllables unspoken
In there fell the long sought clapper, clapping ne'er so loud before;
That, "The names of these who stole me shall be spoken nevermore!
"Nevermore! No—Nevermore."

CRADLE SONGS.

FOR THE HUNTER'S CHILD.

Father's a hunter, little one,
And now, far out in the forest deep,
By the silent lake, where the dead leaves fall
And his camp-fire flickers, he's asleep.
Tempting the dangers, cold, and toils,
Seeking the game that the forests give;
He hears the wolves raise a dismal cry,
He sees their shadows hurry by;
He works that his little child may live.

Following the trail of the antler'd deer,
He hears the panther's weird, wild cry;
Crossing the frozen lake, all day
He sees the duck-flocks flying by.
Fearing not danger, hunger, or cold,
He sleeps at night on a bed of fir;
He hears the roar of the winter wind,
He feels the snow fall soft and fast;
He hears the deer as they scurry past,
Trying a feeding place to find.

Sleep, little baby, shadows flit;
Sleep, little baby, calmly rest.
Naught shall harm thee, little one,
Sweetly sleep on thy mother's breast.
Father 'll soon come home with food;
Fear not the pangs of hunger dread.
Rest, little baby, fear no harm;
Sweetly sleep in thy cradle-bed.

FOR THE SAILOR'S CHILD.

There in the harbor the waters are sleeping,
Out in the ocean the storm rages wild;
Sleep soundly, little one, mother is keeping
Watch o'er her child.
Sleep gently, little one;
Sleep sweetly, little one.
Waters may foam and surge,
Waves moan so wild,
Safe in thy mother's arms,
Fear not these rude alarms;
Mother is keeping,
While thou art sleeping,
Watch o'er her child.

Out in the ocean the wild storm is raving,
And thy sailor-father is toss'd on the deep.
Out of the storm there may yet be a saving,
Sleep, darling, sleep.
Sleep gently, little one;
Sleep sweetly, little one.
Waters may rise and fall,
Night may be wild;
Sleep on thy mother's breast,
Sweet, sweet, shall be thy rest;
Mother is keeping,
While thou art sleeping,
Watch o'er her child.

—J. MILLER LEAKE.

Love vs. Ambition.

IT was the middle of February, and St. Augustine was in the height of her charm. The quaint old place was flooded with Northern tourists, driven to the balmy South by the bleak winds of a higher latitude.

Flagler's hotels, far-famed as the "group of Moorish palaces," were alive with stirring, fashionable life. In the arched, arabesque halls and loggias, quiet and exquisite with soft-tinted marbles, an occasional passer-by paused to gaze on the beauty and serenity of the scene around him and of the view beyond the walls. Surrounded by stately palms and trailing vines, with a tinkling fountain near by, one involuntarily looks around for a veiled Moorish princess, and sees, in incongruity with the environments, only a twentieth century girl, in all the smartness of a golfing costume or a filmy summer gown, topped by a picture hat.

Jerome Lorraine, luxuriating in nothingness, lolled in the deep tessellated loggia surrounding the spacious court of the Ponce de Leon. His fine, well-developed figure was carelessly thrown back in a rustic rocker, and his head, cast backward, showed a pair of sparkling brown eyes, which seemed to be fathoming the blue sky, stretched in perfect beauty beyond the massive coquina arches. His feet were propped on the balustrade, and in his hand he twirled a rattan cane. Reclining thus in his immaculate suit of white flannel, which brought his fine physique into prominence, he was indeed a model of handsome youth.

While he sat thus gazing up into the blue vault of heaven, the joyous world was astir around him. Laughing groups passed down the walks, and through the massive gateway, bent on some errand of pleasure. Here and there, in some retired nook, an interesting couple rested, and all the world seemed buoyant with the glorious climate and beauty of St. Augustine. The sun shone as he can shine only in Florida, the air was filled with the redolence of orange blossoms, flowers blossomed in profusion, and all nature rejoiced. Twittering birds flitted undisturbed in and out the vines and drank from the great fountain sparkling in the sunlight in the centre of the court.

Jerome Lorraine occasionally looked around on all this restful beauty, and wondered about the inner lives of all these people. He had arrived just the day before, and had not yet formed an acquaintance with any of the hotel guests. Suddenly a gentle breeze blew a muslin curtain aside from a window in the broad facade facing the court. Jerome looked and his heart seemed to stand still. A ray of sunlight just at this moment stole in the window and softly rested on the golden hair of a girl who sat in a large chair, writing. It formed a halo around

a Madonna-like face, which was just then raised to look out. The deep violet eyes rested for a moment on the striking figure of Jerome, and the curtain fell into its wonted place. It was only a moment, only a glimpse; but it was enough to arouse Lorraine. He got up and walked briskly into the office to look at the register. There were many names, but not one could he fit to the beautiful face he had just seen. He went back and watched the window that contained so much for him until luncheon hour; but in vain did he look for another sight that would delight his heart.

Yes, love at first sight had taken possession of Lorraine's heart, and he realized it. He lounged around the hotel the rest of the day, but was not repaid until dinner was served. He took his seat in the great dining-room, and, after carelessly giving his order, set himself to watching the door. Now came a sparkling *debutante*, in an evening gown, attended by several suitors, all eager for one word or glance of favor. Following this *cortège* waddled a portly dowager, using lorgnettes to scrutinize the actions of her young charge. Then came children and old men, attended by valets, and all sorts and conditions of mankind. All these Lorraine scanned, and then looked beyond. At length his heart leaped as the door opened and he saw a tall, graceful creature, attired in a simple costume of gray chiffon, come toward him. Is it possible? Can it be true? Yes, the waiter pulls out a chair, and *she* sits at the other end of his table. He, as in a dream, hears her give her order. Soon his own dinner is brought, and he plays with the contents of the dishes, occasionally eating. The table seems miles in length, yet there she sits, within a few feet of him, with all the dignity of a queen. A single pink rose nestles in her golden hair. He notices that she is pale, and eats with a tired, languid air. He follows her out, and sees her met at the door by her maid, with whom she strolls in the court. Soon she returns and wearily ascends the steps.

Jerome consumed his time now in devising means for learning the name of this "vision of delight," and in planning ways by which he might become engaged in conversation with her. Several days elapsed, and matters were going on in the same way, leaving poor Jerome in a state of suspense, hoping every hour to have an opportunity of knowing her. Every morning she brought a morocco portfolio to the table, and immediately after breakfast her maid rolled her out in an invalid's chair.

Lorraine, several days after his first sight of this beautiful girl, was restlessly pacing the walls of the ancient Spanish fort, when suddenly his eyes rested on a red object in an embrasure. Fortune! glorious fortune! It was the same portfolio that he had so often seen. He nervously fingered the silver clasp, and finally

opened it with a guilty air, and saw stamped in guilt letters, "Edora Seymore." Sheet after sheet of manuscript was laid neatly between the folding backs, and a small diary was stuck in a pocket. It fell out as Jerome opened the folio, and lay open on the stone floor. He stooped to pick it up and saw these words, written in a fine strong hand: "Oh God, give me a little longer time of life. Let me see my ambition gratified, my book published, and then I shall be ready to go."

It all flashed across Jerome's confused brain. He quietly closed the book as if it were a sacred object, and started back. On returning he found Miss Seymore still in her rolling chair, having just sent her maid for the portfolio.

He approached her saying, "Pardon me, Miss Seymore. I have just been to the fort, and there found your folio, which I recognized as the one I have seen you have so often. Allow me to return it."

She looked up, and smiling, said: "Many thanks; but may I ask the name of the restorer of my little pet?"

She seemed so natural and easy in her manner that one subject led to another until luncheon time arrived.

During the following week many such talks occurred, from which Jerome gathered much information concerning his fair companion. Her home was in Tennessee, and she was spending the winter months in Florida, where her brother would soon join her. She was often interrupted by violent fits of coughing, after which she seemed much exhausted. But to Jerome's inquiries she always replied that it was nothing.

One beautiful, bright morning Jerome sauntered along the old sea-wall down to the fort. When he had ascended the broad, worn steps to the battlements, he saw Miss Seymore seated on a bench, with her manuscript open before her. She was gazing across the bay, beyond the long strip of land known as Anastasia Island, and her eyes rested on the heaving, white-capped Atlantic, which gently lapped the pebbly beach. She presented a picture of such loveliness and resignation that Jerome's heart swelled with his great love for her, as it had so often done before.

As he came up a faint smile of recognition flitted across her sad face. He sat down beside her. He leaned forward, and "words sweet as honey from his lips distilled." With glowing eyes and vehement words he told of his love from the moment he first saw her; of his aimless life, which she alone could make complete; of his fortune, and again of his perfect love—all, all would be hers.

She quietly drew her hand away with a pained expression, saying: "Oh! Mr. Lorraine, do not pain me thus. I esteem you very highly, and do not wish to cause you sorrow; but have you not guessed—do you not know? I have only

a few months to live ; my life is fast ebbing away. I must finish my book, my darling project, and then I shall want to go. Do not think of loving me ; it cannot be. My dear Mr. Lorraine, I do not wish to wound you. Please call my maid."

Her lovely eyes still looked toward the great ocean. Jerome scanned her face more closely ; the eyes had assumed a vacant stare, and her hand was cold. The sun at this moment burst from a passing cloud, and shone in all his magnificence. A frightened dove flew from the embattled walls and took his flight up, up toward the sky. Perhaps he was the bearer of a pure soul to its last home.

Three months later this notice appeared in the columns of many papers : "The literary world each day mourns more deeply the death of the accomplished Miss Edora Seymore, whose recent and only book has received such praise."

K.



ABOU BEN ADHEM.

(WITH APOLOGUES TO LEIGH HUNT.)

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
One day was worried as he sat at ease
By one who came into his room, and straight,
With genial smile, his business did relate.
"I am the agent of the florist here,
And much would like your order to secure
For flowers"—and, as he spake,
Drew forth his order book his name to take.
Ben Adhem resolutely thundered: "No!
Write me as one who loves not calico!"

The agent fled. Ben Adhem single went
To the debate. He smelled the flowers' scent;
His heart was touched by Cupid's feathered shaft;
The little tyrant turned his face and laughed.

So when next Public Night came round, then all
Of Abou's friends assembled in the hall
Were sore amazed, for in he walked, and by
His side a maiden beautiful and shy.
His loving look and hers the story told,
For Cupid's shaft had made Ben Adhem bold,
Her heaving breast with flowers of sweet perfume
Was richly decked; throughout the crowded room
Their fragrance reached. The students winked and smiled,
For many there had once been thus beguiled.
The agent also chanced Abou to see,
And, close observing, chuckled low in glee.

Next month the florist's scribe makes off his bills,
The columns with expensive items fills;
He reads the names of those who thus are blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name leads all the rest.

JAMES R. LAUGHTON.

LINES WRITTEN IN FLINT'S THEISM.

"Ye say there is a wise and powerful God,
Whose wisdom's infinite, whose word is power,
Could He not make the world in one short hour—
Nay, in a moment, in a second's flash?
Why did He then take six long days to make
What one short day would answer to complete,
And say in His great wisdom, 'It is good,'
Is this an evidence of wisdom's strength?"
So question ye who mock the Theist's creed;
But could ye, in eternal wons make
The smallest atom or evolve a law,
By which it in a constant orbit rolls,
How then could ye account for life and death,
The soul and nature, with her wondrous laws,
Progress, religion, baffling chance and all,
Without the presence of a loving God,
Whose strength is infinite, whose realm of thought's
Infinity, the earth his foot stool low,
And heaven above his dwelling place and throne?
The fool says in his heart there is no God.

J. MILLER LEAKE.

COLLEGE SONGS.

TUNE—"Molly Moore."

Come all you jolly rooters and join our happy song ;
Till we have won the championship we're going to move along.

Our shortstop is young Peatross—we call him Little Pete ;
The way he handles grounders is surely something neat.

With "Lippie" as first baseman and for our captain too,
An error by our captain would be entirely new.

Our second baseman's Charlie, and Charlie he is it,
And when he comes up to the bat he's sure to get a hit.

Neville is third baseman, and Neville he's a peach ;
He struts around and gobbles up everything in reach.

I've got a little pitcher I take along with me ;
His name is Onnie Haden ; he's good as good can be.

With Plitt to hold old Onnie our battery is complete ;
With such a pitch and catcher we never meet defeat.

With Fleetwood, Ware and Wilson, the outfield is secure ;
A fly ball falling in a well would hardly be more sure.

CHORUS.

Richmond, you have got it,
You've got it in the neck ;
When you hit our good old team
Your team will be a wreck.

WE ARE THE TEAM OF '01 AND FEAR NO HARM.

We are the team of naughty one and fear no harm,
We are the team of naughty one and fear no harm ;
Give us a show and we will win,
For we are the team of naughty one and fear no harm.

We have played baseball before, many a time,
We have played baseball before, many a time ;
We have played baseball before
And we will play baseball some more,
For we're the team of naughty one and fear no harm.

HERE'S TO R. M. C.—DRINK HER DOWN.

Oh! here's to R. M. C.—drink her down ;
Oh! here's to R. M. C.—drink her down ;
Here's to R. M. C.,
She's as good as good can be—
Drink her down, drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down !

Here's to naughty one—drink her down ;
Here's to naughty one—drink her down ;
Here's to naughty one,
For our team can make the fun—
Drink her down, drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down !

RIP! RAP! RAH!

TUNE—"Hot Times."

Rip! rah! rah! Randolph-Macon's on a boom
We've licked all the rest, and we'll make the next one swoon,
And the music will begin at a two to nothing tune,
There'll be a hot time in Ashland for R.-M. C. boys.

When you see the dust begin to rise,
Haden's in the box and Pete has got the flies,
And Plitt is getting closer with his mask before his eyes,
There'll be a hot time in Ashland to-night, my boys.

Watch their pitcher as he steps into the box,
He tries to do it fancy, but he trembles in his socks,
And he can't see the home plate for his long and stringy locks,
So there'll be a hot time in this town to-night.

When you hear that umpire call him out,
The game is finished, and the boys begin to shout
There'll be a hot time in Ashland for this team, boys.

R. M. C. SONG.

Rip! rap! rah! we are the people,
Play the ball for R. M. C. ;
We will win the game or bust,
While the others trail the dust,
And we will wave the black and lemon
High in glee.

Shout three cheers for Randolph-Macon
Three times three for R. M. C.
On the diamond we're the stuff,
Do us and you've done enough.
If you are looking for a contest
So are we.

YELLS.

Rip! Rap! Rah!
Rip! Rap! Rah!
Randolph-Macon, Virginia.
Cairo! Cairo
Yah! yah! yah!

Holly-go-nook, go-nack, go-nack,
Holly-go-nook, go-nack, go-nack,
Wooh! up! wooh! up!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
R. M. C. Baseball!!!

Chicky go runk, go runk, go-ree,
Chicky go runk, go runk, go-ree,
Who are we? Who are we?
R. M. C. R. M. C. R. M. C.!!!

Boom-er lacker, Boom-er lacker,
Bow-wow-wow;
Cling-er lack-er, Cling-er lack-er,
Chow-chow-chow.
Boom-er lacker, cling-er lacker,
Who are we?
Who from Ashland?
We-we-we.
Hoo-rab, Hoo-roo,
Dip-lah, Dip-loo,
Ri-si, si, ki,
Hot or cold, wet or dry
Get there Eli,
Randolph-Macon fly high!!!!

Rickity-rack, rickity-rack,
Lemon and black, lemon and black,
Baseball!!!

L'ENVOI.

Just as an artist stands before
The painting that his hands have made,
The creature of his brain, and sees
That here a slightly different shade,
And here a color lightly spread,
Not heavily—a tint of red
Instead of gold—would look the best—
But, lest its changing spoil the rest,
He lets the world, unaltered, see
The work though he would have it be
What he'd have made it had he known.

So we look back o'er this, our task,
At evening, when our work is o'er,
And feel that oft'times we have failed
Where we might now do better—more
Than we have done; but it is best
Not to excuse our work but rest,
Though with our work we're not content,
In peaceful comfort, to us lent
By feeling that we did not know
The errors that we'd alter so,
Or this our work would better be.

And now, as we look o'er our lives,
Our lives that should be paintings grand,
Colour'd by noble deeds and thoughts,
And worthy of our Master's hand,
We see that often evil's night
Has colour'd dark what should be bright,
And here and there we'd fret and mope;
And passion's clouds the star of hope
Would sometimes hide from our weak eyes:
But God, the Master-artist tries
Our lives and colours them anew,
And makes them paintings fit to shine
In heaven, His royal gallery.



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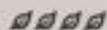
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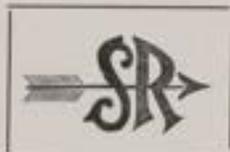


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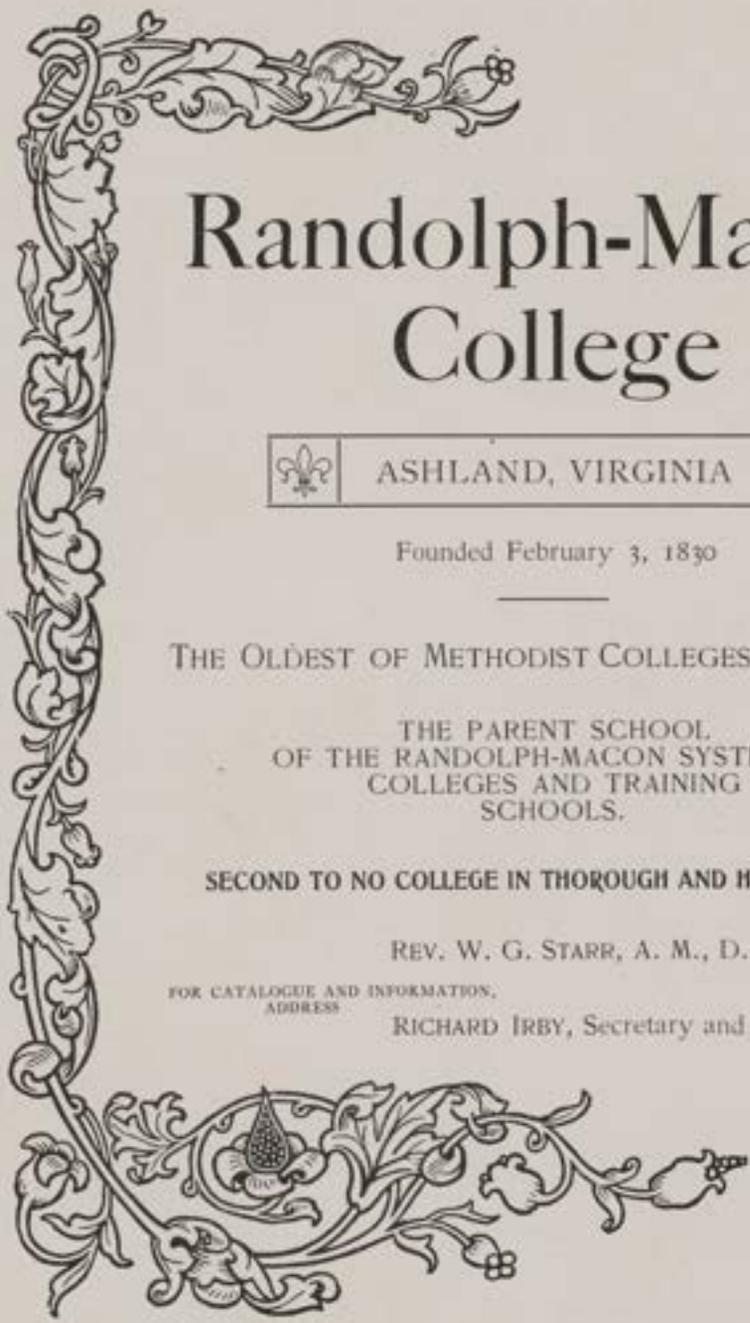
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