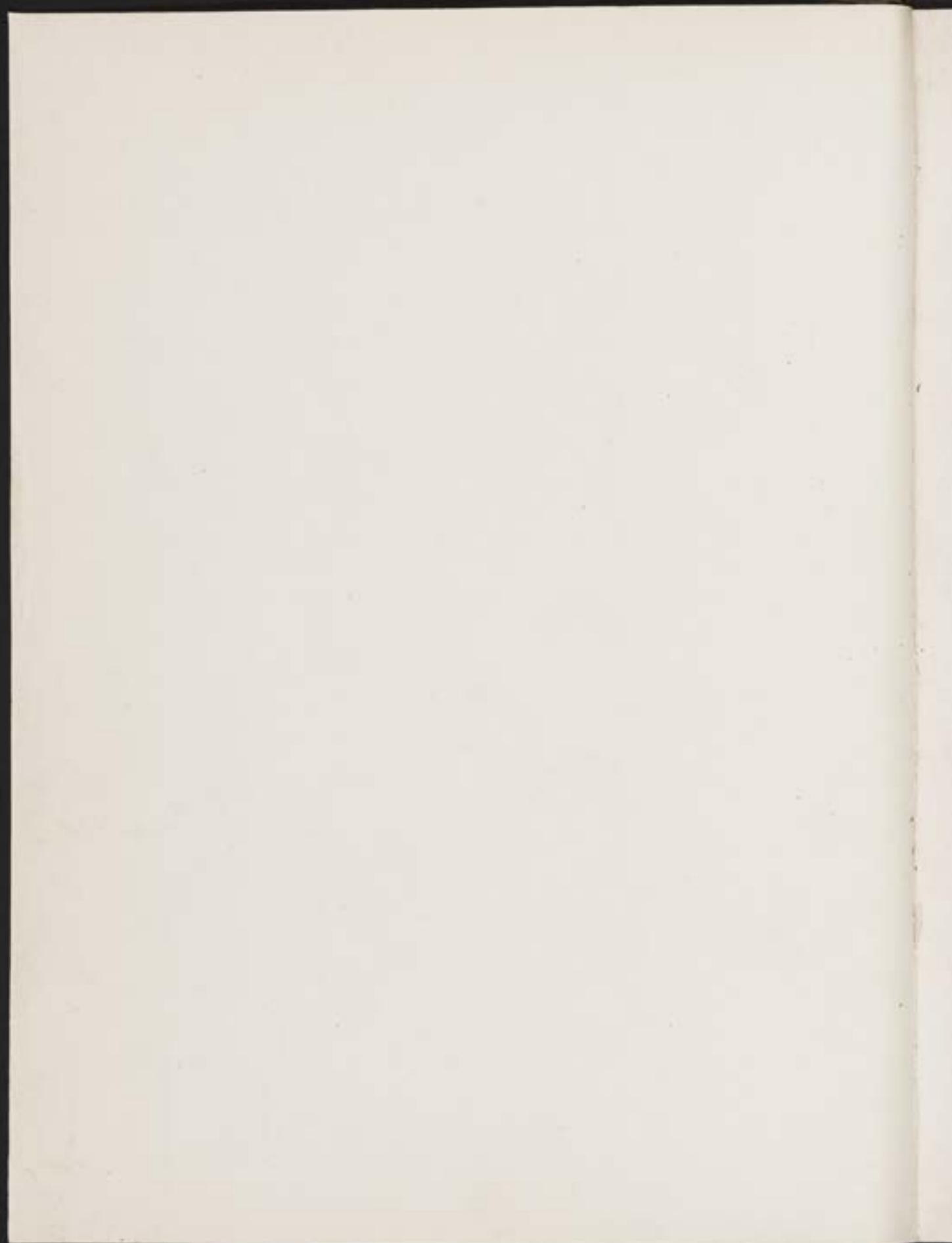


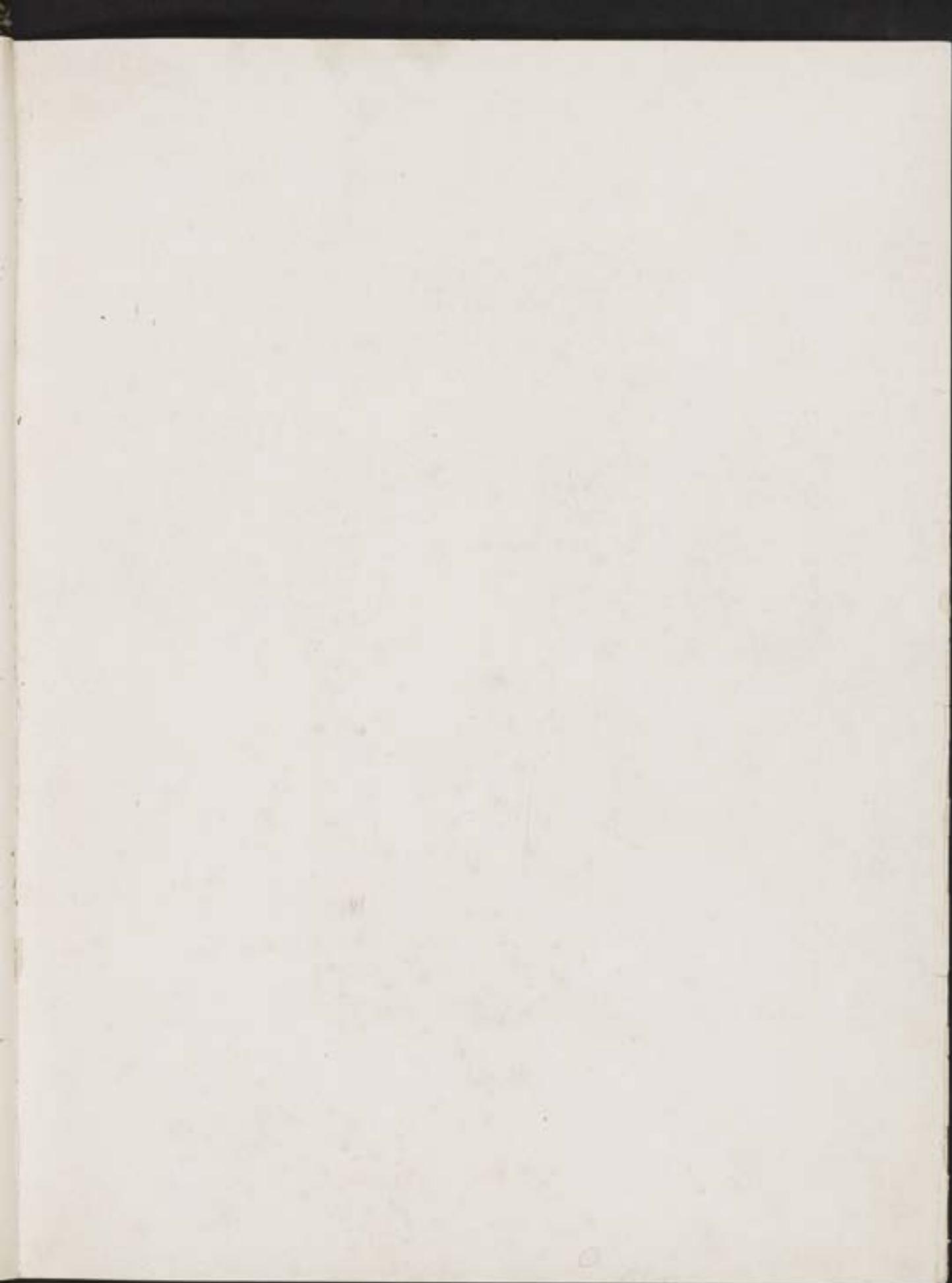
The
Hollow Jacket
1906

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The Yellow Jacket

VOL. VIII.

1906

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RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE

RALEIGH, VIRGINIA

The Yellow Jacket

VOL. VIII.

1906

Published by the
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of
RANDOLPH - MACON COLLEGE

ASHLAND, VIRGINIA



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TO ARTHUR C. WIGHTMAN

*I hold it true that he who sows great thoughts
Within the mind, to blossom and bear fruit
In days and years and centuries to come;
Who plants a principle, a germ of truth,
Within the soul, that moulds and shapes a life;
Who shows the golden link that binds in one
God, Man, and Nature—universal Law;
That he is close akin to the Divine.
All this thou did'st, and many shall rise up
And call thee blessed—teacher, leader, friend.*

THE WORLD DOTH WEEP

*Because my friend is dead,
Because my friend is dead,
The world puts on its funeral mourning gown,
And all is sad, and all doth weep around,
The nations bow their heads, and hang the head
As if it were,
The hills and trees and every rock
Upon the rough hillsides and mountain tops
Hath put a mourning robe upon its side,
Had wept through our mourning,
As if we were, before him, his dear friend,
And also his mourning robe is upon his side,
Nearly they say, the mourning robe is on his side,
And he is mourning, and they weep around,
Then he came here to mourn, and he has
Who wept in death, with a weep, and a sigh,
And some mourning robe, he wears his robe,
For that, some mourning on the mountain tops,
As I have said him off when you were dead,
He hath his garments laid upon his side,
And quite in simple dress the simple things,
He lived some day the tender but would see,
And looking to the future he would see,
That because he'd dreamt the end would come,
And for mankind would do some great good,
And then be blessed in his Maker's eyes,
The world doth weep the world puts on its weeds,
And all is sad, and all doth weep around,
Because my friend is dead, alas!
Because my friend is dead.*

THE WORLD DOTH WEEP

*Because my friend is dead,
Because my friend is dead,
The world puts on its deepest mourning gown
And all is sad, and all of nature weeps.
The autumn flower this morn doth hang its head
As if it wept.
The little bird that sang such merry note
Upon the bough beside my window there
Hath yet a sorrow in its song, that I
Had never thought was in his song
Ah! who can fathom this, the thing that's done,
And who can understand its great intent?
Surely Thy ways are in the deep, O God!
And in the mighty seas Thy path doth lie.
Thou knowest how we loved him, and his love
Was such as duty, mate to love, makes strong;
And what undying love he bore his boys—
Ye Gods, have mercy on the youthful lads.
Ah, I have seen him oft when free from work,
He held his youngest hope upon his knee,
And spoke in simple terms the mighty things
He hoped some day the tender lad would see.
And looking to the future he would dream
That dreams he'd dreamt the lad would realize,
And for mankind would do some signal good,
And then be blessed in his Maker's eyes.
For such an one the world puts on its weeds,
And all is sad, and all doth weep around
Because my friend is dead, alas!
Because my friend is dead.*

Dr. Arthur C. Wightman



SUNDAY morning, November 12, 1905, Dr. Arthur C. Wightman, Professor of Biology and Physics in Randolph-Macon College, passed away. Arthur Clarence Wightman was born in Columbia, S. C., in 1859, a scion of the distinguished Wightman family of that State. His father, Dr. John T. Wightman, at the time of the later Oxford movement, left the Episcopal Church and became a Methodist Minister, and finally settled in Baltimore, Md., where he has achieved a wide reputation among all denominations as a pulpit orator. Before he left Charleston, however, he had become well known on account of his heroic efforts in the fight against the yellow fever plague in that place, a disease from which he himself suffered twice while nursing other sufferers in the stricken city.

With such an inspiring example it was not surprising that Arthur C. Wightman, even in his undergraduate days, showed marked ability and a decided aptitude for public speaking, and more than once in various oratorical contests represented his Alma Mater. He received his master's degree from Wofford College, S. C., and then taught a few years, after which he entered Johns Hopkins University. At Johns Hopkins, also, his career was highly successful. He was elected Fellow in the School of Biology, and after receiving his degree of Doctor of Philosophy was assistant to Dr. H. Newell Martin as demonstrator of biology. Then for a year he taught at the Maryland Agricultural College, and finally he took charge of the department of Biology and Physics at Randolph-Macon College, where he remained until his death. In 1891, at a time when ignorance of things biological was general, Dr. Wightman came to Virginia to do pioneer, not to say missionary, work for that science. He came thoroughly equipped, having been trained in the only real University of which America at that time could boast. For fourteen years Arthur C. Wightman labored for Randolph-Macon College.

Although Dr. Wightman did much good research work and had become a recognized authority on blood, it is as a teacher that he will be especially remembered. His was a dry subject. Perhaps in no other science is there so great a mass of detail, and yet he was able by the sheer force of his own intellect to touch the huge mass of facts, too often meaningless, and from them to draw out the eternal truth running through all things. His method was his own. Himself independent, original, he sought to develop like qualities in others. His aim was thus not so much to uncover as to point out, not so much to explain as to suggest. The teacher, he thought, should not attempt to lead the student blindfolded along unfamiliar paths; but, rather, having furnished him with a clear chart, should permit him to make his own way across new fields. Withal he was the very prophet of work; honest, patient, willing, toil was, he held, the one essential condition of

living. No man, he asserted again and again, has the slightest right to an opinion, until the price of arduous independent investigation has been paid. The physical reasons for the great moral injunctions lay peculiarly within his province, and he strove with all the vigor of a brilliant mind to impress upon his classes the absolute material necessity for these mandates. Dr. Wightman's work was thorough and sincere; living things were his subject, and the greatness and the mystery of life lay before him. At times as he approached some great problem, the very greatness of his subject seemed to permeate every nerve and fibre of his being, and he himself seemed great in the magnificence of the thought; he seemed at times, to quote one of his students, as one transfigured by the greatness of his subject. A gifted speaker, in the class room he frequently reached true eloquence; indeed, some of his graduates consider his lectures class room par excellence. Perhaps a quotation from the closing lecture before the Biology Class last June will not be amiss. He said in substance: "Gentlemen, in bidding you farewell, what shall I wish for you? Health—yes, that is a great blessing; a long life too; a good wife; wealth—never, gentlemen, never. But, gentlemen, let me wish for each of you a patient, willing spirit of service, a willingness to work, for the sake of the work, and not for the immediate results; a portion of the spirit of Pasteur. Gentlemen, good-bye." The words seem cold and dead now, perhaps, but the magic of his voice, silenced forever, and the charm of that inspiring personality breathed into them the breath of life. Dr. Wightman carried the same enthusiastic vigor and largeness of view into every phase of college life; the Y. M. C. A., the Literary Societies, the *Monthly*, the Athletic Association, all received help from him. In them all he stood for what is best and noblest. He was the champion of pure athletics long before public opinion began to observe professionalism in the schools; and it is fitting that his last work should have been to establish amateurism forever, we hope, at Randolph-Macon.

All these things, all things, he held, have their proper place in the Universe; the unity of the system, the oneness of the plan, he tried to point out. The Unity of Nature was his text. He saw it biologically, because to him to see it thus was to see it fundamentally. However, he insisted that whatever the point of view, whatever the method of approach, the same general structure could be outlined. And thus he lived, strong and virile in his manliness; strong, yet kindly and simple; sympathetic, ready to give himself, soul and body, wherever he could be of service. His students' interests were his own; not merely their class work, but their joys, their hopes and their fears, all were very dear to him. So he journeyed, and then as he himself could have desired, in the very pride and glory of his might, he departed, borne, may we not say, in the words he so well loved;

"On such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
To fall for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns, again, home."

WILLIAM L. CRENEY.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1905	First term begins
TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1906	Intermediate Examinations begin
TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1906	Second term begins
THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1906	Public Debate, Washington Literary Society
FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1906	Public Debate, Franklin Literary Society
SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1906	Field Day
THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1906	Final Examinations begin

COMMENCEMENT

SUNDAY, JUNE TENTH

- 11:00 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon, REV. C. D. BULLA
 8:00 p. m.—Sermon before Y. M. C. A., REV. G. E. BOOKER

TUESDAY, JUNE TWELFTH

- 10:00 a. m.—Meeting of Board of Trustees
 8:00 p. m.—Athletic Night

WEDNESDAY, JUNE THIRTEENTH

- 11:00 a. m.—Contest for Sutherland Oratorical Medal; Address before Society of Alumni, by REV. W. A. CHRISTIAN
 8:00 p. m.—Joint Celebration Literary Societies

THURSDAY, JUNE FOURTEENTH

- 11:00 a. m.—Baccalaureate Address, DR. EDWIN MIMS
 1:00 p. m.—Awarding Prizes and Medals, and Conferring of Degrees
 8:00 p. m.—Graduating Class Exercises.

SONNET

EDWIN LATHAM QUARLES

*He need not come with words as in the days
When love was young. He need not have a care
To say each time, that tangled in my hair
Are skeins of golden light; that many Mays
Might aisle with lily blooms the garden ways,
Yet bring no whiteness like this hand, so fair
It is. Were he to come with lips that bear
Instead long hours of kisses, and upraise
My head, and softly, as the dusk-wind blows,
Place 'round my hair the kisses as a band,
A crown; and slowly, as the dusk-wind goes,
Stroke with his own the fingers of this hand—
Came he as comes the dusk-wind to the rose,
With silent love, my heart would understand.*



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THE FIRES OF YESTERDAY

*Upon the hearth they dreary lay
Their cheer all fled,
Their warmth all sped—
The burnt-out fires of yesterday.*

*They brightly blazed with gladd'ning ray
And mirthful gleam
And winsome beam—
The glowing fires of yesterday.*

*Upon my heart all cold they lay,
No mirth, no cheer,
All dead and drear—
The burnt-out fires of yesterday.*

*And chill they lie, and sad and gray,
No warm desire,
No heavenly fire
Can light the fires of yesterday.*

Editorial



OW that the matter for the YELLOW JACKET has all been gathered together after much weary struggling on the part of the editors, it devolves upon us to write an editorial.

For the purposes of a college annual we refer you to last year's YELLOW JACKET, but for anything further to say we are sadly at a loss. One suggests that we make apologies, but this is hardly in order, for surely no one can be offended at what we haven't said, and what we have said is of so little consequence that no one can hold us responsible. Another suggests that we make explanations, but we are thoroughly convinced that if there are any in our student body who cannot understand what is in this book, there is special provision made for them by a merciful Father, and we need not worry ourselves about them. Therefore, thanking those most heartily who have so kindly assisted us and made it possible for us to produce this Annual, we bid you adieu, with best wishes for your happiness.

Your humble servants,

THE YELLOW JACKET STAFF



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*Deceased.



ENTRETY



FACULTY





SENIOR CLASS

G.B. Shepard
1943



History of the Class of 1906



It was in the winter of the year 1956. An old, gray-haired gentleman, just at twilight, was seated in a comfortable Morris chair in his modern study. Outside the wind lifted and shifted the snow from one place to another. He had placed the book which he had been reading upon the table because the light was dim, and, with his right hand supporting his weary head, he sat looking into the bright oak fire which sent its cheerful glow across the room, causing the pictures and other objects, arranged in artistic order, to have almost the appearance of fantastic goblins. The old gentleman himself seemed to be continuously moving with each flicker of the flames.

Thus he sat, only turning once to look out the window into the fast approaching night, which with the wind seemed battling with the fast falling snow, in order to cover the earth and depths of air with its dark and dreary mantle of gloom. It was only for a moment that he looked, then he turned and settled a little lower in his chair, and his hand sought its characteristic attitude, while he lost himself in his reminiscence.

The particular chain of events which occupied his thoughts were his college days, and the men who composed the class of "naughty-six" came before him in his memory-picture. Individually some were hazy and some were vivid; but the class collectively, as it sat that hot day in June as majestic "Seniors," clothed in their caps and gowns, were so real to him that it caused him to smile and settle still a little lower in his chair.

At times his thoughts found expression in words, but at other times he was lost in deep and rapid thinking. We stepped from the train—two "fish"—lonesome, tired. But the cottages, the luxurious cottages, were all furnished and waiting—"Mr. Who? Glad to know you." It was the Y. M. C. A. man, who seemed as an angel directing two lost, homeless "fish."

Class meetings. Well, well, I can see Mast as he shadowed the door with his large body and dignified bearing; who possessed a fine character, well fitting him for the work for which he was preparing. He was a conspicuous figure, and a good man in his position at left tackle. I can see him now tearing through the opposing team with his characteristic swing. An orator, well worth the name, too. It seemed to me that he thought before placing one foot before the other. He certainly thought before he handed his examinations to his critical professors.

And near him I see the man famous for his length. At right guard he stands; 'tis Wunder. Assistant professor of "Math," and cut out for the place

by nature, no doubt, because he was what might be called a geometrical line personified.

And way out on the end crouches Beale Davis, a man vicious and sure in his "tackling," and well suited for his position. He was quite a man. In other athletic connections, he was president of the Athletic Association and manager of the baseball team, in which capacity he is said to have wished to make a tour of the United States.

"Kiddo" Leavell held right tackle, but he left our ranks with the honor of football captain upon his shoulders.

When the quarter-back called the signal and reached for the ball, it was always placed there accurately. The man who placed it there was a strange combination. Fellow classmen called him "Bud"; his "ducks" called him "Professor," and his professors called him Mr. James. A fine scholar—in "laughing and in grief"; of the best, and one of the few who had the honor of making chemistry the first year.

In a room filled with loafers, first in "fifth cottage," next in "third," and lastly in "first," he could see "Whoppin" Thrasher quiet and reserved, having always his kindness and cheering words "on tap." On the football field he occupied the position of full-back. He was the assistant of Mr. Davis in his world-wide schemes.

And look on right end—why, that's Smith, who proved a terror to the opposing team, who always advanced the ball when called upon, although often under adverse circumstances. What a sprinter he was; but though he loved athletics, that love could not compare with his love for travel, which manifested itself so often in trips to parts of the old "North State." His classmates remember him best by his famous drawings in "Bi. Lab.," for truly he was just the one who could do it.

There is one figure which he could not pass over in his football reminiscence. The figure is that of a small hero who never failed at his position, and whose sturdy efforts were effectual in stopping the advances of the first team—always before the runner, ever ready with his vicious tackle, during rain or shine, sickness or health—and that was "Beulah" Hall, quiet in his life among his fellow classmen, not a star in individual enterprises, but one whose worth was recognized by his fellow students.

"Who managed this motley crowd?" he asked himself. "Oh! yes, in 1904, I believe it was Lowry, the declaimer medallist, debater, baseball player and 'calicoist.' In 1905, McClintic—who occupied a position of guard previous to this but was forced to give it up on account of his health—had charge. From West Virginia, I believe. An 'agnostic' he said he was. A man known for his oratory, for his wordy debates, and general observations."

In the enthusiasm which such thought could not help but produce the old gentlemen's eyes sparkled, and he shifted his position slightly. While his thoughts were upon athletics he could not help but gaze, in his memory, over the baseball field, and there note the men of '06.

Over in left field he could see Brent, resting a while from his whistling and singing, as he waited to "rope in" anything that came his way; and quite a different figure from Mr. Brent as president of "Frank Hall," and as an excellent declaimer.

Just in front of him was "Sam" Duke, a good "all round athlete," for he held the field-day championship for two years, and in 1905 made immortal the position of left-half on the gridiron.

At second base, with his cheery words ringing in his ears, even then the old man could see Captain Lipcomb, known generally as "Dicky." A smile played around his mouth as he muttered

"I know it can't be William Ball,
For its Dicky Lipcomb in old
Frank Hall."

I can see him with his eyes closed and his head thrown back as he lifted his voice in our famous quartet. A "rooter" in athletics as well as in chemistry.

On first base he could see a man, called in North Carolina a "Venus," because he was famous for his beauty. He played professional ball afterwards, but who could be superior to "Bally" Mills in amateur work. In his class room he was brilliant. Beauty counted but little in this man's make-up.

In the "box" he saw "Proust" Harrell—swift and speedy—a hard worker, and a man of great energy. His beauty too was of the "striking kind."

The old gentleman closed his eyes, and no doubt was picturing the men as a whole, who fought for the glory of their Alma Mater upon the gridiron and the diamond—men, once united, but now separated; but they have left the trophies of their success in the library building for other generations to see.

His thoughts sped on, and DeJarnette, Gregory, Philpotts and Fravel in turn occupied his thoughts, for nature had provided them with long bodies.

Even as he thought of DeJarnette his feet began to move, keeping time with the imaginary music which he recalled being played by this fellow. "A strange fellow he was," he said.

"Hildebrand, Christopher, Pope Gregory VII, of historical ancestry, a preacher, a man, and a moralist," he said, with a smile.

"Well, well, I can see the football kangaroo, Mr. Alphonso Philpotts, now as he took his position—always taking his position. Wonder how long his back was? A good fellow and a hard student. He hailed from Norfolk on a lonely road."

Cassius "Caeles" Fravel was one whom nature had supplied with bones and height. He was a "tooter" in "Wash Hall," and his fine literary work there secured for him the position of editor-in-chief of the *YELLOW JACKET* for 1906.

"By the way, I wonder where that annual is," he said, energetically, and rising he walked to the book-case, and looking over a row of books, reached forward and took out one which bore the marks of age, and read with difficulty, "The Yellow Jacket, 1906." Holding the book in one hand, he placed another piece of wood on the fire and resumed his seat. He held his knees close together and placed the book upon his lap, leaning it forward slightly so that the flames might aid him in his scrutiny. Turning the leaves carefully, he finally reached the pictures of the senior class, and there he paused and smiled again as he viewed the likenesses of his friends of long ago.

"Here's the picture of Burge," he exclaimed; "he received his A. B. during my 'fish' year, but, anxious to graduate with our class, he taught at the Ashland Graded school in the interim, in order that he might have the honor of receiving his A. M. with the class of '06."

A little further on his eye met the gaze of the dignified and lovely Bishop Compton, a man, who finding himself unequal to the work which his tyrannical professors placed upon him during the first three years of his college life, took unto himself a "better half," appearing at college during his senior year in the glory of a groom, thus being better equipped for the conquest of A. B. tickets. "Bishop, thou wert worthy of emulation, indeed."

"Madame Cooley," he exclaimed, and in a musing tone he went on, "Madame was a quiet 'girl'—never had much to say, but 'delivered the goods' when 'exams' came. He was a conscientious and a hard worker. 'Madame,' you look natural."

"Here's Lee Crutchfield, who was unfortunately impeded by ill health and a badly arranged ticket. The class of '06 welcomes him among their number. A born orator, for he upheld the dignity of old Randolph-Macon on more than one occasion by his mastery of language and fluency of speech. Clear sighted and efficient, 'Crutch' was a man who never took advantage of his conscience."

"Edwards, C. A.," he read—and added, "vocalist, musician by nature, orator, philosopher, and handsome withal."

"Ernest Starr—a heavenly body which moved about the "Central" portion of Ashland. He was a 'Starr' who had many satellites. Ernest came back to R. M. after a long visit to Baltimore where he inspected some of the work done at 'Hopkins.'"

"Murphy always answered his professors when called on."

Now his eye caught the name of a man who was born a student. "I believe

he tried to study twenty-five out of twenty-four hours," he mused. "He developed 'calicoing' at an early age at his country home, Homeville, Virginia. He went about this just as he did every thing else, on schedule, surely and efficiently." And this was Henry Augustus Stephenson.

"Here's 'Little' Thrasher; I've seen him look just this way—just as he looks in this picture, while studying for his beloved Greek and Latin, which so many of our class loved as well as he. He was always the same 'Little.' Paul was his correct name, but he was called 'Little the younger and less handsome' to distinguish him from 'Whoppin.'"

He sat a moment with the "Annual" open and gazed thoughtfully into the fire; then leaning back in his chair, he slowly closed his book and muttered, "All parted too soon, but not until the truth had taken possession of their souls and wrought its purpose in an impulse to action.

E. E. SMITH,

Historian.



Senior Class, 1906

MOTTO

"Fideles in Omnibus."

COLORS

Gray and Navy Blue.

YELL

Hykel! Hykel! Hykel!

Wah! Wah! Wee!

Naughty-six, Naughty-six!

R. M. C.

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W. P. LIPSCOMB

B. E. HARRELL

C. N. WUNDER

Senior Class



HENRY MASON BRENT, $\Phi \chi \theta$, A. B. - - - Heathsville, Va.

Baseball team '03, '04, '05, '06; Orator Hall Night Commencement '06; Monthly Staff '05-'06; President Frank Hall '05-'06; Class Prophet; Franklin Literary Society; Won Letters in Baseball '05-'06.



WILLIAM EDWARD BURGE, A. M. - - - - - Beckham Va.

Championship Field Day '03; Football team '00, '01, '02, '03; Washington Literary Society; Instructor in Gymnasium.



WILLIAM MILTON COMPTON, A. B. - - - Great Cacapon, W. Va.

Delegate to Y. M. C. A. Convention, Petersburg, Va. 1904-05; Member Washington Literary Society.



LEE GARY CRUTCHFIELD, A. M. - - - - - Richmond, Va.

Franklin Literary Society.



ROBERT BEALE DAVIS, Φ K Σ , A. B. - - - - - Petersburg, Va.

Football Team '04-'05-'06; Manager Baseball Team '05-'06; President Athletic Association '05-'06; Monthly Staff '05-'06; Artistic Editor of Yellow Jacket Staff '06; Class Recommendations '06; Franklin Literary Society; Football Letters '05-'06.



JOSEPH BURRAGE LYAN DEFARNETTE, A. B. - - - - - Ashland, Va.

Secretary Frank Hall '05-'06; Vice-President Public Debate '06; Frank Hall.



SAMUEL PAGE DUKE, K. A., A. B. - - - - - Martinsville, Va.

Public Debate '04; Monthly Board '03-'04-'05-'06; Yellow Jacket Staff '04-'05; Monthly Staff '04-'05; Orator Southerlin Contest '05; Orator for Preliminary State Oratorical Contest '05; President Tennis Club '05; President Frank Hall Public Night '05; Baseball Team '05-'06; Class Orator; Field Day Champion '04-'05; Business Manager Monthly '05-'06; Franklin Literary Society; Won Letters in Football and Baseball.



CHARLES ALLMOND EDWARDS, A. B. - - - - - Ashland, Va.

Monthly Staff '05-'06; Public Debate '04; Franklin Literary Society.



HENRY C. GREGORY, A. B. - - - - - Beaver Dam, Va.

Washington Literary Society.



WILMER LEE HALL, A. B. - - - - - Ashland, Va.

Monthly Staff '05-'06; Football '05-'06; Treasurer of Class, '06; Won Letters in Football, '05; Franklin Literary Society.



BRYANT EUGENE HARRELL, A. B. - - - - - Nimmo, Va.

Vice-President Frank Hall Debate, '05; Pitcher Baseball Team, '04-'05-'06; Secretary Frank Hall, '05-'06; Franklin Literary Society; Won Letters in Baseball.



ALFRED PROCTOR JAMES, A. B. - - - - - Cherriton, Va.

President Wash Hall, '05-'06; Football Team, '04-'05-'06; Public Debater Wash Hall, '04-'05; Won Letters in Football; William and Mary Intercollegiate Debater, '05-'06; Marshal Trinity College Debate, '04-'05. Instructor in Latin, '05-'06; Salutarian of Class, '06; Washington Literary Society.



WALTER PIERCE LIPSCOMB, $\Phi \chi \Sigma$, A. B. - - - - Petersburg, Va.

Secretary of Class, '06; Captain of Baseball Team '04-'05; Won Baseball Letters. Baseball Team, '05-'06; Franklin Literary Society.



HAROLD LEWIS LOWRY, $\chi \Sigma \Lambda \Theta$. - - - - - Brooke, Va.

Marshal State Oratorical, '03; Public Debate, '05; Declaimer's Medal, '04; President Declamation Contest, '05; Manager Football Team, '04-'05; Contest for Southerlin Orator's Medal, '06; Editorial Staff Yellow Jacket, '05; Vice-President Athletic Association, '04-'05; President Public Debate, '06; Won Letters in Baseball; Franklin Literary Society.



JACOB NEUHAUSAR MAST, A. B. - - - - - Easton, Md.

Preliminary State Oratorical Contest, '05; Wash Hall Public Debate, '05; Football Team, '02-'03-'04-'05; President Y. M. C. A., '05-'06; Delegate to Student Conference of Y. M. C. A., Ashville, Tenn., '02; Delegate Y. M. C. A. Convention, '03-'04; Monthly Board, '03-'04-'05-'06; Athletic Board, '04-'05; Southerlin Orator's Medal '05; Wash Hall Debaters' Medal, '04-'05; President Wash Hall, '04-'05; President Class, '06; Franklin Literary Society; Won Football Letters.



CLIFTON FOREST MCCLINTIC, $\chi \Sigma$, A. B. - - - - Williamsburg, W. Va.

President Frank Hall, '04-'05; Monthly Board, '05-'06; Monthly Staff, '04-'05; Orator Frank Hall Debate, '03-'04; Southerlin Orator, '04-'05; '06; Secretary Frank Hall, '03-'04-'05; Football Team, '02-'03-'04; Delegate Y. M. C. A. Convention, '04-'05; Manager Football Team, '05-'06; Preliminary State Oratorical Contest, '04-'05-'06; William and Mary Intercollegiate Debate, '05-'06; Won Football Letters, '03-'04; Editorial Staff Yellow Jacket, '06; Franklin Literary Society.



LILBOURNE IREY MILLS, A. M. - - - - - Ashland, Va.

Football Team, '02-'03-'04; Debater Frank Hall Public Night, '03; Improvement in Debate Medal, '03; Orator Frank Hall Public Night, '04; Monthly Staff, '05-'06; Assistant Football Coach, '05-'06; Franklin Literary Society; Won Letters in Football, '03-'04.



ALPHONSO CURRAN PHILLIPS, A. M. - - - - - Norfolk, Va.

President Hall Night Commencement, '04-'05; Editorial Staff Yellow Jacket, '04-'05; Monthly Board, '04-'05; Washington Literary Society.



HENRY AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON, $\Phi K \Sigma$, A. B. - - - - - Homeville, Va.

Monthly Board, '04-'05; Treasurer of Frank Hall, '04-'05; Monthly Staff, '05-'06; Franklin Literary Society.



EDWARD EHRLICH SMITH $\Phi K \Sigma$, A. B. - - - - - Norfolk, Va.

Football Team, '04-'05-'06; Athletic Board, '05-'06; Won Football Letters. Art Editor of Yellow Jacket, '04-'05; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '05-'06; Class Historian, '06; Franklin Literary Society.



MELVIN THOMAS TABLER, A. B. - - - - - Araby, Md.

President Wash Hall, '04-'05; Debater Public Night, '04-'05; Member Monthly Board, '05-'06; President Wash Hall Public Night, '05-'06; Orator Celebration Wash Hall February 22, '06; Chairman Bible Study Y. M. C. A., '05-'06; Washington Literary Society.



PAUL McNEIL THRASHER, A. B. - - - - - Dunkirk, Md.

Washington Literary Society.



HENRY WOOD THRASHER, Φ K Ψ , A. B. - - - - - Dunkirk, Md.

Vice-President Athletic Association, '05-'06; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '05-'06; Football Team, '04-'05-'06; President Wash Hall, '05-'06; Won Letters in Football, '04-'05-'06, Washington Literary Society



CHARLES NEWMAN WUNDER, A. B. - - - - - Woodstock, Va.

President of Wash Hall, '05-'06; Monthly Board, '05-'06; Monthly Staff, '05-'06; Athletic Board, '05-'06; Football Team, '04-'05-'06; Instructor in Mathematics, '05-'06; Chief Marshal Commencement, '04-'05; Vice-President Public Debate, '04-'05; Washington Literary Society; Won Letters in Football.



ERNEST LORRAINE STARR, K. A., A. B. - - - - - Norfolk, Va.

Marshal Public Night, '01; Monthly Board, '02; Editor-in-Chief Monthly, '06; Will and Testament Class '06; Franklin Literary Society.



ROBERT H. FRAVEL, A. M. - - - - - Woodstock, Va.

Poetry Medal, '05; Class Poet, '06; Editor-in-Chief of Yellow Jacket, '06; Washington Literary Society.



JACQUELINE S. COOLEY, A. B. - - - - - Middletown, Md.

Washington Literary Society; President Washington Literary Society '06.

Class Prophecy



ONE night seated in my room, thinking and worrying over the prophecy of the class of 1906, I fell asleep. It seemed that the door gently opened and two little men quietly entered. They walked up to me and one of them said, "My friend, the future of your class seems to rest heavily upon you. Our master, who deals in such things, has sent us to fetch you to him and he will help you." Overjoyed I thanked them and was about to rise, when they seized me and, before I knew what they were about, bore me out into the night air. The spirits arose in the air still bearing me, and away we sailed.

All was quiet. A few lights twinkled beneath me. The night was cold and my teeth chattered, although as much from fright as from the temperature. However, the novelty of the affair soon appealed to me, and I began to enjoy my ride. Over towns, rivers and forests we went, on and on; occasionally the barking of a dog or the cry of some night fowl would reach us, making the silence around us the more intense. These sounds grew fainter and fainter, and I knew we were getting higher. Finally one of my companions uttered a peculiar sound.

No answer came. He repeated it.

And a voice sounded out, "Approach and deliver to me the unfortunate Prophet of the Class of 1906."

I was thrown down all in a heap, bewildered and frightened. At last, gathering courage and becoming accustomed to the gloom, I looked up before me, and there, seated upon a sharp rock, his hands clasping his knees, sat an old, weakened, thin, white-haired man. Aged he seemed, and gifted with the knowledge of uncanny things. After what seemed to me to be an interminable silence, he said: "O thou of the Class of 1906, dost thou need and desire my aid in prophesying the vain future of that band of 'bluffers,' 'shaggers,' 'pony riders,' 'numskulls,' 'parasites,' fat and worthless 'Bib. Lits.,' and various other stragglers on the royal road to learning? Like a plague of locusts they have infested Randolph-Macon for three long years, and now they expect joyous and happy futures."

Trembling, and with a voice scarcely above a whisper, I said that I would appreciate his assistance.

"Men of nineteen hundred and six," said he, "approach in due order and hear thy doom."

The first to appear was the poor prophet himself. To him the wizard spake thus:

"Oh, Henry Mason Brent, thou who dost so foolishly attempt to follow in

my footsteps, and prophesy to the members of thy class, canst thou not determine thine own future? Thou hast been a great ball player, being especially proficient in the art of sliding, but thou wilt soon give this up, and betake thyself to the delightful task of school teaching, where thou shalt meet with well deserved success. As a result of thy labor thou wilt *straightway* become *flushed*. No more wilt thou labor, but thou shalt become heavy laden, for thou shalt take unto thyself some fair maiden, and henceforth thou wilt be a 'henpecked' husband, and serve as a warning to other unsophisticated youths." The muscular proportions of William Edward Burge next met the prophet's gaze.

"Oh! thou 'Doe,' thy father's son, thou shalt become a teacher in a reform school, for thou hast already had experience along that line, not to mention thy unlimited strength, which renders thee a valuable man in such a position. Thou shalt soon tire of the monotonous Reform School and enter the secret service. Thou shalt be called out West to aid in the detection of some of the satellites of the Jesse James band. Owing to thy love of adventure, instead of bringing these brigands to justice, thou wilt become the brightest of this constellation. However, in a short time, thou shalt be run to earth and forced to lead the life of a hermit, which vocation thou hast cherished since childhood."

Next, with a slow, steady, majestic tread, "Bishop" Compton approached, but there was such questioning and dejected look about him that the prophet involuntarily asked what ailed him.

"I want to know," said 'Comp,' doggedly, "whether I must bring my other half or not."

"O thou, Compton, rash man that thou art, thou hast taken time by the forelock and dipped into the future. The prophet knows not how to deal with you. Thou art a typical 'Bib. Lit' and such thou wilt remain. Thy mission is to convert, and thou shalt convert the Hanover Herald into an Anti-Saloon League paper. Occasionally thou wilt devote a column to the advising of all people to set sail upon the sea of matrimonial bliss in infancy. Thou wilt convert fat chickens and ducks into skeletons, so that thou canst study the structure of their bones more easily. The people of the Ashland charge will be given over to thy tender mercies, and together with 'Brother' Daniel they will become well versed in scriptural lore."

Jacquelin Smith Cooley stood before the prophet, imposing and grand.

"No one would take thee, oh, 'Madame Cooley,' to be the wild and reckless youth that thou art. Thou hast been a most deceiving youngster while at Randolph-Macon. In the mountainous districts of West Virginia thou shalt run a joint for the manufacture of 'moonshine,' and of course thou wilt be the 'Madame' of the 'shack.' Thou wilt commit many crimes and depredations while in this business, but owing to thy fleetness of foot 'thou art the man for

the job, because the Blue Coats ' will find it hard to catch thee. Even before thy departure from Randolph-Macon thou hast been known to do a mile in a little less than an hour. After running this business for some time, thou wilt marry the little maiden who has kept 'A Little Cozy Corner in Her Heart for You.' Then of course she will become the 'Madame' and thou wilt only be Cooley. Thou shalt spend thy remaining days in running a green house, and thou shalt make it a special point to supply the R. M. C. 'Lab' with *Hemotococcus*, *Spiragya*, etc."

Lee G. Crutchfield next appeared before the prophet.

"Lee," said he, "thou art called the silver-tongued, and many times 'fish' have listened in open mouthed amazement at thy eloquence. We had predicted great things for thee, that thou wouldst be a great evangelist but the fates have decided since thou hast visited Westmoreland county, where so many historical characters have lived, that thou wilt become an authority upon genealogy. Thou wilt spend thy life delving in dusty records and long deeds and ancient wills. Thou wilt at last discern the true connection between the monkey and man and wilt become famous; at last some woman will marry thee to save thee from the dust—the accumulation of years."

Simon Peter, son of Duke, stood next in line. The prophet spake thus to him:

"Simon, though thou art a duke, yet thou art destined to be a penniless one. Thou art too fond of fine show and a good dinner. Though thou art an inoffensive looking youth, yet the Richmond merchants hide at thy approach when thou sayst, 'Ads, please.' After leaving Randolph Macon thou wilt cultivate peanuts, for thou art dearly fond of them, but thy profits of the first years will be used up in paying 'Herr' Meyberg for those thou hast pilfered. Thou wilt spend the prime of thy life seeking some fair one, but thou wilt meet with no success in this line, so wilt return to thy vine-covered cottage and think of what might have been."

The prophet still waited, and the spectre-like form of Joseph Burbage Latane DeJarnette silently approached, walking backwards. "Of course," said the prophet, "thou wilt do everything opposite from everyone else, and hence the reverse of what thou desirest wilt always come to thee. Thou art a philosophical youth, and hence shalt become a noted demagogue and a sly office-seeker—too fat to live. Thou wilt write many treatises upon 'The Perversity of Mankind' for the Popular Science Monthly, imitating thy beloved professor. Later in life thou wilt open the doors to the ignorant world and dispense thy knowledge with a free and lavish hand. Thou wilt never marry."

The tall form of R. B. Davis appeared in the gloom before the prophet's gaze. "Richard Beale Davis," said the prophet, "fate has decided that thy

voice is too lusty and strong not to be used, hence thou wilt run *Central*, probably that in Ashland. 'Julian' and 'Gus,' thy messenger boys, will never tire of doing thy bidding. The pranks that ye three will play, 'Gus' being the *star* actor, will soon cause your discharge. Thou wilt then become a sailor in the schooners that bump on the *bar*, and find that in this life thou hast peculiar ability."

C. Allmand Edwards stood before the prophet, his arms folded upon his breast.

"We had thought, young man, that thou wouldst have a bright future, filled with song and music, but the fates have decreed otherwise. Born with a philosophic turn of mind, the great question of the country shall occupy thy mind. Thou wilt be an authority on 'The Deportation of the Negro'; thou wilt even go to the extreme of organizing a stock company to transfer them to Africa. In this trade thou wilt grow rich and settle down a confirmed old bachelor, thy sole comfort being thy violin, upon which one will often hear the strains of 'Lindy,' 'Adaline,' etc."

As if speaking to himself concerning the approaching member, the prophet said, "You, Cassius, have a lean and hungry look." When he had come before him, the prophet spoke thus:

"Thou grim, ungainly, gaunt and omnivorous man, it is easy to see through thee and prophesy thy future. Thy appearance would indicate that thou hadst run into a nest of *Yellow Jackets*. Having had practice in this line, thou shalt present the views of the Keystone View Company; but later, finding thy true vocation, thou shalt become an agent for an anti-fat establishment, entirely disregarding thy former resolution to grow fat."

Henry Claiborne Gregory appeared before the prophet in a very cringing manner. "Now, 'Pope,'" said the prophet, "thou art not destined to become a biologist, but something far worse. Thy labors will be among the hardy mountaineers of North Carolina. Here thou wilt neglect thy duties and become a 'counterfeiter.' Thou wilt not sing when the officials come so close to thy heels that thou wilt have to lie thee away. To Africa thou wilt go, and thy deep, thundering voice will cause savages of the wildest type to bow before thee, and soon with rings in thy nose and ears thou wilt become a dreaded chief."

The prophet had to wait a considerable length of time before the next member of the class appeared. Of course it was 'Proux.' The prophet then began:

"Bryant Eugene Harrell, until now thy progress has been slow, but henceforth thou wilt walk rapidly along thy path of success; however, be not too rapid, for the race is not always given to the swift. Thou hast always desired to become a famous pitcher, and with this end in view thou hast given attention to Yale's most famous pitcher, Frank Merriwell. By careful training thou wilt, if *given plenty of time*, learn to throw the spit-ball with great accuracy, and in a few years thou wilt become the mainstay of the Giants."

The prophet had to look twice before he saw the diminutive form of Wilmer Hall.

"Wilmer L. Hall," said he, "thou hast been a deceiving young fellow, and thy quiet demeanor has not portrayed thy true character. Thou art destined to do great things. Thou lovest above all things *French*, and hence will become a great dancing master, and thou wilt make the La Dew pavilion the most famous in the world. Of course 'Hippo' will be thy chief adviser. In thy latter days thou wilt go to Salt Lake City and become a Mormon, and have many wives, for thy heart is too broad for just one."

Alfred Proctor James now stood awkwardly before the prophet.

"Who can narrate the wonderful deeds that thou art to accomplish? Although thou hast shunned the walks of men, yet thy name is destined to be on everyone's tongue, for thou lovest the 'calico' so well that thou wilt ere long become involved in several breach-of-promise suits, and thy 'filthy lucre,' which thou hast gained selling views in and near *Wheaton*, will all be gone. Thou wilt then retaliate on womankind by marrying, and wilt accept a professorship in some university and become far-famed by thy scientific discourses."

It took the prophet some time to see Walter Pierce Lipscomb, who now stood to hear his fate.

"Why didst thou not come up on a pony, for thou art a bold rider, and I had seen thee sooner? On account of thy would-be witticisms, to which thou hast subjected thy Alma Mater for four years, thou wilt seek a position as contributor to *Puck*, but will soon be 'fired' because thou hast no originality. Thou wilt then become a mule-driver, where thy powers of coercion will be fully brought into play. In Petersburg, where thy ideal lives, thou wilt finally make thy home."

Harold Lewis Lowry stood jauntily before the old prophet.

"O! thou Lowry, whose nickname is 'Hog,' thou shalt not trample pearls under thy feet as thy race art prone to do, but thou shalt hoard up these precious jewels. In after years thou shalt be sorely pressed by debts, which is 'The same old story in the same old way,' when man takes unto himself a better half."

Now there is a certain pitcher with the New York Giants who is called 'Matty,' for short, and as 'Hog' is somewhat a box artist himself, thou and 'Matty' shall go hand and hand as a most popular pair. After many trials and tribulations thou shalt return to thy native 'burg'. Thou shalt become a 'sport', and it will be said of thee, 'Everybody works but Lowry,' a 'rep.' which thou has gained at Randolph-Macon."

Jacob, of the house of Mast, descended from (Father) "Abraham," stood in his place—"Jacob, thou hast determined, since the sowing of thy 'wild oats,' to be a staunch Bib. Lit. but in this thou shalt be disappointed. Instead of following Bib. Lit. as thy profession, thou shalt take charge of the affairs of the Aluminium

Co. on the dark Continent. Very unexpectedly and with much pleasure thou shalt meet thy old friend and school-mate, the Rt. Hon. Lawrence Amos Smith, Esq., the time-honored patriarch of Randolph-Macon system. Soon thou wilt turn thy business over to Father', and live easy. Thou shalt establish an ice plant in Africa, so that thou canst always have an abundance of cold water, for thou art a great absorber of that fluid."

The grim visage of Lilburn Irby Mills was before the prophet. "What," cried he, "art thou again before me? Thy future was read to thee last year, and dost thou come expecting a better one? Beware how thou playest with destiny. Cognomens thou hast a plenty—'Barley,' 'Ape' and 'Apollo.' 'Ape' elings to thee with such good grace that thou wilt go to Africa and study all species of the monkey family, trying to trace their connection with man. Later, thou wilt introduce the great game of baseball among them, for thou hast become an expert in this line. Thou wilt establish an Academy for young savages, and remain engaged in this work all thy days."

Soon the prophet beheld the wary McClintic cautiously approaching. "Clifton Forest McClintic, thou hast been cunning and sly in thy affairs at Randolph-Macon, yet thou art destined to become more so. After graduating thou wilt accrue *honors* and become world-famous, which is the height of thy ambition. A shrewd politician thou wilt become, and be an exponent of the methods of West Virginia law. More glib of tongue than a gossiping woman, thou wilt deceive many and become a famous grafter. Thy efforts will finally be crowned by having the office of Sheriff conferred upon thee, and thou wilt end thy days in the faithful discharge of thy duties.

Alphonso Curren Philpotts, the first of the line of Alphonso, approached. "Alphonso, love hast been thy theme while a member of the class and thou hast courted and hast been *courted*, and thy burden has been heavy. On leaving thy Alma Mater, thou shalt be in need of the 'long green.' How to obtain it will trouble thee greatly. However, living in the neighborhood of Norfolk, thy attention wilt be turned toward the Jamestown Exposition. Natural amusements will be the drawing card, especially in the form of curious animals. Thou shalt therefore exhibit one Herr Von Coates, the greatest and only Baby Elephant on exhibition before the American public. From this thou shalt realize a neat sum. Thou shalt finally become a trucker and supply the scanty tables of the Ashland boarding houses with fresh strawberries and early vegetables."

"Now Henry Augustus Stephenson," said the prophet, "the principal feature of thy career has been thy adoration for *Chapel*. Members of this class that hail from second cottage, wonder at thy love. Thou art destined to love many fair *damselfs*, and finally will wed a huge woman from the western plains. Thy life wilt then be a curse, and thou wilt long for the good old days when you were

a 'midget calicoist.' As fruit always had an especial attraction for you, thou wilt dwell in southern California and there grow all varieties."

"Edward Ehrlich Smith, thou hast ever been a lover of meets—sweet, pork and track—and likewise thou hast been a faithful devotee before the shrine of the Greensboro and Ashland 'calico,' and for this cause thou art greatly beloved by them. Thou and Paul have often serenaded them with thy harmonious voices, and got the 'feeds' that you were seeking. Thou shalt become a great runner and together with 'Borden' thou wilt run Life's race most happily. Thou wilt even give up thy frogs, tadpoles, and cats for her sake."

"Monsieur Lorraine Starr," said the prophet, to him who now stood sheepishly before him, "thou wast cut out for a French dancing master, although thy rearing was among the Scots. Thy love for Latin led thee to Randolph-Macon. Of a gay and joyous nature, and unending good humor, thou art naturally endowed to run Central, where thy fancy lies are told. Thy future is laden with unrealized possibilities. 'Gustavas' will be thy guiding Star(r), for thou wilt always need a good one."

The prophet now had a nap. Melvin T. Tabler, better known as "Tabe," stood before him. The prophet opened his mouth and thus he spake:

"Why troublest thou me with thy presence? Art thou still in doubt as to what course to pursue? During thy college career thou hast worked 'Duly,' and now thou shalt enter into thy reward. Thou hast been a lover of seclusion, and so wilt ever be. At last betaking thyself to a monastery, and there removed from the trials and temptations which have so beset thee at Randolph-Macon, thou wilt live in the best of *spirits* until thou comest to thy *bier*."

The prophet now turned and looked upon the massive form of Thrasher the elder, and this he said to him:

"Altho' thou art 'whopping,' still dost thou condescend to things of low estate and not long since didst thou undertake a *petite affaire*. Thy prowess lieth upon the gridiron. One season thou didst tackle everything, even an interference containing four of a kind. Time and again didst thou lose by touching this combination, and becoming discouraged on account of repeated bumps, thou didst become full, and so hast continued even to the present day. Thou wilt become a great football player."

Scarcely pausing the prophet turned to "Wenig" Thrasher.

"Paul, thou hast shown thy wisdom by holding aloof from the degrading pastime of football. Unlike thy brother, thou didst not consent when sinners enticed thee, but wert content to *set back* and dream of the future. If thou continuest of this opinion thou shalt succeed Eliot at Harvard. When in this exalted position, 'Barley' will be thy chief adviser."

The prophet was deadly tired and groaned in spirit when even yet another appeared before him. I wonder what wonder Wunder will do.

Deciding quickly, he turned and said; "Al, thou also hast been a great football player, and shalt have a hard struggle in ridding thyself of the odium attached thereto. Thou hast shown much love for the queen of sciences, and hast already had practical experience in the teaching of it. Thou shalt become instructor in mathamatics in some college and there drag out thy *long existence* in vain endeavor to explain the mysteries of parabolas, hyperbolas, differential and integral calculus."

At last I awoke, the fire was out and the room was cold. For a while I sat musing upon the mysteries which had been unveiled to me, all forgetful of the coldness of the wee small hours. Then slowly I gathered myself together and crept to bed, rejoicing that I, too, belonged to that honored band, the class of 1906.

H. M. BRENT,
Class Prophet.



Will and Testament of the Class of 1906

BEING in perfect health and memory, we, the members of the class of 1906, do hereby make known our last will and testament, foregoing all others that may have been made at any previous time.

Be it known that in obedience to the desire of the testators, all the available property, assessed and incorporated, moneys, plate, all goods and chattels belonging to any attendant on the College, shall be collected and retained, by force or otherwise. Said goods and chattels shall be converted into specie, and constituted a fund to furnish the purchase money for the bequests which the class of 1906 hereby wills unto itself. Said bequests shall be secured within thirty days from the probation of this testament.

First, we do commend our reputations into the hands of the Woman's Missionary Society, hoping and assuredly believing that through the only merits of that band of Christian soldiers, our names may be defended from incorporation with the customary malodorous traditions concerning old students, of the kind that greeted us when we arrived here as freshmen.

ITEM I. To Henry Mason Brent we hereby will and bequeath one wireless telegraphy outfit, so that wherever he is, he may be in constant communication with Buena Vista, which shall be the fixed end of the apparatus.

ITEM II. To W. E. Burge, sometime Bachelor of Arts, Principal of the Ashland Seminary for the Aid of the Poor, and Gymnasium Instructor of the College, we leave all the apparatus and appliances at present the equipment of the Gymnasium in which he has labored. We do not see that Burge can utilize said equipment; our object is to rid the college of it. If Burge will accept our gift and take away with him the relics of antiquity which pass for a Gymnasium equipment, he will ever be held in loving remembrance. Be it known that if the beneficiary manifest any disinclination to comply with said requirements of this condition he shall be subjected to fitting punishment; to wit: his effigy shall be burned in public by the Gymnasium class of 1906.

ITEM III. We bequeath unto William M. Compton our second best bedroom set, including all furnishings and brie-a-brac. In addition, we leave to Compton our thirteen copies of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's pretty little tale, "How to Be Happy Though Married," and the original manuscript of John Wesley's epic poem, written in refutation of Milton's famous line, "Whether You Marry Or Not, You Live to Regret It."

ITEM IV. To Jacquelin S. Cooley, *chef*, we bequeath one Peerless Gas Range, Size 10, gas for same to be supplied by J. Callaway Robertson.

ITEM V. To Lee G. Crutchfield we will sections of plaster from the walls of Frank Hall, said walls having echoed so often the true eloquence of "Crutch".

ITEM VI. To R. Beale Davis we leave a full library of religious treatises, said library being now in the hands of the Rev. "Nig" Walters, D. D., and his assistant curate, Rev. "Buck" Harris. It is our parting admonition that the beneficiary take unto his heart the precepts laid down in said religious writings, so that his mind may be cleared of the many doubts, and conscientious scruples which have harassed his religious life.

ITEM VII. To Joseph Burbage Lorenzo d' Medeci De Jarnette, vulgarly known as "Hippo," we bequeath one Æolian hand-organ, so that with less exertion and more harmony he may create about him the sound-waves recognized as "Hippo's Music." To accompany said hand-organ we hereby provide funds for the purchase of an Italian monkey, which he might call "Westover."

ITEM VIII. To S. P. Duke, whose initials are identical with those of Saint Peter, the Gatekeeper, we leave the earthly guardianship of the erring members of the class of 1906.

ITEM IX. To C. Allmand Edwards, we leave the sum of threethous and dollars, which he shall use in procuring the services of Jean de Reszke as a coach for the cultivation of his voice. Edwards has a beautiful voice now, and good training may prevent the bursting of his jugular when he reaches after the high ones.

ITEM X. We hereby bequeath unto R. H. Cassius Fravel one set of Spalding's directions, "How to be An Editor," also one barrel of dried apples and two kegs of hot water, so that the proportions of his frame may approach zero, instead of minus infinity as is the present tendency.

ITEM XI. To H. C. Gregory, papal delegate to the imperial domain of Randolph-Macon, we bequeath monetary aid toward a good appointment.

ITEM XII. To W. L. Hall, townsman, author of the famous song "Boola, Boola" we bequeath in perpetual trust the fruit from the trees of "The Secret Orchard," with a single condition, to wit: that he do not allow "Hippo" to smell, to taste, or to eat any of said fruit, because this Eve among men, by eating the fruit, might awake to a knowledge of sin.

ITEM XIII. To B. E. Harrell we leave a truck-farm, hoping that he may form home attachments, and desist from his suspicious visits to Paris and similarly evil towns.

ITEM XIV. To A. P. James we will one dozen gross of Ivory Soap, nine hundred and twenty-five one-thousandths pure, as a testimonial of the appreciation we have of his snow-white life and morals.

ITEM XV. To W. P. Lipscomb we bequeath one Victor Talking Machine, one Farmer's Almanac Joke Book, and a volume of Prof. Tyrdo's Dream Book.

ITEM XVI. To H. L. Lowry we leave the Beau Brummel costumes which Mr. Richard Mansfield has donated for his benefit. Lowry has a beautiful, soulful, and poetic countenance and form and we desire to see him suitably habited. In addition we leave Lowry one small, shaggy dog named Curly-Locks with the sincere hope that he may be trained so cleverly that he shall receive as much applause as in the recent performance in Fredericksburg.

ITEM XVII. To J. N. Mast we will intrust a barrel of beer, in the belief that his inherited German instincts may some day overcome his acquired aversion to so healthful a beverage.

ITEM XVIII. To C. F. McClintic we bequeath the Campus.

ITEM XIX. To L. I. Mills we bequeath one pot of Boston Baked Beans with Manual for use of same, and a tub of Second Cottage Lobster Salad. Also one Master's Degree if the faculty can see its way clear to get by.

ITEM XX. To A. C. Philpotts we will one dozen photographs of Hubert Coates. We suggest that these be placed three on each wall of Philpotts' room, so he can always remember sweet Alice H. Coates.

ITEM XXI. To H. A. Stevenson we leave a villa on the brook that runs to the sea; also a drawing from life of the top of "Pap" Smiths' head.

ITEM XXII. To E. E. Smith we leave everything that is left over, regretting that we were forced to disappoint his expectation of having it all in the first place.

ITEM XXIII. To M. T. Tabler we leave the best there is in the vineyard of the Lord.

ITEM XXIV. To H. W. Thrasher we leave six little "hottentots" which may remove from his pillow the chocolate ice-cream which has fallen thereon. Also we bequeath to Whoppin the constant companionship of Little, as a light unto his feet and a guide into the straight and uncomfortable way.

ITEM XXV. To P. M. Thrasher we leave large moneys, so that he may travel extensively and give Whoppin as much trouble as possible. After he has helped Mills to eat his lobster salad, he will be entitled to one pound of hung-up beef.

ITEM XXVI. To C. N. Wunder we leave a warm welcome in the fishing precincts whenever he may revisit Ashland.

ITEM XXVII. To President Robert Emory Blackwell, LL. D., we leave the red blood corpuscles used in the Biological Laboratory, and one peach tree, which may furnish switches to be used in the chastisement of the little fellows of the College.

ITEM XXVIII. To Willie Brown, secretary by accident, we leave the methods and brains of John Doctor.

As executors of this testament we here by appoint Dutchy Barnes and Jimmie Hughes.

In witness whereof, we, the men of the graduating class of 1906, of Randolph-Macon, have set hereunto our hand and seal this the 14th day of June, 1906.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the class of 1906, of Randolph-Macon as and for its last will and testament, in presence of us, who, at their request, in presence of each other, have hereunto set our hands and seals as witnesses.

ERNEST STARR.
M. K. HARRIS.
L. I. MILLS.
P. M. THRASHER.
C. F. WALTERS.



THE PASSING

WILMER L. HALL

*Across from out the fading west,
On the water's bosom still,
A dying ray of sunshine lies
With a rippling, dazzling thrill.
A lingering touch, loath to depart
From the day it made so fair,
But passing, as all earthly things,
From a world of pain and care.*

*Sweet as the throb of music low,
From the touch of a Southern sky,
Are young hearts' dreams of life and love
In a youth that soon will die;
Cold as the glint of sunshine bright
On a barren winters' day
Are memories of vain old age
That will quickly pass away.*

*Youth is a rose, so fair and red,
Full of hot passion and strife;
Age is the flower with withered leaves,
That shrinks from the struggle of life.
A gleam of hope, a flash of joy,
As vain as a star's faint light;
All love, and hope, and pain soon yield
To the void of eternal night.*



ONE OF THE CUSTOMARY BREAKDOWNS.

Class of 1907

MOTTO

"Animum Arrecti"

COLORS

Green and Gold

YELL

Rig-o-lack, Chig-o-lack!
Tiek, taek, taken,
Naughty-seven, Naughty-seven,
Randolph-Macon.

OFFICERS

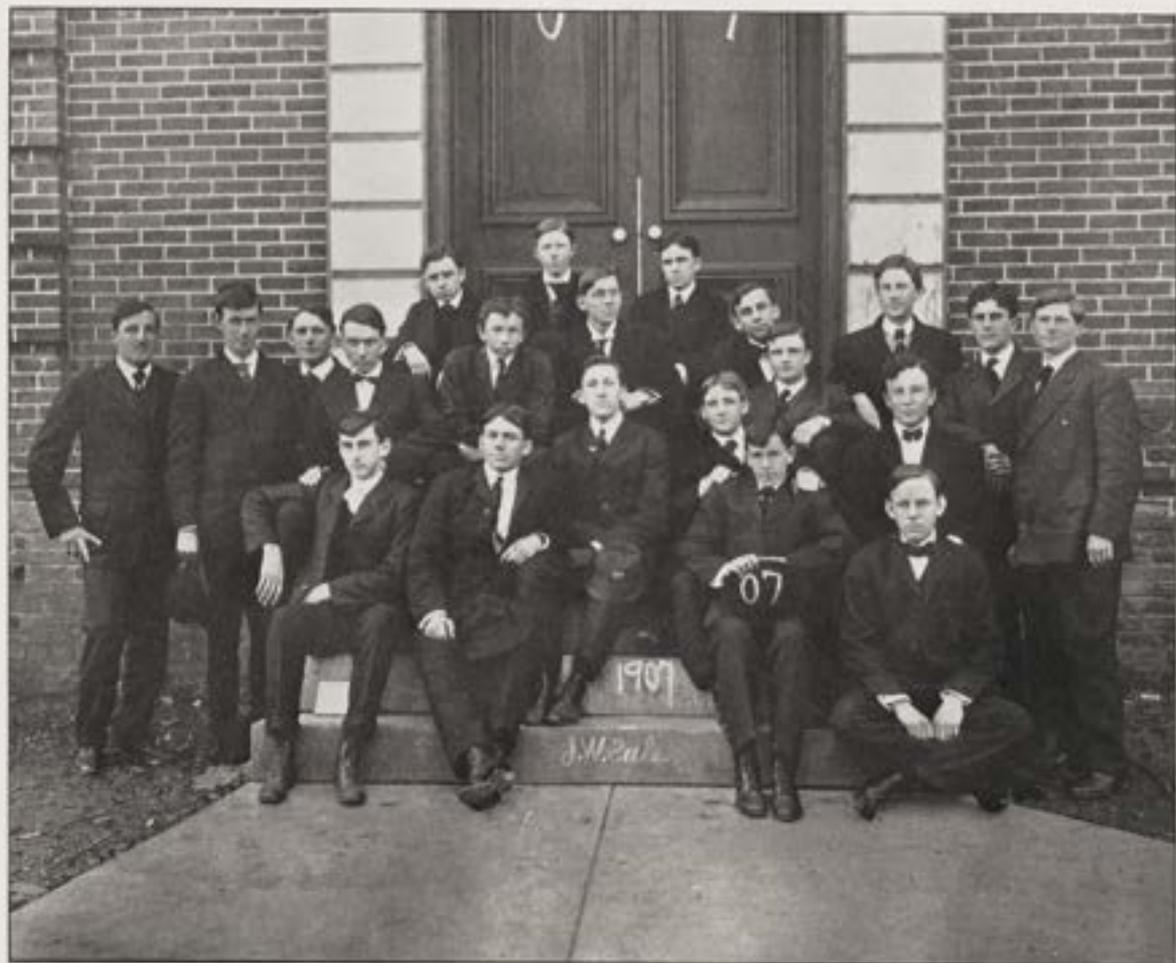
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C. STEBBINS	J. P. SIMMONS
L. A. SMITH	C. F. WALTERS
H. L. WESTON	L. W. WHITE, JR.



CLASS 1917



CLASS 1907



History of the Class of 1907



LITTLE group of classmates had been in my room for about an hour, and together we had gone over the happy experiences of our first two years at college. The fellows had just gone. I was turning to my table to begin the tasks of the night, when my attention was arrested by a sudden tapping on my door. I was sure I had heard no footsteps in the hall, but there was no mistake about the knock on the door, for it was being repeated. Resolved not to be a coward, I stepped boldly up and threw open the door.

Not waiting for an invitation, a strange visitor entered the room and took his stand near my stove. His face, stern and grave, appeared the more solemn because of his long gray hair and beard. He was tall and broad, but rather stooped. A loosely fitting garment—once black, now brown from age—swung from his shoulders and fastened about his waist with a cord. His air was that of a sovereign. Now the scene is past, what makes me wonder is that I was not in the least uneasy in the presence of this extraordinary guest. I placed a chair for him, but he preferred to stand; I reached to relieve him of his heavy roll of papers, but he refused to put them down.

I see his face now as he turned to me with a voice at once deep and tender and said: "Your friends have just gone. They have left you glad. My message to you is not one that will increase your gladness.

"I am Father Time. The first year of your class I made long and eventful; the second was not short; but this year, though it seems to have begun but yesterday, to-morrow will be gone."

I shall never forget the tone in which he uttered that last word. Gone—it fell upon my ears like the last stroke of a funeral knell. I thought of all the year had meant to me. The tasks, the pleasures, the opportunities and the happy associations were all as vivid to me as though I were living them over. But to think they were all gone staggered me. As one by one these scenes passed through my mind, I seemed to stand by and watch the funeral procession pass on to lay one of my best friends in his last narrow home; for such is the feeling a student has for a year at college.

But I was not long thus engaged. My sad musing was soon interrupted by the voice of the aged father.

"Be not sad," said he, "but write quickly a record of the class for the passing year, and I promise to you another year of joy and pleasure together."

Delighted at this promise, I took my pen, and as he looked on, this is what

I wrote: "It is a mistake for men to count time by the divisions marked on calendars and clock dials. Two years ago, when the class of '07 came into existence, our calendars had registered on them three hundred and sixty-five days, and the hour hand on the clock made two revolutions on each of these days. During that year time moved so slowly that many times we longed to tear a month from the calendar and throw it into our waste baskets. The year seemed like a century. Last year the days followed each other more rapidly, and this year, though the calendar designates the same number of days and the clock makes the same number of ticks each day, no one dares dispute the fact that time now is much shorter and passes away much sooner than it did two years ago. A whole day now often seems little more than an hour. Yet whether time has moved rapidly or slowly the class of '07 has been up and doing. It has been making men—men who promise to bring things to pass in the years to come.

"The '07 fellows have acquitted themselves well in every department of school life from their very start. Naturally enough our increased capacity and deepened interest have urged us to make this our best year thus far. Our class has shared honors with the dignified seniors and others on the athletic field, in the literary societies, on debating teams, in work on the *Monthly* and *YELLOW JACKET* and finally in the class room. By an active interest in Y. M. C. A. work it has exhibited its concern for things higher than mind and body. While we do not claim to be the embodiment of all the virtue and intellect of the school, we do feel that our work has been done in such a way that we may justly feel proud.

"We are just now at the most interesting stage of our career. Already the seventy-five yard line has been crossed, and just out there before us stands the goal toward which we run. Our muscles are strong and ready; our hearts are pulsating rapidly; and the blood tingles in every vein all over our bodies. How shall we finish the race?"

I had just placed my pen to write the last paragraph, when Father Time touched me and commanded me to stop with that question. Taking the paper from my table he hurriedly placed it in the great roll under his arm. I longed to ask him some questions, but knowing my thoughts he forbade me by the expression of his face. From his roll of papers he pulled a long, thin sheet and spread it before my eyes. There I read his brief outline of our class work for three years. Here and there on the paper I noted long blanks extending all across the sheet. Pointing to these he said, "These indicate unperformed duties. Remember my promise, and let us have none of these on the page I write next year." Then in silence he left me to think alone.

J. C. ROBERTSON,
Historian.



Class of 1908

MOTTO

"Maecte virtute"

FLOWER

Pansy

COLORS

Cream and Royal Purple.

YELL

We are here! We are here!
At R. M. C. to stay!
Until '08, until '08,
Then we go away.

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J. E. WALLACE	A. N. WARNER
C. L. YANCEY	W. W. YOUNG



CLASS FIVE



CLASS 1908



History of the Class of 1908

"Hi-yi! Jack, old boy, how goes it?"

"Well, well, well, who would have expected to see you here. But, by George! I am glad to run across you once more, old Pard!"

"The same to you. Now come and go with me to the train for I have to leave in about ten minutes. How have you been getting along this year?"

"All to the good so far. But just now I am up against a few tough propositions. You see, it is like this. Commencement is only a few weeks off, and you know what we usually have at Randolph-Macon just before Commencement."

"Oh! cut that out. I had enough of Exams. last year. Let's learn about what you all have been doing down there this Session."

"Just about the same things we did last year—winning cups in championships, and inter-collegiate debates, taking care of the fish, getting 'ten per cent,' and studying a little now and then for amusement."

"What did you all do for those fish, anyhow?"

"Well, there is such a 'bum' set of them that it took a lot of time and trouble to teach them how to swim in Ashland. They are generally considered to be the worst that have appeared on the campus for ten years. Man, it was just proper to administer the shingle to someone else instead of getting it administered to you."

"I bet it was, and I should have liked to have been with you then. I am sure you boys took care of them all right, though. Now, how is old '08 getting along?"

"We are making it pretty well, but we surely do miss you fellows who didn't come back this year. Warner has taken 'Mac's' place as Vice-President, and Yancey is handling the 'chink' instead of 'Pat' Blankeney. 'Fan-Tan' makes just as good a President as usual. 'Sis' Taylor, Johns, 'Barnie' and 'Mr. DeShadzo', are the members of the Class Quartette this Session. 'Jimmie' Keene and 'Diek' Lancaster have been doing fine work on the front bench in Chapel."

"Yes, I am sure they have. Those boys sing so sweetly. Has there been anything doing in the dry goods department?"

"That is just where we are lacking. 'Lucy', 'Mike', and 'Kitten' were the only ones who made 'Calico' the first-half. 'Kitten' lead the class with a mark close to a hundred. 'Little' Dolly must have made some progress in that line for there are several domestic animals in town named for him. How-

ever, I think the class will do better next session, for we have several 'Fish' who are very promising in 'Calie.'

"Let us hope so, for if a fellow don't get struck on the Ashland girls, he'll never get struck on anything."

"Yea, verily.—Our boys have also been stirring about in foot-ball and baseball. Harris, Yancey, Owens and Baldwin did good work on the football squad. Those representing us on the diamond———."

"All aboard," shouted the Porter.

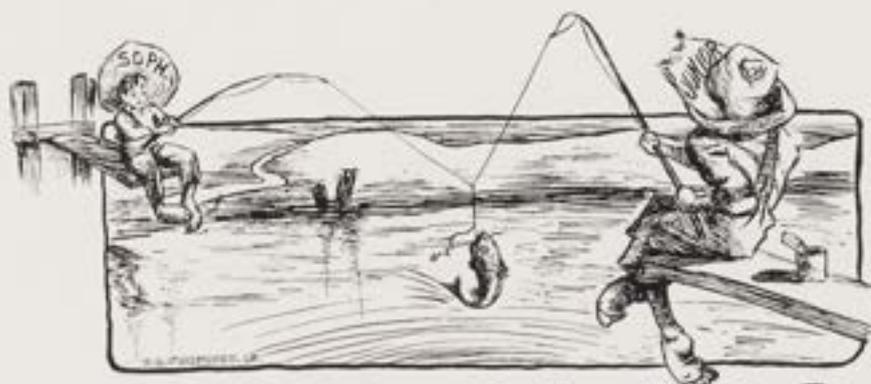
"Good bye, Buck," old man. Be good to yourself and be sure to come down Commencement."

"You can just bet your life on it. Tell 'em that you saw me."

"Farewell."

E. P. FERGUSON, Historian.





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FISH CLASS

MOTTO—"Tui nil molitur inepti"

COLORS—Crimson and White

YELL

Hyka! Hyka! Hyka! Ho! Yak! Hee!
Naughty-nine, Naughty-nine! R. M. C.

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E. P. WIGHTMAN

S. J. WOODHOUSE

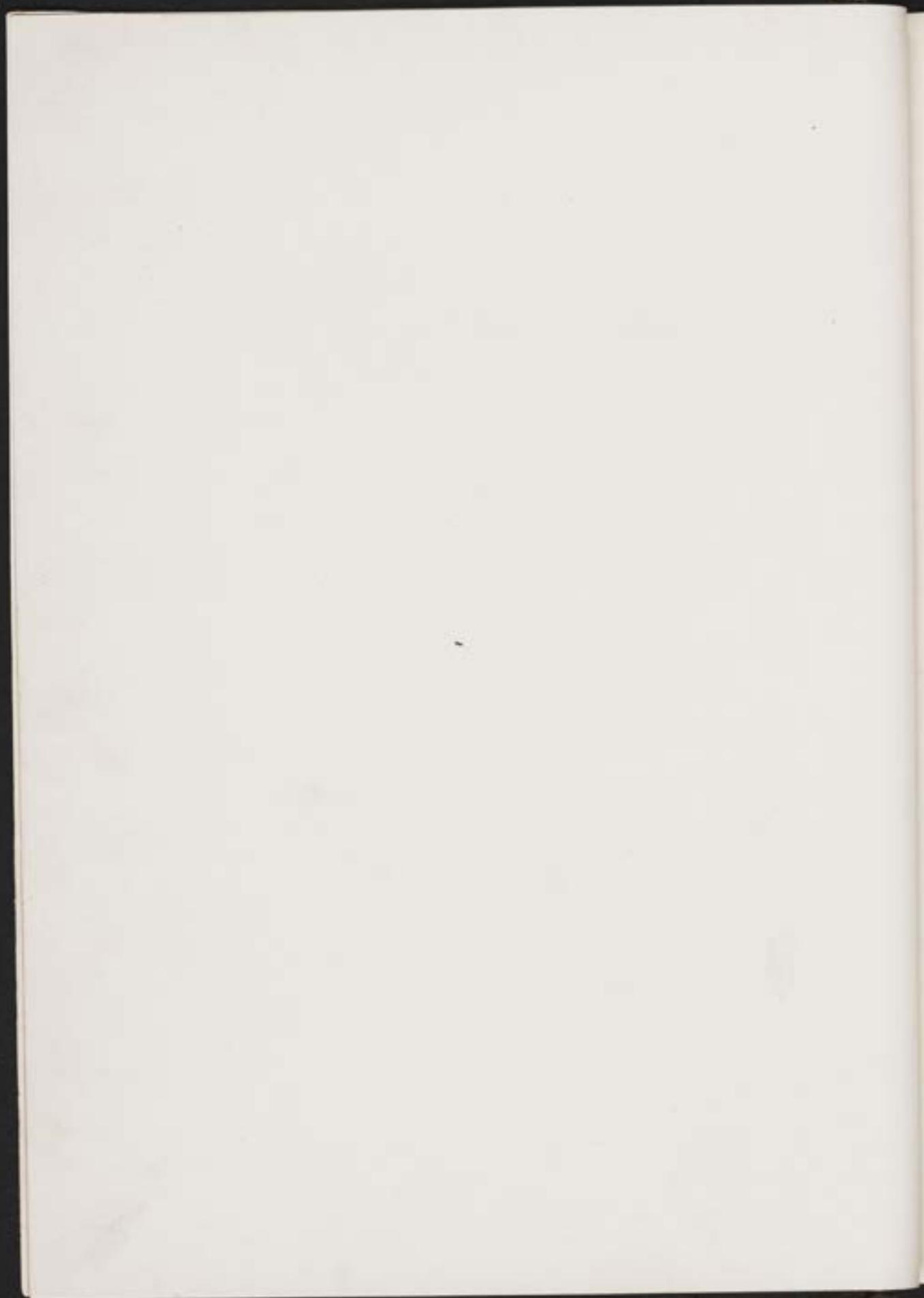
A. F. STEWART, JR.

L. P. SMITHEY

E. D. WUNDER

T. L. WEST

N. YANAGIWARA





1911



CLASS 1909



History of the Class of 1909



URRAH for the "Fish Class" of 1905, who will swim away from old R. M. C. in 1909 with their "sheep-skins!"

On the 14th of September, the trains, which came from the North, South, East and West, were filled with "fish," bound for the great "metropolis," Ashland, there to mix, species after species, in one great "school" known now as the genus—"1905 Fish." The largest, most noted, and most variegated in color and size were the schools of "Bedford" and "Front Royal." I mention these as the principal types, which form the "1905 Fish School."

All of us were caught in the Y. M. C. A. "net," and there gazed in wonder at the "civilized" Juniors, Sophs and Seniors. A little later our school was rudely separated by upper classmen, and each of us placed in different waters, there to flounder as best we could.

But now we are all packed and salted down, in boxes, which are labelled "cottages."

Cottage 1. is Pres. Carl Brandt; popular with the "calico," with his horse and buggy; No. 7 is Vice-President Crowder, a "fish" with a red coat, conspicuous for his V. M. I. pennant attached to the front of his sweater; Sec'y and Treas. "Shark" Marshall is packed in his native "Kentucky Blue Grass;" Woodhouse, Silvester, Harlan and Jernigan were packed in a "pig skin;" Stewart, McClintie, Wilson, and Newman are put aside to be packed with new baseball suits. The others are packed in a common lot, and will be on exhibition for the next three years, at the end of which time all of us will leave old "R. M. C." with our A. B. and A. M. degrees and flying our banners of crimson and white.

PAUL JERNIGAN, Historian.

LINES

EDWIN LATHAM QUARLES.

*Oh, who in the way-over-yonder,
Beyond the dark tree-tops and gray,
Has touched her white fingers, I wonder,
Since I have not seen her to-day.*

*And who has looked under the lashes
That droop over eyes of soft gray?
And who has been caught in their meshes,
Since I have not seen her to-day?*

*'Twas only in moments of greeting
Her hand in another's she lay;
'Twas only the touch of a greeting,
Since I have not seen her to-day.*

*And under the lashes a story
Is written in wonderful gray;
But none has discovered its glory
Since I have not seen her to-day.*

*She is mine in the way over-yonder,
She's safe in the dim way-a-way;
And yet there is much that I wonder,
Since I have not seen her to-day.*



LIBRARY AND TERRACE HALL



PAUL LEVYER HALL



STADIUM



WILSON HALL FOR MEN

JAMES BENTON HALL



LIBRARY AND LIBRARY HALLS



PACE LECTURE HALL



CHAPEL



PETTYJOHN HALL OF SCIENCE





FRATS.





1865-1906



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

ROBERT EMORY BLACKWELL, LL. D.

HALL CANTER, PH. D.

FRATRES IN URBE

SAMUEL REDD CARTER, B. L.

JAMES F. HOWISON

MARVIN E. SMITHEY, A. M.

ROBERT TUCKER HUNTER, A. B.

CARL HOWARD McCULLEN

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

JAMES CHESLEY BEALE

HUNTER LEE GREGORY

SAMUEL PAGE DUKE

CYRUS WENDELL BEALE

EDGAR DAVIS HELLWEG

WILLIAM HENRY HASKINS

DAYTON RALPH MIDYETTE, JR.

ROBERT THOMAS CROWDER

JOSEPH PAXTON SIMMONS

JOHN WADIE HAMILTON

THOMAS JAMES WILSON, JR.

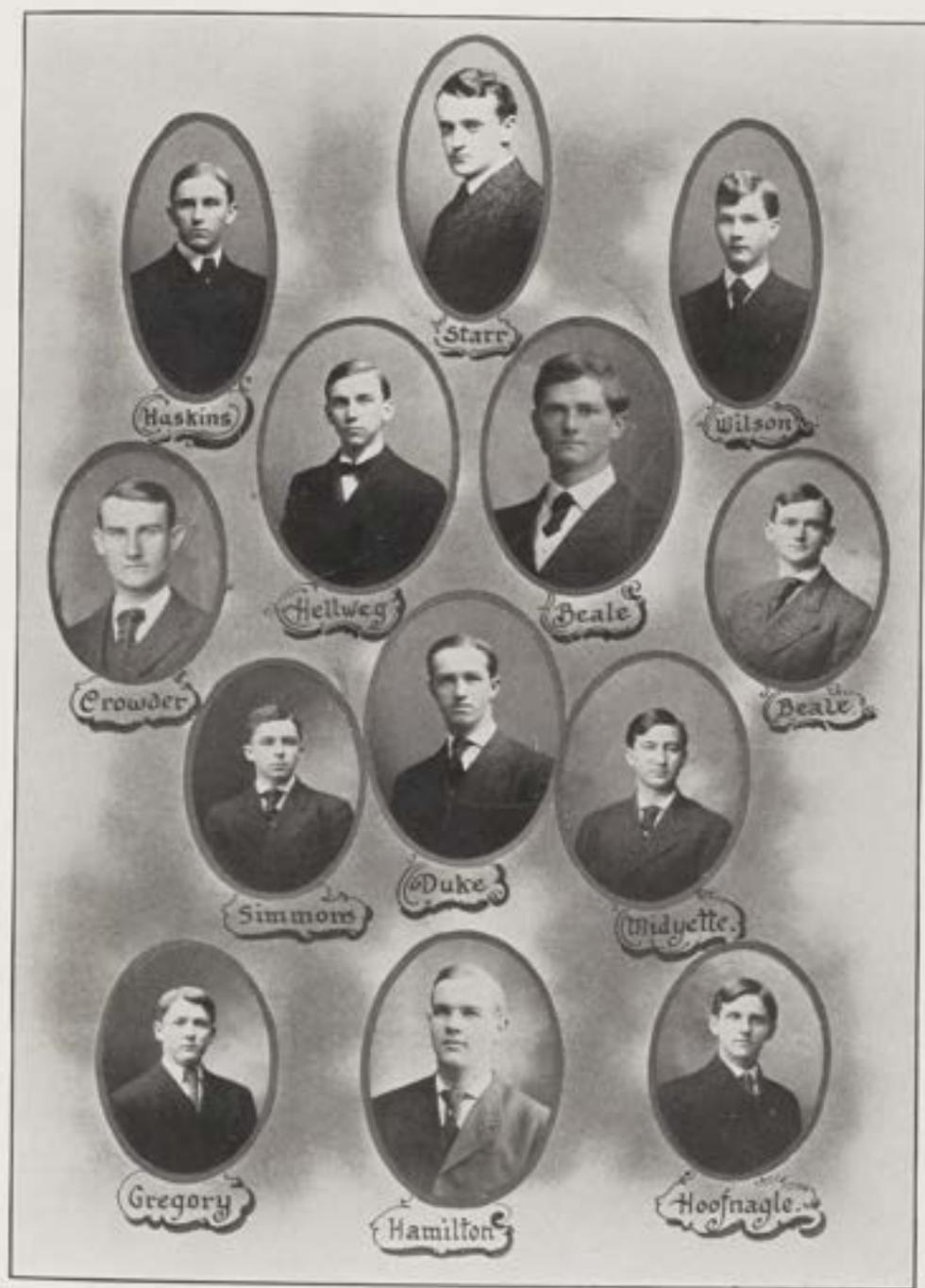
ERNEST LORRAINE STARR

WILLIAM THOMAS WITHERS HOOFNAGLE

Kappa Alpha

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—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
XI—Southwestern University of Texas, Austin, Tex.
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.
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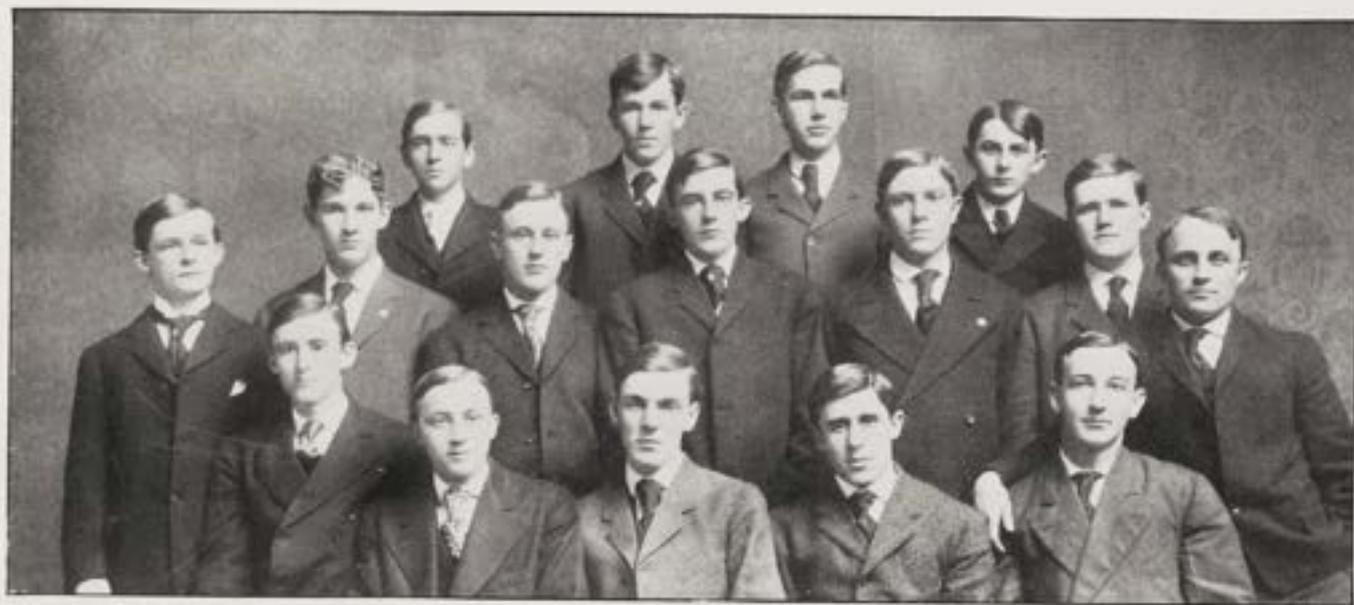
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MU	Tulane University
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Phi Delta Theta

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

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Founded 1873

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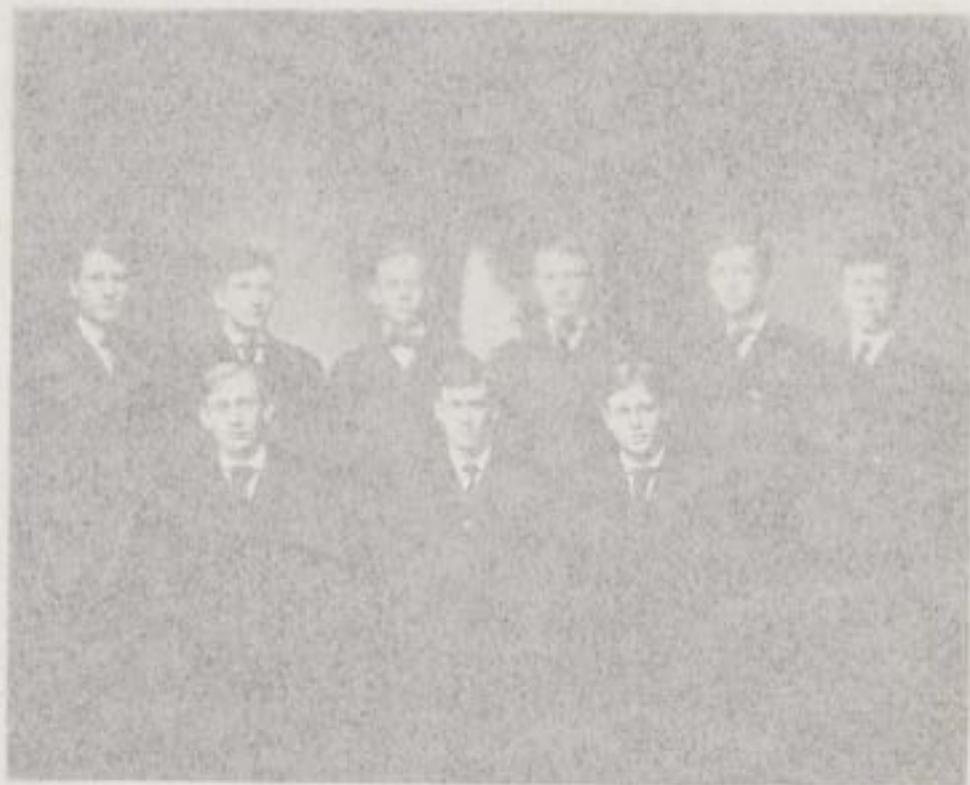
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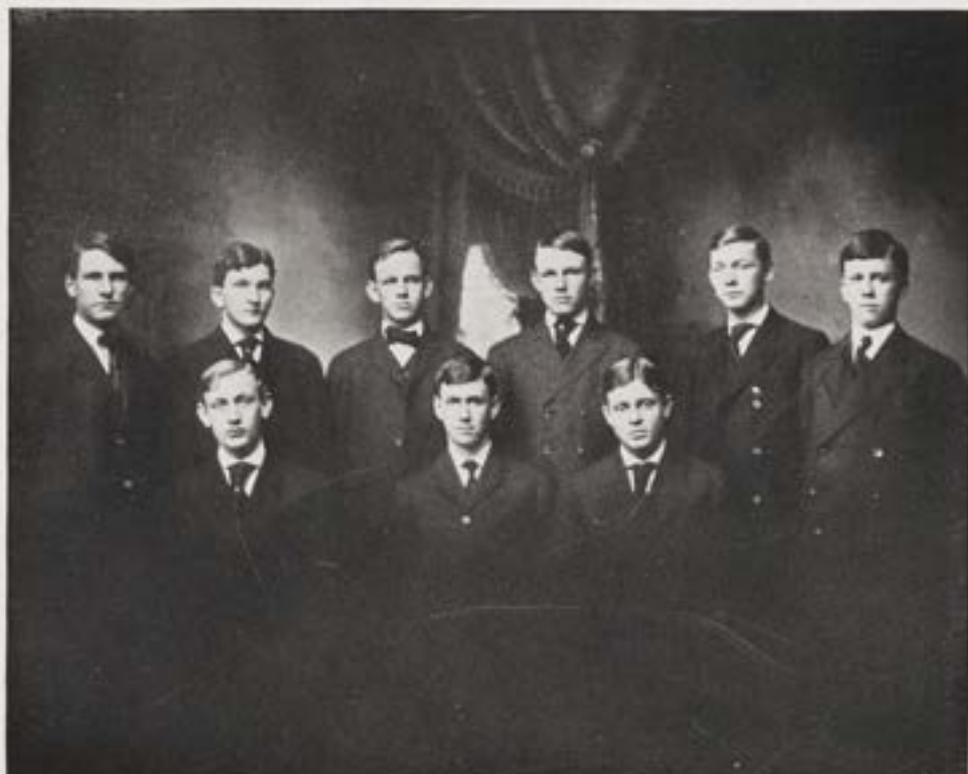
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MASSACHUSETTS BETA—Amherst College.
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PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY.



PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY.







Kappa Sigma

United States, 1867

JOURNAL

Caduceus

FLOWER

Lily of the Valley

COLORS

Scarlet, White and Emerald Green

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Danville	Jackson	Lynchburg	Philadelphia		



KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.



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SONNET

BY EDWIN LATHAM QUARLES.

*Is there no shaded place to live the years?
No hiding spot to shun this giant's thong?
Must Gain push me through marts where men are strong
And force his burly fingers in my ears,
Stilling the cry of human joys and fears?
Must he break through my dream, where love is long,
And bind me, deaf me, blind me like the throng
That hear no birds nor reck of woman's tears?
O God, are there not men enough to hold
The place of lord and see unwearily?
To deal and take the traffic's minted gold?
Would Duty judge my living false to Thee,
Were he to come and find that I'd grown old,
Wrapped in a dream that held my Love and me?*

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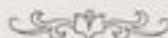


A DREAM

WILMER L. HALL.

*I dreamed of a lily once,
That was to me so dear;
Across the water I reached out
My arms to draw her near.*

*Sunshine and hope and happiness,
She seemed all these to be;
The yawning water stretched between,
And she was lost to me.*



FANCIES

WILMER L. HALL.

*Down the long paths of weary time
Softly they come in sil'ry light;
Sweet as a throbbing, half-heard chime,
Stealing across the silent night.*

*Full of a mystery all unsaid,
Tender as hearts bowed down with pain;
Sad in the old sweet thoughts they bring
Back to an aching heart again.*

*Out to the stars they fly once more,
Shading the glow of the lights above,
Darksome spirits, with sun-tipped wings,
The thoughts and dreams of an old-time love.*

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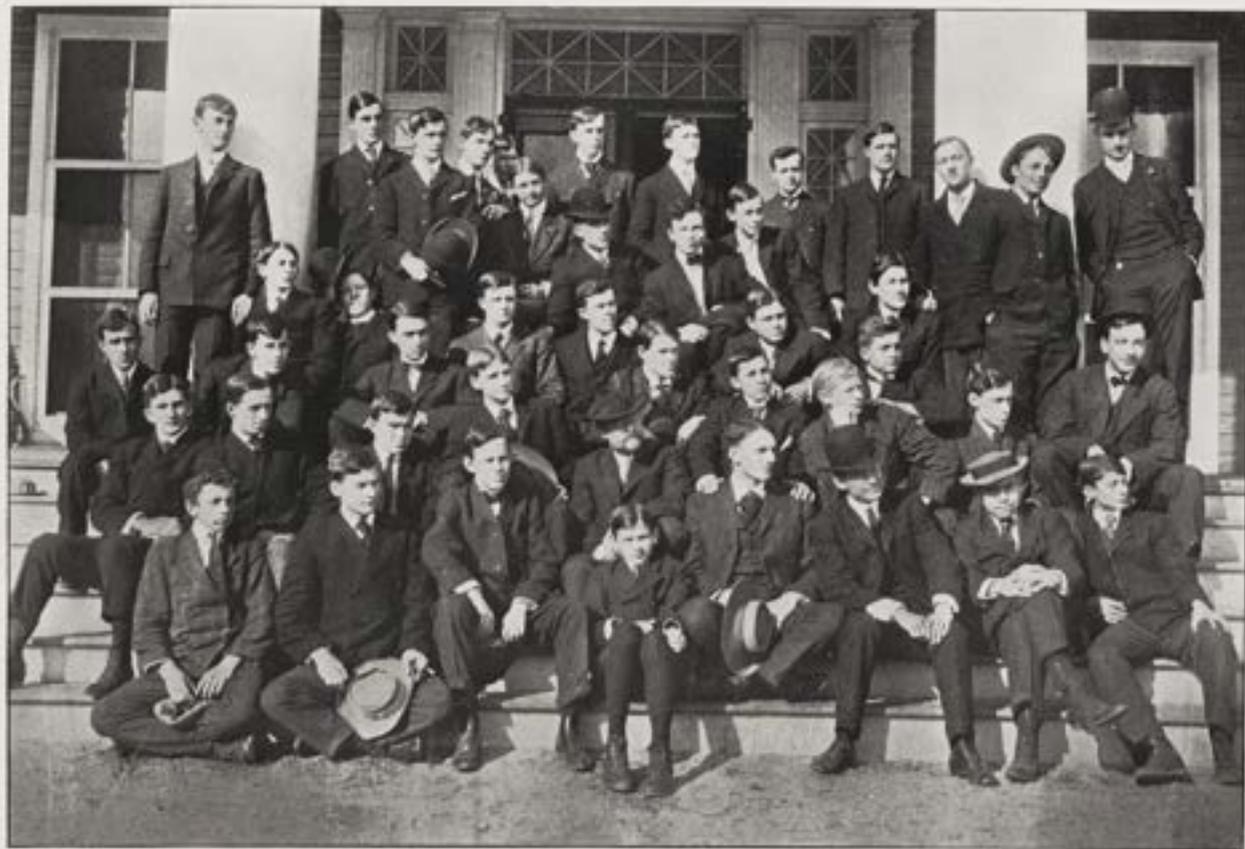
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FOOTBALL TEAM, 1911



FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETY.



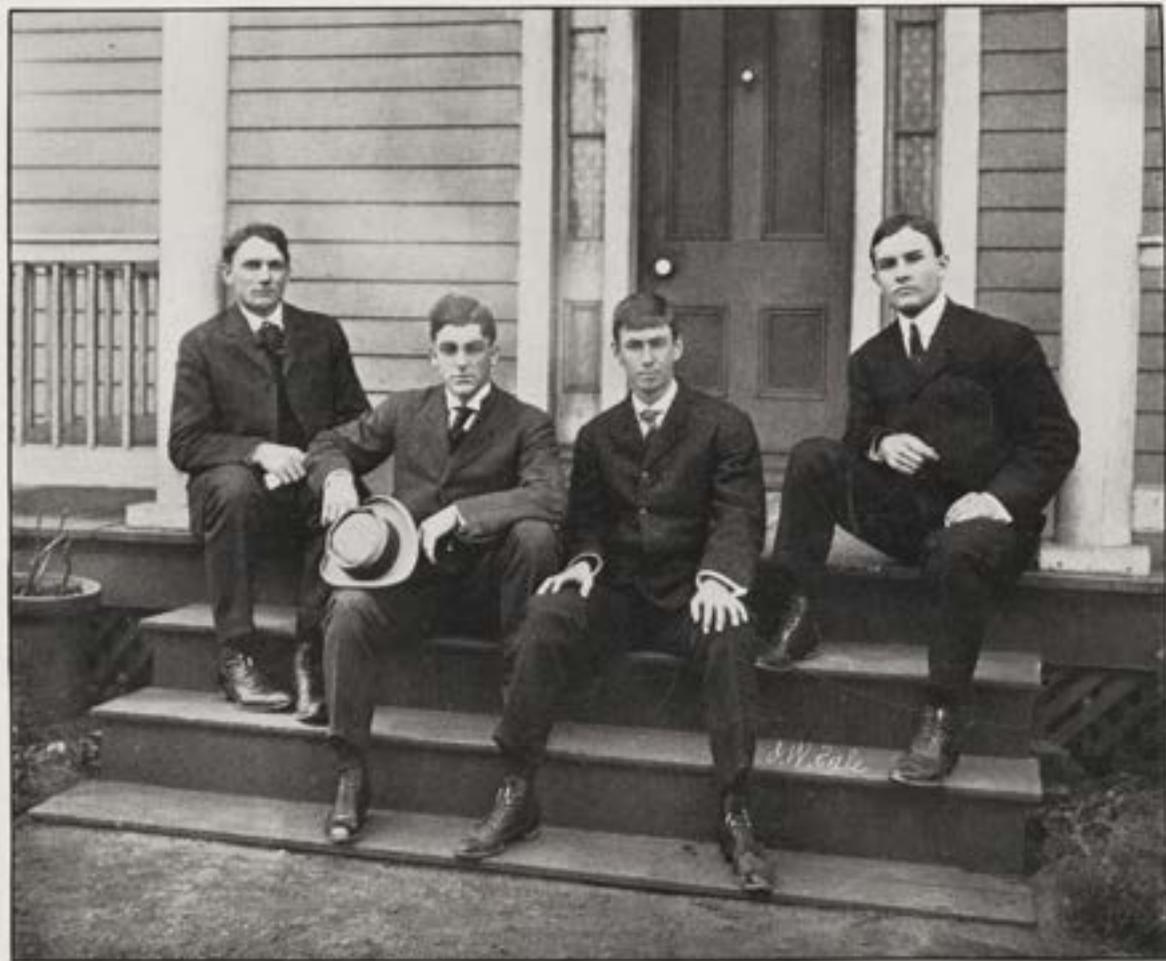


DEBATES





CREATING TEAM



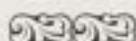
DEBATING TEAM.

Intercollegiate Debate

William and Mary vs. Randolph-Macon

C. F. McCLINTIC - - - - - Franklin Literary Society
A. P. JAMES - - - - - Washington Literary Society

QUESTION—*Resolved:* That it should be the policy of the United States not to hold territory permanently except with the purpose that it shall ultimately enjoy statehood.



Richmond College vs. Randolph-Macon

H. L. LOWRY - - - - - Franklin Literary Society
W. L. CHENERY - - - - - Washington Literary Society

QUESTION—*Resolved:* That all street railway facilities, including subways and elevated roads, should be owned and controlled by the respective municipalities.

Washington Literary Society

Public Debate

President	- - - - -	M. T. TABLER
First Vice-President	- - - - -	A. P. JAMES
Second Vice-President	- - - - -	C. D. JOHNS

DEBATE—*Resolved*: "That further restriction rather than further assimilation is the best solution of the immigratoin problem."

Affirmative

W. L. DOLLY, JR.
J. S. GRAY

Negative

E. D. HELLWEG
W. W. BARNHART

Marshals

J. E. WALLACE, Chief
E. P. FERGUSON } Assistants
N. YANAGIWARA }

Franklin Literary Society

Public Debate, April 20, 1906

President	H. L. LOWERY
First Vice-President	J. B. L. DEJARNETTE
Second Vice-President	W. BLAKEY

DEBATE—*Resolved:* That all railroads should be owned and controlled by the government; those doing interstate business by the national government, those doing state business by the state governments.

Affirmative

J. G. SAWYER
C. L. YANCEY

Negative

W. L. DEVANEY, JR.
R. V. LANCASTER

Marshals

D. S. ELLIS, Chief
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M. R. BISHOP }

A DAISY

WILMER L. HALL

*Only a wild and common flower,
A daisy, withered and old;
A breath of summer days gone by,
With centre of faded gold.*

*Would you know why I cherish you
These days so cold and bleak—
Must I breathe to your heart so dead
What I may never speak?*

*I cherish you above all those
Flowers so sweet and fair,
Because my lady touched you—
She wore you in her hair.*



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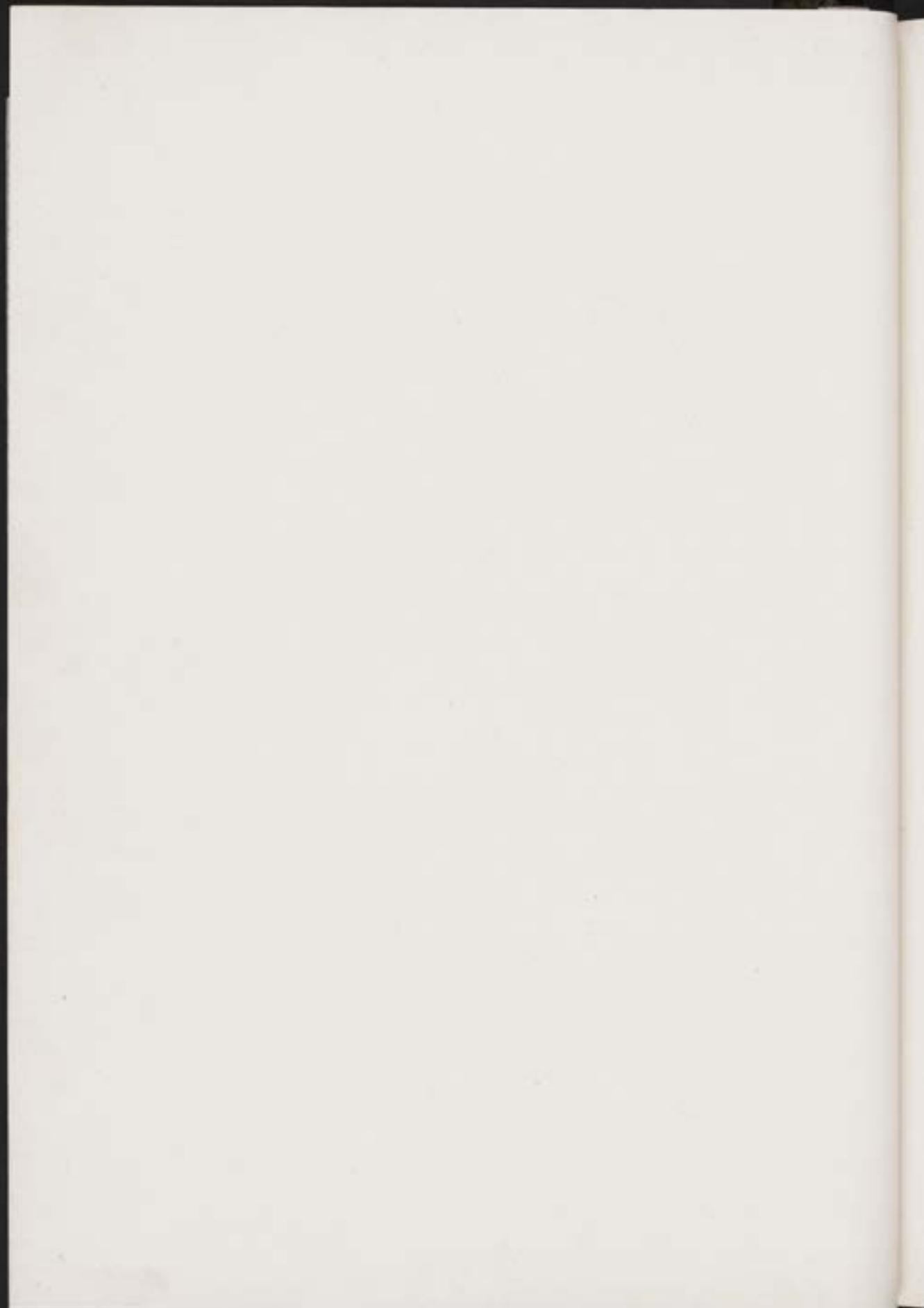
H. GAVER



TELEPHONE EXCHANGE STAFF



YELLOW JACKET STAFF



DREAM QUEEN

BY J. MILLER LEAKE.

*If I but keep my dream, sweet heart's desire,
What matters aught beside; the world entire,
Save you, is worth no golden dream of mine,
Lady of all my dreams, sweet queen divine;
And none are real save what you inspire.*

*Were mine the muse of Lesbian Sappho's lyre,
Or Goethe's gift of pure poetic fire—
These, dearest heart, I'd with your name entwine
If I but keep my dream.*

*I'd fain to Poetry's proud place aspire,
And on my dreams of you mount ever higher;
For all that you inspire, each word, each line,
If worthy of you, would, like ruddy wine,
Cheer heart and soul, and life would never tire,
If I but keep my dream.*

Randolph-Macon Monthly Staff

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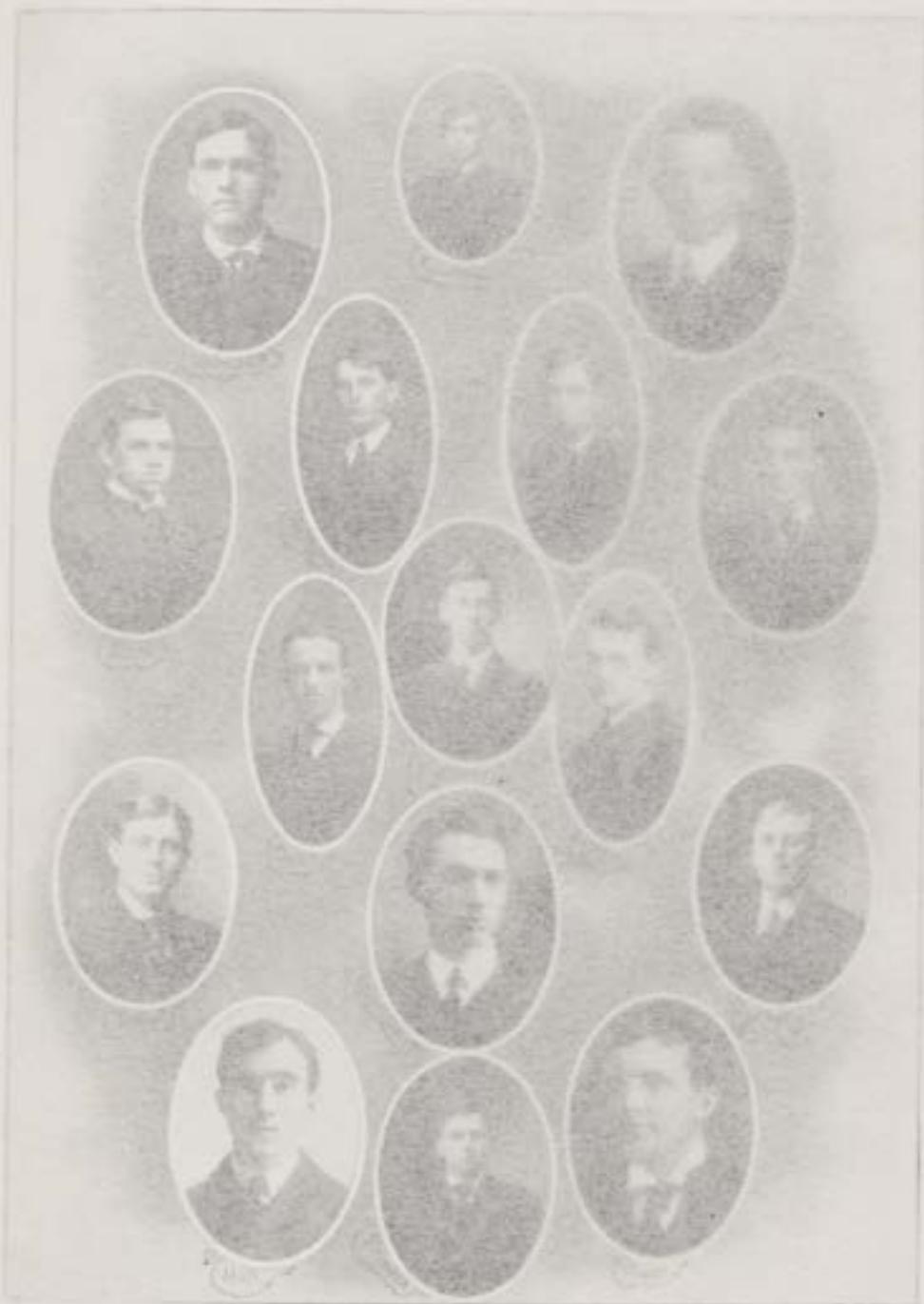
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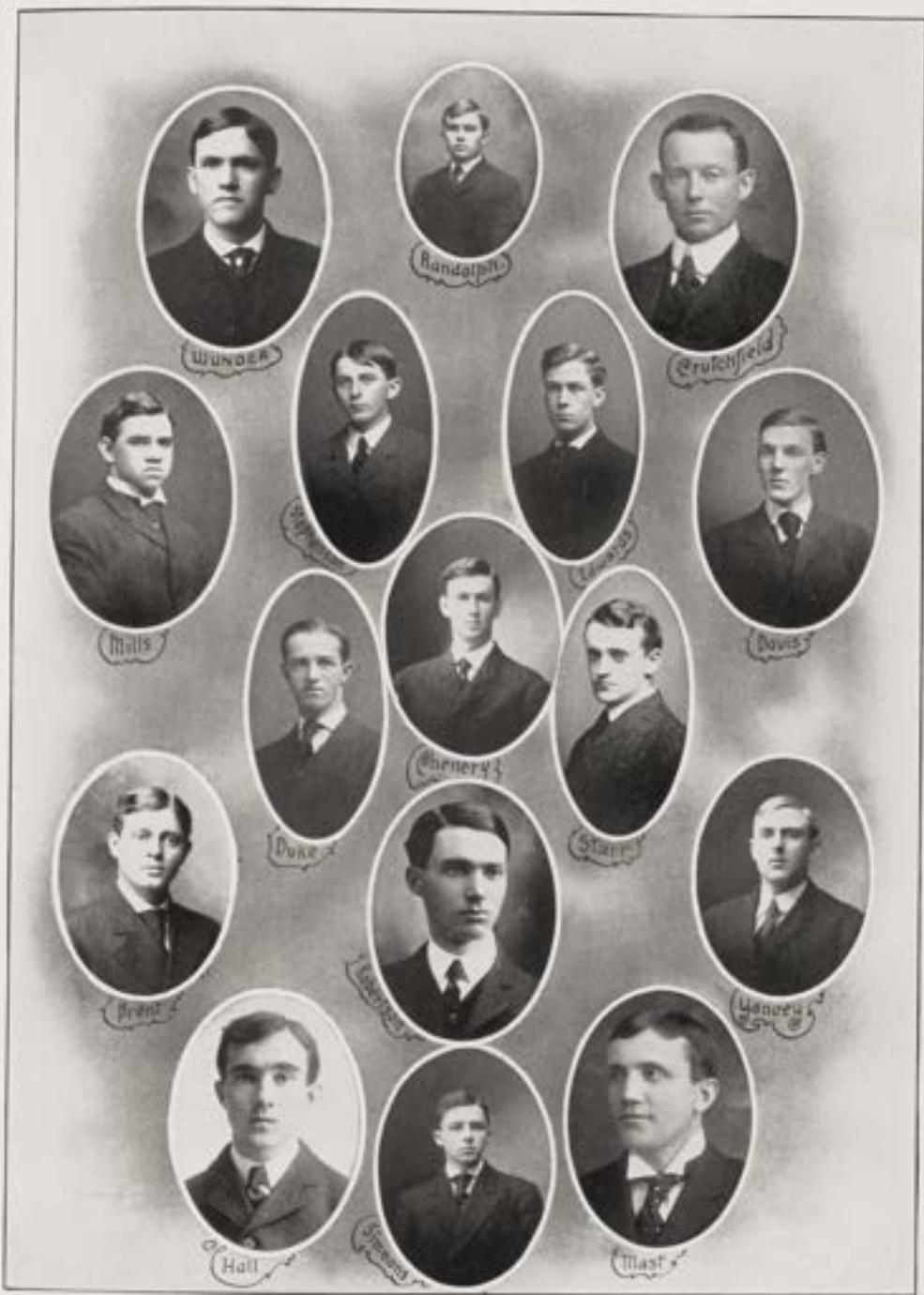
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MONTHLY STAFF

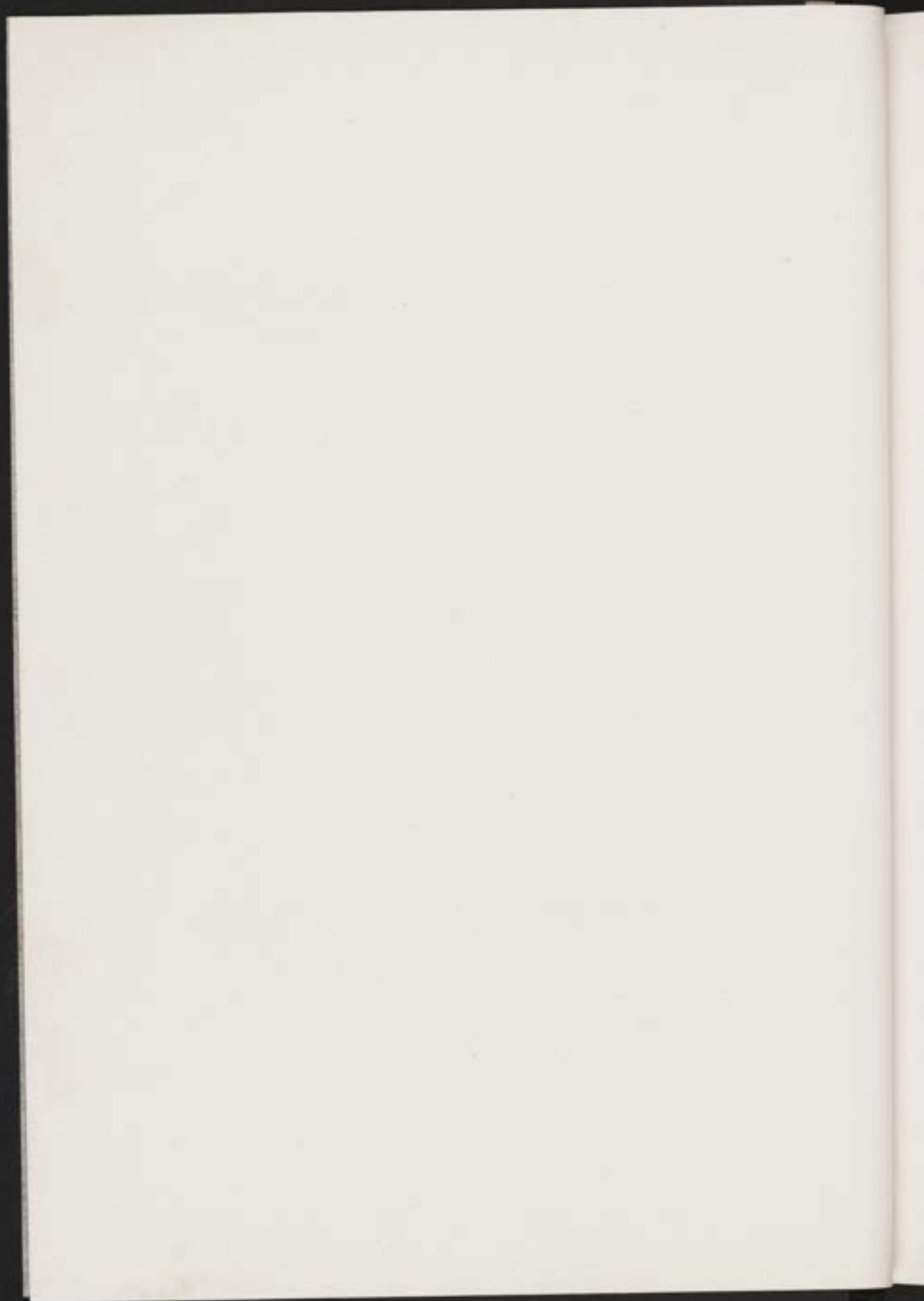




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ON PARKER STREET, BROWN UNIVERSITY



THE JOHN P. BRANCH DORMITORY.
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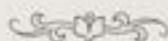
LET ME DREAM

BY JAMES R. LAWTON

*When the surging billows swell,
I am dreaming, Clarabel,
Dreams of thee;
And the visions come and go
Like dim shadows to and fro,
Ever free.*

*For my heart is ever thine,
And I worship at thy shrine,
Clarabel,
Though the seas between us roll
With their never-ending dole,
Yet I feel upon my soul
Love's strong spell.*

*Stay, oh! stay the happy hour,
With thy soul-enchanting power,
Heavenly gleam!
Bid time falter on his pinion
At the prayer of sweet love's minion,
Let me dream.*



TO THE WINTER RAIN

BY EDWIN LATHAM QUARLES

*Charge on, charge on, across the roofs,
You little elfin cavalry;
The clatter of your horses' hoofs
Cannot dismay the heart in me,
For though I've missed the boon of wealth,
I'll fill a cup with reddest wine,
And drink the whole wide world a health;
I know my lady's love is mine!*

PAGE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

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TABLER



MAST



ROBERTSON



TURNER



SMITH

Y. M. C. A. CABINET.



TO ALMA MATER

BY J. MILLER LEAKE

*Old College days, we drink to you to-day,
And greet you down the long years with a hail;
Days of endeavor, faith that cannot fail,
And friendship wrought in work and pledged in play;
Days that through all our lives their courses sway;
Days of sweet lessons, doubt can ne'er assail;
Days when our young lives learned to seek truth's goal,
Our Alma Mater showing us the way.*

*O, mother dear, we sail life's restless sea,
Storm-tossed we hear its deep, mysterious roar,
And feel its stress of rock and wave and wind.
We know our chart and compass come from thee,
And trust us out of sight of every shore,
Knowing that by thy laws a port we'll find.*

General Athletic Association

OFFICERS

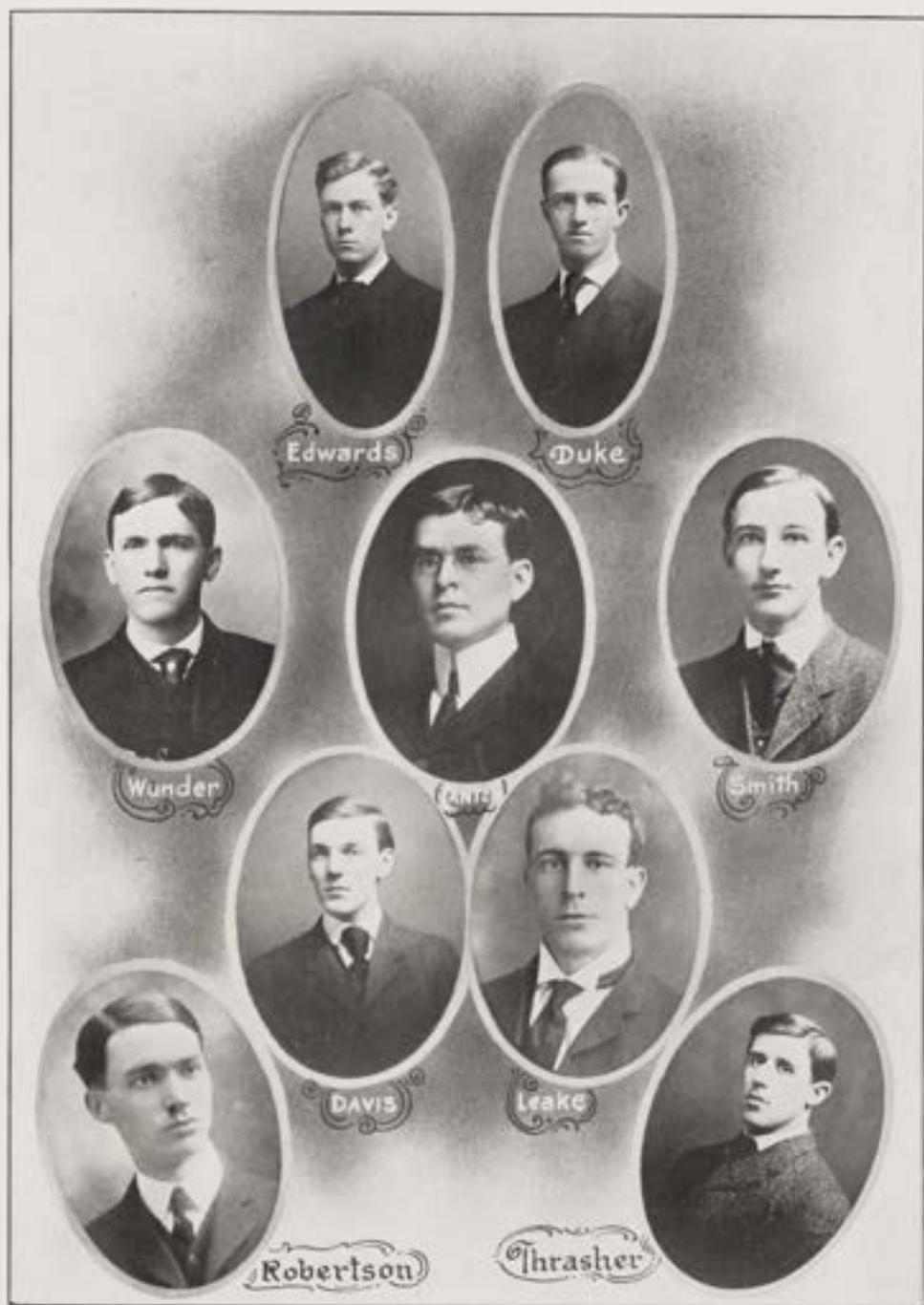
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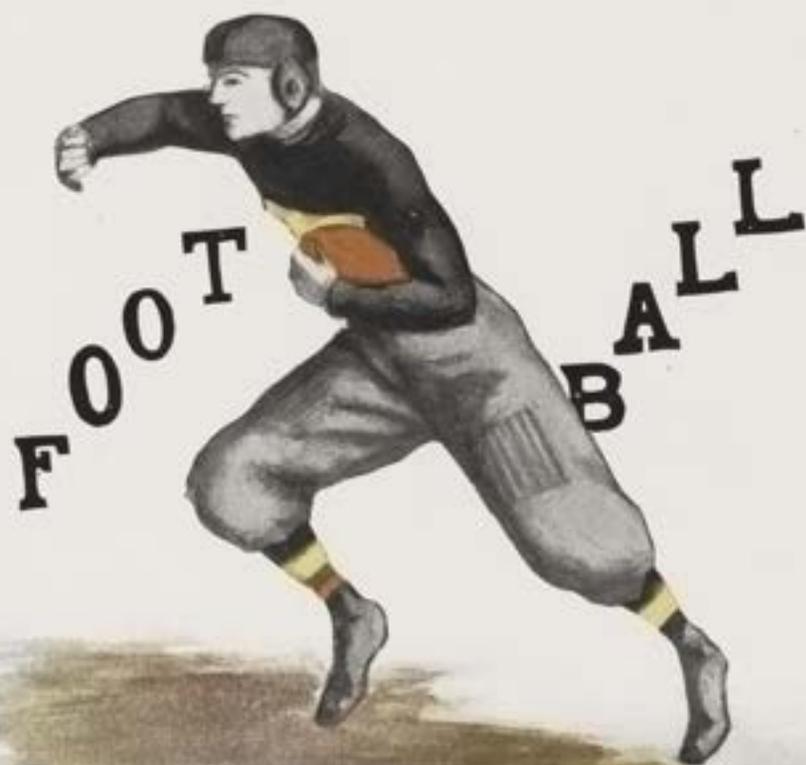
GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.







435
THURS



1909-6

Football

C. F. McCLINTIC	Manager
HARRY GAVER	Assistant Manager
C. F. WALTERS	Captain
MURRAY A. RUSSELL	Coach

LINE-UP

A. P. JAMES, Center	H. W. THRASHER	} Full Backs
D. A. HARRISON, Left Guard	J. W. HAMILTON	
C. N. WUNDER, Left Tackle	L. L. SYLVESTER, Right Guard	
R. B. DAVIS, Left End	R. W. WOODHOUSE, Right Tackle	
S. P. DUKE	E. E. SMITH, Right End	
F. E. BRADENBAUGH	C. F. WALTERS, Right Half-Back	
V. P. RANDOLPH, Quarter-Back		

SUBSTITUTES

W. L. HALL	A. C. PHILPOTTS	H. HARLAN
S. L. DUNVILLE	M. K. HARRIS	

SCORES

September—At Charlottesville

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA	59	RANDOLPH-MACON	0
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October 7—At Richmond

RICHMOND COLLEGE	0	RANDOLPH-MACON	35
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October 21—At Ashland

RICHMOND INDIANS	5	RANDOLPH-MACON	17
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October 16—At Lexington

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE	0	RANDOLPH-MACON	0
---------------------------------------	---	--------------------------	---

November 3—At Ashland

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY	16	RANDOLPH-MACON	0
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November 18—At Richmond

WILLIAM AND MARY	0	RANDOLPH-MACON	27
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November 25—At Richmond

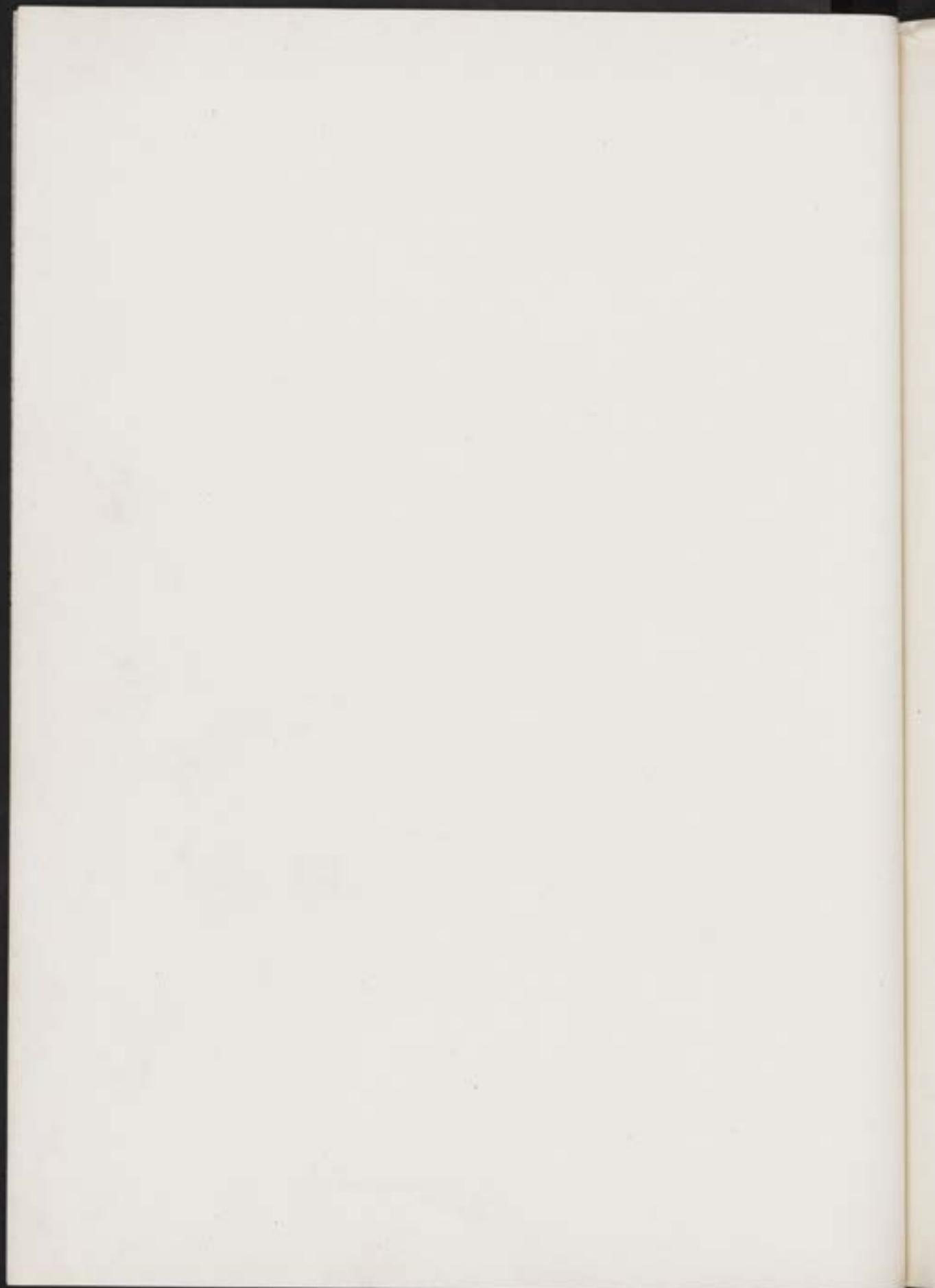
RICHMOND COLLEGE	18	RANDOLPH-MACON	18
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FOOTBALL TEAM



FOOTBALL TEAM.



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1911

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E**



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*W. B. Steppery
1895-96*





Before



After

Baseball

R. B. DAVIS	- - - - -	Manager
H. W. THRASHER	- - - - -	Assistant Manager
V. P. RANDOLPH	- - - - -	Captain
H. W. THRASHER	- - - - -	Scorer

THE TEAM

Catcher	- - - - -	A. F. STEWART, JR.
Pitchers	- - - - -	{ B. E. HARRELL
		{ H. H. GAVER
Short Stop	- - - - -	V. P. RANDOLPH
First Base	- - - - -	C. F. WALTERS
Second Base	- - - - -	W. P. LIPSCOMB
Third Base	- - - - -	RICHARD LANCASTER
Left Field	- - - - -	H. M. BRENT
Center Field	- - - - -	S. P. DUKE
Right Field	- - - - -	R. N. MUSGRAVE

SUBSTITUTES

A. M. JORDAN

H. L. LOWRY

SCORES.

April 2—At Fredericksburg

FREDERICKSBURG COLLEGE 4 RANDOLPH-MACON 9

April 7—At Richmond

RICHMOND COLLEGE 2 RANDOLPH-MACON 13

April 16—At Ashland

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY (Bedford) 3 RANDOLPH-MACON 11

April 18—At Richmond

HARVARD UNIVERSITY 7 RANDOLPH-MACON 3

April 21—At Bedford

RANDOLPH-MACON ACADEMY 2 RANDOLPH-MACON 11

April 23—At Blacksburg

VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE . . 12 RANDOLPH-MACON 1

April 24—At Hampden Sidney

HAMPDEN SIDNEY 6 RANDOLPH-MACON 7

April 25—At Petersburg

PETERSBURG 2 RANDOLPH-MACON 6

April 28—At Ashland

HAMPDEN SIDNEY 10 RANDOLPH-MACON 7



FOOTBALL TEAM



BASEBALL TEAM



Lacrosse Team

In Home - - - - -	{ YOUNG
	{ PROCTOR
Out Home - - - - -	HELLWEG
First Attack. - - - - -	BRANT
Second Attack - - - - -	GRAVELLEY
Third Attack - - - - -	TAYLOR
Center - - - - -	BRADENBAUGH, Capt.
Third Defense - - - - -	ROBERTSON
Second Defense - - - - -	CARTER
First Defense - - - - -	BEALE
Cover Point - - - - -	McCLINTIC
Point - - - - -	JOHNS
Goal - - - - -	{ HALL
	{ COATES

Track Team

E. EHRLICH SMITH - - - - - Manager and Captain

MEMBERS

S. L. SYLVESTER	E. B. TANKARD
E. D. HELLWEG	J. E. WALLACE
D. W. CARTER, JR.	W. W. YOUNG
WM. R. PHELPS	H. P. CLARKE
W. W. BARROW	A. S. WYLLIE
PAUL JERINGAN	W. M. NANCE
S. L. DUMVILLE	A. P. JAMES
E. T. POLLARD	H. S. GREGORY
M. V. BISHOP	W. C. BLAKEY
C. C. BUSH	E. R. HALL
F. E. BRADENBAUGH	JAS. C. BEALE
W. E. BURGE	

Egyptian League

LEE G. CRUTCHFIELD - - - - - President
C. N. WUNDER - - - - - Secretary and Treasurer

TEAMS

Maranders	Bibbits	Muckers	
WYLLIE, A. S.	TAYLOR, W. A. S.	STEELE, T. R.	Catcher
BURTON, G. L.	DUMVILLE, S. L.	GRAVELEY, L. L.	Piteher
WUNDER, W. H.	BUSH, C. C.	MIDYETTE, D. R., JR.	Short Stop
WUNDER, C. N.	CRUTCHFIELD, L. G.	BLAKEY, W. C.	First Base
THRASHER, P. M.	MCCLINTIC, C. F.	MARSHALL, C.	Second Base
WHITE, L. W., JR.	WARNER, A. M.	HOOFNAGLE, T. W.	Third Base
YANCEY, C. L.	CHENERY, W. L.	LEADBETTER, P. L.	Left Field
SMITHEY, L. P.	OWENS, A. E.	BEALE, C. W.	Center Field
GALLOWAY, J. W.	MCSARRON, J. L.	REED, W. P.	Right Field



SENIOR CLASS



EGYPTIAN LEAGUE.

Tennis Club

S. P. DUKE	- - - - -	President
W. H. GAVER	- - - - -	Manager

MEMBERS

A. S. WYLLIE
W. H. HASKINS
C. N. WUNDER
S. L. DUMVILLE
E. D. HELLWEG
W. H. GAVER

W. C. BURTON
P. K. GRAVELY
A. M. JORDAN
A. F. STEWART, JR.
SIMON HIRSH
J. E. WALLACE

W. A. TAYLOR



TENNIS CLUB



TENNIS CLUB



REVERIES

CORINNE S. NORMENT

*At last a moment alone,
To sit and dream by the fire;
I'm tired of the bustle of life,
Of the many events that transpire.*

*It may be the soft, tender glow
Has mellowed my soul in its light;
Or it may be that only I'm tired,
That I sit alone dreaming to-night.*

*What pictures arise in the shadows,
And yet how real there it seems;
Of all the real things of my life,
The realest of all are my dreams.*

*The red flame leaps light up my chimney
The blue dances brightly below;
But stay, there's a face in the shadows—
Fair face, framed there in the glow!*

*Two tender eyes are now smiling,
Smiling through tears up to me,
And so many things are made simple,
That hard, have been, of times to see.*

*A smile from those dear lips of yours—
A tear softly dimming your eye;
With each wistful feature before me
No reason to now ask you why.*

*It's better to have you and keep you
Thus green evermore in my heart;
Although I no longer may see you,
And our lives must be spent far apart.*

The Meeting

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Characters

WEE WILLIE WINKLE	- - - - -	A Freshman
PRESIDENT AMANDA INKWELL	- - - - -	Icily Icy, perfectly dead
PROF. ROYAL BAKING SCHMIDT	- - - - -	Unassuming
PROF. CATULLUS LESBIA-SMITH KNOWING	- - - - -	God made him
PROF. TODDIE	- - - - -	One among many
PROF. TALL RANTER	- - - - -	Cultivating Affectation
PROF. BONES	- - - - -	Hale and Hearty
PROF. BENTDICK	- - - - -	An honest metaphysician
PROF. MINNESOTA LENTEND	- - - - -	A human being
PROF. LUMBRICUS SIWEL	- - - - -	A sensible acquisition
SILLIE GREEN	- - - - -	Office-holder by courtesy
REV. BADMAN	- - - - -	Emotional actor-preacher
FIRST JANITOR	- - - - -	A judge of good liquor
SECOND JANITOR	- - - - -	About the same
THIRD JANITOR	- - - - -	Also

TIME—Every Tuesday afternoon

PLACE—In this vicinity

SCENE. Prof. Toddie's seminary room. Large windows are at the back and right. The intervening wall space is covered by bookcases. A long table, surrounded by chairs, is in the centre. A stove is at the right back and a small blackboard right front; a door at the left front. The room is half-lit from a pendant gas chandelier.

Hurried footsteps are heard without, and President AMANDA INKWELL enters. He pauses to listen, then throws himself into a seat by the table. He sighs deeply.

INKWELL. At last I am alone! Alone, away from those who do not know me as I am! (*He groans.*) But even here come the Poets of Third English! Back Tenning and Browyson! Back traitor Arnold! Why did I ever commit myself? Why am I the slave of these pitiless shades? Why did I not tell the truth in the beginning and save myself these solitary agonies? (*He groans and*

begins to examine his tapering fingers.) Why, I don't know any more about English poets than the principal of a public school! I have not the foggiest conception of Brownson's meaning in a single poem. And yet the people think I am a genius! It is very strange. (*He speaks slowly as if ruminating.*) And yet it is not strange; my memory alone gives me a claim to prominence.

(The sound of approaching footsteps is heard without. INKWELL listens warily, and assumes a dignified attitude, after turning up the gas.)

INKWELL. Who is there?

BADMAN (*without*). It is I, Badman.

INKWELL. Ah, come in. I am in need of companionship. (*BADMAN enters smiling radiantly.*)

BADMAN. In need of companionship? What is the matter?

INKWELL. Oh, Badman, Badman, I am so weary of it all!

BADMAN. Weary of what?

INKWELL. Of the constant dissimulation that is forced upon me.

BADMAN. Good friend, dissimulation is foreign to your nature.

INKWELL. It may have been assumed at first, but now it is a part of me, so long has it continued.

BADMAN. I understand what you mean. I too—

INKWELL. Young teachers have to bluff, so I began—

BADMAN. You don't mean that you are still bluffing?

INKWELL. It is true. In my sane moments I know that it is true. Save in the pitiless glare of solitary introspection, I am what they think I am. I have fooled myself into thinking I am as great as I am reputed to be. When I am alone in the searching light, the mantle of my conceit is torn from me, and then I know, I know!

BADMAN (*unblinking, but still smiling*). You know?

INKWELL. I know nothing!

(BADMAN weeps.)

INKWELL. Tears, idle tears! Why do you weep?

BADMAN. Because I, too, am only playing a part.

INKWELL. You, too? Oh, slithers!

BADMAN. Yes, I wanted to be an actor, but I could not find any parts emotional enough for my talents. Camille was the only part I liked, but I didn't have the figure, so I had to give it up.

INKWELL. O, darkness visible, as Shelley would say!

BADMAN. So I became a preacher, and if I may say it, my emotional work is remarkable. Why, I can weep oceans over the death of skylight!

INKWELL. Yes, I have watched you every morning in Chapel. But isn't it very trying on your nerves?

BADMAN. No, far from it. I can work myself up to the highest emotional pitch at a moment's notice.

INKWELL. So can I! In reading the poets I find it very advantageous to assume a trembling voice, and all that. Memory helps, too; don't you think?

BADMAN. I don't know. I haven't any memory, but my smile is great.

INKWELL. You have beautiful teeth, but memory—

BADMAN. Mine are warranted ivory.

INKWELL. Naturally I can memorize old forms and dwell on the mat length, and so carry off an occasion when I can't think for the life of me what the poet is driving at.

BADMAN. Say, don't you think I'd be great in Chauncey Olcott parts, written on the order of Hamlet?

INKWELL. As I was saying, memory—

BADMAN. O, never mind. Do not speak further; you are capable of fooling all the people all the time, but don't waste time fooling me. What's the faculty meeting for this afternoon?

INKWELL. The purpose is very serious. One of our poor students is to be tried on danger of dire punishment.

BADMAN. Poor boy! Think of being punished! How sad it is!

INKWELL. Please don't cry, Badman. You'll ruin the table.

BADMAN (*sniffing*). What's the poor boy's name?

INKWELL. Winkle, Willie Winkle. He is a dissolute lad. I never thought that boy had much character; do you know, when he came here first, he got off the train with a red hat-band and a cigarette!

BADMAN. And they say he plays "Flinch"! Here they come. (*With much noise and loud talking, enter Prof. ROYAL BAKING SCHMIDT, Prof. CATULLUS LESBIA-SMITH KNOWING, Prof. TODDIE, Prof. TALL RANTER, Prof. BONES, Prof. BENTDICK, Prof. MINNESOTA LENTEND, Prof. LUMBRICUS SIWEL. They all kowtow before Pres. INKWELL, and by motion ask his permission to seat themselves.*)

INKWELL. I notice Secretary and Treasurer Sillie Green is not here.

BENTDICK. If we don't hurry up and finish he'll come butting in. Let us make haste, your honor.

INKWELL. We thank you for the suggestion, Prof. Bentdiek. Are you all aware of the purpose of this meeting? (*All nod solemnly.*) It is very sad, but our duty is clear before us. We are hereby constituted a court of inquiry and justice, all communication with which must be made through me.

BADMAN. Can't we say anything at all?

INKWELL. You may address me formally and with respect. I am president here, and in view of my office I expect perfect submission from you all.

BADMAN. Yes, sir; yes, your honor.

BENTDICK. As you were saying, sir, unless we proceed about this matter, Secretary Sillie Green will be coming in and you know what a mess he makes of everything.

INKWELL. You are right, Professor Bentdick. Well, gentlemen, we must give trial to Willie Winkle, who has defied our ruling in a manner that is grievous. *(The others give murmured signs of approval.)*

BADMAN. It is so sad, so very sad. I wish I could talk with him. I know I could do him good.

INKWELL. Mr Badman, I'll have to ask you to make less noise.

LENTEND. Your honor, we might expedite matters by really doing something.

INKWELL. Prof. Ranter, will you step outside and call for Willie Winkle? And please speak slowly, so you can be understood.

(Prof. RANTER retires through door, and later enters, preceding WILLIE WINKLE, who is bound with ropes, and guarded by three janitors. WINKLE is a mild-looking youth of about sixteen.)

INKWELL *(to janitor)*. Untie his hands, Lee.

(The janitors loose the ropes and free his hands. RANTER resumes his seat.)

INKWELL. Mr. Winkle, you are in the presence of the court that is to try you.

WINKLE. Yes sir, I don't mind being tried, if you don't do me.

INKWELL. Understand, we have your best interests at heart, and if we punish you, it will hurt us to do so.

WINKLE. Yes, sir, I remember when father knocked a lung out of me for not going to Sunday School, he said the same thing.

BADMAN. O, how cruel!

INKWELL *(to WILLIE WINKLE)*. This is a serious charge against you.

SCHMIDT. Will your honor kindly read the exact charge? I think I understand it very well, but I don't quite know what it is about.

INKWELL. The general charge is disorderly conduct; particularly drinking.

KNOWING *(to himself)*. How like the old Romans at the time of Nero; they frequently became disorderly from drinking.

BADMAN. Isn't it awful to drink!

LENTEND. That depends on the locality.

SIWEL. Which gives occasion for the little adage, "In Rome do as the Romans, in Athens do as the Greeks, but in Ashland do the best you can."

KNOWING. I beg pardon—did you mention Rome?

SIWEL. Yes, I mentioned it.

KNOWING. Thank you.

(WINKLE has been looking from one to another of the speakers with evident contempt. INKWELL clears his throat, and fixes a stony glare upon him.)

INKWELL. Mr. Winkle, you have been guilty of disorderly conduct. Especially you have been drinking.

WINKLE. I wouldn't like to dispute your word, sir.

INKWELL. Ah! you do not deny it? Note that, gentlemen! Mr. Winkle, as a matter of fact, we have positive proof against you. Our student spies are hard to beat.

WINKLE. Not if I could get my hands on one of them.

INKWELL. The student spies are Christian young men whom we trust implicitly.

(WILLIE WINKLE sneers.)

RANTER. (to his neighbor). Look at the child,—he dares to insinuate his opinion! Your honor, I distinctly heard the culprit sniff. Can you not punish him?

INKWELL. Winkle, if you sneer again, I'll put you on bread and water.

WINKLE. I think I'd rather go away. I don't like this place much, anyhow.

INKWELL. You are right, Mr. Winkle. College is no place for thought and conduct which are not strictly in accordance with our rules. When you came here you received a small book, "Our Thousand and One Rules," and you should have memorized them all, by now.

WINKLE. I did, sir, and it made me sick.

INKWELL. I trust you are speaking figuratively?

WINKLE. It doesn't pay to be literal around here, sir.

INKWELL. Mr. Winkle, I am sure you do not realize the purpose of a college course. Here must be no originality, no independent thought, only subservience. We take it that when a child comes to college, he seeks to be made into an easy running machine. That is why we have a rigid time schedule for classes and the ordinary functions of life, and a prescribed mode of dressing and eating. If you had realized all this, you would never have been in the awful position in which you now stand. As Shakespeare says, "O how pitiful!" You are a drunkard in the egg. Not only a drunkard, but one who is a slave to the most pernicious of drinks.

(Badman weeps silently.)

LENTEND. What's your drink, old man? O, pardon me, your honor.

INKWELL. (most impressively). He has been seen on six occasions drinking that most frightful and harmful intoxicant, Ammonia Cocktail!

BADMAN. (bursts into uncontrollable weeping). Oh, Oh, Oh! Boo, hoo, hoo! Boo, hoo!

BONES. Ammonia Cocktail!

BENTDICK. Oh, Ammonia Cocktail!

SCHMIDT. My, my, Ammonia Cocktail!

RANTER. Oh, N H₄! How radically wrong!

KNOWING. Horrible!

BADMAN (*Sobbing spasmodically.*) O-o-o-oh! Um-m-um!

INKWELL. Is it not awful?

(*Winkle looks at the speakers in perturbation, makes a break for the door and is arrested by the janitors.*)

WINKLE. Say, they've got milk in the filbert—they're batty! If I don't get away I'll have melancholia, I know I will.

(*TODDIE, LENTEND, and SIWEL have remained passive though the outburst of the others.*)

BADMAN. Oh—boo, hoo—you wicked—boo, hoo—boy!

RANTER. You chemically, chemically careless child. Don't you know ammonia will ruin your eyes?

KNOWING. The custom is one that is scarcely conducive to good health, Mr. Winkle.

TODDIE (*speaking loud above the din.*) Your honor, how can it harm the lad?

INKWELL. Harm! Harm! It is a powerful intoxicant!

TODDIE. But, your honor—

INKWELL. Enough! Professor Schmidt, will you go to the board and by Calculus disintegrate the amount of alcohol in Ammonia Cocktail?

SCHMIDT. With pleasure, your honor.

(*He goes to small blackboard at right front, and begins the process of integration. INKWELL follows his work dazedly. The others cease whispering among themselves and watch. After three minutes work and many erasures SCHMIDT seems to come to a stop. WINKLE grins.*)

WINKLE (*speaking low.*) It's disintegrated clean away. There ain't no more.

SCHMIDT. The work is all right, your honor, but I do not seem to quite get the answer.

(*INKWELL seems confused, then rallies with much clearing of the throat.*)

INKWELL. Doubtless I misled you, Professor Schmidt. I should have told you that the alcohol is in the Cocktail side of the equation. Now, proceed.

(*SCHMIDT erases his work and begins afresh. KNOWING fixes his cuffs, and turns red preparatory to addressing INKWELL.*)

KNOWING. Your honor, I would like to tell you something. In pronouncing the word Cocktail you make an error. You place the accent heavily on the

first syllable, whereas, the accent should be evenly divided, as in *inkstand*. You should not stress the *cock*, nor yet the *tail*, but let it be one harmonious whole—*cocktail*.

INKWELL (*glaring*). Professor Knowing, when have I been in the habit of accepting advice from anyone? Your display of knowledge is uncalled for.

(*During this conversation, SCHMIDT has been struggling with the equation. He reaches no conclusion, and after consulting a small book from his inside pocket, he calls RANTER to his side; a whispered colloquy ensues. After RANTER leaves him he mops brow and faces about to announce his solution.*)

SCHMIDT. Your honor, with the assistance of Prof. Ranter and my key to Calculus, I have found that one Ammonia Cocktail contains two and one half liters of pure alcohol.

BADMAN (*sobbing*). O-o-oh, my!

SCHMIDT. I trust that Mr. Winkle appreciates the grief with which I make this announcement.

INKWELL. Mr. Winkle, do you realize what an awful thing you have done? (*Winkle smiles.*)

INKWELL. Mr. Winkle, I say! You have done the most criminal, foolish and unpleasant thing a person can do; you have partaken of an intoxicating beverage, not only once, but six times! No punishment is too heavy for you. You tax our ingenuity in meting out sufficiently onerous chastisement.

WINKLE. Well, what are you going to do about it?

(*Outside is heard a noise as of a troop mounting the stairs. The sound approaches until Secretary SILLIE GREEN bursts into the room.*)

GREEN. Hello, boys! What's doing?

INKWELL. Secretary Green—

GREEN. Why didn't you tell me there was going to be a meeting?

INKWELL. Mr. Green—

GREEN. Say, now, this ain't any way to do. You people wanted to keep me out, and I'm here to tell you I've got a pull, and you can't keep me out!

BENTDICK. Shut up!

SCHMIDT. How plebeian!

TODDIE. You're butting in!

LENTEND. Put him out!

(*TODDIE raises his right, and is about to strike him, when INKWELL springs up.*)

INKWELL. Don't hit him on the head.

BENTDICK. Go back and watch the Domitory!

TODDIE. That's a good way to earn your salary.

GREEN. You needn't worry about that!

BENTDICK. You could not change the laying of a brick or driving of a nail in the whole building, yet every day you spend four hours of the time you are supposed to be in your office—

TODDIE. Standing around and looking wise!

GREEN. Say, you're talking thick!

TODDIE. Thick or thin, I mean what I say!

BENTDICK. You're right, Toddie.

GREEN. Ah, quit your gurgling!

BENTDICK (*tapping his forehead with his finger.*) Poor boy! Poor boy!

(*INKWELL pounds the table.*)

INKWELL: Silence, gentlemen. If Mr. Green will have to know about it, I might as well tell him.

GREEN. Well, how about it?

INKWELL. We are trying to punish Mr. Winkle.

GREEN. What for?

INKWELL. For drinking Ammonia Cocktails.

GREEN. Well, that ain't much.

WINKLE. That's what I say.

INKWELL. Mr. Green, you must preserve absolute silence for a few minutes.

GREEN. All right, I guess I can.

INKWELL. Gentlemen, you have heard the case stated. Willie Winkle confesses that he has the Ammonia Cocktail habit. Prof. Schmidt has demonstrated the tremendous power for evil that that lies in the drink. Gentlemen, what shall we do? Shall we cut off this lad's ears and incarcerate him, or ride him out of town on a rail?

(*All are silent in deep meditation.*)

INKWELL. Which shall it be?

WINKLE. Why don't you take an axe and knock my other lung out and be done? But honest, I haven't done much harm, and you never did anybody else so common.

INKWELL. You are mistaken, sir. Once there was a boy here who drank a single Oyster Cocktail; we had him put in the penitentiary.

GREEN. Say, Ink, do you want to punish him really? Well, make him take singing lessons under Badman!

(*GREEN slaps BADMAN on the back, and the latter bursts out crying.*)

BADMAN. Don't you dare say anything about my voice—Boo, hoo!—with a face like you've got!

INKWELL. Silence! Gentlemen, judges, how shall we punish Willie Winkle?

(*WINKLE has been imperceptibly backing toward the door.*)

TODDIE. Why don't you just spank him and send him home?

GREEN. Say, what do you take this joint for? That's a crazy idea.

INKWELL. We cannot expel him because that is a form of punishment used only at schools for men.

GREEN. I say, we ought to cut his ears, or something like that.

WINKLE. Really, you know, this is interesting to me.

TODDIE. He shall not be treated so.

GREEN. Why not? Say, you're making a lot of noise for one your size.

TODDIE. Cut that out, Green!

BENTDICK. I knew you'd get smart, Sillie.

GREEN. When did you get it, Dick?

(WINKLE is still closer to the door and on tiptoe.)

TODDIE. If you say another word, I'll smash you!

GREEN. You won't smash me, neither!

RANTER. O, Sillie is going to have one of his fits! He's kind of crazy all the time.

GREEN. I ain't going to have any fit, but Toddie's got to let me alone.

RANTER. Get calm, Sillie. Act like you had some sense!

(Advancing toward him.)

GREEN. You take your hands off me!

TODDIE. I believe I'll hit him anyhow!

BADMAN. Dear friend, don't do it, don't!

GREEN. You just hit me!

(TODDIE lands a left uppercut on GREEN'S nose.)

(The janitors cross the room to get out of the way.)

WINKLE. (by the door). Good boy, Toddie!

(GREEN hits at TODDIE and misses him. TODDIE lands another, and BENTDICK smacks GREEN on the cheek. RANTER grapples with BENTDICK and they fall together, tripping INKWELL as they fall. INKWELL frees himself and starts up.)

INKWELL. Who hit me? Who hit me? I believe you did it!

(He pounds SIWEL on the chest, and SIWEL retaliates with a short-arm clinch.)

SIWEL. I didn't hit you, but I'm going to now!

(LENTEND seeks to stay SIWEL'S stroke, and gets it in the jugular. TODDIE and GREEN in a continuous encounter have crossed the floor, TODDIE pursuing; they butt into LENTEND and SIWEL, and knock down KNOWING. SCHMIDT hides under the table.)

KNOWING (on the floor). How like an old Roman gladiator combat!

GREEN. Yes, you'd wish you was an old Roman if I could get hold of you!

KNOWING. Don't you strike me!

(GREEN smacks his face. TODDIE hits GREEN, just as KNOWING throws

a chair at him. The chair misses GREEN and hits BONES. BONES doubles up and falls on top of INKWELL who has been thrown by SIWEL.)

INKWELL. Ugh! Sit a little higher up, please.

(Over in a far corner BADMAN starts singing, "Nearer, My God, To Thee", and is joined by RANTER in a quaking voice. RANTER strikes the wrong key, and BADMAN pushes him away. RANTER slaps him.)

RANTER. Here's somebody I can hit!

BADMAN. Oh, stop! Boo, hoo, hoo!

(WILLIE WINKLE has opened the door and is half-way out.)

WINKLE. Gee, ain't this grand!

(TODDIE and GREEN are both bleeding at the nose, and INKWELL has a black eye. BONES is in a faint. KNOWING is madly trying to keep his clothes from coming off. LENTEND, SIWEL and INKWELL are in a triangular melee, each seeking to stop the other two. BENTDICK'S collar-bone has been broken, and he is stretched out under the table. KNOWING'S shirt falls off and he faints. INKWELL loses consciousness, GREEN falls out.)

WINKLE. The time is ripe for my departure. Williamsburg seems more like home to me than this. Say, Toddie, you're all the money, you are! I'm betting on you and Lentend and Siwel. (He leaves the room, and goes jauntily down the stairs.)

(The janitors carry off the fainting fighters.)

(Arm in arm LENTEND, TODDIE and SIWEL pass through the door, to the strains of the song BADMAN is weepily singing.)







CLUBS.

Maryland Club

MOTTO

Fath Maschii Parole Femina

COLORS

Gold and Black

SONG

Maryland, My Maryland

OFFICERS

J. N. MAST	- - - - -	President
H. W. THRASHER	- - - - -	Vice-President
E. D. HELLWEG	- - - - -	Secretary
M. T. TABLER	- - - - -	Treasurer

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DR. DE LA WARR B. EASTER

DR. HALL CARTER

MEMBERS

J. N. MAST

L. A. SMITH

A. E. OWENS

M. T. TABLER

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P. M. THRASHER

F. E. BRADENBAUGH

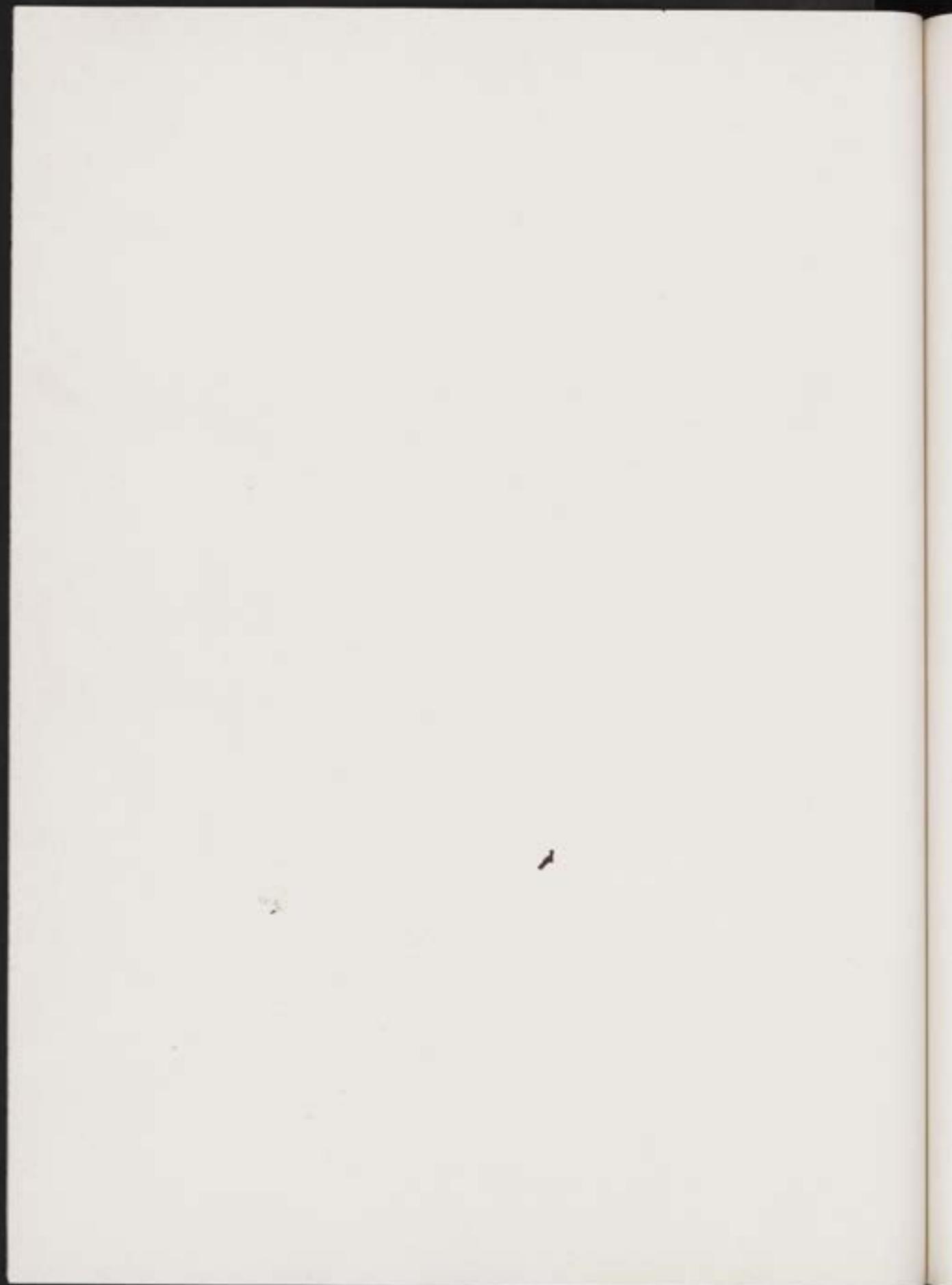
H. B. COATES

H. W. THRASHER

W. A. TAYLOR







Chick House Club

MOTTO

Cave Coonibus!!

SONG

Chicken—

Chick, Chick, Chick, Chick,
Chick, Chick, Chick, Chick,
Chick, Chick, Chick, Chick,
Chickhouse, Chickhouse, Chickhouse.

FLOWER

Cabbage Plant

FAVORITE DISH

Aged Hen

TIME OF FEED

Daily, except Sunday

Roosters—Bantam—"BANTY" STEWART
Plymouth Rock—"FINNY" ROGERS
Game—"LORD" ROBERTS

Old Hens—Langshan—"SIS" TAYLOR
Buff Cochin—"HUBERT" CORTES
Dominique—"CADDY" JORDAN
Brahma—"PAT" MURPHY
Leghorn—"ALPHONSO" PHILPOTTS
Golden Pencilled Hamburg—"JACK" FLIPPEN
Gray Dorking—"TAR-HEEL" GRAVELY
Hendon—"BILLY" FERGUSON
Wyandotte—"HIGH BALL" WILSON

Pullets—Crevecoeur—"LITTLE" DOLLY
Andalusian—"PIQUE" GRAVELY
La Flecke—"PINEAPPLE" BRENT
Shanghais { "FOOTS" BURTON
 { "WINDY" PHELPS

Pipped Egg—"KID" WEST Vanished Chicken—"HOG" OGLESBY

Chickens in Urbe { E. MORTON CHICK
 { OLIN C. NOLLY

GLEE CLUB.



Glee Club

FIRST TENOR

C. E. EDWARDS
 J. E. WALLACE
 R. B. DAVIS

FIRST BASS

J. S. GARY
 B. E. HARRELL
 J. W. HAMILTON

SECOND TENOR

W. P. LIPSCOMB
 H. L. LOWREY
 R. V. LANCASTER

SECOND BASS

L. W. WHITE, JR.
 H. M. BRENT

ORCHESTRA

C. E. EDWARDS	-----	First Violin
B. E. HARRELL	} -----	Second Violin
W. R. PROCTOR		
J. E. WALLACE	-----	Pianist
J. P. WHITEMAN	-----	Flute



THE BAND



GLEE CLUB.

School of Calico

Of Randolph-Macon College

DR. EDWIN WINFIELD BOWEN - - - - - Director
DR. DE LA WARR B. EASTER Correspondence Department
PROF. I. F. LEWIS - - - - - Demonstrator in Laboratory

GRADUATE STUDENTS

HAROLD LOWRY—Has done good work on furnishing data on sunlight hair and starlit eyes.
ERNEST L. STARR—Thesis on "Lines of Force, and "The College Widow."
R. BAELE DAVIS—On "The Utility of Telephones."
L. G. CRUTCHFIELD—On "The Pastor as a Calicoist."
R. T. CROWDER—On "Calicoing as a Life Work."

UNDERGRADUATES

T. R. STEELE	HUBERT B. COATES
PAUL JERNIGAN	CALLOWAY ROBERTSON
CARL BRANDT	L. A. SMITH
J. C. BEALE	M. V. BISHOP

CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT

Distance Lends Enchantment

T. M. HARRIS	A. C. PHILPOTTS
D. S. ELLIS	C. N. WUNDER
	S. L. DUMVILLE

Special Note:—Bishop W. M. Compton finished his work during the summer, and has now obtained a position as assistant in the Housekeeping Department.



S. Shepherd
1894

CERMAN



CLUB

J. B. L. DE JARNETTE	-----	President
T. M. HARRIS	-----	Vice-President
R. B. DAVIS	-----	Secretary
W. L. HALL	-----	Treasurer
H. B. COATES	-----	Chaplain

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T. J. WILSON
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P. K. GRAVELY
J. P. FLIPPIN
A. F. STEWART
E. L. STARR

R. B. DAVIS
S. P. DUKE
H. M. BRENT
R. T. CROWDER
C. A. EDWARDS
W. H. GREGORY
J. B. L. DEJARNETTE
W. L. HALL
H. B. COATES

A. C. PHILPOTTS



SKATING CLUB

H. H. GAVER
(President last year)
W. H. GAVER
MUSGRAVE
HELLWEG
PROCTOR
ROBERTSON
DUKE
HARRELL
DAVID CARTER
BURTON
MAST
DUMVILLE
WHITE
WARNER
EDWARDS
CROWDER
KEENE
HODSDEN
LOWRY
MIDYETTE
W. D. ELLIS
JORDAN
BRADENBAUGH
TAYLOR
STARR
R. B. DAVIS
REED

CALICO

MISS ANNIE HUNTER
MISS MARJORIE HUNTER
MISS SEABROOKE MIDYETTE
MISS MATILDA MIDYETTE
MISS CARRIE MIDYETTE

MISS MATTIE McCULLEN
MISS LOUISE RICE
MISS STUART BLANTON
MISS CLARA COX
MISS EPIE BLACKWELL

Research Work at Randolph-Macon



AFTER a careful examination of statistics, furnished by all the reputable institutions in the State, we have come to a remarkable conclusion—that research work of greater extent and more remarkable ingenuity is carried on at Randolph-Macon than at any other institution in the State, not to say in the entire South.

The magnificent general library of 150,000 volumes; four special scientific libraries of 5,000 volumes each, and the numerous corps of teachers and instructors in every branch, particularly in the sciences, where chemistry, biology, geology and astronomy each have three teachers and four instructors or demonstrators, have greatly facilitated the efforts of the Society of Searchers after the secreted. It may be mentioned that the members of this body who are connected with the chemistry school are thankful for the recent installation of an electrical sound producer. This machine records and reproduces *slowly*, at the will of the operators, the words of the lecturer, who speaks so learnedly and rapidly that to none is he understandable or intelligible. With all these facilities for research provided by the management, it is readily expected that work vast of import to the scientific world should be perpetrated at Randolph-Macon.

The most conspicuous producers in this field are: Chenery, De Jarnette, Hall and Fravel in biology; Fi Harris and his good friend Wyllie in chemistry; Chet Beale in English; Brent and Si Beale in history; and Bush in Latin.

Chenery spent much time studying the frog, with gloved hands. His treatment was sympathetic and appreciative. He made the minor discovery that when a frog's head is cut off his brain somehow is still with him, hence he knows full well when a pin is stuck into him, and could tell all about it if he had his tongue with him. Soon after this he startled the world by making the announcement, backing it by a clear process of logic, that *frogs breathe through their ears*. De Jarnette is the biological joy of the college. His inventiveness amounts to real genius. It cannot be said that his deductions are world-striking, but he pursues his investigations with a steady brilliance that compels admiration. He has written a monograph on methods of calculating speed of *Lammatococcus* as it crosses the field of the microscope. He discovered the simple device of *washing the hands to make the sense of touch more acute*. To the best of our knowledge he was the first



human being to use *acetic acid* as an *anesthetic*.

Hall spent many months in locating with mathematical precision the brain of the earthworm. He advanced several theories, and at length discovered, much to his surprise, that it was located in the posterior instead of the anterior end.

The odifecosity of stiffs of the canine family was proven by Fravel. It had long been a mooted question whether or not this biological group can raise a scent.

The instructor held the accepted theory that the odor is like that of honey and wine. Fravel allowed 'twas false, and by an application of his investigating hands the professorial proboscis he convinced the searchers that the odifecosity of *dead canines* is no longer to be questioned.

Fi Cente Harris and Alfred Wylie, the local David and Jonathan, have in common done much to further the universal knowledge of chemistry. Wylie discovered a process by which all *wood* can be chemically changed to *mahogany*, and Harris formulated especially for this process a new system of weights, in which there are *twenty-eight ounces* in a *gram*.

In the world of English a sensation was created recently by Chet Beale. He awakened the dopy litterateurs by announcing the fact that *Tennyson* wrote *Arcadia*. He stated this with no absurd delicacy as to the feelings of the supposed author, but boldly and bravely he placed the credit where he believes it is due. He is soon to be decorated by the London Poetry Association.

Owing to the cleverness of H. Mason Brent our claim to prominence in the field of history is assured. He has made a specialty of French history, particularly of the Empire. From the painstaking care he has bestowed upon the work, he is sure his latest little surprise will pass unquestioned. Brent's historical surprise is that *Mary Stuart* was the wife of *Napoleon*.

Si Beale is second only to H. Mason Brent in the vastness of his historical



lear ing. He holds that *Arizona is in South America*, and is preparing a bulky volume in proof of his assertion.

Bush is a wonderful Latin student. He has made a study of the Roman system of coinage—its development and peculiarities. Recently while delving in the wonderful Museum of Ancient Arts in the Library Building, he discovered that *Pater noster is the nomenclature of an old Roman coin*. We understand that the Archaeology Society of Egypt is looking for him.



Heroes of the Nations

RANDOLPH-MACON SERIES



DUMVILLE SALLY SYM DYMSY. Species originated at Suffolk by spontaneous generation, in some hitherto unclassified geological age, rescued by Princess Cussongia of the House of Pharaoh, from among the bullrushes. This discovery was made possible by the peculiarly penetrating quality of Sally's tenor, which even in the infantile stage had a fearful development. His unfortunate preservation was also due to the above mentioned voice, which so thoroughly terrified the neighboring crocodiles, that even to this day the Elizabeth River is free from them. He was reared among the maids in the courts of Egypt, whence he acquired those peculiarly winning ways which have so distinguished him in his later life.

Author of "Nineteen Reasons Why I play Football," "The Famous Backward Gridiron Run," and "Visits and How Long to Stay."

HARRIS, T. M., of Danville, by the sad sea waves, or rather sad Danville by the waves, is a real hero. Turner is the most remarkable specimen of reform for which Randolph-Macon has stood sponsor. When he came here in September, 1904, he was the sweetest, dearest child. He put implicit faith in everything that was told him. He was "pie" for the band of practical jokers that infested Hughes' and Barnes'. His childish confidence and clinging guilelessness fascinated the hard-hearted worldlings with whom he came in contact.

But nine months did Turner an awful lot of good. In fact, he is a changed person. If you take his word for it, Turner is just about all there is now. There used to be an old adage that "you can't fool all the people all the time"—but Turner can.

Hats off to the original child wonder, the author of "How to be Bully, though Young."

WALLACE, GENERAL LEW, Mozart of Randolph-Macon College. Born 1829, and will live forever as the musical phenomenon of Randolph-Macon College, composer of "Why I love you, with eyes so brown, with pink-blue stockings, and peagreen gown." Bad impression in art. Originator of the "inverted beam."

Distinguished Y. M. C. A. lecturer, and organ-grinder. Discoverer of the one and only non-humorous steamboat joke. Famous as a Physics Demonstrator. The fourth dimension a specialty.

WYLLIE, A. S. S.—Born April 1, 1906, raised a pet, second assistant professor of mathematics, has rendered valuable assistance in discovering mistakes which don't exist. Familiarly known as Human Interrogation Point.

Some people butt in unconsciously, some accidentally, and some premeditatedly; Alfred butts in constantly and maliciously. He has never been known to pass a crowd of two or three engaged in private conversation, without butting into its midst and immediately monopolizing their attention with a detailed account of his accomplishments and by relating how his father owns fourteen tobacco factories in Danville.

He teaches Greek to Dr. Jones; Dr. Canter is coached in chemistry by him. In fact, Alfred is just too smart to be contained by his aether garments. Alfred comes from Danville, which is also responsible for Turner Harris. The propensity for biting at jokes and chewing eureka seems to be inherent in the natives.

CROWDER—Attended V. M. I. three weeks, where he became possessed of one military overcoat, the red lining of which he soon learned ostentatiously to display.

Awarded medal for attendance in junior moral. Discoverer of fourth law of thought, originator of the Crowder system of dancing.

Author of "Forty New Ways to Calico," "How to Pose with a Pipe" and "Nocturnal Removal of Chapel Benches.

LOWRY—Alias "Pat," "Pet," "Adonis Ashlandis," "Hog." His place of nativity is as yet undetermined, but the burden of evidence awards that honor at the present moment to the pickle fields along the Potomac, whence the acidity of his disposition. He was reared along the placid waters of the Potomac, in whose mirror-like depths he learned to know and admire the potency of his beautiful countenance. As Brutus had his Caesar, and George III his Gim Jams, so let the Adonis Americana beware lest in his pursuit of the sunlight and starlight, a poet cross his path.

Hitherto his conquests have been many and varied.

The walls of the Randolph-Macon College halls have resounded to the melodious tones of his eloquence. The visitors on the athletic field have been thrown into raptures of æsthetic ecstasies by the gracefulness of his manly form. However, not on the stadium alone has his god-like beauty conquered. Wherever he sojourns, the sacrifice of living hearts must be paid. Flesh, living flesh, he demands. Glorious though your past has been, beware, Sir Knight, lest a black cat cross your path.

CLARK, HAWES P., familiarly known as *Horse P.*, the joy and life of second cottage,

has evolved, since he entered college, an excellent joke calendar. His reputation as a *raconteur* was acquired soon after his entrance last fall. Horse went to the "Second Cottage Reception," and while the ice-cream and bananas were in passage, to his delight he drifted into conversation with a beautiful stranger. Horse's wittiest rejoinders are "Um-m Yes 'm and "O no' m," but this time he made a departure. The beautiful stranger, in conversational despair, made mention of the coming dance.

"Did you hear that there is going to be a german at the Hotel?"

"No," said Horse, "but there's a Japanese in College."

Clark is the distinguished possessor of the most classical profile and facial contour in College. His teeth are patented under the U. S. registration title "Porcelain Indicators of Pure Joy." And when he smiles! Then it is that a strange illumination fills Second Cottage.





Noah's Ark of R. M. C.

Life in high society is one perpetual lark,
 The monkeys on the boulevard
 Beat those in Central Park;
 There are stranger pets in our social sets
 Than there were in Noah's ark.

Editorial Note.—Any one guessing correctly all the animals in the following lines will be given as a reward of all the unpaid debts on this *Yellow Jacket*.

'Long came Noah stumblin' in de dark
 Grabbed 'im up a hammer and built himself an ark
 Den came de animals two by two,
Hippo De Jarnette and *Horse P.*, too
 Then came a *shrimp* and also a *dog*
 An *old bantam cock* and a *gluttonous hog*,
 Taen came a goat followed close by a lamb,
 A fresh young *kid*, butting in like a ram,
 And now came a *cow* with handsome profile
 And an *ape* well known for his grace and his style
 Taen came a *fish* swimmin' on land
 Marchin' right up to de music ob de band;
 Then came a *kitten* and Noah had fun,
 For they all were in the ark and his work was done.





BEDFORD CITY.

MOTTO—"Eile Mit Weile"

FLOWER—Turnip Tops

FAVORITE SONG

"Haste to the Banquet Hall"

SAMUEL P. DUKE	- - - - -	President
V. P. RANDOLPH	- - - - -	Vice-President
J. C. ROBERTSON	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer

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R. W. WOODHOUSE	B. E. HARRELL	W. W. BARROW
S. J. WOODHOUSE	W. H. HASKINS	E. B. TANKARD
W. L. DEVANEY	R. E. HODSDEN	S. L. SILVESTER
J. C. ROBERTSON	W. A. PHELPS	T. R. STEELE
J. E. WALLACE	A. Q. MEARS	H. A. STEPHENSON
G. L. BURTON	H. HARLAND, JR.	W. P. BALDWIN
R. T. CROWDER	W. M. NANCE	R. N. MUSGRAVE JR.
	T. L. WEST	



•
BROOKLYN CLUB.



BEDFORD CLUB.



MOTTO

Non Equo Credimus

SONG

"Chicken"

FAVORITE DISH

Punk Boxes

FAVORITE FLOWER

Sweet Potatoes

OFFICERS

C. F. McCLINTIC	- - - - -	President
H. L. LOWRY	- - - - -	Vice-President
W. W. BARNHART	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer

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W. A. TAYLOR
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 M. V. BISHOP
 H. H. NEWMAN
 P. K. GRAVELY
 A. F. STEWART
 C. C. BUSH
 M. T. TABLER



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1904



FRONT ROYAL CLUB.

Dejeuner à la Caf  Biologique

It was not that the day was an especially auspicious one; but the merry ones were gathered together, and, as always, there was something doing. It is a happy aggregation, those afternoon frequenters of the Caf  Biologique. The occasion of meeting is always a joyful one. Each and every person is animated by a desire to do some "stunt". Of course, there are exceptions, and there are sober ones as in all gatherings. Good humor and merry wit, however, abound. There are occasions when they abound most too freely, and overflow the building. Then Monsieur le Maitre des Ceremonies raises the insignia of office, the tiny scalpel, and all *requiescat in pace* for the space of, perhaps, the swift ticking of a second. But there is too much ebullient good nature for a continued suppression.

Something unique was expected, of course, but the realization surpassed all anticipation, and for once proved the fallacy of the old saw. The *Chef* had outdone himself, that was plain before even the viands were touched. To Monsieur Sommelier von Hippo must be accorded the honor of having originated the unique dinner scheme. Monsieur L' Etoile produced an innovation in the matter of handling the menu card. The handsomely designed card was gracefully suspended from his shoulders. The color scheme was magnificently carried out in the innocent features of M. L' Etoile. It may be said now that the color effect was *vert*. All the dishes served were *vert*; the countenances of the diners were *vert*; as well as their minds; M. L' Etoile was *vert*, as was also M. Le Maitre des Ceremonies. M. Sommelier von Hippo only was not *vert*.

The menu was as follows:

Le Diner a la Carte
Des Gaenouilles Chouds
ou
Des Gaenouilles Froids
Des Gaenouilles a toutes les manieres
La Potage a la Crocodile
The Cafe
Eau de Vie
Vin du Bologne
Cigares



Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

President - - - - -	ERNEST L. STARR
Vice-President - - - - -	HAROLD L. LOWRY
Secretary and Treasurer - - - - -	H. MASON BRENT
Stage Manager - - - - -	R. BEALE DAVIS

MEMBERS

MISS MATTIE McCULLEN
 MISS MATTIE MIDYETTE
 MISS LOUISE RICE
 MISS ANNIE HUNTER
 MISS STUART BLANTON

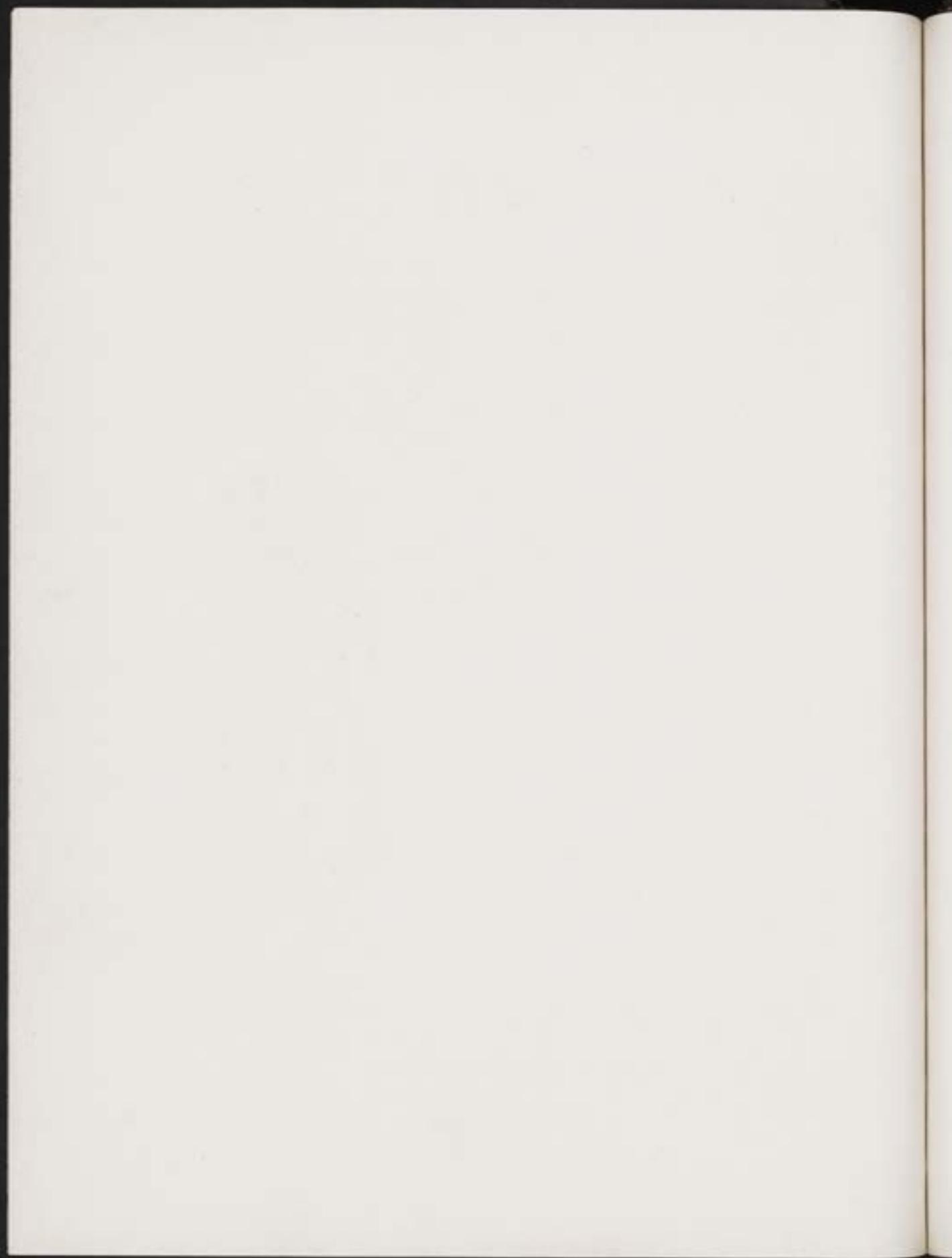
H. L. LOWRY
 E. L. STARR
 R. B. DAVIS
 C. E. BRANDT
 R. T. CROWDER
 H. M. BRENT
 J. P. SIMMONS



Chapel Choir

Chief Howler	-----	E. T. DADMAN
First Catissimo	-----	H. B. COATES
Second Catissimo	-----	R. B. DAVIS
First Back Fenso	-----	L. W. WHITE
Second Back Fenso	-----	J. S. GRAY
Dogtone	-----	W. W. BARROW
First Ear Splitnor	-----	S. L. DUMVILLE
Second Ear Splitnor	-----	W. P. LIPSCOMB
Accompanying Bumpist	-----	J. S. KEENE
Assistant Bumpist	-----	J. E. WALLACE





The Widow

BY ERNEST STARR



HE Widow pushed back the hair from her brow. The movement, though unconscious, was effective. Eight years out had taught The Widow the value of each movement of the hand, the suggestion conveyed by the lift of the eyebrows and lowering of the lids. Tricks like these are unnecessary in a college town, because ardent collegians frequently are not aware that they are in process of impression, and are joyously unregardful of the small aids to illusion. Nevertheless, the illusion is a synthesis of aids minutely small—so small that nobody but the other girl can detect them. It is a wise widow who has so thoroughly inventoried her natural and cultivated aids that their use is unconscious, or gives that impression. The more unstudied her methods are, the more acceptable and unquestioned is the illusion. The fit subject for feminine illusion is man, and fittest is the collegian. Sometimes a collegian thinks he "knows 'em like a book," but this kind of a book is guiltless of a handy literal. Collegians may read, they may run, they may be wiser than their own fathers, but, like Sampson, they will sleep though waking. It need not be Delilah who handles the scissors. Priscilla is as capable. Of all people, though, most efficient is the College Widow. She combines qualities of innocent Priscilla, acute Delilah, loveable Imogen and contrary Mary.

There are College Widows and College Widows—Widows who love, Widows who are loved, Widows who make the man think they think they are loved, Widows who never have been loved at all. Even the amiable and sweet-disposed Widow, in, say, five years' experience, cannot help but assimilate knowledge of a kind and quality that would cause Ella Wheeler Wilcox's "Men Made Easy" to recede into the dim perspective. If a College Widow, during a career of eight years, besides perfecting her methods, has kept her popularity and retained the good opinion of the Woman's Missionary Society, she is entitled to the distinction of being, above all others, *The Widow*.

The Widow, with a characteristic motion, pushed back the hair from her



forehead. There was nothing studied about it, because The Widow was thinking deeply. She was in a dilemma, whose solving taxed her facile brain. Invariably her plans carried, and her will was uncrossed. She was one of the even people who, without being masterful, manage to have entirely their own way. An intention of hers precluded failure; a desire became a commission. Her mother and father did not think of questioning her slightest statement. Their approving assent was so invariable that she had almost ceased to take them into her calculations. She looked upon her mother with affectionate superiority. She laughed indulgently at her mother's slowness in appreciating her rapid-fire thinking and conversation. The mother was almost apologetic in her anxiety to be comprehending. She was without resentment, save when she suspected that she was being laughed at. Then her quizzical expression of annoyance and rebuke would make her daughter laughingly embrace her and put the idea into simpler expression.

Now, for the first time in the Widow's life, her mother had a real, developed opinion, which she advocated strenuously—not only advocated, but she had about brought her daughter around to her own view-point. The Widow could not accustom herself to the new situation, and subconsciously she resented the fact that her decision had been influenced by her mother. The masterfulness had melted away, and in her perplexity she had listened seriously to every word of her mother's argument. Her poise, her self-reliance, was gone. Her years of college belatedness and widowhood gave no counsel. The question she had airily warded off time and again rose and demanded solution. The form in which it put itself was new to her, alien to her frequent forecastings of the situation. The increment of knowledge which the years had brought pointed out no course of action.

She smoothed her brow, as if to brush away the tangle of uncertainty.

"What's the use, anyhow," she sighed. "Once a College Widow, always one. I'll begin my knitting and checkerberry-tea drinking."

She smiled a little wistfully, and then frowned in self-condemnation.

"Me, eight years a widow, six years The Widow, nervous over my heart! O Lord, unhappy am I!"

She was about to continue her thought-digesting walk about the floor, when there was a knock at the door.

"What do you want?" she called.

The door opened, and her mother came quietly into the room. She generally began the bedroom talks with her daughter by "Now, my child—" but this time she said, "Well?"

"No, I am not well, and I don't feel like talking."

The mother fixed her gaze straight in front of her, and ignored her daughter's remark.

"Your father and I want to know your answer. You are always positive on matters which concern yourself alone. Now, when it comes to the simple matter of marrying your father's best friend and college-mate, you cannot compose your mind. You make us miserable by your childish indecision. What have you to say now?"

The Widow looked at her mother in actual alarm. She had never heard such feeling and coherency come from her lips; she was dazed by the change of base.

"What have I to say now?"

"Yes, now. You have been walking all over your room for the last two hours. When I was a girl I could sit still with my embroidery and come to any conclusion."

"Any old conclusion."

"I can think of no more precious thought than that through you the life-long intimacy between your father and his best friend should be fulfilled."

The Widow was herself again. When her mother began on her girlhood and precious thoughts, a sense of humor immediately gave The Widow the upper hand.

"It is a precious thought that the man you want me to marry is two years older than my father. Still more precious that a girl could go to her own really truly husband and tell him all her childish woes and worries." The Widow chuckled over her new view of double harness.

Unsmiling, her mother continued: "And most precious of all is the good you can do with his money."

"I may not get the combination."

"And we will have everything we want. Of course, dear, I am thinking only of your interest. A girl in your position seldom has a chance like this."

"A girl in my position would know the thing to do. I'm a widow, and I know too much. I cannot think except complexedly. I've played with my heart too often."

"I don't understand, my child."

"No, darling; of course you don't."

"I cannot see how—"

The Widow was looking with large eyes into the distance. Desire was upon her face. What might have been drew her away from what was to be. Her imagination revelled in the picture, while the intensest emotion of her life, for the moment, held her completely. She found solace for the present in a wide-eyed dream of the future.

Her mother watched her intently.

"It's that Boy!" she exploded.

The Widow's eyes narrowed as she turned toward her mother. The moment of exaltation had filled her with contempt for equivocation.

"Yes, it's The Boy," she said calmly.

"Can't you ever get him out of your thoughts?"

"Can you?" she asked quickly.

"I am sure I cannot get him out of my sight."

"And I don't want him out of my sight." The Widow's eyes wandered again.

"In the name of Heaven, you don't love him, do you? Has The Boy addressed you?"

"Only by post, and he's really much older than a boy."

"I refuse to speak of him. When I was a girl—"

"That's all right, darling. When you were a girl you were not a College Widow, and I can't think of any of your reminiscences that fit the case."

Their eyes met. They did not exactly glare, but the expression upon their faces was so near to anger that only a psychologist could have differentiated it. The Widow mentally rebuked herself for allowing a situation to arise which she wanted to avoid. During the days of The Widow's perplexity, she and her mother had carefully avoided any mention of The Boy. However, he was constantly in the minds of both. His existence had been like a silent ghost hovering over the family councils, or, rather, family suggestions. To the mother he was a menace to the fulfillment of a strong desire; to the girl a greater joy than she liked to confess even to herself. He was the one baffling problem of her career. Because he baffled her, she had begun to think of him a great deal; and because she thought of him a great deal and saw him frequently, she forgot the objective point of view. The change had been subtle, but complete. A College Widow must be circumspect, even to keeping her heart-strings firmly wrapped around both wrists. The Widow had been careful as long as she had her way. When she was baffled by the Boy, she became herself and forgot her subjectiveness; forgot that she had seen generations come and generations go; forgot everything except that her heart went through a new system of gymnastics when she was with him.

The mother, by some indeterminable mental process, was assured of the real condition. She had seen her daughter's absorption of a senior before, and been indifferent to the outcome. This time there was a divergence shown in no other way, by the absence of danger signals. The Widow let him be seen with the "Also Rans" publicly, without a shade of anxiety. Her mother was only calmly interested until a crisis, in the shape of gray-haired wealth, friendly to father, appeared upon the scene. Then she immediately became a scheming parent, alive with social instincts which were elephantine in expression. She began bawling by ignoring The Boy. Next she called him "child", in spite of his athletic six feet of length. Finally, she overlooked him as completely as if he had

ceased to be. When she entered her daughter's room it was with the intention of omitting his name and number from the conference, which somehow seemed to her like a venture upon the crest of a live volcano. The volcano erupted, and left the two looking at each other as if they were not sure what was going to happen next.

"Why did you bring him in?" asked The Widow, after a pause, during which her mother grew visibly nervous. "There was no need of it. You are suing for dear father's boyhood friend. I can shut my eyes and see him oozing gold, his gray hair sprinkled with diamonds. Money always rattled in his pockets whenever he came near me. Ugh! But there are really much worse faults than being careless with one's money."

"Yes, my dear." The spirit of Polonius was upon the mother; she would agree to anything, if she could only soothe her daughter into acquiescence.

"My child, (after a deep breath) why don't you write to that Boy, and tell him—"

"He's not in the running, mother."

"Not in what?"

The Widow shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, he is not to be considered."

"My child, do you mean it?"

"I mean, my angel mother, that The Boy thinks I am too much of a Widow to want me to marry him. Remnants are apt to be short measure, you know."

"Doesn't he love you?"

"Look in the book, darling. I don't know." The Widow's tone was hard.

"What are you going to do, my child?"

"I couldn't wither gracefully, so I think I'll marry the Old Gentleman."

The Widow laughed. Sarah Bernhardt would have deemed the sound worthy of imitation, as perfectly combining recklessness, pain, and pathos. The Widow's mother laughed tearfully and joyfully.

"My dear, dear little girl!" She embraced her little girl rapturously.

Thirty minutes later The Widow was polishing her nails mechanically. She had on a dress he liked and was waiting for him to come. She heard steps on the walk and listened with parted lips for a voice.

"Back door's locked; where you want the ice?" floated up to her.

Absently, she examined her nails. They looked like specimens of Chinese laundry work, brilliant enough to reflect the image of her flushed face. She dulled them by breathing upon them, and pressed her palms against her hot cheeks. Her eyes were black with excitement.

"What's the use of being a College Widow unless I can make one man say one thing?"

Again she heard steps, and recognized their beat. Without a glance at the mirror, she left the room, and went down the stairs, smiling mysteriously. She met him at the door.

"Hello, Boy!"

The Boy was buoyant. By way of greeting, he sang:

"Spring time, you know, is ring time;
Come now, don't be so slow;
Change your name, go on, be game.
'Begorra, I will do the same'—"

He cut short the song when he saw she had stopped her ears.

"Do you know, Boy," she said, "that you couldn't carry a tune if you had it in a suit-case?"

"I refuse to be offended."

"Since you are very pleasant to-night, I'll let you walk into my parlor.

"Your web, you mean."

"As you please, but do not try to be clever around me. Big men are made to be good looking, not clever."

"What can I do that will meet with your approval, highness?"

"Sit down."

"Here?"

"No, no; not in that chair!"

"Why? Will it break?"

"No. It's too comfortable. You would go to sleep, I know. Now, play fair. I'll sit in an uncomfortable chair, if you will, and we can be miserable together."

"I didn't come here to be made miserable, but your smallest command—"
She held up one hand. "Sufficiency!"

"Can't I even talk?"

"If you talk business." The Widow laughed mischievously.

"I refuse."

"I don't like you to-night, Boy. You're obstinate."

"Blessed Lord, what have I done now? You don't want me to talk Bi. Lab., do you? That's had enough business in the day-book, without summing up."

"My dear Boy, there are other kinds of business besides business."

"And my dear tame Epigram, my business is my work."

"Haven't you any other business at all? My! what a one-sided man!"
The Boy looked at her appreciatively.

"May I sit in a chair that has arms? I believe I heard you say that this one is uncomfortable."

"You've lost your pearls of etiquette, and you are making remarks about your hostess' furniture."

"I couldn't help it. The seat of this chair is very small; I'm falling off."

"Sit on the floor and fall off of that, smarty."

"Please understand me; I do not wish to sit on the floor."

The Widow stopped smiling, and looked from beneath lowered lids.

"Let's be serious, Boy," she said.

"All right. Exhibit No. 1. Why do you call me 'Boy'?"

"Because I am older than you."

"But you don't know as much as I do."

"Really?"

"Let me see." He glanced at the ceiling, reflectively. "If I mistake not, you have been on the track about eight years."

She nodded.

"Then you're twenty-five."

"Perspicuous," she vouchsafed.

"I didn't ask you. I'm aged twenty-three years, four months, and six days."

"So old?"

"And I know that a man can learn more in twenty-three years, four months and six days than a woman can in twenty-five years."

"That depends on the study."

"And you spoke a truism then, Highness. I suppose you know me 'from my lowest note to the top of the compass' by now?"

She did not answer, but fingered her rings nervously. The flush on her cheeks was deeper than before. He thought the fault was his, and retraced his conversational steps in search of an embarrassing blunder.

"Boy, we must be serious. I'm going away."

"If you had looked in the Book of Job, you could not have found a solemn thing to tell me. Where are you going?"

"To New York."

"Trousseau, I suppose?"

The Widow crushed her filmy handkerchief into a wad. "That's what my mother says."

"For her golden wedding?" the Boy laughed.

"It's for me."

The laughter was wiped away from his lips by ghostly, ghastly hands.

"What do you mean?"

"That I am going to be married."

In a strained voice, he asked, "To whom?"

"To the old gray-bearded gentleman who came down to see my father last month. He's a very nice old gentleman."

"You're not joking?"

"I am serious." Her face had lost its color and her lips quivered. In her eyes there was a longing that only a blind man could misread.

The Boy was silent and cold. He, too, was pale. He folded his arms and looked away.



Somewhere a clock struck the hour.

Slowly he turned toward her in his seat. Though his eyes were inflamed with passion, the words came slowly and evenly.

"Why have you done this, when you know I love you? That I was waiting only for the end of this phase before I spoke? Is it because you are 'The Widow'?" He did not heed the pleading in every lineament of her face.

"Is it with me as with my forerunners, who have been weeds for the widows?" Like the wind that blows between the worlds, his tone cut.

She leaned forward, with hands outstretched, as if to ward off a mortal blow.

"Boy, Boy," she whispered, "it isn't too late!"

He did not hear.

Tears blinded and choked her.

"I waited so long, and—and you wouldn't tell me."

She took a step toward him.

"Tell me now, Boy; tell me now!"

God's sunlight seemed to burst upon his face. He sat motionless, looking up into her eyes.

"Won't you—won't you please stop being 'The Widow'?" he said.

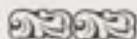


AUTUMN

BY J. MILLER LEAKE

*With goldenrod the sun-kissed meadows seem
Some fabled field o'erspread with cloth-of-gold,
Where regal Autumn doth a trysting hold
To meet the World, his bride, with joy abeam.
The forest in his tinted livery gleam;
The beauty of the World can ne'er be told—
She stands like some fair queen of story old
The glory and the wonder of a dream.*

*The World is ripe to fold you to her breast,
Season of fair fulfillment, harvest time,
The pumpkin's yellow on the withering vine,
The reddening apples in the orchard shine,
The corn is ripe, the World is at her prime;
And you, her lord, how richly are you blest!*



THE LAST REQUEST OF ONE WHO LOVED THE SUN

BY J. N. L.

*Thou'lt let me lie where sunbeams fall,
When life hath fled this shrine of clay,
Where glad-voiced children laugh and call
To comrades in their merry play.*

*Not in some lone, sequestered spot,
Where cypress glooms above my grave;
Where autumn leaves swirl down and rot,
And wild winds through dead branches rave.*

*Thou'lt let me lie where sunshine falls,
And then methinks will pass the dread
Of Death's cold, low and narrow halls,
If children play above my head.*

Dreamers

An Oration

By JAMES RIDDICK LAUGHTON



SINCE there have been men to think, the power of thought has been the divine right of man. Through the progress of centuries, ages, and milleniums, there runs, like a golden cord through some great fabric, the eternal kinship of truth, binding together the past and the present, making of one blood the thinkers of every age, relating, harmonizing, and co-ordinating the vast Babel of ideas.

When the Highlanders of Scotland united against a common enemy, the various clans were called together by signal fires burned upon the mountain tops. Thus I fancy the seers and thinkers of the past ages, dwelling upon the mountain tops of vision, lit their fires as signals to other ages. Down the centuries rings the call. Moses, Aristotle, Caesar, Charlemagne, Luther, Pasteur; brothers all, brothers in a great, constructive principle.

The man who thinks is driven by the power of his thought; driven by a subtle but overwhelming inner force that seizes upon him almost in spite of himself, and impels him on to action.

But the man of action must be first of all a man of dreams. In this age, when too great emphasis is laid upon the so-called "practical things"; when men are too often measured by the artificial standard of dollars and cents; when the vital question seems to be, "Does it pay?" when "every door seems barred with gold and opens but to golden keys," in such an age the dreamer is looked upon with contempt. "Unpractical," they call him. Yet think what the world owes to dreamers.

But for the dream of a Genoese mariner, tormented with the genius of discovery, who can tell what might have been the history of the world to-day? Penniless, with no capital but his dreams, Christopher Columbus

"Gave a new heaven, a new earth; gave glory and more empire
To the Kings of Spain than all their battles"

With noble daring, cheered on and upheld by a lofty, all-dominating purpose, born of a glorious dream, he

"Pushed his brows into the setting sun,
And made West East, and sailed the Dragon's mouth
And came upon the mountains of the world,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise."

Divine dreamer! Glorious visionary! Had not our fathers dreamed of a free America, where now would be our boasted liberty? Nor do we need but to men

tion the name of that prince of modern dreamers, Thomas Alva Edison. "Unpractical?" Why the dreamer is the most practical of men.

Raphael dreamed, and the world's master canvases were born. Galileo dreamed, and the universe gave up its long-hidden secrets. Newton dreamed, and modern science spread her pinions in a forward flight. Garibaldi dreamed of a free Italy, and the fetters of centuries fell broken to the earth. And what shall we say concerning the mighty wonders of this mighty age? Imperial man summons the universe to serve him, and it hastens to do his bidding. All these fulfillments of the dreams of men. Scorn not the dreamer, but rather do him reverence.

Standing on the mount of spiritual vision, the dreamer receives a divine impulse that crystallizes into a soul mastering, all-dominating idea. His soul, sensitive to spiritual influences, catches the whisper of a "still, small voice." On his inner ear it breaks in thunder tones, urging him onward. It is his call to service. He sees afar the vision, glorious and splendid; he sees the need of the world; he feels the thrill of a strange power. The glory wraps him round and fills his soul. He has found a great truth. He yearns to impart it to the world. He cannot keep it to himself. He must give it out.

As well might one hope to confine the infant oak within its narrow boundaries when it feels the touch of spring, as to imprison the germ idea and to stifle its development. It cannot be imprisoned. It cannot be stifled. Though storms and tempests beat upon it; though fierce thunderbolts of persecution maim and mutilate it; yet, in spite of all, by its own inherent power, the thought will grow to perfect fruit and blossom, all the stronger for its conflicts.

Is it any wonder that men sacrifice themselves for a great truth? O Science, how many lives have been offered up upon thy altars! O Religion, what countless multitudes have gladly suffered for thy sake! O sacred Liberty, what fierce fires have raged for thee! How many lands in thy name have been baptized with blood! Yet gladly do their spirits wear the martyr's crown. For truth it was for which they died, great Truth, dearer than life itself; Truth, born of God.

The idea is greater than the man. The vision is broader than its fulfillment. Phidias may chisel his Olympian Jove, but the sculpture, faultless though it seems, halts behind the conception. Leonardo may strive to portray his ideal Christ, but the Christ of his vision is more ideal than the pictured presentation. Handel and Beethoven may endeavor to preserve the divine melodies that they heard, but their works are only fragments of the mighty music rolling through the universe. No form of government, no system of thought, no code of laws, has ever fulfilled the dreams of its founders. The glory spreads afar, broader, nobler, richer, tantalizing the efforts of the mind to grasp it.

"No great thinker ever lived and taught you
All the wonder that his soul received.
No true painter ever set on canvas
All the glorious vision he conceived.
No real poet ever wove in numbers
All his dreams."

It was glorious—too vast. But there is a price to pay. The vision is fulfilled at a tremendous cost; a cost greater than death and heavier than martyrdom. Behold that scene at Salamanca—Columbus, a plain mariner, untaught in the schools, under the power of a great idea, defying single-handed the learning and the religion of his time. Behold him charged with heresy because he dared to think. Hear his matchless eloquence as he pleads the cause of a new world. And then behold him hounded by the persecution of narrow-minded bigots. It was the conflict of progress with stagnation; of breath with narrowness; of modern ideas with ancient tradition; of free thought with stupidity, ignorance and bigotry.

Here is a picture of a great soul driven on by the power of a great idea. Athanasius before the Council of Nice, John Huss, burned at the stake for heresy, Martin Luther at the Diet of Worms, Galileo arraigned before his persecutors, are all similar pictures.

But why confine our illustrations to events happening centuries ago? In 1881, not twenty-five years ago, at Pouilly-le-fort near Paris, we see almost identically the same thing. There, before an assembly of citizens, and of scientists from all over the world, Louis Pasteur demonstrated his cure for anthrax. It was a new thing, a great thing. What was the result? No abuse was too great that could be hurled against him by his bigoted fellow scientists. By his work Pasteur saved to France more than one billion dollars; he saved the wine and silk industries of France; he and his followers wrought a revolution in the treatment of infectious diseases. And yet this man, who gave a new meaning to science, who brought a new life into the world, was ridiculed, scoffed at, and persecuted. His every motive was misunderstood. He was branded as a madman. And why? Because he dared to think and to follow out his thoughts. Because, in his quest for truth, he dared to trample on the traditions of centuries. Because he dared to live in advance of his age. Because he *dreamed* and dared to be true to his vision.

Misunderstandings, false judgments, blindness to the perception of great truths, failure to grasp a great principle; these are the things that are as gall and wormwood to the seeing man. These are the things that cause anguish and agony and suffering from which death would be a welcome deliverance. Yet this is the price of truth. At such a cost has been transmitted to us the priceless heritage of the past. Our modern thought, our modern institutions, our modern life have been brought forth with birth pangs unutterable, and have been baptized

with blood. At such a cost have we come into our possessions of knowledge. All down the ages, Truth is crucified upon the cross and crowned with the crown of thorns. For a while clouds and darkness are round about her, and she suffers eclipse in gloom unspeakable, but by her divine power she rises again with a glorious resurrection.

I sorrow to say it, for I am an American to the core, and a Southerner born and bred on Virginia's soil. And I glory in the name, Virginian. But never shall patriotic love blind me to my country's faults. Dearly as I love my country and my native State, I love Truth more. And the Truth must be told, whatever the pain or whatever the cost. Here in America, in very recent years, and here in our own South, yea, in Virginia, men have paid and are still paying this same price for the sake of Truth. In this lightning-lighted, progressive age of the Twentieth Century, in free America, it is dangerous for a man to think and to follow out his thoughts. Toleration? Liberty of thought? Liberty of speech? We prate much of these things. But are we tolerant? Do we allow the free thought and free speech that we claim to allow? Let a man advance a new idea, and what a storm of criticism breaks upon him! Let him introduce a new thing, and what shafts of ridicule are fired at him by the learned as well as the ignorant! Let him present Truth in a different light, violating perhaps some time-honored tradition or erroneous belief, and what fierce intolerance, what bitter persecution, is directed against him! And often times—strange anomaly, irony of contradiction—often times, in the fore front of this warfare stands the Church of God.

I plead for a broad mind and an open vision. There are mighty fields yet to be explored. I plead for the courage to cut loose, if need be, from accepted traditions and beliefs—though the severance cost us our very heart's blood—if those traditions and beliefs, be they ever so precious, ever so holy, blind our eyes to the larger Truth. I plead for an open-minded search for Truth. And if, in the search for Truth, the constantly developing and enlarging powers outgrow their ancient boundaries—as they should—and new view points are reached, let them be bravely followed out to their conclusions, though all men cry "madman" and though "heretic" be uttered by every tongue. Thus only can there be growth, development, discovery.

Madmen rule the world, while stupid sane men stand gaping by. The heretic of one age is the leader of another age. I have seen the tall light-house, beaten by the angry waves as they surged against it and lashed it and threatened to overwhelm it; but serenely it shed its light far out across the seething billows, conscious of its strength, laughing at the raging deep. So does the great soul, confident in the power of Truth, laugh to scorn the petty rage of petty men. Serenely he sheds abroad the light of Truth. Patiently he bides his time. A little while, and the madman is proved the seer, while sages become a laughing stock. A few

years or centuries, and the dreamer and his dream are enshrined in song and art and story.

I know of nothing nobler or more courageous than a true life bravely lived; a life devoted throughout to a lofty ideal. Hoping, despairing, trusting, with bitter tears and in the agony of the bloody sweat, the brave soul struggles onward, for only the intensest spirits suffer most. Through suffering, through privation, through disappointment and calumny and persecution, through vales of Baca and through dark Gethsemanes, the undaunted spirit toils on, striving to realize his ideal, toiling upward toward his guiding star. Ever larger rises before him his great ideal, unattained and unattainable. Still he presses on. No defeat, no discouragement, can hold him back. Such a life we call noble. Such a soul we call great. Bring your richest honors and crown that life, for it is worthy. Crown it with garlands of amaranth mingled with wreaths of fadeless immortelles.

The principle is all one. It is individual; it is national; it is universal. It is all one great unity, "One increasing purpose running through the ages"—the principle, the unity of Truth. It was this for which Homer lived and wrought, and Plato and Aristotle. It was this for which Alexander and Caesar, Charlemagne and Napoleon conquered. This for which Shakespeare wrote and Dante sang. Dreamers all. This for which Rome rose and fell. This for which Greece flourished. This for which America was discovered. This for which Japan is to-day contending against a tyrannous empire. This principle of Truth is the great controlling force in all the complex social problems of the world.

Truth is many sided. It is confined to no one school, to no one nation, to no one age. It is co-extensive with the universe.

I have stood upon a mountain peak and have watched the sun rise over the mountains. First one tall peak would catch the glow of the morning sun, and then another, and another and another. From peak to peak the rays would glance until presently all would be one blaze of glory. Thus have the dreamers of the ages past, towering above their fellows, caught the sunrise glory of Eternal Truth. Across the intervening lands, across the interim of centuries—from Zoroaster in Persia to Buddha in India, from Confucius in China to Socrates in Greece, from Moses to St. Paul—flash the rays of everlasting Truth. All along the ages breaks that light, through the darkness of Paganism, through the gloom of the Middle Ages, shining with ever increasing splendor, growing more and more, until to-day we stand in a glory and blaze of Truth never before equalled in the world's history. Oh! the joy of living in a time like this!

"We are heirs of all the ages." Isolated thinkers, in different ages and in different climes; schools of thought centuries removed from one another; theories, creeds, and systems diverse and conflicting—are all integral parts of one great whole; all one mighty unity.

Down the centuries past we send our grateful hail: "Brothers, ye who dreamed and worked and suffered; brothers in a common purpose; brothers in the search and quest for Truth!" I seem to hear an answering hail—the Past calling to the Present. It is a note of cheer, a call to conquest and to victory. Looking toward the ages to come, I see a still more glorious day. I see a new order evolved by natural processes of development from the old. I see ignorance giving way before the advance of knowledge. I see the reign of a higher law, loftier ideals, nobler aims. I see all mankind united in a common bond of brotherhood, all working in unity of purpose toward one great end. I see the Present, Past, and Future, with all their treasures full freighted, absorbed in one great era of *Universal Truth*.

(Delivered in the Virginia State Oratorical Contest, May 5, 1905.)



MEMORIES

BY WILMER L. HALL.

*As glasses rare, in some cathedral old,
Will catch the fading rays of light, and cast
Them forward in a sifting flood of gold
Upon the works of some forgotten past,
And make them live again in present time—
So memories bring to hearts, however bleak,
The thoughts of other days so dear, and speak:
In tones of music low, almost sublime.*

*The old, old, ne'er forgotten days gone by,
As some fair spirit from the sky above,
Come to me, with the yearning, aching cry
Of faded sunshine, nameless joy, and love.
As memories bring these happy thoughts, 'twould seem
That all my heart and hopes are bound in those
Old days of yore; and that is why I close
My eyes and sit—and dream, and dream, and dream.*

The Joy of Life

ERNEST STAHR.



THE throng of holiday purchasers, too pre-occupied and anticipative to mind the biting cold, possessed the street. Few men were present in the rabid assortment of bargain-hunters, and these were plowed carelessly aside by the grim and relentless women, who make of Christmas an ordeal of self-denial, giving away to their friends the things they most desire for themselves. From store to store they hurried, making maelstroms of those that offer everything for everybody. In the book department a weak-eyed woman appreciatively skimmed a volume of Keats, intended for her only nephew, aged fourteen, whose particular fancy was *G. A. Henty*. In the sporting corner a feminine testimonial specimen of the efficacy of private physical culture, in severe shirt-waist and skirt, gloatingly purchased a pair of five-pound dumb-bells to give to her best friend's puny daughter.

"Mary doesn't know how to raise children," she commented, lifting the ten pounds of pig-iron and smiling with satisfaction as she started on a two-mile homeward walk. The physical culture women disdain street-cars for a distance less than two miles. When they must ride they prefer to stand in the car, unless it is crowded, in which case they make audible remarks about the rudeness of men in general, until a well-trained married man mournfully says, "Madam, allow me."

With chin well up, the possessor of the dumb-bells made a wide swath through the crowd toward the door, almost over-running a little girl who was looking wistfully at an exhibit of children's fur collars and muffs.

The child wore a dark, discolored coat, that might once have been of velvet, pinned so tightly about her that it accentuated the thinness of her little body. Deep and vaguely colored eyes contrasted with her light hair. Her lips were blue with cold. The face was devoid of color, throwing into startling relief the dark-ringed eyes, which expressed a longing for food, warmth, and clothes—the good things slightly valued by those who possess them. The excellence of her features bespoke a past in which need had not been an overhanging cloud.

"I—please excuse me, ma'am. I was just looking at the muffs and things," she said, with the tone of apology that is pitiful when it comes from poverty.

The physical culture expert stopped close to the child and leaned over her.

"Little girl, it's not furs you want; it's oatmeal. You should eat oatmeal three times a day, and you wouldn't be so pale and flat-chested."

"Yes'm, I like it fine; but we can't get it often, because hom'ny don't cost so much."

The matter of diet is closely connected with muscle-making, and the woman became curious at once.

"Do you eat hominy every morning for breakfast?"

"Yes'm, when there is any. Some mornings we don't have breakfast until dinner."

As a possibility for muscular development, the child interested the woman. Compared with her own rosy children, the pale, pinched face thrilled her with sympathy she did not often feel. Forgetful of her surroundings, she was wrapped in thought, so that she did not notice the approach of the omnipresent floor-walker.

"Madam, you are blocking the passage." Then noticing the girl, "Is she with you?"

The child shrank from the harsh tone, and spoke quickly, "No, sir; I was only looking—"

"Well, you've been hanging around here long enough. I've been watching you. Now, you'd better move on. Quick!"

With a frightened glance at him, the child moved away into the crowd. The woman swelled like a ruffled grouse, and turned upon him a gaze of intensity sufficient to revivify the mummy of Rameses. Then she followed the child to the street.

"Wait a minute," she commanded. She led her to one side of the projecting storm-door, and said, "Don't you want to come with me and get some dinner?"

The child looked at her wonderingly.

"Dinner?"

"Yes; lots of oatmeal and cream."

With her heart in her eyes, the child hesitated. Undecidedly, she looked about, and saw behind her a man who was watching her intently. She could not avoid his eyes, and in them was something that frightened her. She drew closer to the woman.

"Yes'm. No! no, ma'am. Mother don't let me accept things. No'm, I'll have to go home now, because mother's been by herself ever since I left."

"You won't come, little girl? What's your name, anyhow?"

"Nell. No'm, I only wish I could, because we haven't had anything to eat yet."

The woman fingered her purse. The man behind Nell came closer, watching the scene intently.

Nell glanced at him apprehensively.

The woman's lips quivered as she put a silver dollar into the child's cold hand.

"Take this, anyhow, and tell your mother you found it."

The man was now a part of the little group by the projecting door, unnoticed by the woman.

"Tell me your other name before you go, Nell."

Behind her the man's voice said, "Your name is Ellen Waldron, isn't it?"

With a little shriek Nell caught her benefactress' hand, and pressed away from him as far as she could.

"What does he want with me? O please, please don't let him—"

"I am sorry I frightened you. I recognized you by the likeness you bear to your mother."

"No, no, you don't know my mother! Nobody knows her. She—we never tell anybody, because she's so sick, and doesn't want to see any one, and she says—she says it won't make any difference after a while."

The child was trembling and incoherent from fright. To the woman it was a puzzle. The face of the man was alive with excitement. His lips, sensual in repose, were repressed into a straight line.

"You live with your mother?" he asked. "Where?"

Nell clenched her small hand and threw back her head defiantly. "I won't tell! She always told me not to, and I won't!"

A temperament developed by eight years of life cannot bear a continued strain of emotion, and the child wilted. Her brave front vanished. With the eyes of a hunted animal she darted aside, eluding the outstretched arms of the man. In a flash she was lost in the crowd.

The woman, who thought she understood something of the scene, turned to demand an explanation of the man, but he was gone.

She took a fresh grip on the dumb-bells, and thoughtfully continued her walk.

"Both of them are crazy," she decided. "I wonder, though, what's the matter with her mother!"

The child scarcely thought of pursuit, and after she felt that she was well hidden in the throng her fluttering little heart was reassured. She hastened toward the mother from whom she had so long been absent. The streets she traversed became poorer and obscurer, as she neared her home. With each step she was more anxious about the effect her encounter with the strange man would have on her mother. Finally she entered a tenement house similar to all the others on the square, and attacked the flights of grimy steps. When she completed the third ascent, she hurried down a passage to a room at the back of the house. Without pausing, as she sometimes did, to listen for a sound from within, she entered and excitedly called:

"Mother!"

The first Ellen Waldron lay in a large chair with the back let down, so that she was more than half reclining. The chill of the bare walls that surrounded her seemed taken on and reflected in the deathly pallor of her face. Her eyes were large and strangely brilliant. A spot of crimson color was upon either cheek.

One hand constantly pressed her breast, and in each slight movement of the body was shown the lassitude of one already weary of fighting the fight for life.

The room was carpetless and destitute of all save the most necessary furniture. A portrait on the scarred bureau served as a sardonic reminder, rather than a decoration. It was of a beautiful woman, with a mass of light hair, content and peace gleaming in her face. The woman in the chair seldom looked at the picture. Her chair faced in the opposite direction, toward one of the two windows which looked out on the alleys that criss-crossed the block. Her rectangular vista of sky was smoky during the day. The shining eyes were accustomed to their murky outlook, as they were to the dimness of her spiritual vista; there was so much in her life experience in which she could see no trace of the working of the hand of God. Of late she had not left the chair at all. When night absorbed the sheet of smoke outside, the child rolled the chair close to the bed, and slept there beside her, unconscious of the stifled coughs of the woman in the chair, who lay awake long into the night. Often in the darkness she smoothed the child's hair, softly that she might not waken her. As long as night enveloped them both, she felt secure for the child and herself.

"Mother!"

Ellen awoke from a fitful sleep, and turned partly toward the door.

"Yes, Nell" she answered, in a low voice.

The child, with the instinct of a little mother, wanted to tell her news calmly and avoid any excitement that might cause one of the exhausting fits of coughing.

"Mother, are you feeling better now?"

"Yes, Nell. Mrs. Clancy brought me some beef broth, and I've saved part for you."

She did not say that the part was nine-tenths or more of the dish the tenant below had brought in.

"And you haven't coughed much?"

"Not much, dear."

"Well, what do you s'pose, mother?" in a hushed tone of importance.

Boundless love radiated from the mother's face. She expected a childish confidence, and smiled faintly.

"Look, a whole dollar!"

"Where did you get it? Don't you know you promised me not to accept anything from strangers?"

"Yes'm, I know, but that's the funny part. A big, kind lady gave it to me and I meant to give it back, but I ran away."

"I wish you had given it back. Why didn't you? What made you run away?"

"I just ran because I was scared. You see, mother, while she was talking

to me a funny-looking man came up behind, and when she asked me my name he said, 'Your name is Nell Waldron, isn't it?' and said he knew you. Wasn't it funny, mother?"

Slowly Ellen's expression changed to incredulity, and then to alarm.

"He said he knew me? What did he look like?" she added quickly, with more animation.

"He was so funny-looking, mother. But he was just foolin'; he didn't know you, mother. Please don't look like that, mother!"

She patted Ellen's cheek, which was as cold as her small hand.

"Nell; tell me, Nell"—a series of sharp, racking coughs interrupted her—"tell me how he looked." She spoke rapidly. "Was he tall, with brown hair, and did he have full red lips, and blue eyes that were as cold as steel?"

Ellen's voice was tense. She looked with rapt gaze at the child, as she waited for her answer.

"Well, he was tall, and you are right about his eyes, mother. I couldn't help looking at them. They kind of spelled me. They looked like somebody's I know, but I can't think who. Why, you are looking funny too, mother. Is anything the matter?"

"No, dear; nothing's the matter. Drink your broth." She closed her eyes and drew a quivering breath.

"Did anyone follow you home, Nell?"

"No'm, nobody at all. I came back so fast that couldn't anything keep me in sight but a carriage that was coming our way," the child answered, between mouthfuls of the broth.

After a pause, during which the bowl was made quite empty, she continued: "Mother, you really oughtn't to worry, because we're in here and he's out there, and I haven't ever told any outside folks my last name, like you told me; so he must have just guessed it."

"Yes, dear; he's out there and we are in here."

The even tone reassured Nell.

"Mother, I'm going to buy some wood. Here goes the last stick in the stove. What else must I get?"

"You know best, little housekeeper. Kiss me, Nell, and don't stay out long."

Nell tucked the faded Roman blanket about her, and kissed the hair, slightly gray about the temples.

"Mother, we are really going to have some Christmas after all. This dollar comes in awful handy, don't it?"

Ellen took her little face between her hands and looked at it fondly.

"Spend it all; it is yours. We must celebrate this Christmas, for we never know—come back soon, dear."

When the door closed behind the child, Ellen gave herself up to the wide-eyed terror that she had kept hidden. Her anxiety was all for the child, none for herself. Deep in her heart she knew what was about to occur, and she thought frantically for means to stay it. Six years of refuge would go for naught, if she could not keep on until the end. The end! It was very near, she knew. Each fit of coughing left her weaker. A few more days, or weeks, and she would pass out with her child's hand clasped close in her own. She acknowledged her selfishness, but her child was her world, her God. For her sake she had suffered, fighting for existence. Now the fight was nearly done. Materially she was safe; she had money sufficient to supply their small needs for three weeks. To die with her child still her own was all she craved. To hold close to her breast, savagely, selfishly, her child to the end.

In a frenzy of anticipation, she listened as if for the approach of fate. She heard heavy footsteps on the stairs, and shuddered as they passed the only other room on the passage. From her position she could not see the door, and did not catch the expression of the person who entered in response to her summons. Pausing only to glance about, as if in search of something, a man's voice called:

"Ellen, are you here?"

"It is you, Norman!" came a low voice from the chair.

"Oh, I didn't know you were over there, hidden in that big chair. My dear Ellen, I am very, very glad to see you again, believe me."

She did not lift a hand, and fixed her brilliant eyes on him so intently that his own wavered before them.

"Have you come for Nell?"

"I saw her on the street this morning, and recognized her immediately. She is much like you when you were at your best. Where is she?"

Ellen's hands were clasped tight across her breast.

"She has gone out, and I hope to God she dies before she can come back here."

"I say, Ellen, isn't this rather a stiff sort of conjugal greeting?"

"Am I still your wife, then?"

"Really, you know, I think you failed to procure a divorce about six years ago."

She tried to speak, but the cough choked her. It racked her body through and through and brought a hectic flush to her face.

"That's a bad sounding cough, Ellen. I'll send my doctor around. Really, though, weren't you a little hasty in what you did six years ago?"

She moistened her lips and spoke faintly. "As her mother, could I have done anything else?"

"Pshaw! You always were a stickler. Most men in our class are not any better than I am. All of them have done what you strenuously objected to in me."

He glanced around the room, a half-smile curling his lips.

"If you couldn't live with me, at least you could have permitted me to support you elsewhere—not in quarters like these, certainly. Have you been here ever since?"

She struggled to a sitting posture, tossing aside her hair, which had fallen over one shoulder.

"I've been here six years—six happy years, hidden from you. I did not want your help. Do you think I would share your support with *her*? No! no! My life was my own, and I took it, and lived out of it the shock you had given it. An explanation of that shock you could not give; its effect on me you could not help but know. You knew what I was before you married me, my ideals of right, and I thought you lived up to them. You did not. Before my very eyes you brought your peccadillo, as you called it, and laughed when I begged you on my knees to deary it. Could I live with you, giving an unspoken assent to the thing, and see my little child grow into the knowledge of it without, some day, in the dust before her, crying '*Mea culpa! mea maxima culpa!*' My child must be my own. I brought her to this haven. My little money was exhausted a year ago, about the time I contracted this cough. Since then I have parted with my small belongings, one by one, that we might have bread. The wedding ring went yesterday. You see me stripped, but happy! I have been so happy here with Nell! Just my child and I!"

On her forehead the perspiration stood in great beads. A single gasp started a more violent paroxysm than she had suffered before. An agonized struggle passed before she completely regained breath.

Waldron, to the extent of his capacity, which was small, was moved by the fervor of the speech. He disliked a "scene," especially one in which his sensibilities were affected. He hoped to finish this one as soon as possible.

"I am sorry, Ellen, really. Can't I do something for you?"

"A little water," she sighed.

He held the glass for her to drink.

"And Ellen, I ought to tell you without any more delay, why I came. It was not to worry you, believe me. It's about Nell."

"Go on. I am listening."

"You remember my father, what a crank he is?"

"I remember. He loved Nell when she was a baby."

"Well he doesn't exactly like my way of living, and he decided, about six months ago, not to leave the rest of his money to me. He wants it kept in the family, and little Nell—"

"Is Nell his heiress?" in a stronger voice.

"On condition that she is located and brought to him, to live with him, within six months of his first statement."

Waldron could not meet her eyes.

"I wouldn't ask it of you but for the fact of Nell's being my own daughter. You see she could have a strong influence with my father."

Ellen lay motionless, with eyes closed. It had come. From the moment Nell told her of having seen Waldron, she had been filled with dread for the child. That he wanted her for his benefit, and not for her own, she did not resent, because she knew what to expect from him. Above reason and motive, the fact itself loomed like a shadow of the Fate with the Shears. Two weeks of dalliance with Nell's arms about her neck, and she would welcome "a little slumber, a little sleep, a little folding of the hands to sleep." The benediction that little face afforded in so short a time would instil heavenly peace and assurance into her soul. Rudely jostled into one day, her parting with Nell was too painful for her to think of.

Very quietly she asked Waldron: "Did you say the time is up to-morrow? The six months?"

He hesitated a moment. "Well, you see the old man is at Westhampton now for the holidays, and that's a day-and-a-half trip. She will have to leave to-day, if she goes."

"No, not to-day; not to-day!" she moaned. "I can't tell my little girl good-bye in an hour. I cannot!"

Waldron hung his head and did not see the hand Ellen weakly held out to him.

"You loved me once, when we were first married, and just before she came; I know you loved me then. Don't you remember? You were very tender then, you remember. Don't, don't take my baby from me. I can't live many days longer. Leave her with me until I die!"

Ellen's grief was too poignant for tears, and in its presence Waldron bowed in respect, if not in appreciation.

"It shall be as you wish. I was thinking of her future."

"Is there no recourse? Wouldn't your father extend the time?"

"You know he never changes."

"And if she doesn't reach him to-morrow?"

"The money goes by default to a charitable institution."

"Then Nell will be dependent on—"

"Solely on me after your death, and I haven't much left now."

Ellen lay still again, bitter thoughts creeping into her mind. She thought once she heard Nell's footsteps on the first flight of stairs.

"Nell won't leave me for money," she said, half aloud, reassuring herself.

"The child won't leave you at all unless you tell her yourself to do it."

"Do you think I could do that?"

"Listen, Ellen. You love her so much that you are blinded to her best interests. Her whole future is at stake now. If you let her go to her grandfather her fortune is assured, and she will have everything she wants—"

"But me!"

"If you keep her she will lose the opportunity and gain God knows what. I haven't enough for two."

"I hear. You want me to drive her away from me—to take from her that which she loves best in life, and from me life itself. You say it is just."

She was stopped by a spell of coughing.

"Maybe it is, after all," she said absently.

The light of self-abnegation shone in her face.

"There she is now!" Her eyes lit up.

"Will you tell her, Ellen? Now is the time."

She looked down to him from the height to which her resolve had lifted her.

The door opened with a rush. Nell entered, laden with bundles.

"Look, mother; I'm Santa Claus. These are for you."

She pressed a bouquet of white chrysanthemums into her mother's hands, then turned.

"Why, you're the funny man!"

"This is your father, Nell. He has come to take you on a little journey."

"O, no'm; he can't take me away from you!"

"For just a little while, dear; and then I shall come and be with you always. Haven't you anything to say to your father?"

Nell went toward him shyly. "I'm glad to meet you, father. I thought you were dead, because mother never said anything about you."

Waldron laughed. "You used to know me six years ago. I am glad to renew the acquaintance. Your grandfather wants to see you, too, and we are going to make him a visit."

"It would be nice to take a trip, but I can't leave mother. What would you do without me, mother?"

"I don't know, dear," the mother answered, in a vacant tone.

"Do you want me to go, mother?"

Ellen hesitated for a moment. She took the little face in her hands, and looked lingeringly on each feature. Then she said steadily:

"Yes, Nell, I want you to go. It's best."

"But who will take care of you while I'm away?"

Waldron was nervously waiting for his opportunity. "She will be taken to the hospital this afternoon, and when we come back she will be strong again."

"I'll miss my little housekeeper, but I'll be in good care, Nell. Are you ready to go?" Turning to Waldron: "She hasn't any other clothes. You can go at once."

"Will I be back in time for Christmas?" Nell asked.

"Why, certainly," Waldron assured her, again evading Ellen's eyes.

"It's all right, then, mother. I'll bring you the most beautiful present, and we can celebrate sure enough."

"Are you ready, Nell?" asked Waldron.

"Mother, this is the first time I've ever told you a real good-bye, isn't it? You aren't going to cry, are you?"

"No, dear; I'm not going to cry."

"Well, I won't, either; because we'll have such a good time when I get back from my trip."

Ellen turned agonized eyes toward Waldron. "Won't you miss your train?"

"Come, Nell," he said, brusquely.

"Good-bye, dear mother. Father says—isn't it nice to have a father to take trips with, mother?—Father wants me to hurry, so good-bye."

She kissed her mother lightly on both cheeks.

"Mother, I'm going to kiss the flowers—you kiss them, too—and you must keep them until I come back. Won't we have a good Christmas!"

Waldron brushed his lips against his wife's brow.

"I trust you will be better soon. Good-bye."

Nell took his hand, and they passed out of the door.

Half-way down the stairs she left him and ran back into the room. She threw herself sobbing on her mother's breast, and clasped her head up fiercely against her own.

"Mother, mother, mother! I'd rather have you than a hundred fathers. I want to stay with you."

Tears at last gave relief to Ellen's pent heart. Her eyes filled, and through the mist she looked up into her child's face in final adoration.

"God keep you safe, Nell," she whispered.

She closed her eyes, sated with grief.

* * * * *

When she awoke she was alone in the chill, darkening room. Her eyes and cheeks were hot to suffocation; her hands like ice. The rectangle of smoky sky was fading into the night. She turned her face weakly toward the door and listened intently. Her hands moved about the chair in search of the flowers which had dropped from their unconscious clasp. They were nowhere within reach. The

flowers gone, too! She had promised to keep them until Nell came back. Again she searched over the blanket and chair, and dropped her hands wearily to her sides. Her last promise to Nell; the child's last gift to her! She would find the flowers and press them to her lips, as Nell had done. With every muscle tense, she rose and looked over one side of the chair. They were not there. She dropped back, exhausted. Her breath came slowly, and she waited several minutes before her next trial. By a mighty effort, she raised herself upright and looked dizzily over the other side. There they were, gleaming white in the half-light.

Now! As she reached toward them the Roman blanket slipped from her knees, and, falling in heavy folds, pushed the flowers out of her reach. She must leave her chair to get them. Many days had passed since she stood, but, with Nell's gift for a goal, she could not fail. She put first one foot to the floor, then the other. Bracing against the arm of the chair with all her remaining strength, she pulled herself up and took one step toward the flowers. Then in an instant she collapsed and fell heavily toward her object. Convulsively she clasped the flowers, on which her head had fallen, and gave herself up to paroxysm after paroxysm of coughing. They increased in violence until she no longer had strength to expel the air from her body. As the life-blood welled up in her throat, the flowers heard a last gasping sigh:

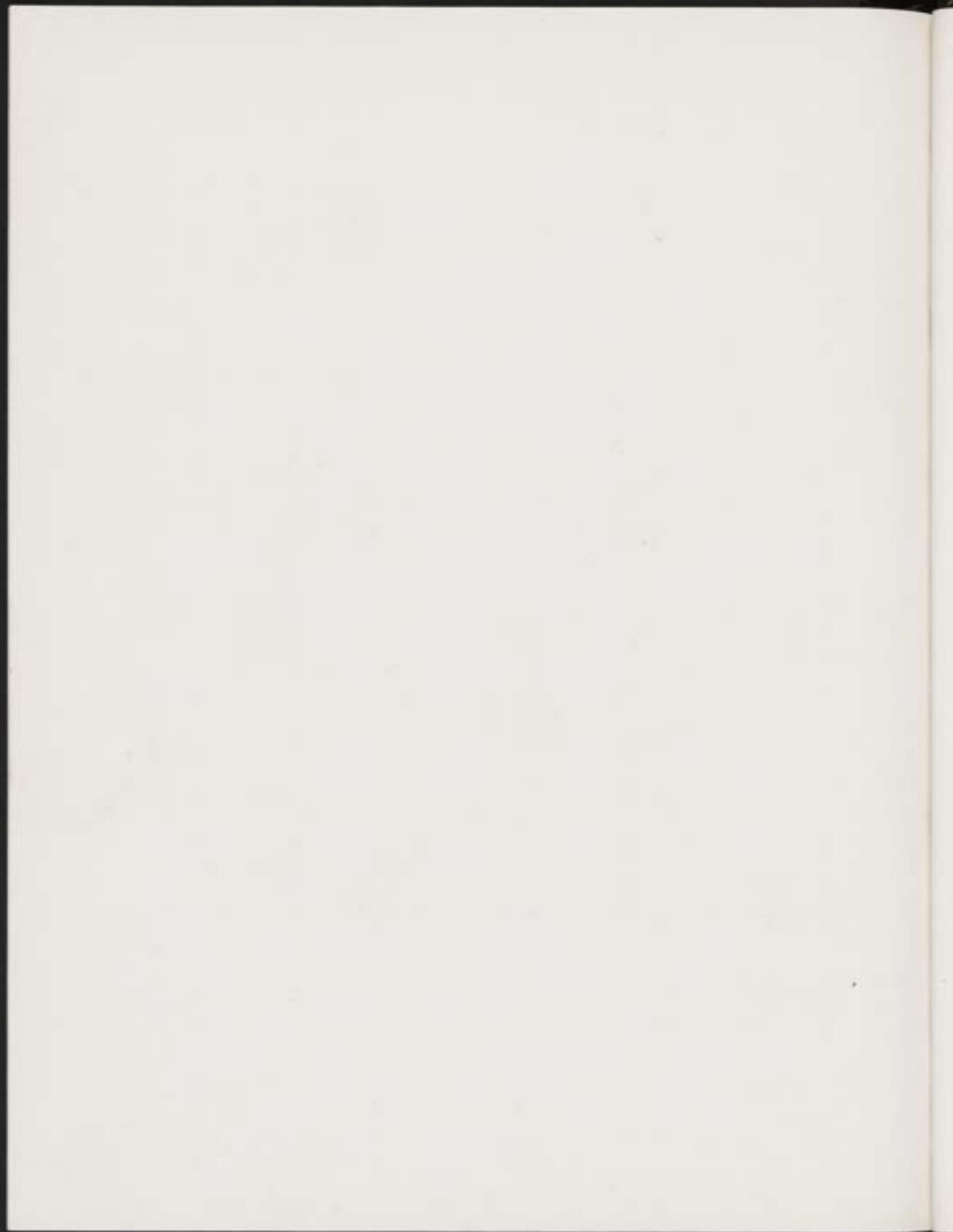
"Nell!"

The ambulance hospital corps found her face pressed close to a bunch of blood-red chrysanthemums.





FINIS



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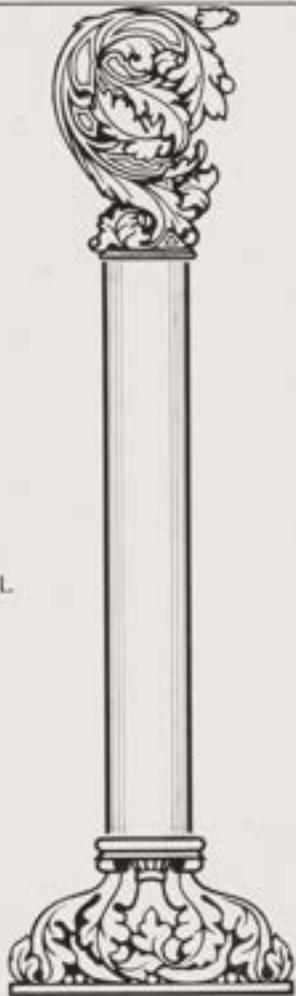
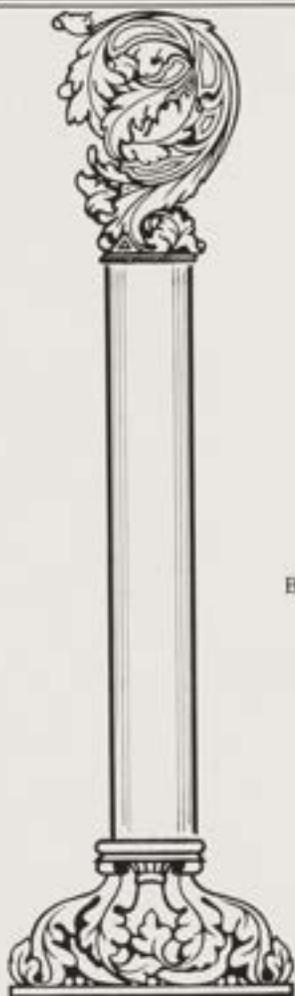
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