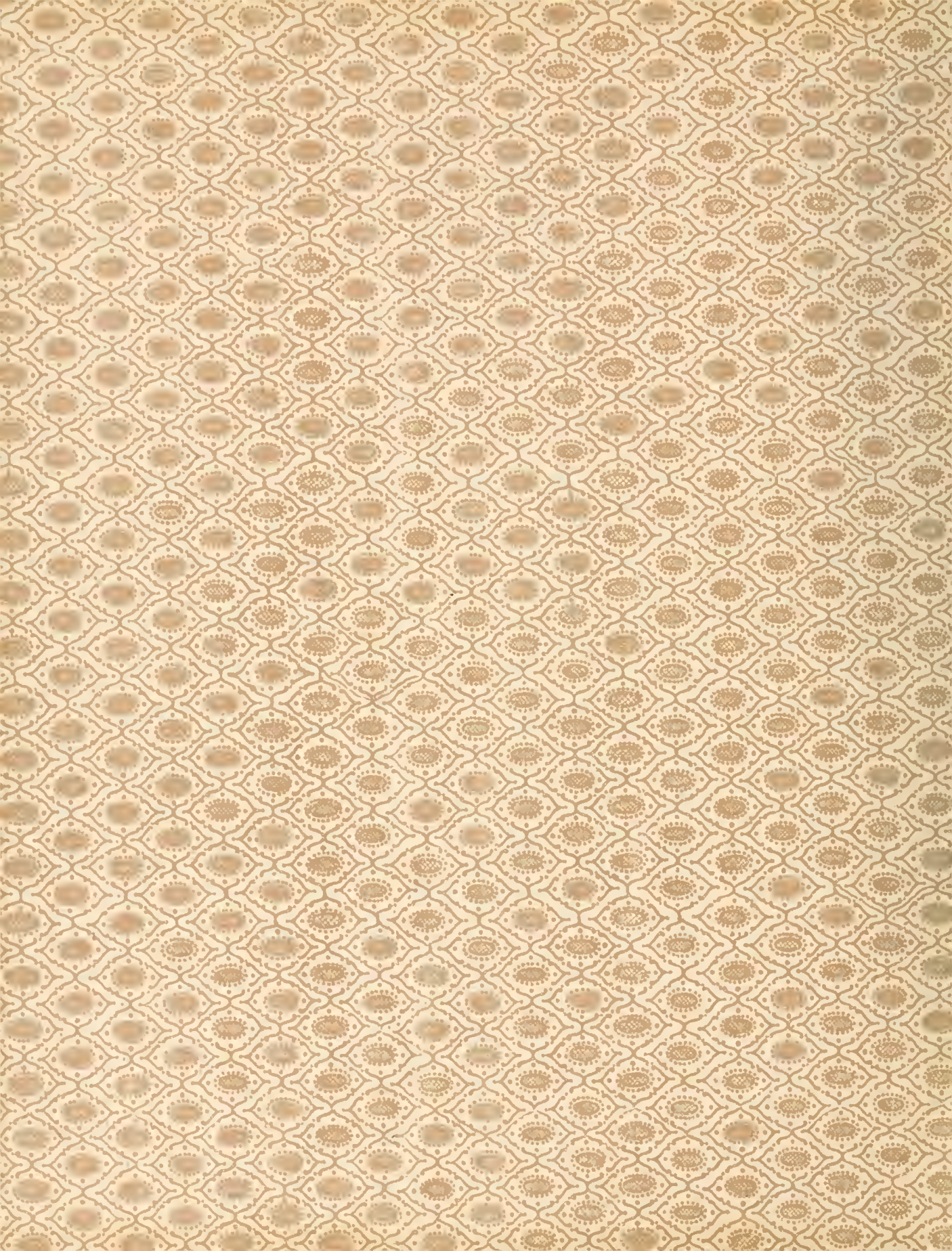





The
Colonial
Echo.

1902









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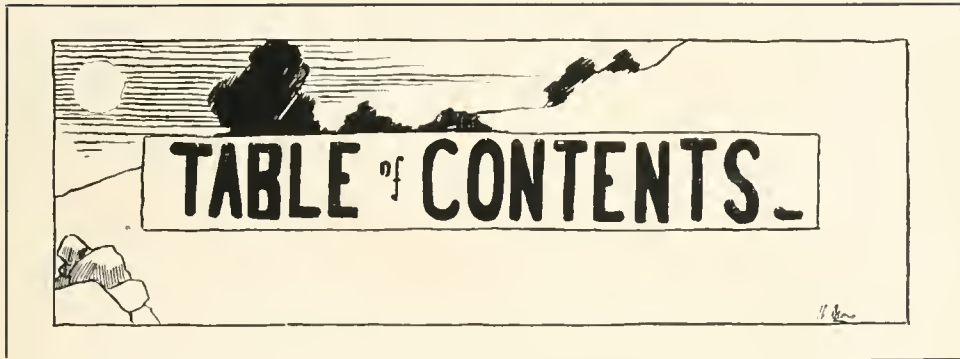
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The Colonial Echo



1902

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
WILLIAM and MARY COLLEGE
WILLIAMSBURG ——— VIRGINIA



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COLORS.

Orange and White.

Yells.

William and Mary,
Vir—gin—i—a,
Croatan, Powhatan,
Ra! Ra! Ra!

Zipti Ripti Rey, Zipti, Ripti Rei!
Spotswood, Botetourt, who are we?
Razzle Dazzle, Razzle Dazzle, Sis Boom Ba!
William and Mary, Vir—gin—i—a!

Dedication

We have made a book which we fondly dedicate to our sweethearts, for it is theirs. In them we found our inspiration ; to them we turn for praise. Ever loyal, ever true, they will say it is good. And then the critics may come, and, in their barbarous fashion say uncharitable things ; but we shall be Gentlemen Unafraid ; for we shall have the delightful satisfaction of knowing that Bright Eyes, wherever they may be, will look with approval upon our work ; that Red Lips will utter kind words for it ; and that Dainty Hands will carefully attend to it that Posterity shall not lose the fruits of our labor.



PREFACE.

THE third volume of "The Colonial Echo" is before you, with our best wishes. We do not wish to bore you with excuses, but only ask for a consideration of the great difficulties that had to be overcome, and the arduous labors that we have spent to make this little volume attractive. We have endeavored to give a panoramic view of college life as it appears upon the campus, in the dormitories, lecture-rooms, society halls, Y. M. C. A., athletic field, and everywhere dealing with all these experiences as one with a light heart, of keen sensibilities, and always a bent towards the humorous. If anything of importance has escaped our notice, it has surely been unintentional on our part. Now and then we have sought to penetrate into the pith and marrow, but in general we have left the deep and didactic side of life to our more philosophic contemporaries. That our friends may find a pleasure in straying over these pages, and share with us the sacred reverence for the glory of our Alma Mater, so interwoven with the memories of Colonial Virginia, and that we may in after years, when entangled in life's hard battles, ever revert to the pages of this little book and fondly brood over these cherished experiences and inspiring scenes, is our sincerest wish.

We desire to express our deep gratitude to the Board of Visitors, Faculty, and the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity, for the aid which they have so kindly extended to us; and especially do we acknowledge our indebtedness to the student body for their constant support in all our undertakings.

THE BOARD.



COLONIAL ECHO EDITORS.

Calendar.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1902, 11 A. M., Final Sermon.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1902, 8 P. M., Sermon before the Young Men's Christian Association.

MONDAY, JUNE 23, 1902, 8 P. M., Celebration of the Phoenix Society.

TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1902, 10 A. M., Celebration of the Senior Class; 8 P. M., Celebration of the Philomathean Society.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1902, 11 A. M., Celebration of the Society of the Alumni; Oration, 11 A. M.; Banquet, 9 P. M.

THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1902, A. M., Address before the Literary Societies; 12 A. M., Awarding Diplomas, Medals, and Scholarships; 10 P. M., Final Ball.

Next Session begins Thursday, October 2, 1902.

The 13th of May of each year, being the day the first English settlers landed at Jamestown, is a general holiday.

The session of each year ends on Thursday before the 29th of June, the date of the adoption of the first written Constitution of Virginia.



The College of William and Mary.



IT IS pleasing and profitable to trace minutely the evolution of institutions and of men, but to describe the stages of progress which the College of William and Mary has passed since its establishment in 1693, would be a seemingly endless task. Consequently, the writer has contented himself with mentioning a few of the most important and interesting facts connected with its origin, foundation, and subsequent career.

“William and Mary,” the oldest College in America with the single exception of Harvard, although not formally established until 1693, has antecedents which date as far back as 1617. Before the little colony had hardly gained a firm footing at Jamestown, before the onerous task of clearing the forest had hardly begun, and while the hostile Indians were still hovering around the almost defenceless settlement, these early Virginians conceived the idea of higher education. The primary object in founding a college was the education and conversion of the Indians, whose condition seemed to weigh heavily upon the consciences of the people of that time. So, in 1619, Sir Edwin Sandys, together with some good people of England, raised a considerable sum for the establishment of an Indian College and the “foundation of a seminary of learning for the English.” Mr. George Thorpe, “a gentleman of His Majesty’s Privy Chamber,” was sent over to superintend the so-called university. But this first beginning of philanthropy to the Indian was nipped in the bud by the “Great Massacre” of 1622, when Thorpe and three hundred and forty other settlers perished.

Passing over the next forty years, during which the seed sown in 1617 was still in embryo, we find that in 1660 the Virginia Assembly voted “that for the advance of learning, education of youth, supply of the ministry, and promotion of

piety, there be land taken upon purchase for a colledge and free schoole." Subscriptions were also taken up, to which "His Majestic's Governor, Council of State, and Burgesses of the present Grand Assembly have severally subscribed considerable sumes of money and quantities of tobacco." Some have gone so far as to say that the College was really established in 1661, but for this there is no proof. The people subscribed liberally towards the College but the odds were against it, both in the economic and political conditions of the country.

Ideas assumed a more definite shape in 1691, when Rev. James Blair was sent to England to secure a charter for said College. He laid the plans of the colony before Queen Mary, who heartily favored the idea. William concurred, and gave "out of the quit-rents" two thousand pounds sterling. Mr. Blair was then sent to Seymour, the Attorney-General, but with him he found more difficulty. The nation was expensively engaged in war, and could ill afford the necessary funds for planting a College in America. Mr. Blair urged that the institution was to prepare men to become ministers of the Gospel, and that Virginians had souls to save as well as Englishmen. The argument was no doubt forcible, but it only evoked from Seymour that exclamation which has since become classic: "*Souls! Damn your souls! Make tobacco!*" But in spite of the Attorney-General, the King and Queen adhered to their former resolution, and signed the charter on February 19th, 1693.

Let us now glance at this ancient paper, which is so honorable to the King, Queen, and the colonists, in their efforts to spread learning and the Christian religion throughout the Western continent.

The College was founded on the broad and comprehensive plan "that the Church of Virginia may be furnished with a seminary of ministers of the Gospel, and that the youth may be piously educated in good letters and manners, and that the Christian religion may be propagated among the Western Indians, to the glory of Almighty God." The officers consisted of a chancellor, a president, or rector, eighteen visitors, and six professors. By recommendation of the Virginia Assembly, Rev. James Blair was "created and established the first president of the College during his natural life." The Bishop of London was to be the first chancellor, and the visitors were to be a self-perpetuating body of eighteen men, who should have entire control of the institution.

The charter then endows the College with "the whole and entire sum of one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five pounds, fourteen shillings, and tenpence, of good and lawful money of England, that has been raised out of the quit-rents of said colony." The College was also to have a penny a pound on all tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland; the office of Surveyor-General, with all "issues, fees, profits, advantages, liberties, places, privileges, and preeminences whatsoever"; and a grant of twenty thousand acres of land lying in the Pamunkey Neck. Authority was also granted to the president and professors to select some one of their number to represent them in the House of Burgesses of Virginia.

To this liberal charter only one condition was added. The College authorities were to pay "to us and our successors *two copies of Latin verse yearly*, on the fifth day of November, at the house of the Governor or Lieutenant-Governor for the time being"; and in the *Virginia Gazette* for November 12th 1736, nearly fifty years after, the following appears: "On this day s'en night being the fifth day of November, the president, masters, and scholars of William and Mary College went, according to their annual custom, in a body, to present his Honor in obedience to their charter. Mr. President delivered the verses to his Honor, and two of the young gentlemen spoke them."

By act of the House of Burgesses, the royal endowment of the College was considerably strengthened. Also this College, together with Harvard, fell heir to the estate of Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in England in 1691. From these funds the "Brafferton" estate in Yorkshire, England, was bought, and the "Brafferton" building was erected on the campus at William and Mary College, in Virginia, for the purpose of accommodating Indian youths, who continued to come, down to the Revolution.

The House of Burgesses, after much deliberation, decided that "Middle Plantation" (afterwards known as Williamsburg) should be the site of the College. The buildings, planned by Sir Christopher Wren, were erected between 1692 and 1700, when the first commencement exercises were held. Beginning with a President, Grammar Master, Usher, and Writing Master, the College bid fair to gratify the most sanguine hopes of its advocates; but in 1705 a fire broke out and completely destroyed the building, with the laboratory and other apparatus. Steps were immediately taken for rebuilding, but owing to the lack of funds, the work was not entirely completed until 1723, soon after which a full corps of six professors was selected, and the College entered upon a career of usefulness unparalleled by any other institution in the country.

Opposite the "Brafferton" on the College campus stands the President's house, the foundation of which was laid in 1732. During the Revolution this building was accidentally burned while occupied by French troops, before the siege of Yorktown. Louis XVI kindly rebuilt it, and presented the College library with six hundred volumes of great value.

About this time the famous old chapel, which forms the southwestern wing of the College building, was opened. It was concerning this that Bishop Meade, in his *OLD CHURCHES AND FAMILIES OF VIRGINIA*, said: "Williamsburg was once the miniature copy of the Court of St. James, somewhat aping the manners of that royal palace, while the Old Church, and its graveyard, and the College chapel were—*si licet cum magno compo ere parva*—the Westminster Abbey and the St. Paul's of London, where the great ones were interred."

The remains of Sir John Randolph, his sons, Peyton Randolph, President of the first American Congress, and John Randolph, Attorney of the Crown for the Colony of Virginia, Lord Botetourt, Bishop Madison, and Chancellor Nelson sleep in vaults beneath the floor.

There are two notable things embodied in the charter of William and Mary, and demonstrated by its subsequent history ; the pious spirit with which it began and continued its career, and the close connection it has always had with the State. The motives for founding the College were the same in 1693 as in 1619, to educate ministers and to propagate the Christian faith. The first words in the oldest record-book of the faculty are, *In nomine Dei Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.* The religious character was shown by the selection of officers. Rev. James Blair was the first president, and the Bishop of London, and Archbishop of Canterbury were the holders of the chancellorship down to the Revolution. After this time the College was presided over by Bishops Madison, Johns, and other eminent divines. Although after the Revolution all connection between College and Church and State was severed by Jefferson, some of the most distinguished divines of modern days have been sons of William and Mary.

William and Mary, like Harvard, had no private ends to subserve : it has lived for the State. The privileges granted in the charter of 1693 had great influence in bringing the College into close connection with the State. By being situated in Williamsburg, which, for a long time was the social and political center of the colonies, it had every opportunity for sending out the men who should shape the destinies of our country. By holding the office of Surveyor-General, it practically controlled the land system, and thus the wisest statesman that America can boast of—George Washington—received from William and Mary his first commission as a public land surveyor. It exercised the duties of this office until 1819, and among the other surveyors appointed by the College, were Zachary Taylor, grandfather of the late General Taylor, and Thomas Jefferson.

Prior to the Revolution, the College consisted of six schools, including the Indian school, supported by the donation of Hon. Robert Boyle.

The average number of students was about sixty. These were not exceptions to the general rule of young men of their time, and the Faculty was often considerably exercised to control their restless natures. A few quotations from the old records may be of interest and amusement.

In the first place, it would appear that some of these young gentlemen had unbounded love for horse-racing, billiards, and other amusements, which, if indulged, was naturally calculated to detract from the performance of College duties. Therefore, we find that at a meeting of that august body in 1752, it was ordered that "no scholar belonging to any school in y^e College of what age, rank, or quality soever, do keep any race-horse at y^e College, or in y^e town, or anywhere." If the student dared to break the rules of the Faculty, or was "in any way concerned in making races and abetting those made by others," he should be "immediately despatched and sent off and never again brought back under pain of severest animadversion and punishment."

Having put its foot down on horse-racing, the Faculty then proceeds to order



that "no scholar do presume to appear playing ye billiards, or other gaming tables, or be in any way concerned in keeping fighting-cocks, under ye like severe animadversion and punishment."

Nothing could be more amusing than the record of the action taken by the Visitors on a certain occasion in 1769, when the Rev. Mr. John Cunn and the Rev. Mr. Josiah Johnson were arraigned for the terrible crime of having "*lately married* and taken up their residence in the City of Williamsburg, by which great inconvenience has arisen to the College, and the necessary attention which those professors ought to pay to the conduct and behavior of the students has been almost totally interrupted." Whereupon they solemnly declare that those professors, "by engaging in marriage and the concerns of a private family, and shifting their residence to any place without the College" had acted "contrary to the principles upon which the College was founded, and their duty as professors." Then follows the broad resolve "that *all* Professors and Masters hereafter to be appointed, be constantly residents of ye College, and upon marriage of such professor, or master, that *his professorship be immediately vacated.*"

However arbitrary and anti-matrimonial these Visitors may seem, they governed the affairs of the College in a wise and judicious manner, as is shown by the unusual degree of prosperity that it enjoyed during their administration.

Before 1781 the yearly income of the College, from duties and advantages granted by the charter and from the many handsome endowments that it received from the colonists, was about £4,000. By the Revolution it lost all of its endowment except \$2,500 and the extensive grants of land originally conferred by the favor of King William and Queen Mary. The sale of these lands and some others in the neighborhood of Williamsburg, voted to the College by the Legislature, enabled the College to realize a sufficient fund to prosecute its work as of old.

The organization and courses, however, were entirely changed by Jefferson. At this College, as in other places, this eminent philosopher showed himself to be at least one hundred years ahead of his time. Many changes which he made in the courses at William and Mary, are only just being adopted by other colleges. Being elected in 1779 one of the Board of Visitors, he had the two professorships of Divinity and Oriental Languages abolished and substituted a professorship of "Law and Police," one of Anatomy, and one of Modern Languages; and as the charter confined the Faculty to six professors, he added the "Law of Nature and Nations" and the "Fine Arts" to the duties of the Moral Professor, and Natural History to the duties of the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. As the English courts refused to permit the rents from the "Braferton" estate to come to America after the Revolution, the Indian school was abandoned.

In 1789 Washington was elected Chancellor, and under the wise guidance of Bishop Madison and his successors, the College continued its career of usefulness. From 1835 to the Civil War the catalogues show an average yearly attendance of

seventy-five students who came to drink at this spring of philosophy, literature, and science, under the guidance of such men as Judge Beverley Tucker, the Right Rev. John Johns, Thomas R. Dew, and their associates and successors. The largest number attending at any one time was in 1840, under President Thomas R. Dew, when the matriculation book showed an attendance of one hundred and forty.

On the night of February 8th, 1859, at a time when the Alumni were preparing to celebrate the one hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary at the coming commencement, fire broke out in the main building of the College. All attempts to stay the flames were futile, and nothing was saved except the records and the College stamp. But the authorities did not despair; and within one year from the date of the burning, the College had been completely rebuilt, and was again in full operation with ample means to sustain the Faculty.

When the war between the States broke out, ninety per cent. of her students joined the Confederate army, and in May, 1861, the existence of hostilities at her very threshold rendered it necessary to suspend exercises. In September, 1862, some drunken Federal soldiers fired and once more destroyed the College building, together with the library, apparatus, and other property belonging to the College. Afterwards other houses and property were destroyed by Union soldiers.

To many at that time it must have seemed that the institution had fallen never to rise again. Its buildings were in ruins, and the country around, after the departure of the Federal army, seemed utterly desolate. But those walls in which the calm voice of philosophy had echoed for so many years were not destined to stand as a mouldering monument of the wickedness of war. Loyal friends and alumni rallied around the College; 1869 saw the buildings entirely restored, and the College in the enjoyment of a new Faculty, organized with the departments of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Natural Science, Philosophy, and Belles-Lettres.

It is a peculiar fact in the history of institutions of learning that comparatively few of them are self-sustaining. William and Mary was not an exception to the general rule. Old endowments had been lost, new ones proved inadequate, and the annual expenses exceeded the annual income. The venerable President, Benjamin S. Ewell, thrice appeared before Congress, asking for reimbursement for buildings destroyed by the wanton acts of Federal troops. This bill was ably supported by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and others, but with no avail; and "an institution which was once the beacon of learning and political intelligence, not alone for Virginia, but for the whole South and for the country at large, was suffered to decline by a nation which owed it an actual though paltry debt of \$70,000." Noble efforts were made to sustain the College, but at last all the professors were dismissed because their salaries could not be paid; 1881 found it without a single student, and exercises were suspended until 1888.

The President alone remained at his post, and at the beginning of each collegiate year caused the College bell to be rung as a reminder to the people that although forgotten, and neglected, William and Mary could not die.

During the suspension of seven years, the debts was reduced to \$7,000, and this was the state of affairs when, in 1888, the proposition by which the institution was revived, was first presented to the State Legislature. The Constitution of the State made it mandatory upon the Legislature to establish normal schools. It was shown that the use of the College buildings would save the State a large outlay of money. Moved by this consideration and by the generous motive of making some reparation for revolutionary losses and of rescuing from destruction an object of such historic interest and connections, the Legislature appropriated the sum of \$10,000 annually to the College on condition that "said College shall establish in connection with the collegiate course, a system of normal instruction and training for the purpose of educating white male teachers for the public schools of the State." It was enacted that hereafter the affairs of the College should be administered by a board consisting of ten of the old Board of Visitors, and ten members appointed by the Governor, and every county and city of the State was declared entitled to have one or more of its young men educated free at the College.

These terms were duly accepted by the College, and at the first meeting of the joint board, held May 10th, 1888, six different departments were determined upon, and Professors Hall, Stubbs, Wharton, and Garrett were elected to hold office from the first of October ensuing. At a subsequent meeting held in August, 1888, Lyon G. Tyler was elected President, to hold office from the first of September ensuing, and the organization was completed at the same meeting by the election of Hugh S. Bird, Professor of Pedagogy.

Since 1888 the College has been in full operation, and during this time has had an average attendance greater than at any period in its history. In 1890 the annual appropriation was increased to \$15,000, and in 1893 Congress voted \$64,000 as a reimbursement for the buildings destroyed during the Civil War, thus happily in a great measure removing the stigma which had attached so long to the good fame of the government.

Of the part which William and Mary will play in the future, under the new régime, it is too early yet to speak. With a faculty of ten, with an average attendance of nearly two hundred students, and with a course of study second to none in the State, it bids fair to rival its former history.

In closing this account, it might be well to mention some of the most prominent alumni of William and Mary. Rightly has she been called "the mother of statesmen." In the list of students preserved since 1710, will be found an imposing array of names holding the highest stand in the legislature, at the bar, and in the pulpit, not only in Virginia and the South, but throughout the entire country. The valor of her sons has added to the renown of Virginia from the

defeat of Braddock to the surrender at Appomattox. Situated in a political center, William and Mary was a seminary of history and politics, and with a faculty which has been from time to time adorned with the names of such men as James Blair, Samuel Henley, Hugh Jones, Rev. Gronow Owen, William Small, William Stith, Thomas R. Dew, Madison, Wythe, Rogers, Holmes, Wilmer, and others of equal merit, it was nothing but natural that it should have sent forth an array of unrivaled lawyers, statesmen, and divines.

Among those whom it furnished to the American Revolution were Benjamin Harrison, Carter Braxton, Thomas Nelson, and George Wythe, signers of the Declaration; Peyton Randolph, President of the first American Congress; Edmund Randolph, draftsman of the Constitution of the United States; John Marshall, Chief Justice; Thomas Jefferson, and James Monroe, Presidents of the United States, not to mention others of almost equal merit. During the first half of the present century it sent forth John Tyler, President of the United States; Littleton W. Tazewell, William B. Giles, John Randolph, Spencer Roane, Bushrod Washington, James Breckinridge, Archibald Stewart, William Brockenbrough, James P. Preston, Robert B. Taylor, George M. Bibb, William T. Barry, Philip P. Barbour, Benjamin Watkins Leigh, William H. Cabell, Briscoe G. Baldwin, H. St. George Tucker, John T. Lomax, John Nelson, William S. Archer, John J. Crittenden, Winfield Scott, William C. Rives, and others of national and state service.

Notwithstanding the fact that she has suffered two fires since 1857, and was forced to discontinue lectures during twelve years of the time, William and Mary in the interval since has kept pace with her former history, and sent forth scores of men who have occupied and are now occupying the highest places in their respective professions.

The catalogues show the names of over five hundred others who have reached a high degree of eminence. To enumerate these is beyond the scope of this sketch, and so we shall simply quote the summary made in the present catalogue: Her alumni gave to the Federal bar two eminent Attorney-Generals of the United States; to the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, over sixty members; to the Senate of the United States, twenty-nine Senators; to Virginia and other States, twenty-five Governors; to the country one historian, and numberless eminent law and other writers; to the State and the United States, thirty-seven judges; to the Revolution, twenty-seven of her sons; to the army of the United States, a Lieutenant-General (Winfield Scott), and a score of principal and subordinate officers; to the United States navy, a list of paladins of the sea headed by Warrenton and Thomas Ap. Catesby Jones; to the Colleges and Universities, numerous professors; to the Union three Presidents (Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler); to the Federal judiciary, its most eminent Chief-Justice (John Marshall); to the Federal executive, nine cabinet officers, and to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, its chief author and draftsman, Edmund Randolph.



While it seems that the day of exulting in the deeds of ancestors and predecessors has passed away in this practical age of ours, and we are more concerned in grasping the problems of the living present, yet it is more than a mere fancy that the student will gain some inspiration by enrolling his name with those of our nation's greatest heroes—to emulate and follow whom should be the greatest ambition of the youth of America. That same spirit which inspired so many to follow “wisdom, truth, and justice,” still hovers around the walls of the institution. That same society for which Williamsburg has been noted since the days of the “Middle Plantation,” still exists.

The many historical associations which cluster around William and Mary make it peculiarly appropriate as a seat of learning.

Just seven miles away is historic Jamestown, from whose scattered ruins the student may gather lessons of the toil, hardships, and final triumph of the early settlers, which will aid him when he goes forth to meet the realities of life. Twelve miles to the east is Yorktown, where the roar of the last cannon of the Revolution was lost in the glad clamors of a free people.

His soul can not but be fired with patriotism as he wanders among the ruins of the old Capitol or of Raleigh Tavern, where the sons of his own *Alma Mater* deliberated upon the greatest crisis of the world's history. These monuments speak louder than the words of silver-tongued orators. The oracles of a glorious past, they beckon us on to a more glorious future.

In conclusion it may be said that few institutions have sustained as many vicissitudes as William and Mary. Established in the infancy of the settlement, it has experienced civil convulsions which have shaken continents. It flourished with the State, and witnessing the scenes of the early Revolution, re-echoed the words “liberty or death.” It has given shelter to British, American, French, Federal, and Confederate troops. Although thrice burned to the ground, it has always risen from its ashes.

Obstacles and misfortunes have always been overcome, and if the future may be judged by the past, then it is bright indeed.



Board of Visitors, 1900-1901.

DR. JOHN W. LAWSON, President	Smithfield, Isle of Wight County.
HON. J. N. STUBBS, Vice-President	Woods X Roads, Gloucester County.
COL. WILLIAM LAMB	Norfolk, Va.
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HON. B. B. MUNFORD	Richmond.
HON. WALTER A. EDWARDS	Norfolk.
HON. THOS. H. BARNES	Elwood, Nansemond County.
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ROBERT M. HUGHES, ESQ	Norfolk.
HON. JAMES C. LAMB	Richmond.
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HENRY C. STUART, ESQ	Elk Garden, Russell County.
WILLIAM B. CLARKE, ESQ.	Surry, Va.
HENRY B. SMITH, Secretary	Williamsburg, Va.

Alumni Association.

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First Vice-President,

PROF. J. A. C. CHANDLER, of Richmond, Va.

Second Vice-President,

REV. C. P. WILLIAMSON, of Richmond, Va.

Third Vice-President,

R. M. PAGE, of Gloucester, Va.

Secretary and Treasurer,

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Executive Committee,

JOHN S. CHARLES

WILLIAM G. JONES

B. E. PEACHY

Members of Faculty.

President, Masters or Professors, 1901-1902.

LYON G. TYLER, M. A., LL. D. - - - - - President

Masters or Professors.

(In the order of Official Seniority).

LYON G. TYLER, M. A., LL. D.

Professor of American History and Politics.

JOHN LESSLIE HALL, PH. D.

Professor of the English Language and Literature, and of General History.

THOMAS JEFFERSON STUBBS, A. M., PH. D.

Professor of Mathematics.

LYMAN B. WHARTON, A. M., D. D.

Professor of Latin.

VAN F. GARRETT, A. M., M. D.

Professor of Natural Science.

HUGH S. BIRD, L. I., A. B.

Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy, and Supervising Principal of the Model School.

CHARLES EDWARD BISHOP, PH. D.

Professor of Greek, French, and German.



FACULTY.



COLLEGE INSTRUCTORS.



MODEL SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS.

Phi Beta Kappa.

(Alpha of Virginia)

THIS unique Society originated at the College of William and Mary towards the close of the year which saw the enactment of the Declaration of Independence. The original records extending from December 5, 1776, to January 6, 1777, when the parent chapter dispersed, owing to the stress of war, read as follows: "On Thursday, the 5th of December, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, and the first of the Commonwealth; a happy spirit and resolution of attaining the important ends of Society entering the minds of John Heath, Thomas Smith, Richard Booker, Armistead Smith, and John Jones, and afterwards seconded by others; prevailed and was accordingly ratified." These were, therefore, the charter members, and seem possessed by a broad, humanitarian spirit.

A square silver medal was then adopted, engraved on one side with the letters S. P. as the initials of Latin words, and on the other side with the initials of Greek words, Phi Beta Kappa.

On January 5, 1777, they again met and fixed upon an oath designed to make its members more faithful and loyal to the purposes of the Society. The objects were partly social and partly literary, as was evidenced by the banquets which occasionally called its members together in social mirth and festivity, and by the literary compositions and debates which constituted the central features of their monthly meetings. At their meeting on March 5, 1777, the first rule made was as follows:

"*Resolved*, 1st, That in every design, or attempt, whether great or small, we ought to invoke the Deity." Thus the keynote of religion was not absent from the Society in the beginning of its years.

With a broad, humanitarian spirit, which they considered to be not foreign to a true philosophy, they soon determined that their social and literary organization should not be confined in its benefits to the parent chapter, but should be extended elsewhere. They, therefore, issued charters for three Virginia chapters, one in Westmoreland county, which chapters either never started, or soon expired. Finally, Mr. Elisha Parmelee was on December 4, 1779, granted permission to establish chapters at Harvard, his own Alma Mater, and also at Yale; the Alpha of Virginia professing itself desirous, in almost true prophetic spirit, of establishing chapters "in *all* the United States." These were the original thirteen Colonies. "They builded better than they knew."

The Alpha of Virginia continued its peaceful work of social and literary culture until, finally, January 3, 1781, a British fleet, with Benedict Arnold on board, anchored off Jamestown. On January 6th the records were sealed and

delivered to the college steward ; the members dispersed, expressing, however, enthusiastic hopes that the Society would ere long revive and be arrayed in garments of beauty and glory.

These expectations were strangely disappointed. More than fifty years later, in 1849, the Alpha of Virginia resumed its organic life. Then William Short, of Surry County, Virginia, then living in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, an old man of ninety-two years, who had been its President at the time of its last meeting in 1781, consented to act in its reorganization, and thus preserve the continuity of its existence. In 1861 war again disbanded the chapter. About the year 1875, when the College was almost crushed out of life by financial straits, an effort was made to revive it by electing a few new members ; but it went no further.

In 1893, when the College itself had taken on new life under the auspices of the State, the Alpha of Virginia rose once more to new life. Colonel B. S. Ewell, Emeritus President of the College, was the connecting link in 1893, as William Short had been in 1849. To Colonel William Lamb has been mainly due its present successful revival.

Meanwhile, chapter after chapter had been formed in various colleges of the United States, beginning with the chapters at Yale and Harvard. The secret features which characterized the original Alpha of Virginia became much obliterated in many chapters, totally in one, or more. Other secret societies arose, and supplied a real, or supposed want for such fraternities, and the Phi Beta Kappa came gradually to occupy a sphere peculiarly its own. It has continued to maintain its collegiate character by establishing chapters at colleges. But in most colleges it is only distinguished graduates who are admitted ; though in some few, undergraduates along with graduates are members, and have frequent meetings during the session, with compositions and debates as in the original Alpha ; and at times even speakers outside the college are invited to address the chapter. But all the chapters now stretch out the hand of college fellowship by admitting men of high social culture and superior literary acquirements to membership, and such admission is a distinction which no intelligent man despises, and some most eagerly covet.

In 1881, just a century after the original Alpha disbanded, steps were taken to organize a National Council, in which the various chapters might be represented. Of the original fifty members, nearly all went into the Continental army ; many of the rest figured notably in the history of their country. The first two presidents of the original Alpha, Heath and Short, were eminent in political life. Chief Justice Marshall is, perhaps, the most widely known of all.

The present Alpha has many distinguished men on her roll, and has an annual celebration and collation, with an address, combining, as in the golden days of the original Alpha, social and intellectual culture.

The present officers are : B. D. Tucker, President ; L. B. Wharton, Vice-President ; J. L. Hall, Secretary ; V. F. Garrett, Treasurer.



PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY.



Senior Class of '02.

COLORS.

Purple and Old Gold.

MOTTO.

Benefacta, Benefactis Aliis Pertegito.

YELL.

Seniors ! Seniors !
Brave and true,
We are the boys of 1902.

OFFICERS.

H. J. DAVIS	President
C. M. CHICHESTER	Vice-President
E. J. TAYLOR	Secretary
_____	Treasurer
E. R. BIRD	Historian
E. S. BRINKLEY	Prophet
W. A. WILKINSON	Poet
J. L. LONG	Orator

Senior Class Statistics.



BOHANNAN, JAMES GORDON Surry, Va.

H K A; Philomathean; L. I. '97-98; Brafferton Scholarship Medal in School of Pedagogy, '97-98; Diplomas in Pedagogy, Moral Science, American History and Politics, '00-01; H K A Scholarship, '00-01; Model School Instructor, '01-02; Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '01-02; Associate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-02.



BRINKLEY, EDWARD STANLEY Hampton, Va.

Philomathean; Diploma in English, '00-01; Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '00-01; Associate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '00-01; Associate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-02; Editor-in-Chief *College Monthly*, '01-02; Football Team, '01-02; Prophet of Senior Class, '01-02; Corcoran Scholarship, '99-00; The Club, '01-02.



CHITWOOD, JOSEPH HOWARD Rocky Mount, Va.

M H A; Philomathean; Improvement Medal in Debate, '96-97; L. I., '00-01; Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '00-01; Business Manager THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-01; Diplomas in Pedagogy, Moral Philosophy and American History and Politics, '00-01; Elected most popular student, '00-01; Model School Instructor, '01-02; Editor-in-Chief THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-02.



CHICHESTER, CASSIUS MONCURE Frederickburg, Va.

K A; Phœnix; Final Debater, '96-00; President Phœnix, '00-01; L. I. Degree, '00-01; Diplomas in Pedagogy and Moral Philosophy, '00-01; Business Manager *Monthly*, '01-02; Associate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-02; Treasurer German Club, '01-02; Treasurer Final Ball, '01-02; Final President Phœnix, '01-02; Dramatic Club, '01-02; Vice-President Senior Class, '01-02.



COX, BERRY MADISON Coal Creek, Va.
 Philomathean; President Philomathean Society, '99-00;
 Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '00-01; President
 Junior Class, '00-01; Final Debater, '00-01; Final
 President Philomathean Society, '01-02.



DAVIS, HENRY JACKSON Meadowville, Va.
 M. H. A.; Phoenix; Final Debater's Medal, '99-00; Final
 Orator, '00-01; President Phoenix Society, '00-01;
 President Y. M. C. A., '01-02; Instructor in English,
 '01-02; Football Team, '01-02; Diplomas in French
 and Pedagogy, '00-01; L. L., '00-01; President Senior
 Class, '01-02.



EDEN, BENJ. FRANKLIN Manassas, Va.
 L. L., '00-01.



HODGES, WILLIAM THOMAS Chatham, Va.
 M. H. A.; Philomathean; President of Philomathean
 Society, '01-02; Treasurer of Y. M. C. A., '01-02;
 Diploma in French, '00-01; Normal Graduation,
 '00-01; Secretary of Philomathean, '00-00, '00-01,
 '01-02; Class Football, '00-01; Scrub Football
 Team, '01-02; Secretary of Athletic Association,
 '00-01.



JONES, ROBERT MCGUIRE Hampstead, Va.
 K Δ; Phoenix; The Club, '01-02; President Junior Class, '08-09; Moore Medal in Politics, '08-09; Manager Football Team, '00-01, '01-02; Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '01-02; Associate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-02; Football Team, '01-02; President Senior Class, '00-01; Final Orator Phoenix, '01-02; Diplomas in Moral Philosophy, French, History, Pedagogy; The Club, '01-02.



LONG, JOHN LINDSAY Williamsburg, Va.
 K Δ; Phoenix; Diplomas in History and Politics, '06-07; President Phoenix Society, '06-07; Final Debater, '01-02; Orator Senior Class, '01-02; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '02; Football Team, '06-07; L. I., '06-07.



ROGERS, RICHARD OVID Carsley, Va.
 Philomathean; Normal Graduation, '00-01; Final Secretary Philomathean Society, '00-01; Associate Editor *College Monthly*, '01-02; Business Manager THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-02; The Club, '01-02.



SIZER, FREDERICK MORTIMER St. Just, Va.
 Philomathean; Diploma in Pedagogy, '09-00; Diploma in History, '00-01; Instructor in Model School, '00-01; '01-02; L. I., '09-00; Associate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-02; Football Team, '01-02.



SMITH, THOMAS BLACKWELL Upperville, Va.
 K Σ; Football Team, '01-02; President German Club,
 '00-01; Normal Graduation, '99-00; L. I., '00-02;
 Diploma in Pedagogy, '00-01; Dramatic Club,
 '00-01, '01-02; Final Orator Philomathean, '01-02.



TAYLOR, EDWARD JORDAN Driver, Va.
 Philomathean; Philomathean Final Committee, '98-99;
 Diploma in Moral Philosophy, '99-00; Secretary
 Senior Class, '01-02; Secretary and Treasurer Ath-
 letic Association, '00-01, '01-02; Normal Gradua-
 tion, '00-01; Manager Senior Class Football Team,
 '01-02; Chairman Philomathean Final Committee,
 '01-02; L. I., '00-01; Assistant Business Manager
College Monthly, '01-02; Manager Football, '02-03.



TAYLOR, EUGENE CLARENCE Burnley's, Va.
 Vice-President Junior Class, '00-01; Normal Gradua-
 tion, '00-01; Football Team, '01-02; Elected
 Smartest Student, '01-02.



VEST, WALTER EDWARD Flint, Va.
 Philomathean; Normal Graduation, '99-00; Moore
 Medal in Politics, '99-00; Corresponding Secretary
 Y. M. C. A., '00-01, '01-02; L. I., '00-01; Diploma in
 Pedagogy, '00-01; President Philomathean Society,
 '01-02; Instructor in French and German, '01-02;
 Final Secretary Philomathean Society, '01-02; Asso-
 ciate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '01-02.



WILKINSON, WILLIAM JOHN New York, N. Y.
K Σ; Phoenix; Diploma in German, '98-99; Final
Orator, '00-01; Associate Editor *College Monthly*,
'00-01; Associate Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO,
'00-01, '01-02; elected most Literary Student, '01-02;
Senior Class Poet, '01-02.



BIRD, EDWARD RANDOLPH Petersburg, Va.
K A; Phoenix; Normal Graduation, '00-01; Member
Senior Class Football Team, '00-01; Associate
Editor THE COLONIAL ECHO, '00-01; L. I., '00-01;
A. B., '00-01; Senior Class Historian, '01-02; Presi-
dent Phoenix Society, '01-02.



CHALMERS, HORACE HALL Houston, Va.
Philomathean; Diploma in German, '99-00; Diploma
in French, '00-01; Normal Graduation, '00-01.

The Class of Naughty-Two.

AS a class—well, what is the use of trying to include them in a class? As in every other circumstance of life, it takes all sorts and conditions of men to make up a Senior Class. Why! some are young, some are old; some of the young ones are bald, some of the old ones have hair from chin to crown. A few of them have been at college ever since—let's see, was it 1693, B. C., or A. D.? The fact is they have forgotten, and our learned professor of records can not find out anything about them since man began to write such stuff.

Two hundred years ago the majority of them were considered a little old. Now no more of this—they have entered their third childhood, and the Ducs think some are ready to be born a fourth time.

But there are young ones, too; in fact, a few months ago in the homes of at least two of them there was heard one day two severe screams. What do you think had happened? “Baby's got a tooth!!!” “And baby hasn't stopped on his thumb yet.”

Humph! we were about to forget to mention the Solomons—or was it a member of the Class of 1901 noted for his wisdom? Here, we say this member, but outsiders who happen to know some one of the name might think we are talking now of the stupid ones. However, let us proceed. Who are the Solomons? People will differ, so we will hardly try to find any of this class who would fit our definition of *Solomonish*. You doubt extremely, after this word, if the class chose a wise historian; but, don't worry, he has finished rhetoric long ago.

History includes biography; biography, personal description—we are going to describe.

Age before beauty: Three bald-headed men who look old, whom we tell by their usual stateliness of movement, and the awful scarcity of hair, making their foreheads of indefinite height. Two of these are rather spare, but the third is large of limb and short of stature.

The next man says he's twenty—he may be, but as he is noted for truth we would hate to hear him swear to it. He is in the shape of a \vee from his shoulders to his ankles, but here it stops. By his head and feet you may know him.

Two very nice young (?) men room together in Ewell, both old—the one in years, the other in face ; both young—the other in years, the one in face. Both are fat ; both laugh immoderately. Both are trying for degrees, and the one swears a dozen times a day : “ If I can make that Math. I've got my A. B.,” or “ I'll swear, I'm going home. I can't make my degree,”—seventh heaven ; seventh hell.

Three of them you would not know anyway, because you will not see them—in their rooms where they grind so that your flesh would crawl—for some of the cogs need oil.

Another, a large fat fellow, who looks most at home when dressed as a farmer ; and from his peculiar gait he is likened unto an old-fashioned side-wheeler.

Some one or two have come on a visit, expecting to find a piece of sheep-skin lying around somewhere with their names on it and dated some years back. Let us hope they will not be disappointed.

There are not many more—and they are short and thick-set boys, some of whom stumble on every oyster shell as if they were from paved streets ; others walk down Gloucester Street as in a corn-field.

Of good, bad, and indifferent material are we composed, as is the way of the world ; and, looking forward towards the jumping-off-place, we are beginning to run for it. May our landing be as easy as some of our beds !

So, with a last, long, lingering look back over their shoulders, the Class of Naughty-Two bids you farewell.—Gentlemen, The Class !!!

ONE OF THEM.





Senior Poem.

Of many themes have poets sung—of many heroes bold,
Brave deeds that through the ages ring by myriad tongues are told;
Of love, of war, of fond romance, of spirit, heart, and mind,
Of passion, envy, evil chance—a thousand of like kind;
They chant and down the vale of years, in ev'ry age and clime,
The mingling of the poet's tears has stayed the march of Time,
Fair Greece around Parnassus steep, once viewed the brightest choir
That ever wandered by the deep, or smote the tuneful lyre;
Her sweetest songs so scattered there were gathered to a god;
Transformed by him, to simpler men he sung of sacred sod;
Italy's fair skies have seen the "all Etruscan three,"
And where their sweetest harps have been their names shall ever be;
Dante sung of gloomy Hades, Petrarch of dark Africa,
Boccaccio of the charms of ladies, Tassó of a Holy War;
Virgil, "wielder of the measure," stateliest lips of man can mould
For mankind's delight and pleasure, of Eneas's wand'ring told;
Walter Scott, the genial wizard, Ariosto of the North,
Sung in pantomimic stanzas, ladye love and knightly worth;
Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, and Byron, poets of mute Nature's school,
Chanting strains of gentle sweetness, o'er our hearts so fondly rule,
Last, but least not of the pupils who have urged their stanzas on,
Stands the "heir of all the ages," sweet and chaste Lord Tennyson;
Yet another bard, whose fame is sanctioned not by voice of time,
Soaring on the wings of fancy o'er a subject most sublime,
Sings the virtues of the Seniors—if but virtues they will seem—
Counting effort but a pleasure to do justice to his theme,
Trusting, O most gentle reader, hoping you may trust the same,
That the song will raise the singer from obscurity to fame.

How shall my verse
Truly rehearse—
How shall my line begin?
Well, as of BIRD
We've often heard,
With him we know we'll win;
Then entering next,
On slight pretext,
We usher in BOHANNAN,
Whose blustering name
Bequeathed to fame
Shall sound like shot from cannon.

Let BRINKLEY stand
At my command—
"Calico—literary"—
He'll acknowledge
Attends the College
Not of "Bill," but "Mary."
And CHICHESTER
We do aver
The prettiest of the lot;
Such temper sweet (?)
May never meet
On any other spot.

JOE CHITWOOD now
Will make a bow,
And Cox will do likewise,
Whose brisk mustache,
So very brash,
Betokens more age than size;
Then CHALMERS, he
We plainly see
A much-disputing scoffer—
No matter when,
Both now and then,
Opinions he will offer.

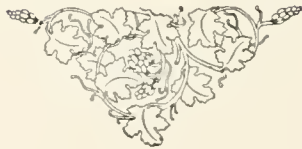
But unlike him,
With much more vim,
Is COPENHAVER meek—
To prove this true,
We ask of you
To listen to his shriek;
Now the "good boy,"
A mother's joy,
Is DAVIS, whom we know;
While HODGES small
Can play football,
Aye, take the ball right through.

Young IDEN's nose
Still grows and grows,
Though he remains the same;
While JONES, the student,
And LONG, most prudent,
Make the rest feel tame;
Now ROGERS shy
(This is no lie)
Has lots of common sense;
And SIZER, too,
If you but knew,
Needs no tongue's defense.

TAYLOR, E. C.,
And SMITH, T. B.,
Profoundly wise are they,
But to what end
Their wits will tend
No mortal man can say;
Then there is VEST,
Not last, nor blest,
But still can hold his own;
To learn rules by heart
Is but a part
Of what he's often shown;
And WILKINSON,
Who well has won
The name of Bowery Sport,
Is not the kind
Expect to find
To frequent such resort.

Now last of all
We dare to call
Another TAYLOR in;
And if we do
We hope that you
Will think it not a sin,
For he's a lad
Who never had
But energy and ambition,
While "push" with him
Amounts to vim (?)—
A not unreal condition.

Now here we end,
And let me send
My blessings—not in vain—
For ere we part
'T would break my heart
To end this simple strain
Without the word
So often heard:
'arewell—we'll meet again.



Senior Class Prophecy.



ONE beautiful moonlight night in the latter part of April, I was seated in my room before a table piled with books and papers, thinking of the prophecy that I should have written weeks and weeks before. It was after twelve o'clock. Every light was out in the Brafferton across the way, and the brilliance of the moonlight dimmed the light of the lamps upon the campus. I had been sitting thus for a long time, wondering whatever in the world I should write about and why I invariably put things off until the last moment. In the first place I appreciated the difficulty of the task of writing a prophecy of the Class of 1902. Such a widely diverse and badly assorted crowd of people never before have assembled in the history of the world. From Benny Iden to John Long there are all sorts and conditions of men, and to foretell the destiny of each individual member of this highly interesting group was the almost impossible feat which I had promised to accomplish.

As I sat there almost dreaming my vagrant fancy strayed to climes and countries far away. I thought of mighty prophets and their prophecies teeming with weighty import to the sons of men; and yet how often in those days long past, have careless mortals jeered at some sage seer, and disregarding the great truth he brings, have heaped upon him scorn and to his warnings turned unlistening ears. My thoughts went back to myth-enshrined Judea. There for countless ages prophets had lived and died, had dreamed their dreams and steadfast, resolute, unshaken by the storms of disbelief and bowing only to sublimer fate, had told the meaning of their dreams to countless multitudes, and then passed on forgotten and unloved. I saw in fancy an old patriarch, his heart o'erflowing with the love he bore the children of his kin, bending his ear attentive to the mutterings of an angry God, and when his people, intent on naught but pleasure, heed not the God-given message, I marked the flash of pain that swept across his brow. And now there comes a picture of that one standing serene on Patmos's lonely isle, seeing with eyes that pierce through veil and scroll visions of heaven and hell. With eager fingers drawing aside the curtain

that hides mysterious future from the eyes of mortal men, he peers through darkness deep and weird as a dream of demons, and sees what timid human never dared before to look upon.

Then I wished that I too might, for a brief period, receive the gift of prophecy, and so intense was my desire that I think I uttered my wish aloud. And as I sat with my head bent forward on the table thinking of all these things, I became aware that some one was standing behind me, although, strange as it may seem, I was not at all frightened or discomposed at the discovery. Slowly raising my head and glancing over my shoulder I saw, standing at the back of my chair, a person, who, judging from his dress, might have just emerged from the pages of "Arabian Nights." He was tall, very tall and slender, and his great height was increased by the massive turban which he wore. His intellectual face was covered by a beard that had once been black but was now almost white with age. A loosely flowing robe of some rich Oriental texture concealed the remainder of his figure.

After gazing at my strange visitor some time in mute astonishment, I regained my composure and inquired of him who he was and what I might do for him.

Stepping back a few paces and regarding me intently from under his slaggy brows, he said in a voice full of depth and melody, "I am Azrim, friend of the unfortunate. Hearing your wish, I came to see if I might, in any way, be of assistance to you."

"Do you know anything about prophets and prophecies?" I asked.

A sardonic smile curled the lip beneath the gray mustache, and Azrim made answer.

"I have met some noted prophets in my day, and have seen the fulfilment of many strange prophecies."

"Then I am sure," said I, "that you could help me to foretell the future of the members of the Senior Class."

"I have here something which I think you might use," he replied, drawing a queer-looking instrument from the folds of his toga. "This is a mirror of the future. Probably, you have heard of it before," he went on. "You have only to look into it and think of the person whose future you wish to know, and you will see him as he will be twenty years hence. Try it and see if the result will not be as I have said."

I took the instrument from him and looked at it curiously. It seemed to be an ordinary hand-mirror except that the glass did not reflect but was entirely opaque and of a dull gray color. I was almost afraid to look into the glass as the old man had instructed me, and I suppose I showed my perturbation, for Azrim said: "You need fear nothing. The glass is for your use. Everything will be as I have said."

Although my scruples were not quite overcome, I knew that the prophecy had to be written, so I took up the glass, looked into its misty depths and thought of our president, Jack Davis. Instantly the gray mistiness into which I was looking cleared away and I saw the interior of a large and magnificent church. The light, streaming through the stained-glass windows bathed everything in softened splendor. The pealing notes of the grand pipe-organ swelled in rich cadences through the lofty building. The white-robed choir-boys chanted sweetly a *Te Deum*. Then the strains of music ceased. The singing sank into scarce a sighing. A murmur ran through the large and well-dressed congregation. Out of the door of an anteroom stepped a man clad in the robes of an Episcopal bishop. Slowly and sedately he advanced to the chancel and opened the prayer-book. Then in a voice deep and mellow he read the service. It was not until I heard his voice that I recognized in this dignified bishop the Jack Davis of my college days. A great wave of thankfulness swept over me, for I was glad that he had become nothing worse than an Episcopal bishop.

I laid down the glass and looked to see what had become of Azrim. He was calmly seated on the bed with his back against the head-board and his knees drawn up under his chin, absorbed in a copy of the *William and Mary Monthly*. Knowing that this would occupy his mind for some time, I felt at liberty to continue my work.

I thought of Cassius Chichester and looked again into the glass. I saw a splendidly furnished office in the heart of one of our largest cities. In this office at a desk strewn with books and manuscript, sat a man writing. His black hair was streaked with gray and his face was covered with a Van Dyke beard. As he looked up from his desk, I noticed that he smiled cynically. With difficulty, for it was written in the almost illegible handwriting that I knew so well, I read from the manuscript upon which he had been engaged. It was a scathing criticism of one of the latest popular books. Cassius Chichester had become one of the greatest literary critics of his day.

I noticed in the criticism which I had just read, a name which brought to me a flood of recollections. It was that of Richard Ovid Rogers. He was the author of the book which I had just seen criticised. I looked into the glass to find out more about this distinguished man. I saw a beautiful garden all in bloom. Its shaded walks and fragrant retreats seemed cool and inviting. In a secluded corner of this garden, walking to and fro beneath the shade of stately trees, was a small man reading a book which he held in his hand. His beardless face was marked with lines of care, and his thoughtful brow gave evidence that his struggle for fame had been a hard one. As I looked at this man who, by his great genius and untiring energy had commanded respect and admiration from a selfish world, I was glad that I had the honor of being a classmate of R. O. Rogers.

Again I looked into the glass to see what progress T. B. Smith had made in the world. I saw a large theater gleaming with a thousand lights and crowded to the aisles. The orchestra dispensed sweet music, while splendidly dressed ladies in the boxes fanned themselves and chatted about the great star with the romantic name. Then all was suddenly quiet. A hush fell upon the vast audience. Out upon the stage stepped a man dressed in the costume of a Roman Senator. As the first accents of his magic words fell upon thousands of listening ears, I recognized the shrill voice and knew that this great actor was none other than T. B. Smith.

My thoughts went back to Bennie Iden and I looked in the glass to see how time had treated our little friend. I saw a broad field waving with growing grain. Two large and puissant armies were marshalling for battle. Orders were hastily given, officers shouted, swords clattered, and horses neighed. In the midst of this confusion I saw a small man dressed in a brilliant uniform, seated upon a magnificent charger. He seemed to be the soul of every movement. Aides came and went at his command and officers awaited anxiously the word of their chief. Then I knew that the little man with the large nose was General Iden, commander of the American forces in the war with Russia.

A longing came over me to see what Bob Jones was doing after these many years. I looked into the magic glass and there presented to my gaze was the library at old William and Mary. I recognized every shelf, every corner, every portrait in that old place. It was all as it had been twenty years before. My glance happened to stray to the librarian's table, and there seated in his accustomed place was Bob Jones. He was changed slightly, it was true, yet it was the same old Jones. "Yes," I heard one of the students say in response to a Freshman's query, "no one knows how long he has been here, and he won't tell. He says he isn't twenty-five yet." I smiled and laid down the glass.

Then I thought of the next man on the list, Billy Hodges. What had become of him? I picked up the glass and looked into it. The interior of a large and magnificent bank building was presented to my view. Remains of a shattered safe and scraps of paper money lay on the floor. Police officers and curious onlookers were busy around the scene. A great burglary had been committed. Suddenly the surrounding crowd gave way and into their midst walked a small, dark man wearing glasses. I heard one of the policeman say. "It's 'Tecumseh' Hodges, the great Pinkerton detective. He's the greatest since Sherlock Holmes. You kin just betcher life he'll trace 'em up."

I thought then of E. C. Taylor and took up the glass to determine his future. I looked into a large and well equipped observatory. The huge telescopes and other instruments for astronomical observation almost filled the room. Seated at a table was a man in the prime of life. His intellectual face was bent over a mathematical calculation upon which he was busily engaged. I recog-

nized in this great astronomer, who had discovered a most important law concerning the gravitation of comets, H. C. Taylor, the great mathematician of the Class of 1902.

Wondering if Bohannon had reached those heights of fame to which I had always thought his abilities should have carried him, I looked again into the magic mirror. I saw the United States Senate in session. The brains of the country were there. The best and the noblest men that the nation could produce were making laws for the republic. There were men whose hair was silvered with the frost of winter, and men who had not yet reached middle age. Presently there was a flutter of excitement among the spectators in the galleries, and one of the most distinguished looking of the Senators rose from his seat and addressed the august body of which he was a member. As the silvery tones of his voice vibrated through the Senate chamber, his hearers seemed enthralled, and as J. Gordon Bohannon, the young and gifted Senator from Virginia, took his seat, a tremendous burst of applause greeted his concluding words.

Then I looked to see what the glass could tell of the future of Jimmie Vest. I looked into a lecture-room of one of our greatest universities. A large class of bright-looking young men were in their places, jotting down their professor's remarks. The professor, a tall man with a long sandy beard, stood leaning on his desk explaining to the class the remarkable gyrations of the Greek verb. I recognized with difficulty in this great professor bowed down with the weight of superabundant lore, W. E. Vest, our instructor in French and German.

When I looked to see what would be the future of "Nat" Taylor, the glass revealed to my gaze a busy thoroughfare in a large city. Immense crowds of people pushed and jostled one another in their eager hurry. From one of the arched passageways that opened upon the street a tall and well dressed man stepped forth. His broadcloth suit and massive gold-headed cane as well as his general air of prosperity told plainly enough that he was one of the favored ones of the earth. I had looked upon Edward Jordan Taylor, Wall Street broker and financier.

Then Chitwood came to my mind. I wondered why I had not thought of Joe before. I looked into the glass and saw the interior of a grand Catholic cathedral. The massive column and vaulted roof thrilled me with a feeling of awe. The notes of the great organ sounded through the building and filled every recess with a volume of sweet sound. Forth from the anteroom stepped the priest, clad in the robes of his church, and began to read something in Latin. I heard a richly dressed Irish lady whisper to her companion: "It's Brother Josephus. He's the greatest conquest the church has made since Newman. They say that he is soon to receive the red hat of the Cardinal." Then I looked more closely at the priest and recognized Joe Chitwood. "Wonders never cease." Chitwood had become a Catholic priest.

After I had recovered from the shock of the last discovery, I looked in the glass to see what it could tell me of the future state of Bennie Cox. There was revealed to me a smiling valley amid the mountains of Southwest Virginia. In this valley nestled a little village, and the people that hurried through its streets seemed to be actuated by no ordinary motive. Soon I saw the cause of the commotion. In the center of the little town a rude platform had been constructed. Mounted upon this platform an orator was haranguing the people. The rough throng crowded around the speaker's stand seemed spell-bound by the charm of his eloquence. Bennie Cox was a candidate for Congress from the Fifth District.

Now it was Chalmers's turn, and I looked into the glass and saw a large laboratory with its great retorts, its Bunsen flames, and its thousand and one other things of which I did not know the name nor the use. Busied over a small alcohol lamp was a tall, spare man with a hooked nose. He was so intensely interested in his work that it was a long time before he looked up so that I could see his face. Then I recognized Chalmers. He had become a great chemist and was searching for the philosopher's stone.

As I looked into the glass to find out what had become of Randolph Bird, I saw the interior of a splendidly appointed palace. It was receiving day and the King was seated in state upon his throne. Among the foreign ambassadors and attachés that surrounded the throne, I noticed one whose face seemed familiar. He was tall and dignified and his black frock coat sat well upon his commanding figure. Advancing to the throne of the sovereign he exchanged greetings with him and then withdrew. Bird had become Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Montenegro.

Sizer came next upon the list, and as I raised the glass to my eyes I looked into a magnificent office. Clerks ran hither and thither, typewriters rattled, telephone bells rang, and everything seemed to be in an uproar. Seated at a desk in the center of the room calmly reading a letter sat a large, florid man with side-whiskers, whom I at once knew to be Sizer. He was now Chicago's greatest pork packer, successor to Philip D. Armour.

Next came Billy Wilkinson, the unfathomable. The glass revealed to me a scene upon the Bowery. A small and unpretentious brick church attracted my attention. I read upon the stone slab at the door:

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

W. J. WILKINSON, Pastor.

Just at that moment there stepped from the door of the church a man dressed in clerical garb. I at once recognized Billy, changed but slightly from what he was when at college. Locking the door carefully behind him, the dignified clergyman passed on down the street.

Now came Long, the last upon the list. The glass revealed a dusty country road in summertime. Jogging leisurely along the road was a gray horse attached to an old-fashioned doctor's carriage. Seated within the carriage was a very stout, very red-faced man. It was Dr. John Long driving out to see one of his numerous patients by whom he was held in great esteem on account of his kindness and rare good-nature.

My task was finished. Taking the glass, I turned to my strange visitor, who rose from his seat on the bed.

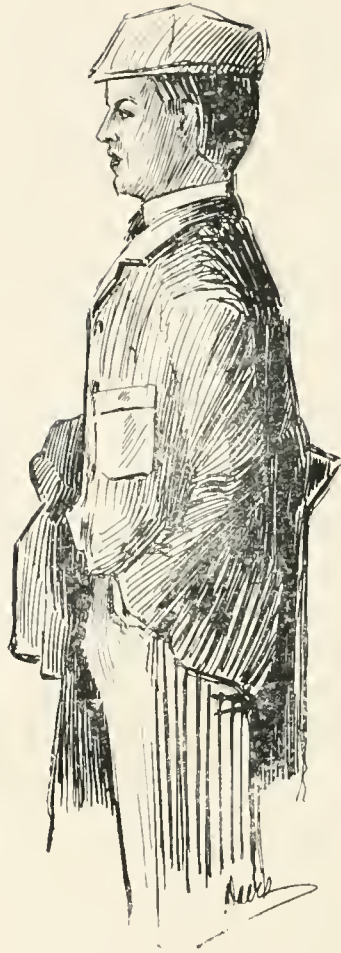
"Sir," I said, handing it to him, "I am under many obligations to you for the service which you have this night rendered me."

Bowing gravely, Azrim made reply: "It will always be a pleasure to me to know that I have done you a favor. I fain would tarry longer, but time is pressing and I must go."

Bidding him a hearty good-night, I held the door open for him, and watched his tall figure disappear into the darkness of the hallway.

PROPHET.





Third-Year Class of 1903.

COLORS.

Red and Black.

YELL.

Rip! Ra! Re!
Who are we?
Senior Class
Of 1903.

MOTTO.

Finem respicimus speramusque.

OFFICERS.

J. S. EASTMAN	President
W. C. PARSONS	Vice-President
B. S. CLEMENTS	Treasurer
M. S. JONES	Secretary
E. S. COWLES	Historian

Third-Year Class Statistics.

- ANDERSON, J. M. Gaines X Roads, Virginia
Philomathean: President Philomathean, '01-02.
- BOOTH, J. THOMSON Grove, Virginia
K. S.: Phoenix: President German Club, '01-02; Declaimer's Medal, '00; Member Glee Club; Junior Class Football Team, '00-01.
- BIRCKHEAD, E. F. Proffit, Virginia
Phoenix: Secretary of Phoenix, '01-02; Vice-President, '01-02.
- CLEMENTS, B. S. Manquin, Virginia
Phoenix: Treasurer Class '03, '01-02; Baseball Team, '01-02.
- CRIM, J. W. II Bolington, Virginia
Phoenix: Improvement Medal in Debate, '98-99; Chief Marshal, '98-99; Treasurer Phoenix, '98-99; Baseball Team, '98-99; President Phoenix, '01-02; *Magazine* Staff '01-02; COLONIAL ECHO Staff, '01-02; Final Debater, '01-02.
- COWLES, E. S. Williamsburg, Virginia
II, K. A.: Philomathean: Final Debater, '01-02; Historian Class '03, '01-02.
- COWLES, W. L. Williamsburg, Virginia
Philomathean.
- EASTMAN, J. S. Saluda, Virginia
Phoenix: President Class '03, '01-02; President Phoenix, '01-02.
- HOLLAND, F. T. Windsor, Virginia
Philomathean: Final Debater's Medal, '00-00; Final Orator's Medal, '00-01; Diploma in Pedagogy, '00-01; Manager Baseball Team, '01-02; Representative State Oratorical Contest, '01-02.
- JONES, J. B. Williamsburg, Virginia
K. S.
- JONES, M. S. New Store, Virginia
K. A.: Philomathean: Secretary Class '03.
- MADDON, W. A. Washington, D. C.
M. II, A.: Phoenix: Diploma in History, '00-01; *Magazine* Staff, '00-01; Final Secretary Phoenix, '00-01; Vice-President Phoenix, '00-01; Secretary, '00-01, and Treasurer, '01-02; Secretary Y. M. C. A.; Secretary German Club, '01-02; Stage Manager Dramatic Club, '01-02.
- PARSONS, W. C. Atlantic, Virginia
K. A.: Vice-President Class '03, '01-02; Most Popular Student, '01-02; President Eastern Shore Club, '01-02.
- SMITH, E. II Heathsville, Virginia
II, K. A.: Phoenix: Secretary Phoenix, '01-02; President Phoenix, '01-02.
- SHEWMAKE, O. L. Newport News, Virginia
Phoenix: Final Debater's Medal, '00-01; Final Orator, '01-02; *Magazine* Staff, '01-02; COLONIAL ECHO Staff, '01-02; Historian Class '03, '00-01; President Athletic Association, '01-02; Captain Football Team, '01-02, elect '02-03.
- STACY, E. E. Amelia, Virginia
Phoenix: L. I. Degree, '00-01; Diplomas in Science and Pedagogy, '00-01; Instructor, '01-02.
- WILSON, J. S. Norfolk, Virginia
K. S.: Philomathean: Final Debater, '01-02.
- WRIGHT, A. D. Richmond, Virginia
M. II, A.: Phoenix.
- WOODBRIDGE, W. W. Atlanta, Georgia
Philomathean: Declaimer's Medal, '00-01.



CLASS OF 1903.

Third-Year Class History.

IN attempting to write the history of the Class of '04, I feel myself unworthy of the task.

No class history, however good it may be, is a true history of a class.

Few class histories really portray the life of a class ; few ever mention the real aims of a class, the work done towards the accomplishment of those aims ; the struggles and triumphs of a class, the defeats and victories. In putting forth this little history of our Junior Class, I feel that it is, like other class histories, no true history of our Class, but the mere outline of a history.

Three years ago our Class came to "ye ancient city of Williamsburg," and entered the old historic college of William and Mary. When we reached the little town many of us were already feeling homesick and lonely ; but after a brief stay the sad home-longing left our hearts, for the kindness of the "old " students and the hospitality of the Williamsburg people made us feel that we had found a second home in the quiet, quaint little town.

In a little while, after having been made the innocent subjects of amusement to the upper classmen, we got earnestly to work. We doubtless had, in those freshman days, our share of "confidence in self," which is so characteristic of the freshman. But "our waking-up" time came ; gradually we began to realize, whenever our learned professors rose in our midst, and spoke in their usual eloquent manner, that we had but little of that "knowledge gained from books."

Finally, intermediate examination time came—that period, dark and dismal to every freshman. Then it was that even the remnant of that self-confidence left us at the approach of the professor with his examination papers to the classroom. Those anxious days passed at last, however. Soon the finals came—the gay, the happy finals ! We remember the long addresses. Ah ! we remember well how we looked with awe upon the dignified Seniors, who were graduating with honors, and who were assuming such indifference ;

"And still our wonder grew
How their small heads could carry all they knew."

And we remember too the girls — their bright eyes and happy smiles ; the fluttering of their fans and dresses. And perhaps we wondered too — we who were mere "Ducs" then — if there would be any to look pleased and blushing when

we would receive our sheepskins in what seemed to us alas ! the far distant days !

During our second year our work was characterized by a more systematic and earnest effort to perform it well ; for each member of our class, no doubt, was making plans for his life work ; some in a vague way, others more definitely. But all of us at least realized in a more practical way than ever before the importance of our taking advantage of our present opportunities. We felt too, as all strangers feel in the quaint little town of Williamsburg, the inspiration of the glory of our forefathers ; and many of Virginia's sons stood ever before us on a pedestal, as it were, noble and inspiring, representing to us the heights of our ambitions.

Our second year has ended, and now the third year is nearing its close. In a little while we will be the dignified Seniors ; and a class of " Ducs " no doubt will be looking upon us in awe.

In concluding this little history I could say much more in an individual way concerning each member or our class, but I feel that it is not necessary. The students here and the professors here know what we have done, what we are now doing ; and we ourselves know that we have made an honest effort to do our work well, to do it thoroughly, and to shirk no duties or responsibilities. Most of the boys of our class have taken, and do take, an active part in the debates and other work of our literary societies. And most of them also are members of our football and baseball teams ; indeed, our class is well represented in all the athletic sports of our college. But along with our work and along with our games I think we have had our share of a " right jolly good time."

As I close this history, thinking of each member of our class and his particular forte, I see before me, as it were, what the years may bring ; what our lives may be. But I shall make no mention of a class prophecy. The years themselves will tell whether or not the class of '04 is an honor to the good old College of William and Mary.

EDWARD SPENCER COWLES.





Sophomore

Second-Year Class of '04.

MOTTO.

"Nunc videmus calcem ; illuc de currendum."

COLORS.

Crimson and Gold.

YELL.

Rah ! Rah ! Roo !
How do you do,
Junior of one and two !

OFFICERS.

W. L. DAVIDSON	President
P. J. STROTHER	Vice-President
T. N. LAWRENCE	Secretary
C. D. SHREVE	Treasurer
J. W. GOSSMAN	Historian

Second-Year Class Statistics.

BLACKISTON, SLATOR CLAY	Hampton, Virginia
H. K. A.; Philomathean: Baseball Team, '00-01, '01-02; Football Team, '01-02.	
BLY, THOMAS EDWARD	Strasburg, Virginia
Football Team, '00-01, '01-02.	
BOWEN, BENJ. THOMAS	Broadwater, Virginia
Phœnix: Football Team, '01-02.	
BRUCE, CORNELIUS SMITH	Hudson's Mills, Virginia
Phœnix.	
CARY, CHARLES IRVING	Hague, Virginia
CHANDLER, JOSEPH MERRITT	Rue, Virginia
Baseball Team, '01-02; Secretary Eastern Shore Club, '01-02.	
DADE, ROBERT BEVERLY	Airmount, Virginia
H. K. A.; Phœnix: Football Team, '01-02; Baseball Team, '01-02; Glee Club, '01-02; Elected Best Singer, '01-02.	
DAVIDSON, WILLIAM LEE	Jonesville, Virginia
Philomathean: Final Debater's Medal, '00-01; Medal for One-half Mile Race, '00-01; Gym Team, '00-01; President Class '03, '01-02; Junior Class Football Team, '01-02; Vice-President Athletic Association, '01-02.	
DAVIS, FLETCHER CLEVELAND	Williamsburg, Virginia
Philomathean.	
DE SHAZO, THOMAS MAYNARD	Daisy, Virginia
Philomathean.	
DUNKLEY, RICHARD B.	Peters Creek, Virginia
Philomathean: Secretary Philomathean, '00-01.	
ELLIS, STANLEY BURT	Waverly, Virginia
Junior Class Football Team, '01-02.	
FORBES, THOMAS PARRICK	Buckingham, Virginia
H. K. A.; Junior Class Football Team, '01-02; Corcoran Scholarship, '00-01.	
GARNETT, TAYLOR	Mathews, Virginia
H. K. A.; Phœnix; Junior Class Football Team, '01-02.	
GOSMAN, J. WILL	New York
Phœnix; Vice-President Phœnix, '01-02; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., '01-02; Gymna- sium Leader, '00-01-02; General Manager Dramatic Club, '01-02; Historian Class '04, '00-01, '01-02; Glee Club, '00-01-02.	
GREEAR, GEORGE HOPKINS	Coeburn, Virginia
Philomathean.	
HEALEY, EDWARD TURNER	Mathews, Virginia
HALL, EUGENE HEDGMAN	Lynhams, Virginia
Phœnix; Football Team, '01-02.	
HARRISON, HERBERT A.	Carsley, Virginia
Football Team, '01-02.	

HASH, VIVIAN Major, Virginia Philomathean.

HOLT, ROBERT ARMISTEAD Hampton, Virginia M. H. A.; Phoenix: Baseball Team, '01-02.

HOWARD, GROVER LATHAM Floyd, Virginia Phoenix.

HUGHES, SYDNEY SMITH Norfolk, Virginia H. K. A.; President Tennis Club, '01-02.

HUNDLEY, JOHN ARTHUR Williamsburg, Virginia K. Σ.; Junior Class Football Team, '01-02.

JENKINS, JOHN VERNICE Windsor, Virginia Philomathean: Improvement in Debate, '00-01.

JONES, ASHTON CARROLL Brydie, Virginia Graves Scholarship, '01-02.

JONES, EDWARD DARLINGTON Williamsburg, Virginia K. Σ.

KIRKPATRICK, ROBERT DYSART William's Wharf, Virginia Phoenix.

LAMB, JUNIUS BEVERLY Williamsburg, Virginia H. K. A.

LAWRENCE, THOMAS NEVITT Pope's Creek, Indiana Phoenix: Junior Class Football Team, '01-02; Business Manager Dramatic Club, '00-01; Vice-President Phoenix, '01-02; Secretary Phoenix, '00-01; Secretary Class '04, '01-02.

LEATHERBURY, CHARLES NEELY Norfolk, Virginia

MASON, WILEY ROY Colonial Beach, Virginia Phoenix: Secretary Phoenix; President Y. M. C. A. and Junior Class Football Team, '01-02.

NEWCOMB, BENJAMIN C. Sassafras, Virginia Phoenix.

NOTTINGHAM, WILLIAM FITCHETT Eastville, Virginia H. K. A.; Phoenix: Glee Club.

OVERBY, F. GUY BURRELL Clarksville, Virginia Philomathean.

PRICE, THOMAS BROOKE Lawrenceville, Virginia

SHREVE, CAMPBELL DUDLEY Lockett's, Virginia Phoenix: Manager Junior Class Football Team, '01-02.

SINCLAIR, THOMAS LOWRY Selden's, Virginia Philomathean: Junior Class Football Team, '01-02; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '01-02.

SMITH, CHARLES SAMUEL Miller's Tavern, Virginia Phoenix: Improvement in Debate, '00-01.

SPENCER, THOMAS PEACHY Williamsburg, Virginia K. Σ.; Baseball Team, '00-01, '01-02; Junior Class Football Team, '01-02; Glee Club, '00-01, '01-02; Dramatic Club, '00, '01, '02.

STROTHER, PHILIP JOHNSON Culpeper, Virginia Phoenix: Vice-President Class, '04, '01-02.

SUMMERS, JAMES HERMAN Sterling, Virginia Phoenix: Secretary Phoenix, '01-02; Junior Class Football Team, '01-02; Baseball Team, '01-02; Final Secretary Phoenix, '01-02.

TERRELL, ALFRED LYNCH Pedro, Virginia Phoenix: Improvement in Declamation, '00-00.

- TERRELL, EDGAR MICOU Pedro, Virginia
Phoenix.
- TERRELL, JOHN BAYNHAM Pedro, Virginia
Phoenix.
- TURNIPSEED, CLARENCE LEE Union Springs, Alabama
- VAUGHAN, LORENZO D. Broad Run, Virginia
Philomathean; President Class '04, '00-01; Treasurer Philomathean, '01-02; Corresponding Secretary Y. M. C. A., '01-02.
- WALTON, JAMES HOWARD Lewinsville, Virginia
Phoenix; Junior Class Football Team, '01-02.
- WHITEHEAD, WADE HAMPTON Lowesville, Virginia
Phoenix.







CLASS OF 1901.

Second-Year Class History.

LITTLE did we realize a year ago how unimportant were the noisy "Ducs." Now that we are elevated so high above them in college life, we may condescend, occasionally, to stoop and look down upon the fledgelings with feelings of pity and compassion. How we laughed at them when on holidays those tender young shoots went home to see the "folks"—wanted to ride the old horse to the post-office again, and sit on the church-yard fence after Sunday School and talk to the girls.

There may have been times when those things appealed to us, but we are now men of the world and do not care for so much sentiment. Some of us went home to attend a german or take part in a fox hunt, but how much more natural it was for us to take a run to Richmond to see some of the "Meds," our Seniors of last year, or to visit a near-by town where we have a few friends.

History must be made and recorded, despite all obstacles, so the "Ducs" of a year ago have soared into Juniorism—not, however, without closing their brilliant record with a series of intellectual and athletic victories.

In the Field-Day events we carried off six medals—two first and four second prizes. In the intellectual gymnasium our worthy President won the Philomathean Final debater's medal. The debaters' improvement medals were won by J. V. Jenkins, Philomathean, and "Pinky" Smith, Phœnician, while Bruce won the Phœnix declaimer's medal.

On the diamond we are represented by "Dutch" Summers, Blackiston, "Peachy" Spencer, Chandler, "Bob" Dade and "Bobby" Holt. Not being content with having most of the men on the regular team, we have the champion class team.

In football the Juniors are also well represented in Harrison, "Bob" Dade, Bowen, "Nellie" Bly, Blackiston and "Oyster" Hall. The Junior Class Team defeated the Ducs so badly on the gridiron that the other class teams immediately disbanded, rather than suffer the crushing defeat that they knew awaited them if they dared venture to give battle. Like the conquering legions of Hannibal, the Juniors march where they will and no one is so rash as to try to oppose them.

We have learned a number of things since last year. We have learned patience. We no longer cudgel our brains when the Professor of Natural Phi-

osophy tells us that an apple falls to the earth, because it is attracted by the larger number of molecules, nor do we go into spasms and show symptoms of brain fever when our "Math" Professor tells us that $\sin A$ equals a over c .

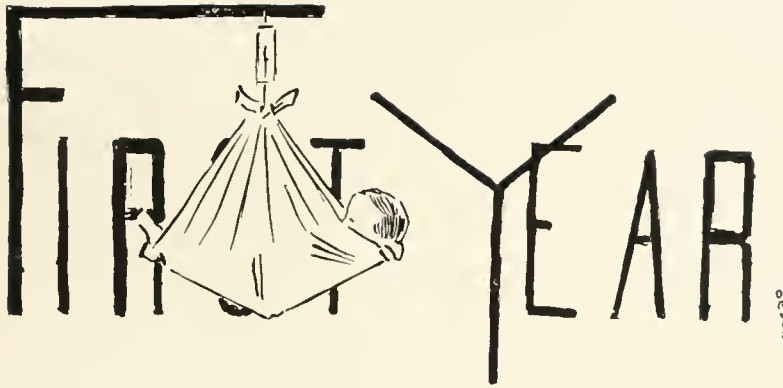
We have learned the pedagogical trick that a superfluity of neurosis, which can not be generated without psychosis, has a tendency to consume an over abundance of molecular anatomical tissue. The consequences may be deduced by any one who knows as much as we do.

We have learned that eating is not the chief end of man, but that the acquisition of knowledge is the highest thing we can possibly aspire to, so we are studying the football and baseball scores, and the athletic records are close students of Hoyle, and have become ardent devotees of Terpsichore.

All of us may not become famous like our predecessors, but as there can be only a limited number of famous men, there is no hope for any one not in the Junior Class of 1901-1902.

HISTORIAN.





Class of '05.

COLORS.

Blue and Green.

MOTTO.

" Dum spiro, spero."

YELL.

Rah ! Rah ! Ree !
 " Ducs " are we !
 Hoorah ! Hooree !

OFFICERS.

J. T. WHITE President
 L. M. DADE Vice-President
 CECIL RIDDICK Secretary
 B. C. HENSON Treasurer
 J. W. SMITH Historian

Statistics of First-Year Class 1905.

ASHTON, STUART ARTHUR	Hooes, Va.
Phoenix.	
BAIRD, SOLON LEE	Carsley, Va.
BALLARD, ALONZA W	Dardens, Va.
BARNES, MAHLON CLYDE	Williamsburg, Va.
H K A.	
BICKERS, LUCIAN	Crooked Run, Va.
Philomathean.	
BANNER, COSKERY LOGAN	Coeburn, Va.
BLANKINSHIP, HERMAN	Brookneal, Va.
Philomathean.	
BOWLES, WILLIAM HENRY	Gaines' Mill, Va.
BROWN, WADE THOMAS	State Mills, Va.
CHAPMAN, HERBERT LESTER	Smithfield, Va.
CHARLES, BENTON CROOKS	Grafton, Va.
Phoenix.	
COOLEY, HENRY ROCKWELL	Williamsburg, Va.
COPELAND, THOMAS EDGAR	Round Hill, Va.
Captain Baseball Team, '01-02.	
COUNTS, CHARLES FRANKLIN	Coeburn, Va.
DADE, LEE MASSEY, JR	Airmount, Va.
H K A : Vice-President Class '05, '01-02 ; Manager of Introductory Class Football Team.	
'01-02 ; Glee Club, '01-02 ; Loudon Club.	
DAVIS, CHARLES ARTHUR	Dido, Va.
Phoenix.	
DIBBLE, CHARLES FOX	Claremont, Va.
Phoenix.	
FILE, WILLIAM HENRY	Ransons, Va.
Philomathean ; Final Orator Philomathean, '01-02.	
GOODE, WILLIAM EDWARD	Manassas, Va.
GRAY, WILLIAM ALFRED	Vontay, Va.
Philomathean.	
HAIZLIP, SAMUEL LEE	Hopper, Va.
Phoenix.	
HALL, FRANCIS CATESBY	Hopeside, Va.
HARDWICK, HIRAM	Kinsale, Va.
Philomathean.	
HARRISON, HUGH THORNTON	Shirley, Va.
HENING, MALCOLM	Jefferson, Va.
K A ; Phoenix ; Glee Club.	

HENSON, BENJAMIN CARROLL Poindexter, Va.
 'K Σ; Treasurer Class '05, '01-02.

HINTON, DOYLE ERNEST Williamsburg, Va.

HUBBARD, JAMES NIMMO Wilcox Wharf, Va.

JACKSON, JAMES WALKER Bridgetown, Va.
 M H A; Philomathean; Eastern Shore Club.

JENKINS, MODIE SERON Windsor, Va.
 Philomathean.

JONES, ERNEST New Store, Va.
 K A; Philomathean.

JONES, FRED, MINSON Williamsburg, Va.

JONES, JAMES AMOS Roseville, Va.

JONES, WALTER MEREDITH Roseville, Va.

KNIGHT, RUFUS CARR Boykins, Va.
 Baseball Team, '01-02.

LEWIS, MARION BUFORD Culpeper, Va.

MAPP, LEVIN NOTTINGHAM Belle Haven, Va.
 Philomathean; Eastern Shore Club.

MARTIN, HORACE LIGHTFOOT Oak P. O., Va.

MAYNARD, J. CLEVELAND Magruder, Va.

MCDONALD, WADE ELIJAH Warrenton, Va.
 Phoenix.

MILLER, CHARLES DARE Salem, N. J.
 H K A.

MOORE, WILLIAM HUNTER Wheatland, Va.
 K A; Phoenix; Loudon Club.

RIDDICK, CECIL Great Bridge, Va.
 Philomathean; Secretary Class '05, '01-02; Handsomest Student, '01-02.

RISON, HENRY TAYLOR Richmond, Va.

ROBINSON, JOHN WESLEY Irisburg, Va.

RUFFNER, ROBERT HENRY Opal, Va.
 Philomathean.

SHACKLEFORD, WILLIAM NELSON Marshall, Va.
 Phoenix.

SHREVE, VERNON DAY Stirling, Va.
 Loudon Club.

SMITH, JOHN WISE Belle Haven, Va.
 Philomathean; Historian Class '05, '01-02; Vice-President Eastern Shore Club; Secretary Philomathean, '01-02.

SPARROW, WILLIAM Belinda, Va.
 Eastern Shore Club.

SPENCER, JOHN Newport News, Va.
 Captain Introductory Class Football team, '01-02.

TABER, CLIFFORD HAMILTON Williamsburg, Va.
 H K A; Introductory Class Football Team.

TYLER, JOHN Williamsburg, Va.
 K Σ.

WADE, WILLIAM WATKINS Quinton, Va.
 Philomathean.

WEST, FRANK THORNTON Huron, Va.
 K Σ; Philomathean.

WESTON, JOHN BORUM Matthews, Va.

WEYMOUTH, WILLIAM ASHE Hampton, Va.
 K Α; Philomathean; Introductory Class Football Team, '01-02; Baseball Team, '01-02.

WHITE, DAVID DUNCAN Crab Neck, Va.

WHITE, JOHN THOMAS Parksley, Va.
 Philomathean; President Introductory Class, '01-02; Eastern Shore Club.

WHITLEY, JESSE TRAFTON Indika, Va.
 Philomathean.

WINGO, JOHN FLAVIUS Drake's Branch, Va.

WYATT, JOHN Belle Haven, Va.
 Philomathean; Eastern Shore Club.

YOWELL, HENRY LEWIS Culpeper, Va.
 Philomathean.

INTRODUCTORY CLASS.



History of Class of 1905.

TO write anything of the Class of '05 would require a man possessing more prognostic ability than myself, as our future is unknown. But judging from this session's acquirements, no doubt, many of us will fill positions of honor to both ourselves and our beloved State.

The sessions of 1901-1902 opened with about seventy "Ducs," and the Professors say a more intelligent flock never roosted here; and, with their timely instructions, we hope to verify their statements.

The first few weeks here were very unpleasantly spent, as midnight visitors were a sure thing, and visitors at that hour are for no good, unless for voice culture or development of speed—and some of us made records that will never be beaten. With these excitements and the tumult of the arrival of old students, we were unable to devote ourselves to hard study, and began to think that our lots were difficult, but took consolation in the old proverb, "A bad beginning betokens a good ending." Should this be true, stars are already visible in many of our crowns.

On the athletic field we are important factors, as "Mac" and "Shac" are star players on the first football team, and "Mac" with his elephant size and locomotive speed looks like victory, and let us add, that he is even worse than he looks. In the Literary Society, we are well represented. In the Glee Club we are there, and constitute no little part, as "Nott" says without him it would have to discontinue its existence.

When the Christmas holidays arrived, they found us all ready to welcome them, as many of us were ill with the disease that is so fatal to "Ducs"—homesickness. Now the holidays are over and we are back at our dear old "Alma Mater" again with no taste for turkey, mince pie or any of the Christmas delicacies, but a natural thirst for study. As the intermediate "exams." are only one month off, and to save the professor too much work and extra expense of buying a new supply of red ink for the finals, we are going to try to prepare ourselves, so will say good-bye until after that period.

* * * * *

Examinations are over, we have not learned the result, but judging from the empty red ink bottles found under the chapel windows, we suppose red is quite prominent.

Goode is a likely candidate for the lecture cutter's medal, though Wingo is not far in the rear—too close to bet against.

None of us are calico sports, not because we could not be, but simply because we do not care to be. Perhaps some of us will add calico to our tickets next session, as most of the upper classmen do. Some of us have already begun to part our hair in the middle, so as to balance our brain.

Now that the final examinations are almost upon us, as my predecessors from the Eastern section of the State have established a reputation that is a light for us, and as I do not wish to make it less brilliant, will have to devote the remainder of the session to study, and when you hear from me again, I will be a second-year man instead of a "Duc."

J. WISE SMITH, Historian.





The Young Men's Christian Association.

OFFICERS.

W. R. MASON	President
JOHN L. LONG	Vice-President
T. L. SINCLAIR	Treasurer
C. L. TURNIPSEED	Recording Secretary
L. D. VAUGHAN	Corresponding Secretary

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

W. T. HODGES	Bible Study
JOHN L. LONG	Devotional
L. D. VAUGHAN	Missionary
T. L. SINCLAIR	Finance
J. S. WILSON	Membership
W. N. SHACKLEFORD	Sick
E. C. TAYLOR	Room

The Y. M. C. A.

EARLY in the session of 1888-'89 our Young Men's Christian Association was established. Realizing that "in union is strength," the Christian students met, and Mr. J. L. Hunter, of Norfolk, was elected president.

Difficulties beset the new organization on all sides; but, through the blessings of providence and the tireless efforts of the president, they were all overcome. A generous friend in town offered the new association a room which was gladly accepted and fitted up as a reading-room. This was used several years, but when the Taliaferro was completed, a room was secured in the Ewell and used until early last session, when we moved to our splendid new room in the gymnasium. Such, very briefly, is the history of the William and Mary Young Men's Christian Association.

At the opening of the present session our prospects were gloomy enough. But few of our old men had returned, and it necessarily required time and labor to secure as many members as usual. However, largely through the efforts of the president, Mr. Davis, we have sixty-five members and our finances are in a better condition than usual, as is evidenced by the fact that we were able to send a delegate both to the State Convention at Staunton and to the Student Volunteer Convention at Toronto. We hope to send one to the Southern Student's Conference at Asheville also.

It is not our aim to give a detailed account of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in college life, and, if it were, lack of space would forbid. However, we will try to give a brief account of its work and point out a few reasons why all students should become either active or associate members and attend its services regularly. To begin with, it is an indispensable feature of the modern college. What the Athletic Association is to the physical man, and the Literary Society to the intellectual man, the Christian Association is to the moral and spiritual man. Here the Christian students, entirely regardless of denominational ties, are united on common ground, and work together for the spiritual uplifting of their fellow-students. Standing as a unit for the Gentle Nazarene and his teachings, they are the moral leaven of the student body. Another feature is what may be termed filling a gap in the student's time, *Sunday afternoon*. At no other time is he so likely to yield to temptation, for at other times he is in some way occupied. Six days he is busy with his studies,



V. M. C. A. OFFICERS.

Sunday morning and night he may attend the religious services of his own denomination ; but Sunday evening he is unemployed. Then it is that he would be more apt to break not only the Fourth Commandment but the whole Decalogue than at any other time. But the Young Men's Christian Association offers an opportunity to overcome this temptation. Here may the student meet with his companions, and, in a more or less informal way, worship the Supreme Ruler. Meeting as a band of young men of equal rank in the sight of God, no one need hesitate to take part in the services if he desires to do so.

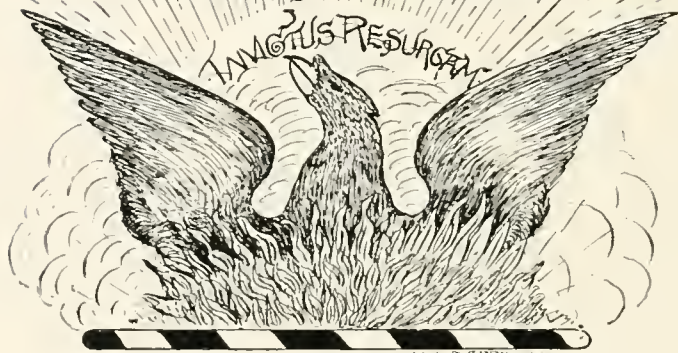
The Bible Study Committee has been very successful this year. The " King's Household of Bible Readers " has a larger membership than usual, and there are three other regular classes in " The Life of Christ," " Studies in the Acts and Epistles" and " Old Testament Characters." These classes have a total membership of thirty-one, and meet regularly to go over their work in detail. In this manner a deep interest in Holy Writ is cultivated and a much better knowledge of the subject is acquired than is possible by casual reading, or even by a close study without the regular meetings and a careful discussion of the lesson.

By no means unimportant features of the work are the Temperance and White Cross Unions. The pledges taken by the members of these two organizations are a great help towards overcoming temptation. They are taken for only one year, but may be, and in almost every case are, renewed at the expiration of that time.

It is very gratifying to know that we have the sympathy of the Faculty in our work. They have always shown themselves willing to aid us in any way they can. Dr. Hall has prepared a series of lectures to be delivered on the first and third Sundays of the spring months. In these lectures he views the Bible from a literary standpoint, but besides treating it as a masterpiece of literature, each time he brings a fresh spiritual message from its sacred pages. In addition to this regular series, he has at various times throughout the year given us helpful lectures. Every Friday night Dr. Bishop gives a lecture bearing on Practical Christianity. Nowhere else in Virginia, we are told, except at the University, has the Young Men's Christian Association this helpful and attractive feature. Dr. Bishop has been an earnest student of the Sacred Volume his whole life long, and in addition to revealing its hidden truths, he always brings a helpful and encouraging message, and applies it to the lives of his hearers.

Before closing, we desire to express our hearty thanks to the ladies of the town for the aid they have always given us. Whenever we have been in need of assistance, all that was necessary was to notify the Ladies Auxiliary, and we have never failed to receive their loyal support.

The
Phoenix
Literary Society.



Phoenix Literary Society.

MOTTO.

Invictus Resurgam.

COLORS.

Red and White.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENTS.

J. S. EASTMAN

J. W. H. CRIM

E. R. BIRD

E. F. BIRCKHEAD

E. H. SMITH

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

T. N. LAWRENCE

C. S. BRUCE

E. F. BIRCKHEAD

J. S. EASTMAN

SECRETARIES.

E. F. BIRCKHEAD

J. H. SUMMERS

E. H. SMITH

W. R. MASON

TREASURER.

W. A. MADDON

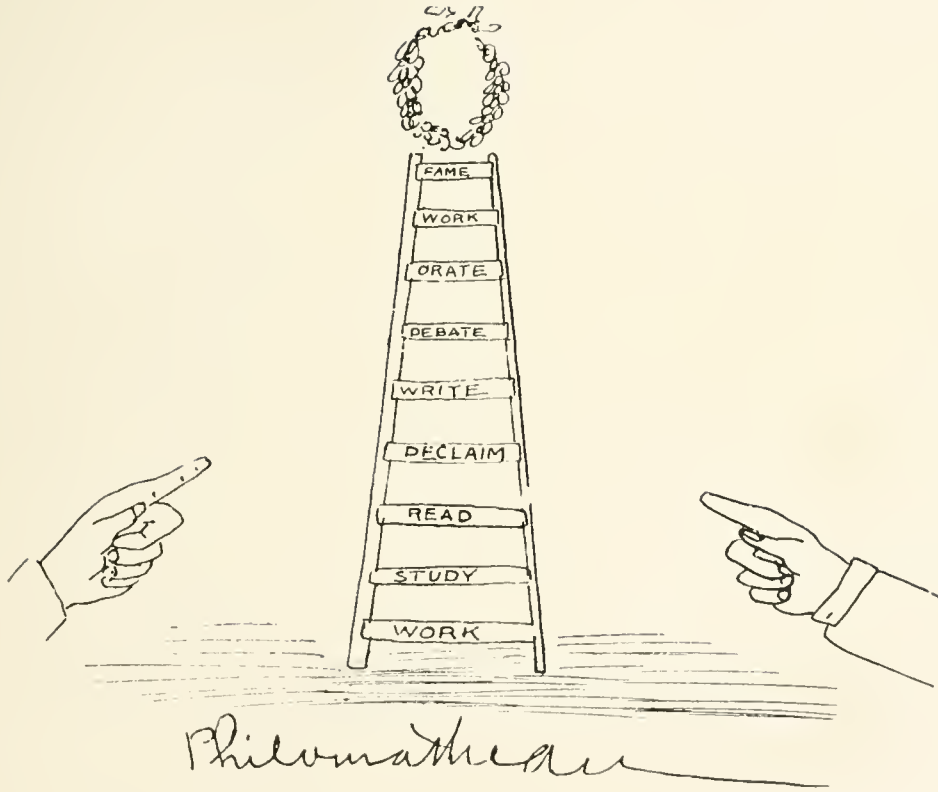
Phoenix Literary Society.

MEMBERS.

S. A. ASHTON	TAYLOR GARNETT	H. T. RISON
E. F. BIRCKHEAD	S. L. HAIZLIP	O. L. SHEWMAKE
J. C. BRISTOW	E. H. HALL	J. H. SUMMERS
C. S. BRUCE	G. L. HOWARD	P. J. STROTHER
B. T. BOWEN	R. A. HOLT	C. D. SHREVE
E. R. BIRD	M. P. HENING	C. S. SMITH
J. W. H. CRIM	R. M. JONES	W. N. SHACKLEFORD
B. S. CLEMENTS	R. D. KIRKPATRICK	E. H. SMITH
C. M. CHICHESTER	T. N. LAWRENCE	J. B. TERRELL
B. C. CHARLES	J. L. LONG	E. M. TERRELL
H. J. DAVIS	W. R. MASON	J. H. WALTON
C. A. DAVIS	W. H. MOORE	W. J. WILKINSON
C. F. DIBBLE	W. A. MADDOX	ARTHUR D. WRIGHT
J. S. EASTMAN	W. E. McDONALD	
J. W. GOSSMAN	W. F. NOTTINGHAM	



PHOENIX LITERARY SOCIETY.



Philomathean Literary Society.

MOTTO.
Praesto et Persto.

COLORS.
Blue and White.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENTS.

W. E. VEST
J. M. ANDERSON

W. T. HODGES
E. S. BRINKLEY

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

L. D. VAUGHAN
F. M. SIZER

R. O. ROGERS
J. S. WILSON

SECRETARIES.

W. T. HODGES
H. L. YOWELL

J. W. SMITH
VIVIAN HASH

TREASURER.

L. D. VAUGHAN

Philomathean Literary Society.

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J. M. ANDERSON	L. BICKERS	H. BLANKINSHIP	
J. G. BOHANNAN	E. S. BRINKLEY	H. H. CHALMERS	
B. M. COX	J. H. CHITWOOD	E. S. COWLES	
W. L. COWLES	W. L. DAVIDSON	T. M. DE SHAZO	
R. B. DUNKLEY	F. C. DAVIS	W. H. FILE	
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F. T. HOLLAND	VIVIAN HASH	D. E. HINTON	
ERNEST JONES	J. W. JACKSON	M. S. JONES	
J. V. JENKINS	M. S. JENKINS	L. N. MAPP	
R. O. ROGERS	C. RIDDICK	R. H. RUFFNER	
J. W. ROBERTSON	F. M. SIZER	J. W. SMITH	
T. B. SMITH	T. L. SINCLAIR	E. J. TAYLOR	
L. D. VAUGHAN	W. E. VEST	J. S. WILSON	
W. W. WOODDRIDGE	J. W. WYATT	J. T. WHITE, JR.	
J. T. WHITLEY	W. A. WEYMOUTH	F. T. WEST, JR.	H. L. YOWELL





PHI KAPPA THETA LITERARY SOCIETY.

Final Men.

Phoenix Literary Society.

C. M. CHICHESTER President
J. H. SUMMERS Secretary
W. A. MADDON Chairman of Executive Committee
R. A. HOLT Chief Marshal

DEBATERS.

J. W. H. CRIM

JNO. L. LONG

ORATORS.

R. M. JONES

O. L. SHEWMAKE

Final Men.

Philomathean Literary Society.

B. M. COX President
W. E. VEST Secretary
E. J. TAYLOR Chairman of Executive Committee
W. A. WEYMOUTH Chief Marshal

DEBATERS.

E. S. COWLES

J. S. WILSON

ORATORS

T. B. SMITH

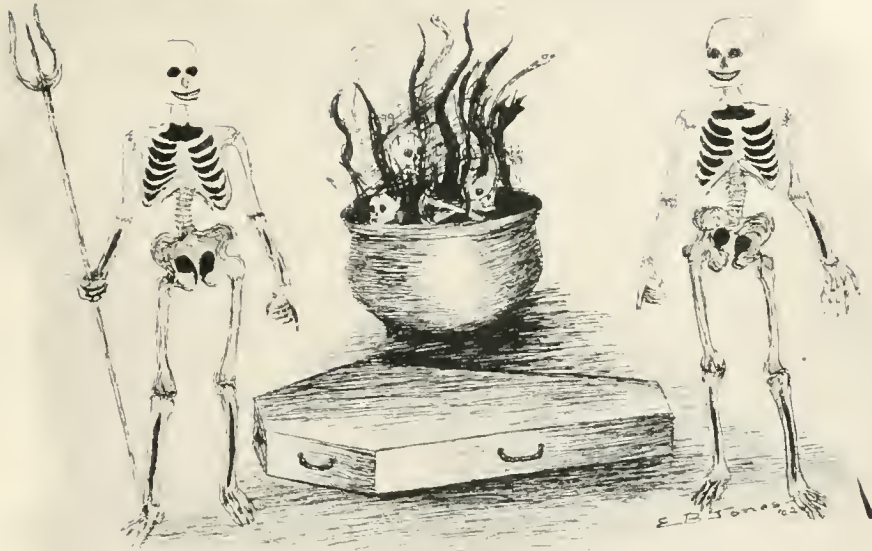
W. H. FILE



PHOENIX FINAL MEN.



PHILOMATHEAN FINAL MEN.



F R A T E R N I T I E S .





KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

Alpha Zeta Chapter.

ESTABLISHED 1890

CHAPTER FLOWER.

Violet.

YELL.

K. A. Kappa !

K. A. Alpha !

Alpha - Zeta !

Kappa ! Alpha !

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

EDWARD RANDOLPH BIRD

CASSIUS MONCURE CHICHESTER

GUY MALCOLM HENING

MABEN SOMERVILLE JONES

ERNEST JONES

ROBERT MCGUIRE JONES

JOHN LINDSEY LONG

WILLIAM HUNTER MOORE

WILLIAM COARD PARSONS

WILLIAM ASHE WEYMOUTH

Fraternity Directory.

FOUNDED at Washington College (now Washington and Lee University), Lexington, Va.,
December 21, 1865.

FOUNDERS: James Ward Wood, William Nelson Scott, Stanhope McClelland, William
A. Walsh.

COLORS.

Crimson and Old Gold.

FLOWERS.

Magnolia and Red Rose.

ROLL OF ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

- Alpha*.—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
- Gamma*.—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
- Delta*.—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
- Epsilon*.—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
- Zeta*.—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
- Eta*.—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
- Theta*.—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
- Kappa*.—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
- Lambda*.—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
- Nu*.—Polytechnic Institute, A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala.
- Ni*.—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
- Omicron*.—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
- Pi*.—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
- Sigma*.—Davidson College, Mecklenburg Co., N. C.
- Upsilon*.—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.
- Phi*.—Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.
- Chi*.—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
- Psi*.—Tulane University, New Orleans, La.
- Omega*.—Centre College, Danville, Ky.
- Alpha-Alpha*.—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
- Alpha-Beta*.—University of Alabama, University, Ala.
- Alpha-Gamma*.—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
- Alpha-Delta*.—William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.
- Alpha-Epsilon*.—S. W. P. University, Clarksville, Tenn.
- Alpha-Zeta*.—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.
- Alpha-Eta*.—Westminster College, Fulton, Mo.
- Alpha-Theta*.—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.
- Alpha-Iota*.—Centenary College, Jackson, La.

Alpha-Kappa.—Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.
Alpha-Lambda.—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Alpha-Mu.—Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss.
Alpha-Nu.—Columbia University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha-Xi.—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Alpha-Omicron.—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha-Pi.—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford University P. O., Cal.
Alpha-Rho.—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.
Alpha-Sigma.—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Alpha-Tau.—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Va.
Alpha-Upsilon.—University of Mississippi, University, Miss.
Alphi-Phi.—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS AND SECRETARIES.

Norfolk, Va.—T. T. Hubard, 50 Bank St.
 Richmond, Va.—W. D. Duke.
 New York City.—Gordon Gordon, 115 Broadway.
 Raleigh, N. C.—Dr. R. S. McGeachy, 112 Halifax St.
 Macon, Ga.—R. D. Feagin.
 Mobile, Ala.—
 Dallas, Texas.—
 Franklin, La.—
 Lexington, Ky.—W. O. Sweeney, Jr.
 Petersburg, Va.—Wm. T. Davis.
 Talladega, Ala.—F. P. McConnell.
 St. Louis, Mo.—T. P. Dudley, Century Building.
 San Francisco, Cal.—Brooke M. Wright, Mills Building.
 Alexandria, La.—R. A. Hunter.
 Jackson, Miss.—Charles P. Manship.
 Atlanta, Ga.—J. H. Sledge, 402 Peachtree St.
 Hampton—Newport News, Va.—H. H. Holt.
 Chattanooga, Tenn.—M. E. Temple.
 Montgomery, Ala.—Ray Jones.
 Augusta, Ga.—C. A. Robbe, Jr.
 Staunton, Va.—
 Jacksonville, Fla.—R. P. Daniel, Jr.
 Meridian, Miss.—

STATE ASSOCIATIONS.

Kappa Alpha State Association of Missouri.—C. E. Dicken, President.
 Kappa Alpha State Association of Georgia.—Julian B. McCurry, President.
 Kappa Alpha State Association of Kentucky.—R. C. Stoll, President.
 Kappa Alpha State Association of Alabama.—J. A. Henderson, President.
 Kappa Alpha State Association of North Carolina.—H. A. Foushee, President.



KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

Kappa Sigma Fraternity.

Nu Chapter.

UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA, 1400

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 1867.

COLORS.

Old Gold, Maroon, and Peacock Blue.

FLOWER.

Lily of the Valley.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

President LYON G. TYLER, LL. D.

REV. W. J. KING

IN COLLEGIO.

J. THOMPSON BOOTH

J. B. JONES

E. D. JONES

B. C. HENSON

T. BLACKWELL SMITH

T. PEACHY SPENCER

JOHN A. HUNDLEY

JOHN TYLER

J. S. WILSON

F. T. WEST, JR.

W. J. WILKINSON

IN URBE.

LITTLEBERRY S. FOSTER

FRANK G. SCOTT

H. E. D. WILSON

J. BLAIR SPENCER

HARRY L. HUNDLEY

SPENCER HENLEY

Directory of Kappa Sigma.

- Beta*—University of Alabama, University, Alabama.
Gamma—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.
Delta—Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina.
Epsilon—Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana.
Zeta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia.
Eta—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Virginia.
Theta—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee.
Iota—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
Kappa—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.
Lambda—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee.
Nu—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.
Pi—Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.
Sigma—Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana.
Tau—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Upsilon—Hampden-Sidney College, Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.
Phi—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville, Tennessee.
Chi—Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.
Psi—University of Maine, Orono, Maine.
Omega—University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.
Alpha-Alpha—University of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland.
Alpha-Beta—Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.
Alpha-Gamma—University of Illinois, Champaign, Illinois.
Alpha-Delta—Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pennsylvania.
Alpha-Epsilon—University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Alpha-Eta—Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha-Theta—Southwestern Baptist University, Jackson, Tennessee.
Alpha-Kappa—Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.
Beta-Pi—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania.
Eta-Prime—Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.
Alpha-Lambda—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont.
Alpha-Nu—Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina.
Alpha-Ni—Bethel College, Russellville, Kentucky.
Alpha-Pi—Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana.
Alpha-Rho—Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
Alpha-Sigma—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.
Alpha-Tau—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Georgia.
Alpha-Upsilon—Millsaps College, Jackson, Mississippi.
Alpha-Phi—Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.
Alpha Chi—Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Illinois.

Alpha-Psi—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska.
Alpha-Omega—William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri.
Beta-Alpha—Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island.
Beta-Beta—Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia.
Beta-Gamma—Missouri State University, Columbus, Missouri.
Beta-Delta—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pennsylvania.
Beta-Epsilon—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.
Beta-Zeta—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford University, California.
Beta-Eta—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn Alabama.
Beta-Theta—University of Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana.
Beta-Iota—Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.
Beta-Kappa—New Hampshire College, Durham, New Hampshire.
Beta-Lambda—University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia.
Beta-Mu—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Beta-Nu—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Kentucky.
Beta-Vi—University of California, Berkeley, California.
Beta-Omicron—University of Denver, University Park, Colorado.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Yazoo City, Mississippi.	Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.	New York, New York.
New Orleans, Louisiana.	Chicago, Illinois.
Indianapolis, Indiana.	St. Louis, Missouri.
Pine Bluff, Arkansas.	Ruston, Louisiana.
Boston, Massachusetts.	Chihuahua, Mexico.
Memphis, Tennessee.	Buffalo, New York.
Waco, Texas.	San Francisco, California.
	Danville, Virginia.



ΠΚΑ

Φ. Φ. Κ. Α.



PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 1868.

COLORS.

Garnet and Old Gold.

FLOWER.

Lily of the Valley.

YELL.

Rah ! Rah ! Ralpha !

Rah ! Rah ! Ralpha !

Gamma ! Gamma !

Pi Kappa Alpha !

Chapters.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

- Alpha*—University of Virginia, Charlottesville.
Beta—Davidson College, North Carolina.
Gamma—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.
Zeta—University of Tennessee, Knoxville.
Theta—S. W. P. U., Clarksville, Tennessee.
Iota—Hampden-Sidney, Virginia.
Kappa—Kentucky University, Lexington.
Mu—Presbyterian College, Clinton, South Carolina.
Nu—Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina.
Omicron—Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia.
Pi—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia.
Rho—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tennessee.
Sigma—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee.
Tau—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.
Upsilon—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn.
Phi—Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia.
Chi—University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.
Psi—Georgia Agricultural College, Dahunega.
Omega—Kentucky State College, Lexington.
Alpha-Alpha—Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.
Alpha-Beta—Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana.

ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

- Alumnus Alpha—Richmond, Virginia.
Alumnus Beta—Memphis, Tennessee.
Alumnus Gamma—White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.
Alumnus Delta—Charleston South Carolina.
Alumnus Epsilon—Norfolk, Virginia.
Alumnus Zeta—Dillon, South Carolina.
Alumnus Eta—New Orleans, Louisiana.
Alumnus Theta—Dallas, Texas.
Alumnus Iota—Knoxville Tennessee.

Pi Kappa Alpha.

Gamma Chapter.

CHARTERED 1871.

CHAPTER FLOWER.

Pansy.

FRATRES IN URBE.

G. A. HANKINS, M. D.

DUDLEY R. COWLES

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

E. S. COWLES

J. GORDON BOHANNAN

R. B. DADE

S. C. BLACKISTON

S. S. HUGHES

J. B. LAMB

TAYLOR GARNETT

E. H. SMITH

C. D. MILLER

M. C. BARNES

W. F. NOTTINGHAM

T. P. FORBES

L. M. DADE

C. H. TABER





J.H. Chitwood

W.A. Maddox

W.T. Hodges

H.J. DAVIS

A.D. Wright

J.W. JACKSON

R.A. HOLT

Mu Pi Lambda Fraternity.

Virginia Gamma Chapter.

ESTABLISHED APRIL 8, 1901.

CHAPTER FLOWER.

White Rose.

YELL.

Rah ! Rah ! Lambda,
Sis ! Boom ! Lambda.
Virginia Gamma Chapter
Mu Pi Lambda.

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO.

H. JACKSON DAVIS

WILLIAM THOMAS HODGES

W. ARTHUR MADDON

JOSEPH HOWARD CHITWOOD

ARTHUR DAVIS WRIGHT

ROBERT ARMISTEAD HOLT

JAMES WALKER JACKSON

Mu Pi Lambda Fraternity.

FOUNDED AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY 1895.

COLORS.

Orange and Royal Purple.

FLOWER.

Carnation.

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Virginia Alpha—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

Virginia Beta—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

Virginia Gamma—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va.

West Virginia Alpha—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.

Massachusetts Alpha—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

Missouri Alpha—Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.

ILK

C.D. SHREVE REPRESENTATIVE

Order of Loyal Knights.

IN 1898 there was established at William and Mary College a secret organization known as the Order of Loyal Knights. This organization is a simple order created for the benefit of those non-fraternity students who appreciate the pleasure of meeting on common ground with their fellow-students, and treating the same in a brotherly manner.

We wish to state that we are in no sense a college fraternity of the Greek letter type, but only an organization composed of non-fraternity students, and based purely on democratic principles.

Our motive is to bestow honors upon those deserving them, regardless of their position in college society. It is not our aim to create strife, but to allay it, for we believe in looking upon the whole student body as one class of fellow-students laboring together for the same end.

The Order has proven to be a success by its steady increase in membership and popularity. Since the establishment of the Order we have succeeded in organizing a chapter at our sister college, The State Female Normal School at Farmville, which has grown so rapidly that to-day it is the one bright star that keeps bright the society of that institution.

While the order is at present confined to the above named institutions, we wish to state that our ideas and principles are the same as those held by many other colleges throughout the South, as is clearly shown by the organization of a similar order in one of our Southern universities.

We hope that the time is not far distant when the non-fraternity element of the South will form themselves into a society for the protection and vindication of their rights.

REPRESENTATIVE.



German Club.

OFFICERS.

J. THOMPSON BOOTH President
W. ARTHUR MADDOX Secretary
C. M. CHICHESTER Treasurer

FINAL OFFICERS.

R. M. JONES President
C. M. CHICHESTER Treasurer

MEMBERS.

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E. S. COWLES		W. L. COWLES
J. W. H. CRIM	C. M. CHICHESTER	R. B. DADE
L. M. DADE		L. S. FOSTER
J. W. GOSSMAN	R. A. HOLT	B. C. HENSON
G. L. HOWARD		J. A. HUNDLEY
M. P. HENING	B. F. IDEN	J. W. JACKSON
R. M. JONES		M. S. JONES
J. S. JENKINS	J. L. LONG	J. B. LAMB
HUNTER MOORE		W. A. MADDOX
W. F. NOTTINGHAM	T. B. SMITH	C. D. SHREVE
F. G. SCOTT		O. L. SHEWMAKE
T. P. SPENCER	W. A. WEYMOUTH	F. T. WEST
		R. O. ROGERS



William and Mary Glee Club.

E. STANLEY BRINKLEY Director

VOCAL.

FIRST TENORS.

J. T. BOOTH	MALCOLM HENING	T. PEACHY SPENCER
	C. H. TABER	

SECOND TENORS.

R. B. DADE	J. A. HUNDLEY	E. S. BRINKLEY
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FIRST BASSES.

J. H. SUMMERS	J. WILL GOSSMAN	W. F. NOTTINGHAM
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SECOND BASSES.

LEE DADE	O. L. SHEWMAKE	R. A. HOLT
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INSTRUMENTAL.

LEE DADE	Violin
C. H. TABER	First Mandolin
R. A. HOLT	Second Mandolin
R. B. DADE	Guitar



GLEE CLUB.

DRAMATIC



STUB.



#

The William and Mary Dramatic Club.

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MISS ROSA EMORY Vice-President
MISS VIRGINIA B. BRAITHWAITE Secretary
MR. R. M. JONES Treasurer
MR. J. W. GOSSMAN General Manager

STAGE MANAGERS.

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MASTERS OF PROPERTY.

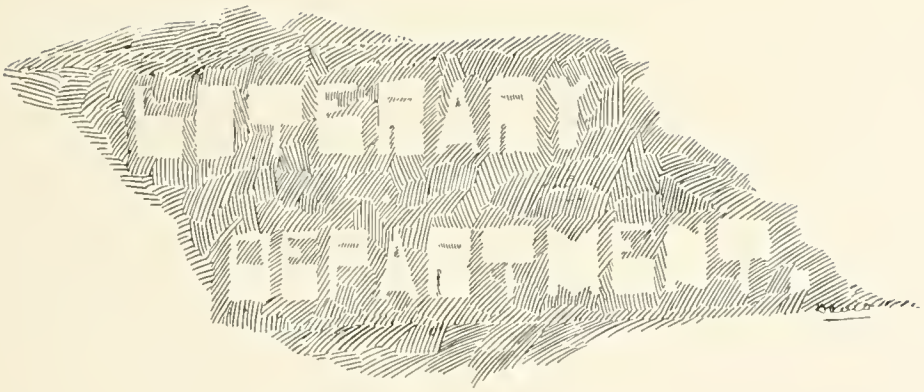
MR. T. P. SPENCER MR. J. A. HUNDLEY

MEMBERS.

R. M. JONES W. A. MADDON J. A. HUNDLEY
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MISS ROSA EMORY MISS LUCILE FOSTER
MISS L. G. HENLEY



DRAMATIC CLUB.



A little later a tall, broad-shouldered man came out at the front door, and mounting a horse which a negro boy had brought around from the back yard, he rode off with his companion.

At the end of the lane they joined a band of waiting huntsmen and galloped off down the road, with the impatient pack of hounds running eagerly among the forest trees before them. The sound of the huntsmen's horns and the deep bay of the dogs had been echoing for several hours through the forest before the wily fox had been captured. Late in the day, the hounds, at full cry, cornered him in a little ravine. Welton was the first huntsman in at the death, and when he reached there the fox was making a desperate fight for life, though surrounded by the whole pack. As he leaped from his horse and ran down the side of the ravine, however, he was surprised to see a young girl standing among the dogs, watching the dying fox. On the other side, at the top of the ravine, stood another girl, one hand full of ferns and autumn leaves and the other yet grasping a branch, from which her companion had been breaking wild grapes.

Helen Grey and Maud Wythe had been schoolmates, and Maud had come from Chesterfield to visit her old friend; together they had wandered into the woods, gathering the ferns and wild grapes, when the cry of the dogs had suddenly interrupted them. When Welton had called off the dogs and cut the brush from the dead fox, he presented it to Maud. "To the first in at the death belongs the trophy of the hunt, Miss Wythe," he said. "O! how fine of you," she shouted; "Helen! Helen! come here," she called to her friend, who stood on the hill even yet too frightened to descend.

In the meantime the other huntsmen had dismounted, and a gay group gathered around the ladies, and received from them the promise to go on the hunt the next day. But Bernardo Lascara stood sullenly aside, only raising his hat slightly, as he saw the ladies, and when the huntsmen rode off together he complained angrily because the girls had been asked to join them the next day.

Bernardo Lascara was an only son. His father, the old Count Lascara, was an Italian of rank and culture, who becoming enamoured of a beautiful Virginian, had forgotten the old vineclad home of his father in the far-away sunny hills of Italy, for the sake of his beautiful bride. At the death of her parents they had inherited Foxhill and its stately old house, built in long by-gone years. Bernardo had been heir alike of his mother's wealth and the dark, wild, handsome face of his father. He was a strange but beautiful child, and had grown into a yet stranger man. Affectionate and generous, he was devotedly loved by his friends; but when angry he strode like a maniac up and down the great rooms of Foxhill, with clenched fists, and wild, flashing eyes. At such times, it was rumored, nothing could restrain him, nor did any reason direct his acts. From childhood he had possessed a handsome face, with fine brown eyes and black curling hair, but he had ever shunned the society of women and found pleasure only in his books and his passionate fondness for the chase

But day by day, as Maud Wythe joined the huntsmen in the chase, a wild love came over Bernardo, and in his strange, impetuous manner he wooed and won her. On one damp fall day when the chill winds of November were hurling the brown oak leaves against the church windows, and the rain was falling in a fine drizzle, Richard Welton walked by the bridegroom to the altar, with a heavy heart.

Thus Foxhill Manor gained a mistress. Yet all was as it had been there, save in the house itself, where a woman's hand wrought many changes. The days went on, and the lover became the tyrant; he loved with a selfish love; worshiping his wife in his strange way, he feared lest some one else should kneel at the same shrine. His hunting friends came as of old, but they never beheld the beautiful lady of the Manor; her friends came from the city, but their visits were rarely returned. Yet the stubborn strength of the girl was not broken; she grew restless and petulant, and often gave expression to her anger, but her wrath only brought upon him fits of madness.

At last she would endure it no longer; he had his pleasures in the hunt, and she determined to have hers while he was gone. Often he was away days at a time on hunting trips, and on such an occasion she would give an entertainment to her friends, and be the gay hostess as of old.

She confided her plans to Richard Welton who promised that he would leave the hunt in time to be present at the party. Bernardo had told her of a hunting trip on which he would go and be absent several days. It was on the evening after he should leave that she intended to give the entertainment. The night was clear and cold, lit by the silver moon and the myriad hosts of the stars. The guests arrived early from all the adjacent country, and from the little town. The wide, old-fashioned hall made an excellent ball-room, and 't was a sight to warm ones heart to see the handsome couples moving over its polished floor.

As the night grew late Maud led her guests to the dining-room. She was a beautiful sight that night, wearing a simple but handsome white satin gown, which showed, in splendid contrast, her fair clear complexion and dark auburn hair. The long, handsome old table, set with antique blue crockery, brilliant cut glass, and heavy silver, was laden with every delicacy. At the head, Maud sat, paying graceful attention to the needs of every guest, while to her left sat Richard Welton, chatting gaily. When the wine was brought on some one proposed a toast "To our beautiful hostess," and Richard Welton followed it with one "To our absent host." Maud, who had not responded to the first, now raised her glass, but even as she put her lips to the edge she heard the swift canter of a horse and the quick, stern voice of Bernardo, as he gave the bridle to a negro who had met him. Without the pause of a moment or the tremble of her lip she drained the glass, but a swift color came over her cheek.

Down the long hall came Bernardo's heavy tread, and the door was thrown impetuously open. In the doorway, Bernardo stopped, his eyes flashing with the

fire of a sudden madness. He was clad in a rough riding suit, with a belt around his waist, at one side of which hung a short hunting-knife. "What means this, Maud?" he shouted angrily; then advancing a step, he waved his hand to the door, "Leave this place, all of you!" Swiftly rising, Maud ran to him, and throwing her beautiful arms about his neck, strove to bring his face to hers. "Don't, Bernardo," she said, softly, "they're only my friends." "Fool!" he shouted, wildly, his brown eyes now glaring like those of a maniac, "fool that I was, I will be fool no longer." As he spoke he drew the knife from his belt with a quick movement and held her from him with his other hand. But another eye had seen the motion, and a hand swifter than his own had been uplifted. Richard Welton, turning the fruit upon the table, grasped one of the heavy silver platters and hurled it with strength and skill at the head of the crazed man. It struck him on the temple and he fell as if stunned by the blow of an axe. The company looked on aghast: there the table stood with its splendid setting, covered with luscious fruits and beautiful confections, and around it the guests in their rich garments, while on the floor lay the unconscious man, his wife kneeling beside him. She took his bleeding head in her lap and the dark blood ran down in crimson streams over her white satin dress. In a moment several men were at her side and raised the limp form of Bernardo and carried him to his room.

When morning broke a doctor was still leaning over Bernardo. "Consciousness is returning," he said, and beckoned to his wife. Bernardo opened his eyes and saw her. "Maud," he whispered, "you can't forgive me, I won't ask it. But it was only my mind, I was all wrong here," and he touched his forehead. "Hush, dear," she said, "there is nothing to forgive, and if there were I should do it gladly." She leaned over and kissed him tenderly. "Thank you, Maud," he said, "Oh how——," his voice broke and he became again unconscious. After a little his eyes opened; the calmness had left them: they burned now like coals of fire. "Curse him," he cried, "why has he left the hunt? I shall seek him there. What does this mean, Maud? Out of here, all." He fell back struggling; the blood flowed from his mouth and he again became unconscious.

* * * * *

The snow came late in Virginia and the first flakes of the season had been falling, though December was nearly past. There was little travel on the country road that passed Foxhill and the snow was scarcely marked by the track of a single wheel. Only the footprints of a little hare that had crossed it and of the snowbirds that flew from rail to rail of the fence that ran beside it. It was near the hour of twilight, and the only sound to break the stillness was the tolling of a distant church bell. Then through the gate of Foxhill came a long procession of carriages slowly filing on toward the church. After the service, a strange behest he had once given his friends was fulfilled; over his grave three blasts of their hunting-horns were given by his old companions of the chase.

Deep in the wood a fox, wearied by his tramp through the snow, stopped a while to rest, but when he heard the horns he dashed away into the deeper shades of the forest ; but the dogs of Foxhill answered the blasts with loud, dismal barking.

By the window of Foxhill Manor sat a woman with red and swollen eyes ; she heard the horn blow and the answering bay of the hounds, and wept anew, while the vision came to her of what might have been, yet was not. Outside, in a bare maple, a little owl hooted mournfully, and in the dark forest a fox was barking ; all else was silent and still.

TOBY ROISTER.



The Fane of Knowledge.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

Ere yet the immortal century had begun,
When goddess Freedom, Pallas-like, was born,
From out the brow of young Columbia sprung,
To lift and shield the grovelling hordes, who fawn
In slavish service to some son of earth,
Whose only merit is his royal birth:
Then midst the new world's wilderness was raised
An altar to sweet Knowledge, whose young fires,
First kindled from the old world's shrine, soon blazed
A beacon to Virginia's new-made shires,
And taught her sons; who in the hour of need
Preserved their State by wise and noble deed.
The spirit that was born when first began
The college whose fair fame I proudly sing,
Through Jefferson, her young disciple, ran,
And spoke when Marshall's voice was heard to ring,
Ay, and inspired that host whose every name
Is deep engraven in the halls of Fame.
When swept by storms of steel and war, a while,
Her halls deserted, then her fires burned low;
No footsteps echoed down her chapel's aisle;
In empty memory of the long ago
Her bell pealed out, but urged no hastening feet
To swifter speed across the grass-grown street.
Yet from the dust, dove-like, with silver crest,
She rose, her ruffled pinions still unstained;
The sunlight shimmered on her snowy breast,
As up she soared, while seasons waxed and waned,
Yet in her bill no olive branch bore she,
But in its stead a twig from Wisdom's tree.
The speeding years in widening circles spread,
As o'er Time's ocean face they noiseless run;
And yet the fane of Knowledge still is fed
With fire, whose sacred flame inspires each son
With that same noble love of Wisdom's light
That made, and yet shall make, our nation's might.
Great has its mission been, and great shall be;
Belittled but by those who know it not;
Where now it stands, may eyes of ours ne'er see
A fireless fane by faithless priests forgot;
But still may flames upon its altar rise,
A brighter beacon, under brighter skies.

“A Word to the Wise.”

IT WAS late summer at a fashionable watering place. The season was far gone. It was too late for mosquitoes and too early for frost. Cupid had been busily at work during the entire warm spell; he had numbered his conquests by the thousand. History, both sacred and profane, teaches us that it was ever so. Among the victims of the designs of the winged god were two interesting young persons who were enjoying their first affair, so to speak,—the one an enterprising young pork packer from Cincinnati, the other a winsome Southern lass from Savannah. They had met on equal ground—the one bashful, timid, yet in love; the other sancy, mischievous, yet fond of adventure.

They had strolled together through the shady lanes and over the whitened sands; they had talked together about many things; they had read to each other about goblins, and knights of old, and cooking schools. She had told him how she adored Richard Harding Davis, and he had told her how they cured hams in Cincinnati; and these two had, in their chatterings and musings, covered nearly the whole wide range of human understanding. Yet, he was afraid to speak of love; for he reasoned that the time was not yet come and probably, like Plato, he reasoned well. The man who knows when is wise,—so I say unto them, let the women do the hinting, and all will be well. Byronically speaking, pardon the digression.

This man from Ohio, however, was determined to speak at some time, though he may never have done so had he not received a telegram one afternoon calling him home on the night train. The situation was interesting to a fault. He had four hours left and had never spoken a word of love to her. Strange to say, many persons, being but human, imagined that he had, and thought that only the banns were now necessary. Still, there was no ring.

When the telegram came the young man from Cincinnati swore savagely. Then he very properly got mad with himself, which was the right thing, as he had no one else to blame, save possibly the girl. After pondering a while he put on his cream flannels and invited the girl to go rowing. She jumped at the idea, for possibly this was the last row, and then some other fellow would have a chance to say what he had not said.

They strolled down to the little bridge. He passed her in and unfastened the boat,—he, clad in cream flannels (*supra*), and she in PK (*short form*); and

together they floated down the stream of life, both wondering what he was going to say. Be it remembered that she was a most enthusiastic boatwoman and delighted in rowing. She took much pride in sitting in the stern and directing the course of the boat.

They glided along gently for perhaps half a mile, when he stopped and mopped his brow, remarking that his time at Barnacle Beach was far too short.

"Yes," said she, fully as short.

"I shall never forget this one summer," he faltered.—"I—"

"Look out for the stake ahead of you," she firmly warned.

He pulled on the port oar and began again,—

"This being with you has meant much to me,—"

"Your oar is slipping overboard," she said, leaning forward.

He shipped his oars and rowed steadily for a while ; then thinking that he might speak with impunity, said,—

"May I write when I get back to Cincinnati?"

"Yes, if you are good."

"May I tell you—" he leaned forward eagerly.

"Trim the boat," she cried, "or you will topple us over."

He sat back once more and thought of his past life, and he ran a few things over in his mind which were not at all orthodox ; but he was a persevering man, and, we should presume, loved the girl.

"Rowena," he said in a tone that there was no mistaking,— "all these weeks and days I have thought only of you. Since knowing you there has come into my life,—"

"Oh-h-h-h-h," she screamed, "there is a great boat bearing down upon us ; row for our lives."

He seized the oars and he rowed. In due time they reached the shore. He escorted her to her cottage, bade her good-bye, and went forth into the night.

Three weeks later—when he had thought it all over—he proposed by special delivery letter ; but the second man had proposed one moonlight night on the piazza, thereby showing good judgment.

So here endeth the sad story of the obtuse young man from Cincinnati, who did not know where to propose and the acute young Miss from Savannah who knew how to stop him.

NAT PRUNE.

Reveries of a Summer Evening.

Deep down in the recess of each human heart
Lies buried some tale to the world yet untold;
Some sorrow the lips could never impart,
For words its deep secret could never unfold.

How often in circles where joy reigns supreme,
When anguish and sorrow seem fled far away,
Does there suddenly over the human heart gleam
The thought that pleasures are but for a day.

How fleeting and transient life seems to the soul,
When mem'ry revisits the chamber of Death,
When the human heart kneels at the foot of a knoll
Which tells of a life that was slain with a breath.

How joyous and happy life seems to the maid
Approaching the altar with pledges of love;
How anxious and lonely when Time has portrayed
The sorrows that follow wherever we rove.

How proud is the mother of that little one,
Her first-born, which nestles its head on her breast;
How crushed are her hopes when from her he is borne,
Beneath the cold earth forever to rest.

How buoyant and cheering life seems to the youth
While walking the gardens where bright hopes have bloomed;
How empty and fragile at the first dawn of truth
That in sorrow those hopes must soon be entombed.

With faith in himself and with faith in the world,
He launches his bark on the dark sea of life;
The banner "Excelsior" o'er his head is unfurled,
But 't is often borne down in conflict and strife.

He gathers the treasures for which he has fought,
And raises his eyes to the face of his God:
He learns that the treasures in vanity sought
Lead to death, and he must pass under the rod.

Then live not for pleasure, nor yet live for fame,
For glory or riches, which cling to the sod;
Live for man, that angels may write your name
On the scroll that numbers the children of God.

As the leaf that trembles with each passing breeze,
Grows brighter when touched by Autumn's cold breath,
So sorrow grows sweeter when taken from ease
To dwell on the memories that linger 'round death.

How fragrant and lovely the rose in its bloom,
When dewdrops have bathed its fair face for the morn;
The breezes soon find each petal a tomb;
Instead of the roses we now see a thorn.

DUDLEY R. COWLES.



Childe Hood's Pilgrimage.

Immortal city! Thou whose changing weather
And ever-changing aspect makes the air
Seem heavy, and forbids our guessing whether
The next day will be dark or clear and fair;
Too often hast thou made my proud feet share
Thy watery ways, and seemed too often rude
When down thy streets I've puddled and did bear
My limbs reluctant through thine ooze and mud,
And deemed thee worthier far than my proud spirit should.

These are the first impressions which I found
Thou leav'st on young untutored minds as mine,
And lasting, too, for near three months thy ground
Was covered with a long and gloomy line
Of mud-holes on which sunlight ne'er did shine;
They seemed to be a portion of thy clay
And sand and shells; through them the numerous kine
Would splash and plod their froward, awkward way,
And o'er thy streets would hold their undisputed sway.

But this in me is rude; I should respect
The years which weigh upon thy famous streets;
Though marked with splendid footprints, sheer neglect
Has made it seem (where Duke of Gloucester meets
At either end two arms) that she retreats
(I thus make sex of thing inanimate)
In four directions—and upon them heats
The sun their sands—this truly I relate,
For through and over them too oft has been my fate

To ride the steed of steel; when I recall
The treacherous bogs of mud and slime and sand,
Which many times did cause me brutal fall,
And think that I am able still to stand
In stalwart wholeness, I can now command
My tongue be silent and dare not profane
The air with its abuse of thy proud land,
Which neither drinks nor soaks its spacious rain,
But bears it on its breast till more falls on again.

But what care I what weather thou lik'st best
 So long as thou canst hold thy head above
 Thy waves and feel upon thy head is prest
 The crown of light, of beauty, life, and love—
 So long shalt thou in adoration prove
 To all the world, thy worshipper, that thou
 Art inspiration's fount, and yet dost move
 The hearts of countless tourists, when they plow
 Their way through thy churchyard, pursued by some vain cow.

The extended arms of thy main street lead where?
 To Jamestown, Yorktown, King's Mill, Carter's Grove;
 Four famous sites that evenly do share
 Immortal glory—such is now the love
 Of him who knows them, that their charms do move
 Him to forget the sands through which he tramped,
 When on some evening—the skies fair above—
 Returned he from their meadows, sore and cramped,
 With yet their beauty's glow upon his image stamped.

Venerable Jamestown! Thou art decaved!
 "Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great."
 Would that a ruling Providence had stayed
 The hand of Time which, ruthless, sealed thy fate;
 Would that the words of those who oft relate
 Thy worthy past, could lend me *half* their power,
 I would pour praise to thee at this late date
 As if I'd seen and known thy grander hour,
 When thou had'st more to show than one lone desolate tower.



Though months have passed since my last sad farewell,
 My soul in retrospect still clings to thee:
 For I remember and recall full well
 How in the May-time—thirteenth it may be,
 Or twenty-sixth—thou bad'st me come and see
 Thee in thy hoariness of years, and share
 With other lovers thy fond company.
 When to thy shrine a while would make repair
 The lovely and the brave, bold youths and maidens fair.

That day in sooth were glorious holiday!
 Right welcome to the student's heart it came;
 It bade him then his weary toils repay
 By seeking out some pretty, loving dame,
 Whose darting, flashing, brilliant eyes would flame
 His soul with passion, and make him forget
 His hated books, his waking hours of shame—
 In *Athens of Virginia* maids are met
 Would pale the Trojan blonde or shame the Nile brunette.

Birthplace of a nation! 'T is all in vain
I pour my heart and spirit out to thee;
Fond recollections crowding on my brain
Confuse the scenes which I in mem'ry see.
The yellow river rolling to the sea,
Kissing, ay caressing, thy peaceful shore,
Awakes the lover's heart and lyre in me,
And bids me sing the song while I adore,
And to thy glorious name these feeble accents pour:

O, Jamestown! Thy deserted isle
Is mute in anguish now:
Thou wearest no triumphant *smile*,
But sorrow on thy brow.
Possessed with but a gorgon face
Of woe and ruin—that these displace
Thy fame I disavow,
For who on thy proud dust could tread
Nor feel the glory round thee shed?

Upon thy ancient, crumbling tower
The sunshine pours its gold,
Above its head the tempests lower
And winds sweep round it cold:
Although by war and fire 't is rent,
It stands, thy proudest monument,
And bids me to behold
This famous pile of early morn
At eve by man so rudely torn.

But thou hast monuments which last,
If not this failing earth,
As long as Time his darts shall cast,
Despite thy mournful dearth.
A nation is thy offspring—bow
Thy hoary head to think that thou
Shouldst e'er have given birth
To child of such ungrateful mind!
Forgets thee when thou 'rt old and blind.

He little recks the stifling pang
Endured that he might be;
When war-whoop through the forest rang,
The savage's hellish glee:
When fire and blood and massacre,
And all attendant horrors that were
Played round his infancy,
Thou stood'st above his cradled form
And braved the fury of the storm.

But he'll remember thee; and when
 His wand'ring footsteps roam,
 Will leave the haunts of savage men
 And turn his heart toward home:
 Will honor in thy lonely hour
 Thy lost and long "abandoned power,"
 A nation's epitome:
 Will hear the story of his birth
 Repeated by the sons of earth.



In years not distant this shall be,
 And till that time, farewell:
 If I may not in person see
 My blessings with thee dwell,
 My heart with joy shalt leap when thou
 Shalt wipe the sorrow from thy brow:
 My bosom proudly swell
 To see thy child, called not in vain,
 Return, thine own, to thee again.

But I must on to where the noble York
 Rolls his broad tide majestic to the sea.
 On Yorktown's plain there is a nobler work
 Of art in marble than we e'er may see
 In Southern land, in aught our pride may be.
 'T was here that Britain fought, but fought in vain
 (Washington's sword declared her daughter free);
 And when in woe she left the reeking plain,
 She sought her ancient shores to mourn her chosen slain.

Fair Freedom's field! Fame marked thee as her own,
 And History with her voice sustains the claim:
 Of all the splendid triumphs time has shown,
 Not one outshines thy bright untarnished name!
 Go stand along with Marathon, and shame
 The vaunted carnage of a thousand plains,
 Where blood in torrents flowed, yet, still the same
 Tyranny has bound them with despot's chains,
 While over all their land in brutal pomp she reigns.

I must not linger on this sacred spot,
 Nor tread but softly on its hallowed clay:
 With those who love it I must share the lot
 Of having seen it in its rude decay:
 Its ancient glory all but passed away!
 Yet ere I turn me from this famous soil,
 I'll soothe my sadness with this plaintive lay:
 And while my thoughts shall vainly strive to foil
 The sorrow of my mind, with words like these I toil:

Farewell to thee, thou field of glorious gain,
Where Freedom's triumph broke the tyrant's chain;
Where every step that left its hideous stain
Was washed with blood upon thy anxious plain,
And every blow that wrung thy breast with pain
Was dealt with pride, nor (haply) dealt in vain.
Farewell, I sing, yet linger in my song
As loath to leave the place I loved so long,

When every charm that binds me to thy strand
Begets a charm that I can not withstand;
No clash of arms along thy shores resound,
Upon thy plain no martial host is found,
But silence spreads its sombreness around.
Thy granite column, of majestic mien,
Surveys at lofty range the quiet scene,
While Nelson's home (that once-heroic pile
Refused a shelter in its loyal aisle
To British trooper), though through its proud hall
The tourist roams, is tott'ring to its fall.
Thy stream majestic, ocean's sturdy arm,
Still rolls its tide with undiminished charm;
Though changed, thyself, by time—and human wrong—
Unchanged it flows in sullenness along:
Its breast the same as on the day it bore
De Grasse's fleet, whose thund'ring cannon's roar
Compelled the foe to quit thy sacred shore.
Farewell, I sing, a third time, this I mean,
To leave anon thy worn and weary scene;
To other strands I pass, nor pass in haste,
Else would I long have left thy magic waste.
Reluctantly I leave thee; thou hast kept
My heart so long that each receding step
That marks a farther distance is but slow,
And from thyself I sadly, fondly, go.

Yet on I wander, till my footstep's tread
Is echoed in no clay of hallowed mold;
King's Mill inspires no memories of the dead,
Awakes in me no deeds so brave and bold
As those which Yorktown's plain bids me behold.
It boasts no martial host, no famous pile,
No battle won, no trophied column cold;
Its only claim—and on such claim we smile—
Is this: Its distance is, from Williamsburg, four miles.

I will not tarry here, for I did ne'er
In such a place find aught but nature fair ;
Though others oft have found a refuge here,
And in the summer heat have loved to bare
Their lazy limbs, and breathed the stifled air,
I have not counted as true pleasure these,
But from its shore, where sand and sea-shells glare,
I would retreat to where the cooling breeze
Would fan with gentle wind the tall and foliaged trees.

Let those who yet love much the waves that lash
This gloomy, dismal, and all-tiresome shore,
Continue still to sport and play and splash,
Nor deem that their bright, youthful days are o'er ;
But I will pass, as I have said before,
To other scenes, nor rest here in my song :
Will wend my way to what I loved the more,
For all the time its halls I've dwelt among,
Where every youthful joy hath wooed me much and long.

Ah! those were days that time can not recall,
Such happy days of which youth loves to boast ;
When everything that made them, great and small,
Was what we prized and loved and honored most ;
All, all is past, and now my words are lost
In thoughts too deep, in saddened memory,
When every joy that well repaid its cost
Of lectures spurned, of lost B. A. degree,
Is crowding on my brain in fruitless reverie.

But I awake, and start, when in my dream
Of pleasures past I see thee, Carter's Grove !
When I bethink how many times the stream
That flows so sweetly past this home I love
Has risen in its wrath as loth to move
Within the banks which nature doth provide,
Which seeks to find some new, unnatural cove ;
It seems that all the field and world beside
Is but a bed upon which rolls this mighty tide.

But nature hath a barrier reared for thee
To check the river's sudden overflow,
For ere this tributary of the sea
Would urge its briny waters, grim and slow,
Up to thy hall, as if it fain would show
Its mastership, ay lordship, over all,
Thy natural rampart would forbid it go
Beyond the line which marks its rise and fall,
So from this wall of earth its yellow waves recall.

Around this lovely spot there is a charm
Such as no other place to me can lend;
The very blood within my vein grows warm
Whene'er upon its name my thoughts attend.
Ah! how much more delightful then to spend
The hours within this pleasure-giving dome
Than o'er dull books the jaded form to bend;
Here may we rove mid varied scenes, and roam
Through spacious hall and field of man and nature's home.

Within the hall what quaintness greets us there!
What generous feeling doth it well inspire!
The splendid, famous, interesting old stair
Is something that we can not but admire;
The banister, which Tarleton's troops in ire
Smote rudely with their sabre-strokes, still bears
The marks which set a patriot's soul on fire:
To think that man in wanton rudeness will
Give way to feelings such as wreak these deeds of ill.

The midnight stars, in twinkling lustre, shed
Their beauteous halo round this quiet scene;
The fleecy clouds that move above its head
Are scarcely fairer than this place I ween;
Here nature ever wears her brightest sheen,
And man has done what nature would not dare,
To leave with vandal-hand, in hideous mien,
His impress on the noble, ancient stair
That merits no such blow, far less such shame to bear.

But these are gone! The glory of the past
Of which the generations yet unborn
Shall sing, is what we deem the best at last;
Though on the present with a look forlorn
We sadly think, reflect, how time has shorn
Us of association, such a night
That spreads a sombre veil ere yet the morn
Can follow with a fully wholesome light
Is not, as some would deem, a rudeness or a blight.

What though no warrior's steed now rides upon
The staircase, which so oft has felt the shock
And clang of hoof and sword? must I too shun
The place that standeth firm as is a rock,
And with a cynic's voice still scoff and mock?
Ah! no! Such scorn but ill becomes my song;
Fond recollections, such as will yet flock
In countless folds, and, as of old, I long
To linger yet within these walls, nor judge them wrong.

In happier days I've heard sweet music swell
In loveliest tones through this delightful hall:
Have led in maze of dance the village belle,
In rapture rare have felt the merry ball:
Is there no voice that teaches us the thrall
Of earthly pleasures? Yes, we hear the past
Crying aloud in agony: its call
Doth make it seem that moments fly so fast,
And *still* we deem that "Time's best offspring is her last."

The polished floor, where "many twinkling feet"
Glide so gaily o'er its bright surface, smooth,
Where lovers' eyes in blissful silence meet,
Where music hath the charm and power to soothe!
Here doth the merry dance our hearts so move
That we forget what glories once were thine,
And think the more, as through thy hall we rove,
Of glittering show, where these the brightest shine
In brilliant dress arrayed, yet wearing no other sign

Of real pleasure; this too well we know,
Their hearts are sad, the cloud is on their brow;
Their glaring costume in such splendid show
Is but a token false of joy, I trow:
But who can tell what these be, and how
These hours of revel will warp the soul,
The heart must seek yet other scene and vow
Divorce from sordid pleasures, or control
The passions which so fierce in maddened torrents roll.

Enough of moral truths! let such as these
Be emphasized by those who feel the pain
Of pleasures which for me can not but please.
I have other theme for this, my simple strain:
Back to "ye ancient capital" once again
I wander, and for her, I call thee, Muse:
Nor let such call be long nor yet in vain.
The glories of this hallowed place I lose
Lest ye in kindness will my mind with these infuse.

Behold her! With her voice a nation's past
Speaks out in echoes full, sublime, and grand:
In richest tones, which shall forever last,
The words of wisdom of her chosen band
Did penetrate to earth's remotest land:
To bear the brunt of conflict e'er hath been
A lot which fell to her, when through the land
War's "songs of death" were heard in dale and glen,
And crystal streams were dyed with blood of bravest men.



What scenes will here remind us of the past?
What soil is there that mourns beneath our feet?
What time-worn structures as our eyes we cast
Along that highway, Duke of Gloucester street,
With a sullen frown doth our vision greet?
What voices yet are heard in echoes loud
To fill each famous and remote retreat?
Where lie the buried great, that silent crowd
Whose dust lies hidden 'neath the winding and the shroud?

We journey on; to left and right arise
The broken fragments of a vanished sway,
Nor can we so these crumbling walls despise,
Howe'er we feel, enjoy this modern day;
Her glories done, the past may flee away
And lost may be with many a fleeting age,
But these remain to honor her decay,
And cure the pain which naught can yet assuage—
In splendor but to shine on History's brightest page.

Proud capitol! how leveled with the ground!
Naught still remains to show where once thou stood;
Though some have labored o'er thy chosen mound
To spread a mantle of cement and wood,
Preserving thee from hands so rough and rude
As those which tore thy pillars from their place,
Is harder task than these e'er deemed it should:
How he who thinks upon thy glory's grace
Must blush with shame for those who could such walls deface.

Resounding like a stern alarum gong,
Here Henry's voice in tyrant-crushing tone
Sounded the call to right a nation's wrong,
Making a king to tremble on his throne:
He who no voice respected save his own,
Recoiled from this thunder-storm of thought—
Flashing in lightning and in darkness shone
Most worthy of the mighty deed it wrought.
In thunder-tones to quell who never could be taught.

Where next I lead in this my simple song?
Oh, Raleigh Tavern, let thee none despise:
Thy halls have welcomed such a famous throng
Of noblest men; what structure with thee vies?
Where once thou stood yet other walls arise,
And where the Sage of Monticello read
The light that shone from fair Belinda's eyes,
Now commerce plys her e'er-increasing trade,
And where thy once-famed pile now all is newly-made.

Ah! must I then still trust my fickle muse
While pondering on another ancient pile?
Will she not weary of the scenes I choose,
Nor wave her wing o'er this my verse a while?
Inspire one song, celestial one, and smile
With favour on my earnest efforts now
To grace the splendour of this little aisle
With words that justly shall that praise bestow,
Which rightfully belongs to that such past can show.

What deems the stranger when thy guardians tell
How once in thee there dwelt a gallant band,
A chosen few, who, armed with shot and shell,
Stood to resist a petty tyrant's hand
That would lay waste thy then devoted land?
They marvel that thou art so little worn
By Time, whose arrows nothing can withstand;
Thee, least of all, of former strength art shorn,
Thou relic-museum! O wondrous Powder Horn!

'T is done; no more within thy rotund wall—
 That once so echoed to the martial tread
 Of warrior-men—shall fife or drum-beat call
 The soldier from his peaceful, midnight bed:
 No more shall gather round thy pointed head
 The hopeful patriots of thy younger day:
 Where once they trod now all seems doubly dead,
 And children in their merry, careless play
 Cervantes-like will laugh thy chivalry away.

How greets thy pile the tourist? Doth not he
 With curling lip and undissembled sneer
 Look on thee as a thing e'er meant to be
 The object of his ridicule and leer?
 How they who know thee best? They do not jeer,
 Yet pass thee by with sympathetic smile,
 Nor deem thee worthy a consoling tear:
 Thy fame consists in glories far too mild
 For folks like these to prate or linger here a while.



O Bruton Church! Within thy holy place
 What so invites the stranger's curious eye?
 What beauties still thy sacred walls so grace
 That those who see ne'er pass thee heedless by?
 So peaceful is thy yard where silent lie
 The ashes of the dead in fond repose:
 While o'er thy head two hundred years do fly,
 Still thou remaineth on the spot thou rose,
 Unchanged, unaltered still by lovers or by foes,

Lies peacefully entombed the shrouded dust
Above whose sepulchres thou standest guard;
As ivy clings about thy ages rust,
As faithful art thou to thy sleeping ward;
Though *peaceful* thou doth seem, thy peace is marred
By pettiest passion, in whose conflict's jar
A city feels to be unduly hard—
Thy *holy* temple e'er bear a scar
That is bequeathed to thee by such *unholy* war.

Mighty are the differences that rive
Thy congregation! Whether they should place
Thy organ where no music it might give,
Or leave where now it adds but little grace:
Thy pulpit, whether it should stand and face
Thy eastern door, the chiefest entrance there,
Or never be restored to this, the space
It occupied when once it felt a share
Of peace that *used* to reign within thy temple fair.

Historic spot! Of all thy boasted pride
Of things antique, of piles of ancient days,
Thy best conceit lies in naught else beside
These walls to which, most meet, belongs my praise;
Three times have flames wrapt round her in their blaze!
Three times a Phoenix from her ashes reared!
With hallowed brightness doth the sun's fond rays
Beam full upon this noble pile, endeared
By every thought that grieved, that solaced, or that cheered

Time, the leveller, and her daughter, Death,
Have dealt most cruelly on these ancient walls,
But fame shall right the wrongs, immortal wreath
Her name with glory when her tower falls;
Where are the names that deck these lovely halls?
How are they numbered and forever shine
Immortalized by deed which oft recalls
That glorious hour, ere verse of feeble line
Becomes the record of thy sad, yet just, decline.

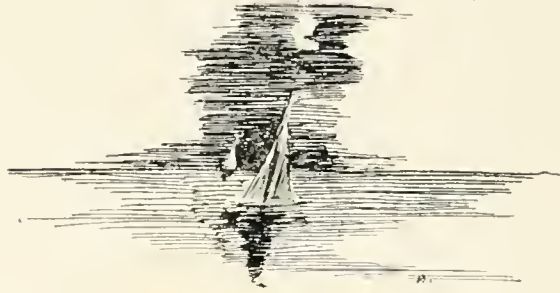
But who are they would deem thy day is o'er
While gazing on thy now dismantled tower,
And think of thee whose fame can be no more
Than what is fleeting? Can the present hour
Not show one record of thy former power?
Ah, once wert thou the moulder of great thought,
The seat of culture and of art, the bower:
Shall envy count such past as this but naught,
And curse thee for the minds thou hast so nobly taught?

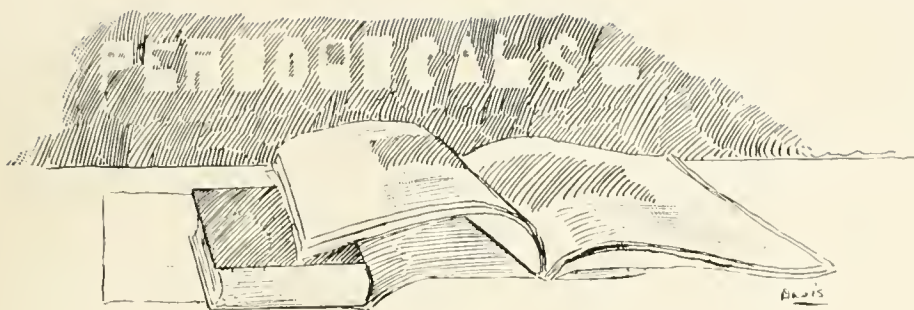
So famous wert thou once, and famous still!
E'en time thy hallowed wall but sanctifies;
For him who treads thy floor awaits a thrill
Of feeling deeper than mere light surprise:
No splendid show will meet his wond'ring eyes,
But silence is a thing so near profound
That thoughts the same to match with it arise;
Where once there moved thy famous men around,
Responsive yet thy walls reecho to the sound.

Farewell, inspiring and beloved pile!
For me no more shall sound thy warning bell;
Where once I labored in thy spacious aisle
O'er hated books, now other tongues may tell
Of other scenes which bind them in their spell;
To thee e'er turns my never-failing heart,
Fore'er with thee my happiest mem'ries dwell;
So with a sense of what thou wert and art,
I pen this sad farewell to linger as we part:

What thoughts arise in this, my simple line,
To do thee justice in thy sad decline?
What trace at once of thy proud fame and power
Is left to soothe the sadness of this hour?
Mute in thine anguish, desolation's mien
Assumed control around thy peaceful scene,
But Time returned a portion of thy due,
And now thy color is a livelier hue:
Though fire has swept thee surely three times o'er,
Thy walls arise e'en stronger than before.
And though assailed by hosts of Northern foes,
E'en *Botetourt* retains all but his nose;
Thy sister-buildings, life with thee begun,
Thy president's home and time-worn Brafferton!
To-day they stand defiant as of old,
And in their past is thy past history told;
The former pile in latter time ignored,
Razed to the ground, by the same hand restored:
The latter boasts at least one famous room,
Where dwelt thy wisest and thine ablest son
When life's career he scarcely had begun.
A thousand truths like these of thee untold
To glorify thy more than hallowed mold,
And could my line possess an equal strength,
Nor grow in weariness as it grows in length,
How justly might it phrase thine age's fame,
And echo back the plaudits of thy name.

Since such can not be done with reason here,
My love retain, nor yet believe the tear
That falls for thee naught else but most sincere,
And while in thy e'er calm and quiet sphere
Thou makest all who know thee love thee dear—
To thee the same, Farewell: my muse deserts me here.





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MAGAZINE STAFF.



Athletics.



THE other editors of this issue of our Annual have shown the good records made by our boys in the various branches of work which go to make up the sum of college life, and they have done well. But, pardon the conceit, we now come to that phase of the student life which holds the first and best place in the heart of every true and loyal college man. To that part of the college work where the whole student body, casting aside all pretensions to class or caste distinction, has the opportunity to stand shoulder to shoulder and work for the honor and advancement of their college. It is here, and here alone, that the entire student body meets upon a common level, where laurels are won by true merit alone, where the cad is distinguished from the gentleman and treated accordingly. Therefore it is with a feeling of peculiar pleasure that we take up our pen to show to our friends the status of athletics at William and Mary.

The General Athletic Association is now on a firmer basis, and is enjoying greater prosperity than ever before. A new constitution has been drawn up and adopted, and the roll shows the largest membership we have ever had. The Board of Visitors has generously aided us financially, and the Faculty is beginning to look on athletics with a more approving eye. Under these conditions, with the hearty coöperation of Faculty and students, a new era in the history of athletics here is expected to begin with the coming session.

Our Field-Day, such a success last year, is now not far off. Quite a number of men are working hard under the able supervision of our instructor, Mr. King, and the good records made last year by Harry Shawen and S. B. Thomas are in imminent danger of being broken.

For the hammer-throw and shot-put, Shackelford, McDonald, Copeland, Davidson, and others are doing good work. McDonald is nearing the ten-foot mark in the pole-vault, and several others are not far behind him. Among the fast men, J. S. Jenkins, Mason, L. M. Dade, McDonald, and numerous lesser lights will make the dashes interesting. The medal for the "all-round" championship, won last year by Harry Shawen, will be offered this year by Mr. Walter Burke, of Hampton.

The football team of 1901 was greatly handicapped, not only by the late beginning of the season here, but by only one member of last year's team returning. However, under the able management of Mr. R. M. Jones, the boys got

together and worked hard, and with such good effect that we lost only one out of four games played. We begun by defeating Old Point Comfort College by a score of eleven to six, and a week later played a hard game with Randolph-Macon College in which neither side scored. We then lost to Richmond College by a score of twenty-seven to eleven, and wound up the season by defeating Fredericksburg College six to nothing, they forfeiting the game by leaving the field on a decision of the referee, Mr. Robert N. Groner, of the University of Virginia. A return game with Richmond College on their grounds was canceled by them, their team not being in condition to play.

As regards next year's eleven, we are happy to say that eight of the team of 1901 will return, and that Mr. R. N. Groner has been engaged as trainer. What more need be said?

The system of inter-class contests in baseball and football, begun last year, has done much to keep alive the athletic spirit. The championship in football this year went to the Juniors who were so fortunate as to have as their captain, J. A. Hundley, our substitute quarter-back, and as their manager, C. D. Shreve.

As we write this, the baseball team of 1902 is just beginning to make a record for itself, and, judging by present indications, it will be one of which we need not be ashamed. So far, only four games have been played, and the following are the—

SCORES:

Hampton	11	William and Mary	12
Hoge Academy	7	William and Mary	8
Richmond College	10	William and Mary	1
St. Albans	9	William and Mary	8

Athletic Association.

O. L. SHEWMAKE President
W. L. DAVIDSON Vice-President
E. J. TAYLOR Secretary and Treasurer

FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT.

R. M. JONES Manager
O. L. SHEWMAKE Captain

BASEBALL DEPARTMENT.

F. T. HOLLAND Manager
T. E. COPELAND Captain



OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



SNAPSHOTS TAKEN FROM GAME WITH RICHMOND COLLEGE. WILLIAM AND MARY DEFENDING EASTERN GOAL.

The Gridiron.

TEAM OF 1901.

R. M. JONES	Manager
W. J. KING	Trainer
T. E. BLY	Center
W. N. SHACKELFORD	Right Guard
W. E. McDONALD	Left Guard
B. T. BOWEN	Right Tackle
R. M. JONES	Left Tackle
S. C. BLACKISTON	Right End
H. A. HARRISON	Left End
E. H. HALL	Right Half-back
R. B. DADE	Left Half-back
O. I. SHEWMAKE (Captain)	Quarter-back
J. W. H. CRIM	Full-back

SUBSTITUTES.

H. J. DAVIS

F. M. SIZER

E. C. TAYLOR

E. S. BRINKLEY



FOOTBALL TEAM.

Champion Inter-Class Football Team.

CLASS OF 1904.

C. D. SHREVE	Manager
WALTON	Center
G. H. GREER	Right Guard
T. P. FORBES	Left Guard
J. H. SUMMERS	Right Tackle
S. B. ELLIS	Left Tackle
C. D. SHREVE	Right Half-back
T. GARNETT	Left Half-back
J. A. HUNDLEY (Captain)	Quarter-back
W. L. DAVIDSON	Full-back

SUBSTITUTES.

T. N. LAWRENCE

T. M. DE SHAZO

SENIOR CLASS FOOTBALL TEAM.



Baseball Team 1902.

F. T. HOLLAND

. Manager

T. E. Copeland (Capt.)

B. S. Clements

J. S. Jenkins

R. C. Knight

R. A. Holt

S. C. Blackiston

T. P. Spencer

W. A. Weymouth

J. H. Summers

SUBSTITUTES.

R. B. DADE

J. M. CHANDLER





BASEBALL TEAM.

Tennis Club,

OFFICERS.

SIDNEY S. HUGHES President
H. JACKSON DAVIS Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS.

S. C. BLACKISTON	E. F. BIRCKHEAD	W. L. COWLES
H. J. DAVIS	T. P. FORBES	
T. GARNETTE	J. W. GOSSMAN	R. A. HOLT
S. S. HUGHES	M. P. HENING	
J. A. HUNDLEY	B. F. IDEN	M. S. JONES
J. W. JACKSON	J. B. LAMB	
W. A. MADDIX	C. D. MILLER	W. C. PARSONS
O. L. SHEWMAKE	C. D. SHREVE	
	J. W. SMITH	
T. P. SPENCER	JOHN TYLER	F. T. WEST



TENNIS CLUB.



GYMNASTIC TEAM.

SAWITIA KUISANKRAG



Knights of Loudoun.

MOTTO.

Onward ! the fight has just begun.

COLORS.

Old Gold and Greenbacks.

FLOWER.

Arbutus.

FAVORITE DRINK—Martina cocktails.

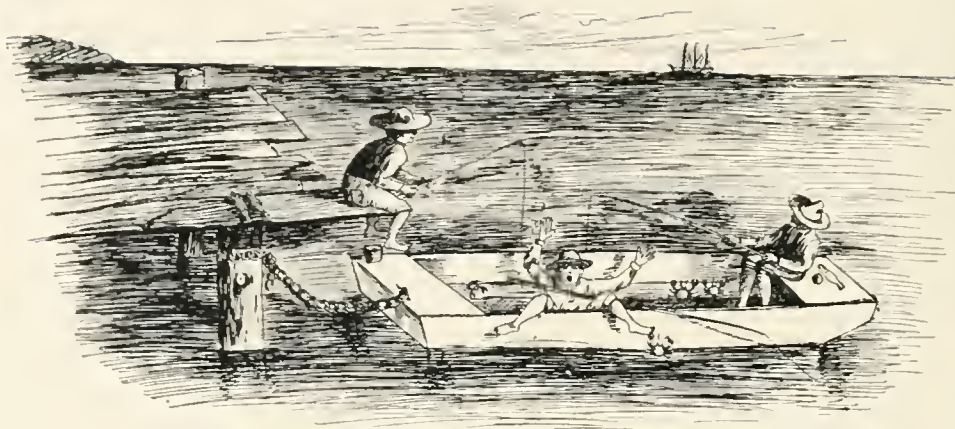
FAVORITE DISH—Sauerkraut.

FAVORITE PASTIME—Mountain climbing.

FAVORITE SONG—She is the belle of Ketoclin.

MEMBERS.

JOHN BUCKNER	Knight of Sudley
EDWARD COPELAND	Knight of Short Hill
JOHN W. H. CRIM	Knight of Woodland
R. B. DADE	Knight of The Grove
L. M. DADE	Knight of The Grove
HUNTER MOORE	Knight of Glenmore
C. DUDLEY SHREVE	Knight of Spelton Hall
V. DAY SHREVE	Knight of Granite Height
R. L. LYNN	Knight of East Lynn
J. HERMAN SUMMERS	Knight of Buchanan



Eastern Shore Club.

MOTTO.
Strive to Win.

COLORS.
Yellow and Black.

FAVORITE DISH.
Oysters on Half-shell.

FAVORITE DRINK.
Champagne.

FAVORITE PASTIME.
Playing Cards.

FAVORITE SONG.
Show Me the Way to Go Home, Babe.

OFFICERS.

W. COARD PARSONS	President
J. WISE SMITH	Vice-President
J. MERRITT CHANDLER	Secretary
L. FITCHETT NOTTINGHAM	Treasurer

MEMBERS.

J. WEST WYATT	J. WALKER JACKSON	B. THOMAS BOWEN
W. SAMUEL SPARROW	L. NOTTINGHAM MAPP	
W. COARD PARSONS	J. WISE SMITH	J. MERRITT CHANDLER
W. FITCHETT NOTTINGHAM	J. THOMAS WHITE	

NOTED OFFICERS OF THE EASTERN SHORE FLEET.

Lord High Admiral	J. WEST WYATT
Rear Admiral	B. THOMAS BOWEN
Commodore	L. NOTTINGHAM MAPP
Captain	J. WALKER JACKSON
Chaplain	W. SAMUEL SPARROW
Lieutenant	JOHN THOMAS "BUCK" WHITE, JR.

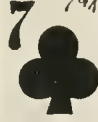


EASTERN SHORE C.T.B.



O. Spenmoke.

R. G. Roberts.



P. M. Lopes.



S. C. Blackiston.



E. B. Brintley.

Motto
What are you going
to do about it.



W. A. Weymouth.



E. J. Taylor.

The Club.

Disciples of Czolgosz (Anarchist Club).

PURPOSE.

To slay everybody and blow up everything, as soon as we are able.

PRESENT OCCUPATION.

Cussing everything and everybody from the Model School down.

MOTTO.

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

DISCIPLES OR MEMBERS.

J. S. EASTMAN

W. C. PARSONS

J. G. BOHANNAN

W. T. HODGES

J. H. CHITWOOD

W. J. WILKINSON

F. M. SIZER

E. S. BRINKLEY

The Misers' Club.

MOTTO.

“Do unto the other as the other wishes to do unto you, and do it fust.”

YELL.

Money ! Money ! Money !

Money ! Money ! Money !

Money !!!

MEMBERS.

GANZY ANDERSON

THOMPSON BOOTH

WADE WHITEHEAD

JOE CHITWOOD

W. A. MADDOX

RANNY BIRD

HUGH SMITH

BILLIE EASTMAN

JIMMIE VEST

SHEEP LAMB

STANLEY BRINKLEY

W. J. WILKINSON

Business Men's Association.

MOTTO.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"

OFFICERS.

FLOYD T. HOLLAND President
FLOYD TALMAGE HOLLAND Vice-President
F. TALMAGE HOLLAND Secretary
F. T. HOLLAND Treasurer

MEMBERS.

FLOYD T. HOLLAND Agent Burke & Co.
F. TALMAGE HOLLAND Agent Norfolk Steam Laundry
FLOYD TALMAGE HOLLAND Correspondent *Virginian-Pilot*
F. T. HOLLAND Correspondent *Washington Post*
TALMAGE HOLLAND Proprietor Ewell Phone
FLOYD HOLLAND Manager Baseball Team

Sleepy Heads.

MOTTO.

Let 's go to bed.

OCCUPATION.

Sleeping.

REQUIREMENTS.

Must sleep or spend in bed twenty-five hours a day.

MEMBERS.

J. M. CHANDLER

W. C. PARSONS

J. S. EASTMAN

J. H. CHITWOOD

J. M. ANDERSON

E. J. TAYLOR

W. A. MADDOX

W. J. WILKINSON

E. S. BRINKLEY

L. N. MAPP

T. E. BLY

J. H. SUMMERS

Tobacco Chewers' Club.

MOTTO.

When you can't chew the rag, chew tobacco.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION.

Gimme a chew.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION.

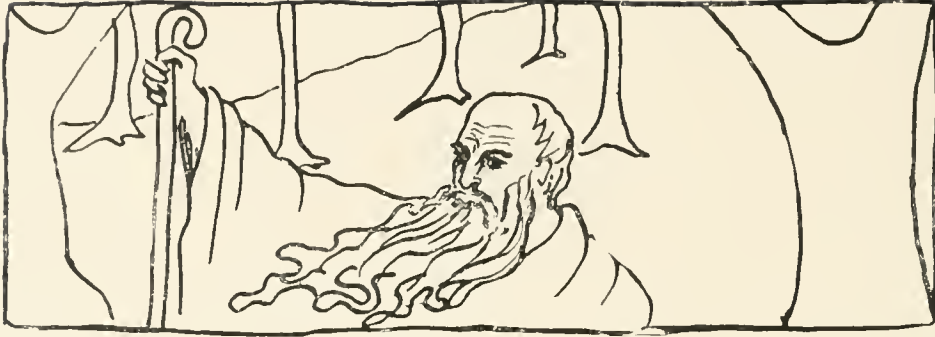
Bumming tobacco, chewing it and spitting on everything.

OFFICERS.

J. T. BOOTH President
J. H. CHITWOOD Vice-President
J. S. EASTMAN Secretary

MEMBERS.

L. D. VAUGHAN L. M. DADE R. B. DADE J. T. WHITE
T. P. FORBES J. A. HUNDLEY J. H. SUMMERS W. H. MOORE



Majores Natu.

As the day of Final and Eternal Dissolution approaches, let us bethink us of our past lives.

YELL.

Our yelling days are almost o'er.

OCCUPATION.

Talking to themselves.

MEMBERS.

L. D. VAUGHAN

B. M. COX

J. H. CHITWOOD

W. J. WILKINSON

J. G. BOHANNAN

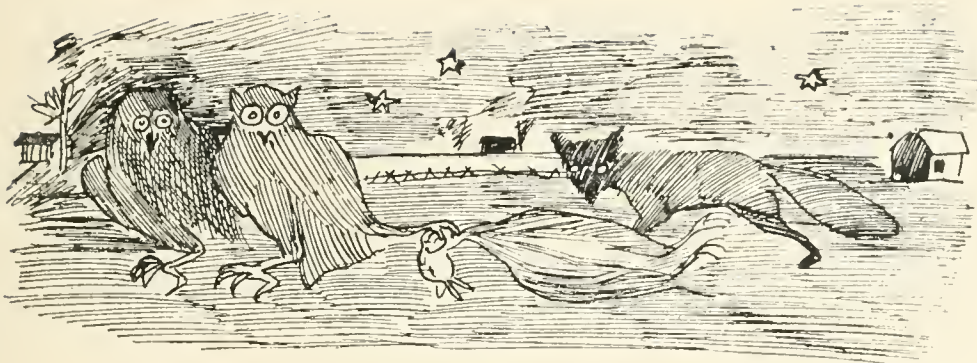
J. L. LONG

W. E. McDONALD

J. W. H. CRIM

J. W. GOSSMAN

"NELLIE" BLY



Foragers' Organization.

(Auxiliary to the Commissary Department of the College.)

MOTTO.

“Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.”

COLORS.

Black.

YELL.

Chicken, chicken, chicken, fowl!

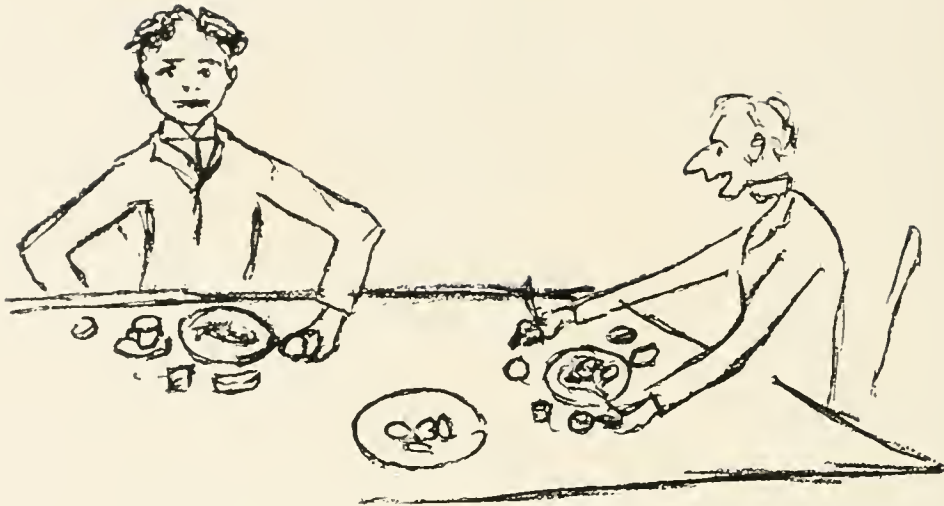
Turkey, turkey, eat and growl!

OFFICERS.

J. S. EASTMAN	President
L. D. VAUGHAN	Vice President
C. S. SMITH	Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS.

J. T. BOOTH	C. S. BRUCE	O. L. SHEWMAKE
R. M. JONES	P. J. STROTHER	
SLATOR BLACKISTON	W. E. VEST	J. W. H. CRIM
W. C. PARSONS	J. H. CHITWOOD	



Grub Devourers' Club.

PURPOSE.

To eat up everything we can.

OCCUPATION.

Stuffing ourselves, and then sleeping it off.

MOTTO.

"We live to eat."

MEMBERS.

WILLIE WADE	} The Second floor Ewell Triumvirate.
WILLIE BOWLES		
J. B. TERRELL		
R. M. JONES	} The Second floor Taliaferro Triumvirate.
O. L. SHEWMAKE		
E. S. BRINKLEY		
J. W. H. CRIM	} The First floor Brafferton Triumvirate.
E. C. TAYLOR		
RUFUS KNIGHT		

OTHERS.

Chapman :

A. L. TERRELL	E. M. TERRELL	WHITLEY
WILKINSON	H. T. HARRISON	



Kids.

OCCUPATION.

Crying for mamma.

COLOR.

Blue.

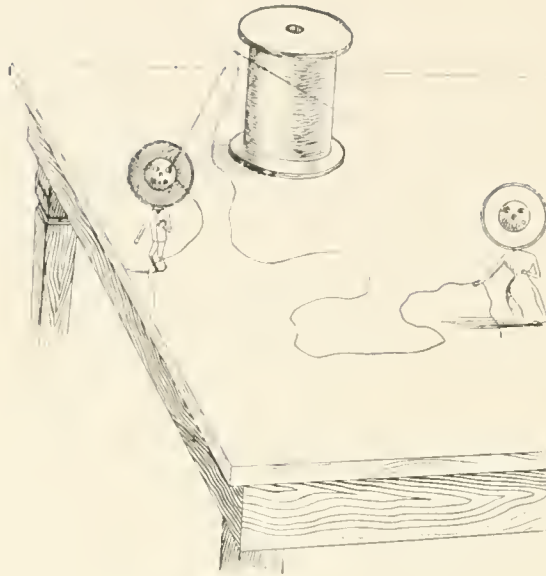
FAVORITE SONG.

Home, Sweet Home.

MEMBERS.	NICKNAMES	CHARACTERISTICS.
B. F. IDEN	" Benny "	Big nose
F. C. HALL	" Catpy "	Gawkiness
W. E. GOOD	" Willie "	Lying
E. F. BIRCKHEAD	" Brick "	Whining
S. C. BLACKISTON	" Blacky "	Griming
T. GARNETT	" Gargantua "	Keeping open mouth
S. S. HUGHES	" Kid "	Loafing

SOME OTHERS TOO YOUNG TO HAVE EITHER NICKNAMES OR CHARACTERISTICS.

PEACHY SPENCER	W. A. GRAY	JOHN TYLER
M. S. JENKINS	" TEDDY " JONES	ERNEST JONES



Anti-Calico League.

PURPOSE.

To discourage the sale of that article of clothing for obvious reasons.

MOTTO.

He that marrieth doeth well ; but he that marrieth not doeth better.

REQUISITE.

Must abstain from all calico, or even appearance of calico.

MEMBERS.

REASONS.

J. H. CHITWOOD	Has a tendency to snatch up calico and run away with it
J. T. BOOTH	Needs to study too hard
R. M. JONES	Indifference
E. S. BRINKLEY	Too stingy
J. W. H. CRIM	None for <i>him</i>
T. GARNETT	Might swallow them
B. C. HENSON	Has a good substitute
"JIMMY" VEST	His moustache
B. M. COX	He 's too old
F. T. HOLLAND	'Talks too much
"SPOONY" WOODBRIDGE	He 's against everything
"BISHOP" VAUGHAN	Has lost his hair



Associated Press Staff.
News Mongers.

PURPOSE.

To disseminate all the lies we can.

MOTTO.

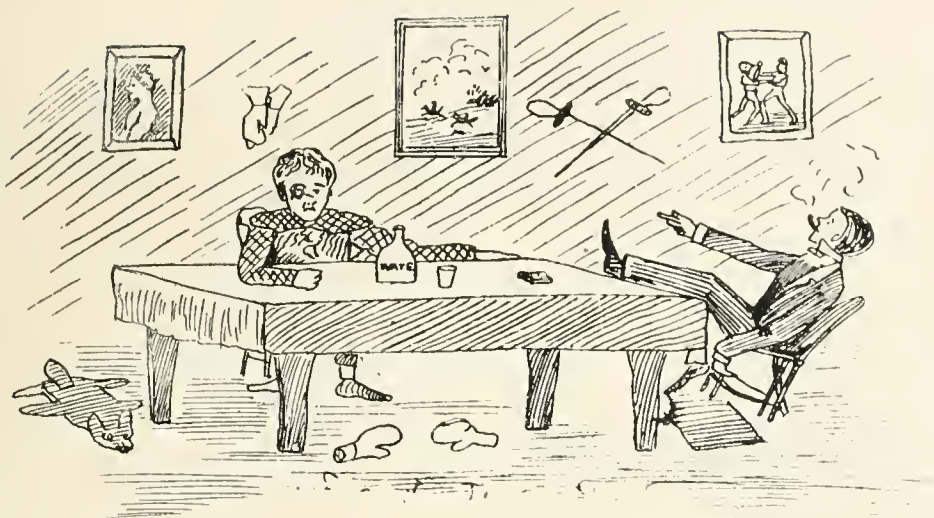
I could a tale unfold, etc.

OFFICERS.

J. H. CHITWOOD	Editor-in-Chief
J. S. EASTMAN	Business Manager
R. M. JONES	Reporter

ASSOCIATES.

B. C. NEWCOMB	B. F. IDEN	R. D. KIRKPATRICK
J. M. ANDERSON		J. W. H. CRIM
W. C. PARSON	BILLIE HODGES	E. F. BIRCKHEAD



The William and Mary Westmoreland Club.

MOTTO.

"We are the stuff."

FAVORITE.

Give us a drink, bartender.

OCCUPATION.

Sporting.

REQUISITES.

Wear good clothes, smoke cigars and have a five-dollar bill to show whenever unnecessary, and go calling every day and twice on Sunday.

MEMBERS.

REMARKS.

J. T. BOOTH	His desperate attempts at sporting life will ruin him
J. T. WHITE	A great sport by word of mouth
T. B. SMITH	The would-be great sport
JUNIUS LAMB	In imagination
HUNTER MOORE	On paper
J. H. CHITWOOD	The one-sock sport
WILLIE GOOD	The Kindergarten sport
T. "PERRICK" FORBES	The mill-pond sport
J. W. JACKSON	If he only could
R. M. JONES	The changeable sport
SLATER BLACKISTON	The intermittent sport

Aptly Quoted.

- “ Would to God ye could bear with me a little in my folly.” . . . R. H. RUFFNER
- “ Pray God he prove not as mean as he looks.” . . . S. T. HEALEY
- “ To be beloved is all I need,
And when I love, I love indeed.” . . . J. H. CHITWOOD
- “ We ply the memory, we load the brain.” . . . W. H. WHITEHEAD
- “ Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal.” . . . COLLEGE HOTEL
- “ Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women.” . . . F. T. WEST, JR.
- “ As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.” . . . L. D. VAUGHAN
- “ What, ho ! apothecary, give me a dram of poison.” . . . W. T. HODGES
- “ I am but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home.” . . . W. SPARROW
- “ Shall we go see the reliques of this town ?” . . . TOURISTS
- “ The great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.” . . . S. L. HAIZLIP
- “ The soul of this man is in his clothes.” . . . G. L. HOWARD
- “ O, I smell false Latin !” . . . DR. WHARTON
- “ This is the very ecstasy of love.” . . . C. M. CINCHESTER
- “ It may be days, or months, or years,
Since I first came to college ;
I only know my time at school
Surpasses human knowledge.” . . . R. M. JONES
- “ That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.”
F. C. HALL
- “ Tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.” . . . W. J. WILKINSON
- “ Making night hideous.” . . . BRAFFERTONIANS
- “ A horse ! a horse ! My kingdom for a horse !” . . . W. T. HODGES
- “ Those whose chariots roll upon the four aces,
Are liable to have a wheel out of order.” . . . TALIAFERRO WHIST CLUB

- "Behold the child by nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." E. F. BIRCKHEAD
 "For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die." JOE CHITWOOD
 "There is no eel so small but would become a whale." M. S. JENKINS
 "A hit, a very palpable hit!" "UNDER THE LAURELS"
 "Hic ego propter bovem, quod erat deterrimus, ventri
 Indico bellum." COLLEGE HOTELIAN
 "Ha! is it come to this!" F. T. HOLLAND
 "Prone to mischief." C. L. BANNER
 "Who can blot that name with any just reproach?" H. J. DAVIS
 "The observed of all observers." J. W. H. CRIM
 "Frailty, thy name is woman." WILLIAMSBURG GIRLS
 "My life is in the yellow leaf." B. M. COX
 "A light heart lives long." W. A. WEYMOUTH
 "There is no evil angel but love." J. WILL GOSSMAN
 "A lean cheek,—a blue eye, and sunken,—an unquestionable spirit,—a beard
 neglected." H. H. CHALMERS
 "When shall we three meet again?" SMITH, WYATT, AND MAPP
 "Rude am I in speech." ROBERTSON
 "Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing." E. S. BRINKLEY AND E. J. TAYLOR
 "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind." J. B. WESTON
 "I saw him towering rise,
 Huge as a mountain, with his hideous hair
 Dragging upon the ground." WILLIE WADE



The Echo Election.



REMOVED far from the madding crowd there is an ancient town called Williamsburg. At the end of the main thoroughfare of the aforesaid ancient town is an equally ancient college. This ancient college in its halcyon days of pristine glory was renowned for the eminent statesmen and political leaders which it poured forth to battle in the turbulent arena of public affairs.

But as the years rolled on the embryo political giants were no more to be seen strutting its campus. However this sad decline was not to last forever. One day there came out of the southwestern part of our beloved State a certain J. Horatius Chitwood. Now, this Joseph H. Chitwood being a wily politician, was elected by his fellow-students as the High Mogul of the William and Mary Annual. This Chief Mogul of the Annual, in order to chronicle those students who were particularly graced or disgraced by peculiar and particular idiosyncrasies and accomplishments of the heterogeneous mass of students, ordered an election. These assembled and manipulated a so-called Annual election, wherein the various politicians might scuffle for honors.

Early in the campaign the Honorable J. W. Henrico Crim and the no less Honorable Billy Eastman announced themselves as candidates for the very desirable honors of Bluff and Liar, the latter being the most coveted plum on the tree of the Annual Election. This claim to distinction was enjoyed on another occasion by R. Marcus Jones. He it was who piloted President Hughes by dint of silver-tongued persuasion, bribes, and clear manipulations, to the dignity and joys of presiding over the dusty domains of the Tennis Court. But to return to the college election. Another highly desired distinction was that of the most inquisitive student. This contest was made interesting by two favorites appearing in the field, F. Townsend West and William Tecumseh Hodges. Through the efforts of each man to prove himself the most inquisitive student the entire stock of information and knowledge possessed by the student body was made public. West received a flattering majority, and Tecumseh, after thanking his friends for their support, was about to commit suicide by reason of his defeat, from which rash act he was deterred by the interference of West, who generously took him into partnership and formed a joint detective agency.

We feel assured that what one can not find out the other can.

Next in importance was the election of the biggest calico sport. Although the students of William and Mary have heretofore justly prided themselves on their ability to dazzle the fair sex of Williamsburg, still it was necessary for a fair gallant from the rocks and grapevines of the Blue Ridge to set the pace of all other wooers by making ninety-one visits in forty-two days. This indefatigable lover was T. Peanuts Copeland. Leon Czolgosz Healey was conspicuous as receiving the second longest number of votes, and although his calico diversions in some ways are conducted on a more elaborate scale, still fickle fortune favored the redoubtable and lucky "Peanuts."

Our friend Healey was second choice for the ugliest man, but again Dame Fortune deserted him and smiled on "Handsome Bobby Holt." Haizlip also loomed up in the distance with a small but devoted following from the "Duc" Class. Alas, those "Ducs"! William and Mary, I see thy doom! Thy future hopes and grandeur have been shattered by the vain o'er-vaunting ambition of the "Duc" Class. When Buck White ruled this conglomeration of lawyers, dudes, deadgame sports, and hoboes, it was a monarchy, but with the passing of the mighty Buck it has degenerated into an oligarchy ruled by the third triumvirate of Spencer, Chapman, and Dade. But nowhere has the obnoxious intrusion of the "Ducs" been more pestiferous than in the Annual election.

Just before the election they made the night hideous by their ubiquitous and ungodly footsteps treading the floors of Brafferton and Ewell. It was their wicked influence which made it possible that the musical accomplishments of W. Jeremiah Wilkinson and R. M. Jones should go unheeded and unrecognized. Upon the handsome brow of Bob Dade were placed the laurels of the best singer.

With the exception of the above accidents the election was uneventful. Parsons good nature and even temper justly won him the election of the most popular student. Whitehead was chosen as the biggest grind which honor has become hereditary. So has that of Maddox, who is again our laziest student. Shewmake, the overflowing, effervescent Shewmake, came unto his own when he was elected the most college spirited student. Dr. Tyler succeeded Dr. Hall as the most popular professor. Wilkinson was elected the most literary, Riddick the handsomest, and E. C. Taylor the smartest student, while "Dolly Gray" was chosen as our favorite song. In another place will be found the number of votes cast for each candidate.







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Newest Patterns and Swellest Stuffs Made to Order from
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1818

1902

New York

B R O A D W A Y

C O R N E R O F

22d STREET

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Very respectfully,

BROOKS BROTHERS.

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Wine, Guaiacol, Cod-Liver Oil

T. A. Miller's Perfected and Tasteless Preparation of Cod-Liver Oil, Guaiacol and Hypophosphites.

A NUTRITIVE, TONIC, AND STRENGTH-BUILDER.

This preparation contains in perfect combination the active principle of Cod-Liver Oil, Guaiacol, the Extract of Wild Cherry Bark, the Syrup of Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, Potash, Manganese, Iron, etc. There is no combination of remedies better suited for the treatment of Throat Troubles, Coughs, Colds, Nervous Debility, Nervous Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, and Blood Disorders. As an Alterative or Blood Purifier it is exceptionally advantageous. For Lung Troubles or Nervous Disorders it is invaluable.

IT IS NOT A PATENT MEDICINE.

The ingredients of this preparation have been long and successfully used. This medicine, when used right, builds up and gives strength. Tones the Nervous System, creates Normal Appetite, Strengthens the Digestive Organs, and Purifies the Blood.

Consumptives will invariably find great benefit and relief in the use of this preparation

DOSE: One-Half to One Tablespoonful Four Times Daily.

PRICE, \$1.00 per Bottle.

PREPARED ONLY BY

T. A. MILLER, Manufacturing Pharmacist

519 E. Broad Street, RICHMOND, VA.

What in the world to give a friend?

College men know, and the *New Haven Union* says, apropos of term-end with its good-byes: "The question of *what in the world to give a friend* at parting seems to have been solved by the publication of

Songs of all the Colleges

which is alike suitable for the collegian of the past, for the student of the present, and for the boy (or girl) with hopes; also for the music-loving sister, and a fellow's best girl."

*"All the NEW songs, all the OLD songs,
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a welcome gift in any home anywhere."*

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When in doubt

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507 - 515 WASHINGTON ST. BUFFALO, N.Y.

The advertisement is framed by a decorative border of leaves and branches. At the top, a banner reads 'EXTRA DEEP PLATES'. On the left and right sides, there are two large, stylized scroll-like shapes containing the words 'HIGHEST GRADE' and 'LOWEST PRICE' respectively. In the center, a woman in a dark, strapless dress with a large, voluminous floral skirt is depicted. To her right, the phrase 'When in doubt' is written in a cursive script. Below the illustration, the text 'SEND YOUR ORDER TO THE' is followed by 'Electric City Engraving Co.' in a large, elegant script font, and '507 - 515 WASHINGTON ST. BUFFALO, N.Y.' in a smaller, bold, sans-serif font.

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No extras. For further particulars and catalogue, address

CHRISTOPHER TOMPKINS, M. D., *Dean.* : : : RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

M. R. HARREL, *President.*

R. L. SPENCER, *Vice-President.*

H. N. PHILLIPS, *Cashier.*

The Peninsula Bank

OF WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA.

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A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
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*Book and Job
Printers*



: : : : : WE CAN'T DO CHEAP PRINTING,
BUT ALWAYS GIVE PRINTING THAT IS OF VALUE
: : : : : TO OUR PATRONS. THERE IS A
: : : : : DIFFERENCE. THE FIRST IS AN EXPENSE:
: : : : : THE OTHER BRINGS RETURNS. TEST IT.

Tenth and Main Streets, : : : : RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

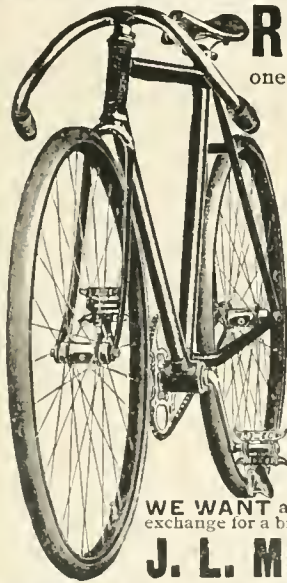
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Four Years' Graded Course.
Excellent Laboratory Equipment.

The Ninety-Sixth Regular Session will begin
Oct. 1st, 1902, and continue until May 1, 1903

CLINICAL ADVANTAGES UNSURPASSED.

For Catalogue and other information, address R. DORSEY COALE, Ph. D., Dean,
University of Maryland, BALTIMORE, MD.



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

one in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1901 model bicycle of our manufacture. **YOU CAN MAKE \$10 TO \$50 A WEEK** besides having a wheel to ride for yourself.

1901 Models High Grade Guaranteed **\$10 to \$18**

'00 & '99 Models Best Makes **\$7 to \$12**

500 Second Hand Wheels \$3 to \$8
taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores, many good as new.....

We ship any bicycle **ON APPROVAL** to anyone *without a cent deposit in advance* and allow

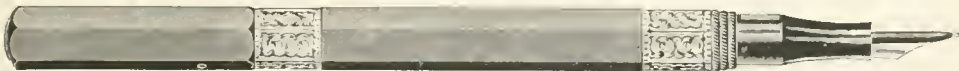
10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. You take absolutely

no risk in ordering from us, as you do not need to pay a cent if the bicycle does not suit you.

DO NOT BUY a wheel until you have written for our **FACTORY PRICES and FREE TRIAL OFFER.** This liberal offer has never been equaled and is a guarantee of the quality of our wheels.

WE WANT a reliable person in each town to distribute catalogues for us in exchange for a bicycle. Write today for free catalogue and our special offer.

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Makers of the Caps and Gowns to the American Colleges and Universities from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Rich gowns for Faculties, Trustees, the Pulpit, Font, and Bench. Illustrated bulletin, samples, etc., upon application.

Kind Words About Some of Our 1902 Annuals.

TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA, May 25th, 1902.

We received the books yesterday, and we are perfectly delighted with them. We have delivered several to the girls here in school, and several in town, and all seem highly pleased.

MAMIE HAYES, *Business Manager "Fern and Violet,"*
Alabama Central Female College.

SULLINS COLLEGE, BRISTOL, TENN., May 24th, 1902.

* * * We were very much pleased with the books—in fact they were a great deal prettier and handsomer than we expected them to be, and we were all delighted with them.

MARIE COWAN, *Associate Editor-in-Chief of "The Omega,"*

BATON ROUGE, LA., May 5th, 1902.

* * * I am delighted with the books. There is no doubt that they far surpass any published previously. * * The Governor of Louisiana, W. W. Heard, was delighted with the books and the make-up of same.

R. POWELL CRICHTON, *Business Manager "Gumbo,"*
Louisiana State University.

GREENSBORO, N. C., 5-31-'02.

(Telegram.)

Much pleased with *Decennial*. Can we secure two hundred additional copies? Wire quotations.

(Letter, same date.)

It is expressing it mildly to say that we are delighted with the volume, and appreciate your efforts to give us satisfactory work in the face of great difficulties.

LAURA H. COIT, *Editor "Decennial,"*
The State Normal and Industrial College.

COLUMBUS, MISS., May 10th, 1902.

I am glad to say that I am very much gratified with the books. The editor-in-chief asks me to express her approval of the books as a whole. The half-tones are good, the zinc etchings are perfectly satisfactory, and the printing and arrangement of material is all that we could desire. * * * I appreciate your uniform kindness in sparing me all possible trouble. It will give me great pleasure to recommend you to the Annual Staff of next year.

MARY R. JOHNSON, *Business Manager "Meh Lady,"*
Industrial Institute and College.

PEACE INSTITUTE, RALEIGH, N. C., May 14th, 1902.

The Lotus was received this evening, and we feel very, very proud of it. The work is beautifully done, and everybody seems so much pleased with it. We want to thank you for your suggestions: we certainly appreciate them. They have been a great help to us, and we assure you that if it be in our power you shall certainly have the publication of *The Lotus* in the future.

THE EDITORS OF *The Lotus*.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Your copy of Annual by express was duly received, and we are all very much pleased with it. It seems fully up to last year's standard, which is saying a great deal. * * * Again congratulating you, in the name of the Board, on our work, I am

JOHN PHILIP STEPTOE, *Business Manager "Corks and Curls,"*

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, June 2d, 1902.

* * * The books are all right. You have agreeably surprised me. Every one compliments your work.

FRANK M. LETT, *Business Manager "Corolla,"*

This is one of *OVER THIRTY* college and university annuals printed and bound at our establishment during the season of 1902.

The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company,
Edward L. Stone, Prest. 110-12-14 N. Jefferson St., Roanoke, Va.





