


The
Colonial
Echo.
'99





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The Colonial Echo



PUBLISHED BY THE
STUDENTS OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA



COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY, CHARTERED 1693.

Colors: Orange and White.

*Yell: William and Mary,
Vir-gin-i-a,
Croatan, Powhatan,
Ha! ha! ha!*

*Lipti Ripti Lipti Ripti, Hi Chi Psi!
Wish-a-gash, Sish-a-gash. Pop-u-li!
Lipti Ripti Lipti Ripti, who are we?
Populi sumus of W. M. C.*

Dedication

To the Memory
of the

Distinguished Alumni of William and Mary,

the oldest sons of our alma mater,

those who actively participated in the founding of our State government
and in the making of the Nation, this volume is respectfully
dedicated.



AS NEITHER the *Critic* nor the *Literary World* has given notice of the appearance of THE COLONIAL ECHO, we wish to announce to all who appreciate good literature that it is now making its "debut in the society of college annuals." The object of the publication is to recount some of the achievements of William and Mary's past, to chronicle the deeds of the present, and to record some quasi-prophetic dreams as to the future. Should any one feel disposed to gently remind us that we should "let the dead past bury its dead," we beg to answer that we are aware of the fact that glory can not be inherited, but we think that the *echo* of such music as that made by the deeds of our father alumni will not be dispiriting to any, even should they be marching to future renown.

For the addition to modern thought which this volume makes, we merely ask that you accord us that appreciation which we may reasonably expect; but if you refuse to honor us with your good opinion, we shall by no means feel piqued, but shall be forced to draw our consolation from that consciousness of merit which our utter aversion to boasting forbids us to betray. If our publication does not create a stir in the literary world as did the appearance of Shakspeare's plays, we wish to plead extenuating circumstances as a partial excuse for our failure. For you must remember that Shakspeare, Plato, and many of our other competitors for literary fame, got to the vine of truth several centuries before we did, and plucked off all the best bunches, leaving us only the gleanings. However, if we were less modest and more reckless with our assertions, we would venture to say that what we have prepared for you—and that out of fruit that has not been tasted by Bacon or Shakspeare—is no mean repast for any intellect.

THE BOARD OF EDITORS.



BOARD OF EDITORS.

CALENDAR, 1898-99.

Thursday, October 6, 1898.—Session begins.

Friday, October 8, 1898.—Y. M. C. A Reception

Sunday, June 18, 1899, 11 a. m.—Final Sermon.

Sunday, June 18, 1899, 8 p. m.—Sermon before the Young Men's Christian Association.

Monday, June 19, 1899, 8 p. m.—Meeting of the Finance Committee of the Board of Visitors.

Monday, June 19, 1899, 8 p. m.—Celebration of the Philomathean Society

Tuesday, June 20, 1899, 11 a. m.—Annual Meeting of the Board of Visitors.

Tuesday, June 20, 1899, 8 p. m.—Celebration of the Phoenix Society.

Wednesday, June 21, 1899, 12 m.—Senior Club Celebration.

Wednesday, June 21, 1899.—Meeting of the Society of the Alumni, 8 p. m., Oration; 9.30 p. m., Alumni Banquet.

Thursday, June 22, 1899.—11 a. m., Oration before the Literary Societies; 12 m., Awarding Diplomas, Medals and Scholarships.

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

The beginning of the half-session occurs on the fourteenth of February of each year.

The session of each year ends on the Thursday before the twenty-ninth of June, the date of the adoption of the first written constitution of Virginia.

The next session begins on the first Thursday in October, which this year comes on Thursday October 5th, 1899.



WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

Founded 1732—Headquarters of Lord Cornwallis.



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*Founded by Mrs. Mary Whaley in 1706, and rebuilt on the site of the old Colonial Palace
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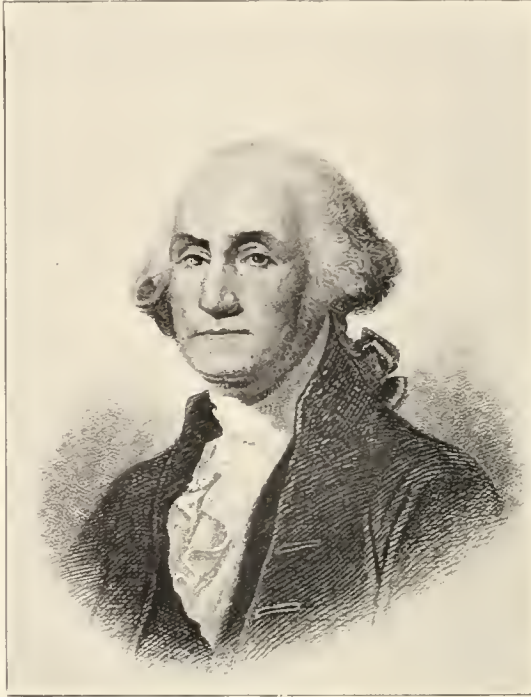
SEAL OF THE COLLEGE

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 settlements, 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 college and free schoole." Subscriptions were also taken up, to which "His Majestie'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.



GEORGE WASHINGTON

President of the United States.

*Surveyor appointed by the College Faculty 1749;
Chancellor of the College 1788-1799.*

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 "cre-



HALL AT CARTER'S GROVE.

Home of Dr. E. G. Booth.

Showing sabre cuts made on stairway by Tarleton's Troopers during the Revolutionary War.

(By courtesy of the publishers, Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

ated 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 pre-eminences 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.



President from 1693-1743.



President from 1777-1812.



President from 1814-1825.



President from 1827-1836.



President from 1836-1846.



President from 1847-1848.



President from 1849-1854.



President from 1854-1888.

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."



PEYTON RANDOLPH.
First President of the Continental Congress.

Student about 1730.

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,



COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY

As it appeared until the fire of 1859.

somewhat aping the manners of that royal palace while the Old Church and its graveyard and the college chapel were—*si licet cum magno componere parvo*—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 1603 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 were 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



EDMUND RANDOLPH

Governor of Virginia and Secretary of State.

Student 1766; Member of the Board of Visitors 1779.

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 1810, 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



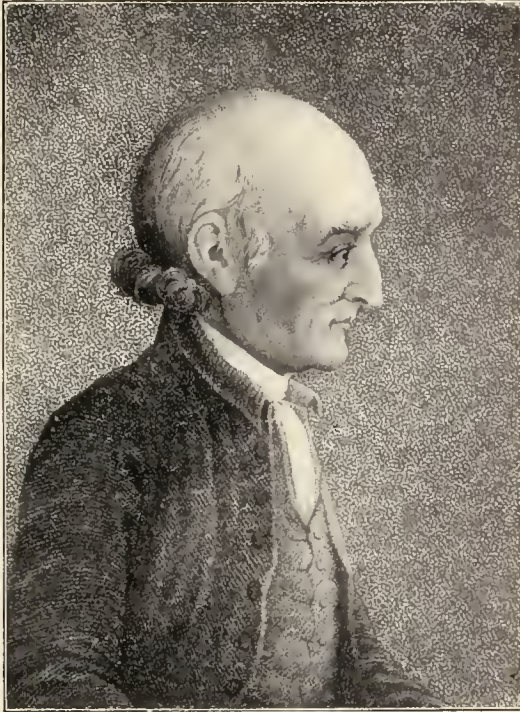
BRUTON PARISH CHURCH, WILLIAMSBURG.



RUINS OF JAMESTOWN TOWER. SEVEN MILES FROM THE COLLEGE.

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



GEORGE WYTHE.
Chancellor of Virginia.

Student about 1730; Professor of Law 1779-1789.

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 y^e billiards or other gaming tables or be in any way concerned in keeping fighting-cocks, under y^e 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 Camm 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



From Harper's Magazine — Copyright, 1896, by Harper & Brothers.

THE OLD CAPITOL.

Erected in 1751, burnt in 1832.



RESIDENCE OF CHANCELLOR GEORGE WYTHE, IN WILLIAMSBURG.

Headquarters of George Washington in 1781.

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 y^e college, and upon marriage of such Professor or Master that *his professorship be immediately vacated.*"



JAMES MONROE.
President of the United States
Student 1775.

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 £1,000. 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



RESIDENCE OF JOHN BLAIR, IN WILLIAMSBURG.

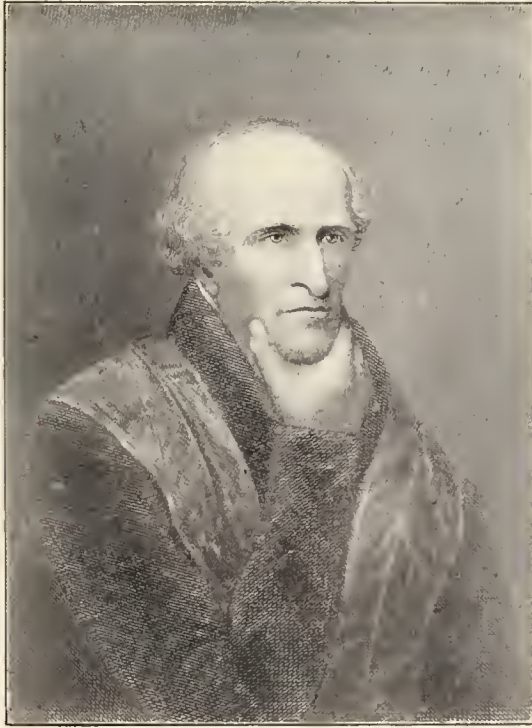
Formerly Bursar of the College; Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

to the duties of the Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. As the English courts refused to permit the rents from the " Brafferton " 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 D. 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



JOHN TYLER, SR.
Governor of Virginia.

Grammar Scholar 1754; Member of the Board of Visitors 1804.

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



PORTO BELLO. SIX MILES FROM WILLIAMSBURG

Hunting Lodge of Lord Dunmore, last Royal Governor of Virginia.

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 com-



Obverse

BOTETOURT MEDAL



Reverse

paratively 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 of 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



JOHN TYLER

President of the United States

Student 1802-1807; Member of the Board of Visitors 1814-1862;

Chancellor of the College 1859-1862.

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 were 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 thereafter 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 Garret were elected to hold office from the first of October ensuing. At a subsequent



OLD POWDER MAGAZINE IN WILLIAMSBURG

(Founded in 1714)

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 reimbursement for the buildings destroyed during the Civil War, thus happily in 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.



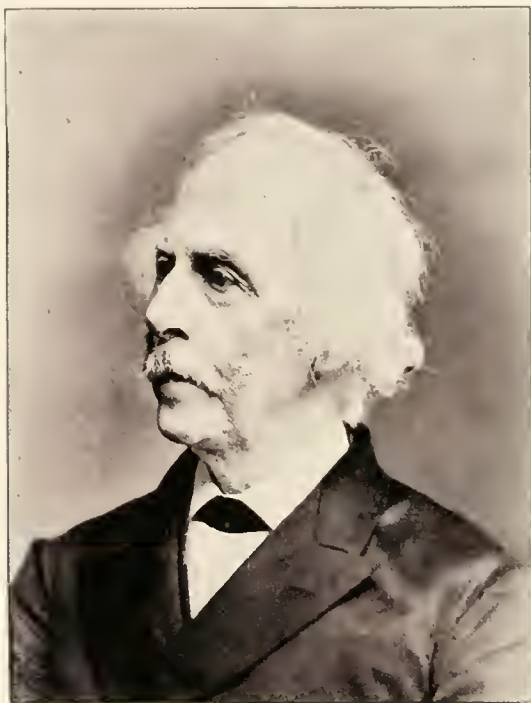
WINFIELD SCOTT.
Lieutenant-General.
Student 1804.

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 unrivalled 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, Briseoe 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.



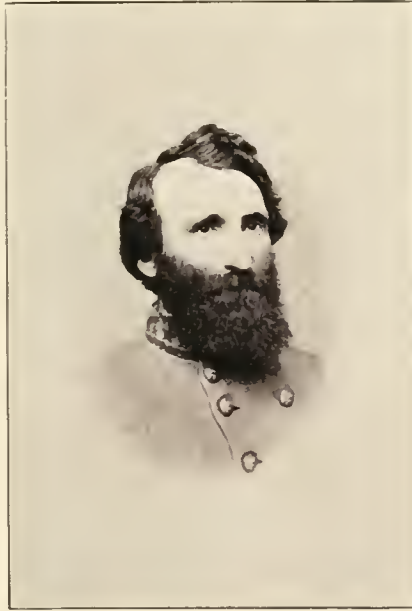
HUGH BLAIR GRIGSBY.

third Chancellor of the College after the Revolution, 1871-1881; President of the Virginia Historical Society

The list found elsewhere in this volume by no means exhausts the number of prominent men educated at this college. 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 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 Warrington 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



WILLIAM B. TALIAFERRO.
Major-General C. S. A.

A. B. in 1840-41 ; President of the Board of Visitors 1888-1898.

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 crises 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.



COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY.
(As it appeared before the fire of 1862.)

Obstacles and misfortunes have always been overcome, and if the future may be judged by the past, then it is bright indeed. Whatever vicissitudes she may experience, whatever lot may be in store for her, we know

“She cannot die! Amid the flame,
Which, like a death-shroud binds her in its fold,
Her spirit walks serene in deathless fame
Like to the martyred Israelite of old.
The fire but purifies the virgin gold.
Frees the rough ore, and burns away the rust;
Then, ere the burnished metal waxes cold,
With pious, reverent hearts her children must
Renew her ancient impress, ‘Wise and True and Just.’”

ROBERT H. TUCKER.



CENTENNIAL MONUMENT AT YORKTOWN

Thirteen Miles from the College.

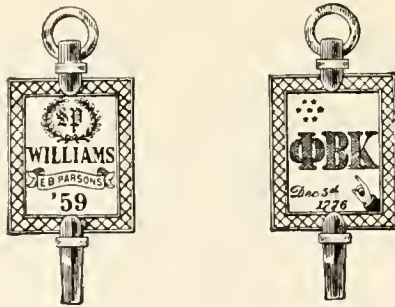
Phi Beta Kappa Society.

(Alpha of Virginia.)

THIS Society admits to membership only graduates of the college and persons other than graduates distinguished in letters, science and education. It was first organized at William and Mary College, on December 5th, 1776, and numbered among its first members John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States; Spencer Roane, Judge of the Virginia Supreme Court; William Short, Minister of the United States at the courts of Holland and Spain; Samuel Hardy, a leading member of the Continental Congress; John Brown and Stevens Thomson Mason, Senators of the United States, and John James Beckley, first Clerk of the House of Representatives and first Librarian of Congress.



FORM OF THE OLD SILVER Φ Β Κ MEDAL, ADOPTED IN 1776



FORM OF THE MODERN Φ Β Κ KEY-SHAPED MEDAL.

[OVERSE AND REVERSE.]

The Society has chapters at the leading institutions of learning. As it was the first intercollegiate society in the United States with educational objects, so the key by which it is distinguished was the first educational prize for scholastic attainment, in the shape of an engraved medal.

The original record of proceedings from 1776 to 1781 is still in the possession of the college, and the original charter granted by the mother chapter of William and Mary to Harvard chapter, dated December 4th,

1779, is still in the possession of that chapter. They will always be regarded as venerable relics of our Revolutionary fathers.

In the selection of candidates for membership, the greatest care is taken; membership is equivalent to an honorary degree at any of the colleges, and confers upon the recipient special distinction.

In its early days, the Society had an annual banquet at the old Raleigh Tavern so famous in Virginia history. Special occasions, such as the departure of a brother to continue his studies in Europe, were observed in a like manner; and the walls of the historic Apollo Hall at the Raleigh frequently resounded with "jollity and mirth," voicing the good spirits of those distinguished youths.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.
President of the United States.

Student 1760-62; Member Board of Visitors 1779.

So many of the members left college to enter the patriot army that, on January 6th, 1781, it was resolved to place the papers and archives of the Society in the hands of the college steward, to secure them "during the confusion of the times." These papers were lost to sight until 1849, when they came into the possession of the Virginia Historical Society. By this society, they were returned to the Virginia Alpha, of the Phi Beta Kappa Society after its revival in 1893.

Before the closing of the college in 1781, Elisha Parmelee, a former student of Yale and a graduate of Harvard, and at this time attending William and Mary, probably in Hon. George Wythe's law class, petitioned for charters for Yale and Harvard. His petition was granted and these two New England chapters began their famous career. From that time on, the

Phi Beta Kappa Society has had a famous history, membership therein being regarded as a high honor.

In 1850, it was found that one of the early members, William Short, was still alive; and it was determined to revive the mother chapter at William and Mary. With Mr. Short's coöperation, this was soon done; and the society started out under the presidency of Rev. Silas Totter, D. D., LL. D., professor of Moral Philosophy.

In May, 1861, war again closed the College of William and Mary, and the Phi Beta Kappa Society suspended for thirty-two years. In September, 1893, the Society was again revived, the following officers being elected: Colonel Benjamin S. Ewell, President; Colonel William Lamb, Vice-President; General William B. Taliaferro, Secretary.



JOHN MARSHALL.
Chief Justice of the United States.
Student 1780; Member of the Board of Visitors 1790.

It was determined to call a meeting of all the members of the chapter, and to this end a card was published in the daily papers of Richmond, Norfolk, Petersburg, and Lynchburg. On December 5th thereafter, a meeting was held, several new members initiated, and the Society started out upon a new career of usefulness and of honor.

At this time, the mother chapter, Alpha of Virginia, William and Mary, has on her rolls some of the most distinguished literary men of Virginia, and a few outside of the State. She has an annual celebration and collation, believing still in "jollity and mirth" regulated by intellect and soul.

Her officers at present are: Thomas Jefferson Stubbs, President; Robert M. Hughes, Vice-President; John Leslie Hall, Secretary; Van F. Garrett, Treasurer.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



OFFICERS :

PRESIDENT,

HON. JOSEPH W. SOUTHALL

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,

PERCY S. STEPHENSON

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT,

CARY D. ARMISTEAD

THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT,

DUDLEY R. COWLES

SECRETARY AND TREASURER,

H. D. COLÉ

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

JOHN S CHARLES WILLIAM G. JONES

T. J. STUBBS



Distinguished Alumni.

Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

George Wythe,	Carter Braxton,
Thomas Jefferson,	Thomas Nelson.
Benjamin Harrison.	

Members of Continental Congress.

Peyton Randolph (first President).	Benjamin Harrison,
Thomas Adams,	Thomas Jefferson,
Richard Bland,	Walter Jones,
Theoderic Bland,	James Mercer,
Carter Braxton,	John F. Mercer,
John Brown,	James Monroe,
William Fleming,	Thomas Nelson, Jr.,
Edmund Pendleton,	Mann Page,
Samuel Hardy,	Edmund Randolph,
John Nicholas,	

Presidents of United States.

Thomas Jefferson,	James Monroe,	John Tyler,
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United States Cabinet Officers.

Thomas Jefferson,	John J. Crittenden,
James Monroe,	George M. Bibb,
Edmund Randolph,	John Breckinridge,
John Marshall,	John Nelson,
William T. Barry,	Richard C. Archer,
Henry A. Dearborn,	Alexander H. H. Stuart.

Supreme Court of United States.

John Marshall (chief justice).	Bushrod Washington,
John Blair,	Philip P. Barbour,

United States Senators.

James Monroe,	Robert C. Nicholas,
John Taylor,	Benjamin Watkins Leigh,
Henry Tazewell,	William C. Holt.

United States Senators—Continued.

Stevens Thomson Mason,
John Breckinridge,
Wilson Cary Nicholas,
William B. Giles,
Armistead T. Mason,
William C. Rives,
Littleton Waller Tazewell,
John Randolph,
W. W. Bibb,
John Tyler,
George M. Bibb,
William C. Rives,

William H. Roane,
William T. Barry,
William S. Archer,
John J. Crittenden,
James M. Mason,
Henry Chambers,
John Walker,
Powhatan Ellis,
Jackson Morton, of Florida,
Samuel J. Bowden,
Richard Coke, of Texas,

Representatives in Congress.

Richard Bland,
Peyton Randolph,
Benjamin Harrison,
George Wythe,
Theoderic Bland,
Carter Braxton,
Thomas Jefferson,
Walter Jones,
John Nicholas,
Edmund Pendleton,
William Fleming,
Thomas Nelson, Jr.,
John Page,
James Mercer,
Edmund Randolph,
John Marshall,
John F. Mercer,
James Monroe,
Joseph Eggleston,
Carter B. Harrison,
Robert Page,
William B. Giles,
Samuel Hardy,
Archibald Stuart,
John Breckinridge,
Hugh Wilson,
Littleton W. Tazewell,
Thomas B. Robertson,
George Tucker,
William A. Burwell,
W. W. Bibb,
James Johnson,
Ballard Smith,

William T. Barry,
Henry A. Dearborn,
John Winston Jones,
Philip P. Barbour,
Benjamin W. Crowninshield,
Richard C. Anderson, Jr.,
John J. Crittenden,
William S. Archer,
Linn Banks,
John Tyler,
J. Hawkins,
George Loyall,
John S. Barbour,
William C. Rives,
John Nelson,
Archibald Atkinson,
Richard Coke,
George C. Dromgoole,
William O. Goode,
Jeremiah Morton,
Samuel T. Sawyer,
James M. Mason,
Daniel G. Tucker,
Joseph D. White,
Willoughby Newton,
Alexander H. H. Stuart,
D. C. Dejarnette,
Charles S. Scott,
H. St. George Tucker, Jr.,
Paul C. Edmunds,
George D. Wise,
John W. Lawson,
Dr. R. A. Wise,

United States Envoys and Ministers.

Thomas Jefferson,
James Monroe,
John Marshall,
Lewis Littlepage,
Hugh Nelson,
John Randolph,
William T. Barry,

Richard C. Anderson,
William Crump,
Edmund Coles,
Charles Scott Todd,
William C. Rives,
John Nelson,
Powhatan Ellis,

Speakers of House of Representatives.

Philip P. Barbour,

Andrew Stevenson,

John W. Jones,

Governors.

Thomas Jefferson,
Benjamin Harrison,
Edmund Randolph,
Beverly Randolph,
James Monroe,
John Page,
William Cabell,
John Tyler,¹
Wilson Cary Nicholas,
James P. Preston,
John Tyler,²
William B. Giles,
Littleton Waller Tazewell,

Wyndham Robertson,
John M. Gregory,
James D. White (Fla.),
William D. Bloxham (Fla.),
Peyton Randolph,
Thomas Nelson,
John F. Mercer,
Thomas B. Robertson (La.),
W. B. Bibb (Ala.),
John J. Crittenden,
Edward Coles (Ill.),
Richard Coke (Texas),

Military and Naval Officers.

United States Army.

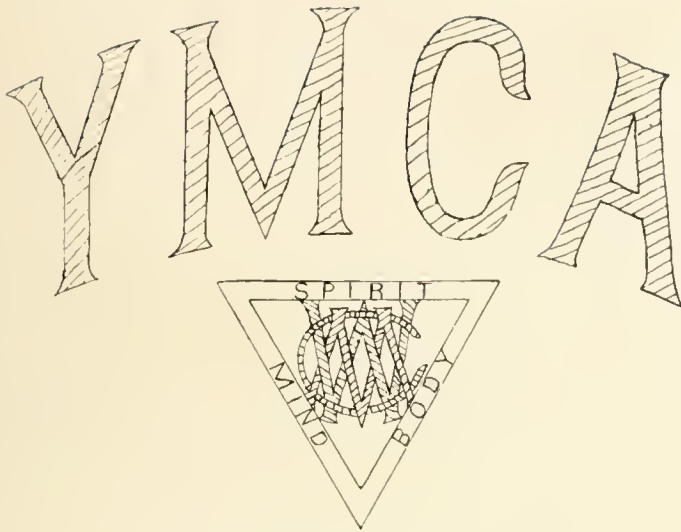
Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, General John H. Cooke,
Adjutant-General Roger Jones, Adj't-General George Croghan (Ky.),
General Robert B. Taylor,

United States Navy

Commodore Thos. Ap. Catesby Jones, Commodore Lewis Warrington,

Confederate States Army.

Major-General William B. Taliaferro.



Officers 1898-99.

ERNEST SHAWEN, - - - PRESIDENT.
 C. N. WILLIAMS, - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
 C. H. LAMBERT, - - - - TREASURER.
 J. TAYLOR THOMPSON, RECORDING SECRETARY.
 A. H. FOREMAN, - CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

Standing Committees.

Devotional Committee :

C. N. WILLIAMS, CHAIRMAN.

Bible Study Committee :

A. H. FOREMAN, CHAIRMAN.

Missionary Committee :

G. L. STEVENS.

Room Committee :

H. A. HUNT, CHAIRMAN.

Membership Committee :

J. TAYLOR THOMPSON.

Hand-book Committee :

J. TAYLOR THOMPSON.

Finance Committee :

C. H. LAMBERT, CHAIRMAN.

Temperance Union :

G. L. STEVENS, CHAIRMAN.

King's Household Bible Reader :

ERNEST SHAWEN, CHAIRMAN.

Bible Classes :

Teachers—

A. H. FOREMAN,

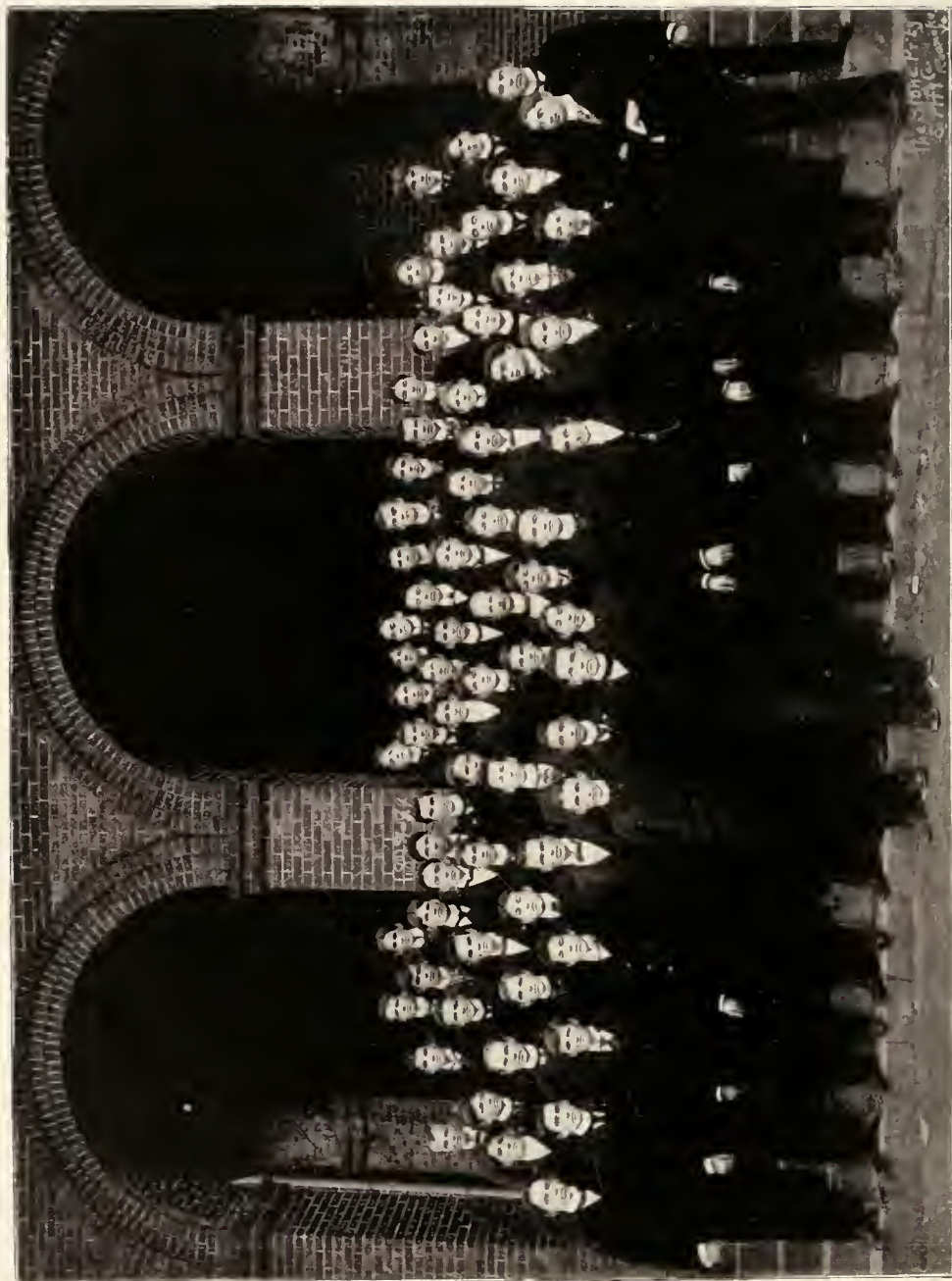
J. TAYLOR THOMPSON.

Purity Union :

H. A. HUNT, CHAIRMAN.

Fall Campaign :

A. H. FOREMAN, CHAIRMAN.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Young Men's Christian Association.

IT IS well known that the Young Men's Christian Association occupies a very prominent place in the college of to-day. There are many reasons why this organization is recognized and encouraged by college authorities. Among its many merits, may be mentioned the good influence that the Association endeavors to throw around the new student. There are committees whose duty it is to extend to the student, on his entrance at school, a welcome handshake to assist him in arranging his lecture schedule and in securing boarding quarters. This done, the Association then endeavors to get the student out to the weekly meetings. Now, of course, the spiritual benefit received here is of the greatest importance; but, aside from that, the student is introduced to many of the best men in college. This introduction is but the beginning of an association between old and new students that leads to warm friendships, many of which continue throughout college life and frequently in after years. Every effort is made to get the new student on a firm footing before he is confronted with the evil influences that are common to every college. He is invited to read the books, papers, and periodicals of the Young Men's Christian Association reading-room; he is frequently visited by members of the organization and helped in those little things that only a student can appreciate; and furthermore, he is urged to identify himself with one of the Sunday schools of the city and to attend services as often as possible. Though it is not claimed that these efforts are always successful, the great importance of such a start in college life is readily seen, and no arguments need be brought forward to prove the value of good environment to young men beginning life at college.

Another feature of the Young Men's Christian Association is the united attempt made to get the new student interested in the Christian work of the organization. Nothing is so conducive to the strengthening of one's Christian character as the knowledge of his being active in a united movement whose twofold object is to seek closer communion with the Heavenly Father and to lead a fellow-being to Christ; hence a new member, at an early age, is urged to take part in the religious exercises and to offer suggestions in regard to work among students. They are frequently appointed as leaders, and are assigned other duties that tend to create an enthusiasm for Christian labor and to produce a feeling of responsibility for a certain share of Association work.

Lack of space forbids us to mention any save a few of the merits of the Association as a Christian body. In beginning, we would say that it is not intended that the organization should take the place of one's church. It occupies an intermediate position, though its object is to increase the

spirituality of the members and to gather for the Harvester new sheaves from the fields of sin. The opportunities for effective Christian work are more than in many Christian bodies, for all doctrinal points are foreign to its nature, being left for later thought. The one creed is the salvation of sinners; the one mission is the conversion of souls. At every meeting there is presented some phase of Christian life, with a view of convicting sinners.

As an organization, the Young Men's Christian Association is divided into several departments, each having charge of a particular work. Each department works as a separate body, yet all conform to the regulations of the entire Association. It is not claimed that any of these departments are conducted in an ideal manner; for no one realizes more deeply than the officers themselves the utter frailty of human effort in dealing with matters of eternal import. On reviewing the work, frequently they become conscious of the wrong steps taken and of the poor results therefrom; however, it is hoped that what is done is prompted wholly by a Christian spirit. The workers are encouraged by the belief that the Master is ever willing to guide and strengthen their feeble efforts, and "If God be with us, who can be against us?"

Now, in order to give an idea of the work of the different departments, it is necessary to go into a detailed account of each. In beginning, we would say that the regular Sunday meetings are held either in the Y. M. C. A. reading-room or in the college chapel. The exercises of each meeting consist of several short talks by appointed leaders. The programme, consisting of the names of the speakers and the names of the subjects on which they speak, is arranged by the Devotional Committee. Every effort is made to make the exercises interesting and instructive; hence, the talks are very short and to the point. Besides the exercises that are conducted by the students, we are favored frequently during the session by an address from one of the ministers of the city, the latter exercise being a substitute for the former. Dr. Hall, of the Faculty, has also consented to deliver a series of lectures to the Association on Bible history. They add greatly to the interest manifested on the part of the student body, and are highly valued as the lecturer presents the Bible, as a whole, as the inspired and revealed word of God. He impresses upon the students the absurdity of modern attempts to fathom the depths of scriptural truth by the application of human science. The main object of these lectures, however, is to familiarize the student with the leading points of Bible history and to create a desire for a more thorough study of God's word.

Besides the regular Sunday meetings in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, there are Bible classes, a missionary society, weekly Bible lectures, and temperance and purity societies, all under the supervision of the Association. The weekly Bible lectures are delivered by Dr. Bishop, of the Faculty, who is a zealous worker in the interest of the Young Men's Christian Association. His Friday night lectures continue throughout the session, and are the source of great help to the Association. The subjects presented in his talks are of a varied nature, but each one contains a message of "Jesus and His love." These talks have done more than any other phase of the Christian work at William and Mary to increase the spiritual growth in the college and to bring the student body into closer touch with the Association work.

The Bible classes that are conducted throughout the session offer the best opportunity for judging the true status of the Young Men's Christian Association. The work is divided into two classes; the first, consisting of about thirty members, follow the system of study that is planned by "The King's Household Bible Study." This system has been introduced into nearly all the colleges of the South, hence it is needless to give an outline of the work. Suffice it to say that this class at William and Mary is accomplishing good results, and is a source of great encouragement to those who have charge of the Bible Study work. The second class, though not so large as the first, is also established upon a good footing. There are about twenty-five members enrolled in this work, and they seem to be earnest, consecrated young men. The system of study used by them is "A Harmony of the Gospels." This, like the first, requires daily prayer and study. The class is divided into two sections, which meet weekly. The work of the Association depends, to a great extent, upon the individual Bible study in the above two classes, for without daily spiritual food the Christian's work will avail nothing.

The mission spirit of the Young Men's Christian Association is another worthy feature of the work. When we recall the fact that the last command of our Master was, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," do we not feel that this work should be given a prominent place in every Christian organization? It is considered so important by our Association that the meeting on the first Sunday of each month is devoted to the cause of missions. This work is under the control of the Missionary Committee. The progress of missions in foreign countries is carefully studied, and the facts and circumstances of a certain part of the missionary field are presented by appointed speakers at each of the above meetings. The committee keeps in close touch with the missionary movement of the Young Men's Christian Association in America, and our Association contributes its pro rata share to support the work in foreign fields.

Among the most valuable departments of Christian work at William and Mary are the Temperance and Purity Unions. The object of these unions is readily seen. We are proud to know that they enjoy a membership of about seventy students. The young man, on entering college, takes a pledge to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages and to discountenance all language that is unbecoming a Christian gentleman. The pledges are made for the period of a year, at the expiration of which time they may be renewed.

It may be well to mention that our Association keeps in touch with the annual State convention of the Young Men's Christian Association and the "Summer Student's Conference." We attempt to send each session as many delegates to these meetings as possible. The delegates are supposed to return to college next session, in order to give the Association the benefit of the experience gained at these conventions.

The membership of the Young Men's Christian Association this year consists of about one-third of the entire student body. This per cent may not compare favorably with that of the organizations at some of our sister colleges; but is it not consoling to know that our Master smiled upon the servant who properly used two talents equally as much as upon him who had been given ten. In reviewing the Association work of the past seven or eight sessions, we are compelled to admit that this is not the banner year

with us, as we can see that the conditions in some instances have been more favorable. Just as it is with every college organization, we have seasons of adversity; but when we remember that our Master said that "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," all thoughts of adversity disappear only to be replaced by feelings of encouragement for having attempted to do something for His kingdom. We believe that the work of this session has accomplished much good. Through the agency of the Association many results have been attained that could not have been hoped for without it. Aside from all the moral influences that have been thrown around the students, our efforts have been blessed by the Master in other ways. The Holy Spirit, through our instrumentality, has enabled several students to carry to their respective homes the joyful tidings of having found Christ. May the seed that has been sown yield an abundant harvest is the prayer of every member of the Association.

This sketch would be incomplete without expressing to the Faculty, the ministers of the city, and the ladies of Williamsburg, our sincere thanks for their encouraging words and hearty coöperation in all that pertains to the Young Men's Christian Association work. We realize that too much emphasis could not be laid upon the assistance rendered by them. In every movement that we have attempted, they have ever been willing and ready to advise and encourage. The Faculty have not only aided us in the above ways, but they have contributed liberally to the current expenses necessary for conducting the work. No one outside of the Association could appreciate this generosity and sympathy so much as the members themselves. It not only shows that the students of William and Mary are placed under the control of a Faculty composed of earnest Christian men, but also offers great encouragement to the Christian students of the college and tends to elevate the Y. M. C. A. in the eyes of some who are not inclined to look upon it with favor. May the spirit of coöperation increase as the sessions pass. If this be the case there is no doubt that the good results of the Association work will be known and felt by all who come in touch with our institution. The field for Christian work is large, for the servants of Satan are always alert and dutiful to their master. If we would be victorious, we must strive for a closer relationship with our Leader and a more willing conformity to His will. There may be periods of despondency and the immediate results of our labor may not be seen, but we should remember that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."





SENIOR CLUB

Senior Class.

Officers.

R. M. HUGHES, JR.,	PRESIDENT
G. L. STEVENS,	SECRETARY
ERNEST SHAWEN,	HISTORIAN FOR "ECHO"
R. E. HENDERSON,	FINAL HISTORIAN
J. M. COLES,	PROPHET
C. H. LAMBERT,	POET

Colors.

Orange and Lavender.

Yell.

Hooglum voogly Brandywine,
Patsy=watsy, baby mine,
Hocus-pocus, Ninety-nine,
Whoo-o=e=e-e-e!

Motto.

"Όταν γάρ εδυστήσωμεν, τότε χιμῆμεν παρέσται και γελῶν ἐλευθέρως."



Senior Class Roll.

CHITWOOD, OLIVER PERRY, Rocky Mount, Virginia.

"My only books
Are woman's looks
And folly 's all they 've taught me."

L. L. '92-93; Philomathean Essayist's Medal, '92-93; Brafferton Gold Teacher's Medal, '92-93; Diplomas in Natural Science, History, and Pedagogy, '97-98; Librarian, '98-99; Editor-in-Chief COLONIAL ECHO, '98-99.

COLES, JOHN MUNFORD, Chatham, Virginia.

"Look then into thine heart and write."

Kappa Sigma; Football Team, '96-97; Philomathean Orator, '96-97; Editor-in-Chief *College Monthly*, second term, '97-98; Diploma in French, '97-98; Exchange Editor *Monthly*, '98-99; President Philomathean Society, '98-99; Social Editor *Echo*, '98-99.

ELLIOTT, JOHN EARL, Fox Hill, Virginia.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

L. L. '95-96; Football Team, '97-98; Gold Math. Medal, '97-98; Diploma in Pedagogy, '97-98; Captain Football Team, '98-99; Instructor in French and German, '98-99; Athletic Editor *Echo*, '98-99.

FOREMAN, ALVAN HERBERT, Great Bridge, Virginia.

"Let not Ambition mock thy useful toil."

President Philomathean Society, '96-97; Philomathean Debater's Medal, '96-97; Instructor at Model School, '97-98 and '98-99; Second Math. Medal, '97-98; R. Walton Moore Medal for Scholarship in Civil Government and Political Economy, '97-98; L. L. '97-98; Diploma in History, '97-98; Business Manager *Echo*, '98-99; Y. M. C. A. Editor *Monthly*, '98-99; President Y. M. C. A., last term, '98-99.

HENDERSON, ROBERT ESLIE, Moomaw, Virginia.

"Come quench your blushes."

Philomathean Medal, Improvement in Debate, '95-96; Second Teacher's Medal, '95-96; L. L., '97-98; President Philomathean Society, '97-98; Diplomas in Pedagogy and Natural Science, '97-98; Final President Philomathean Society, '98-99; Business Manager *College Monthly*, '98-99.

HUGHES, ROBERT MORTON, JR., Norfolk, Virginia.

"A man may be young in years, but old in hours if he have lost no time."

Kappa Alpha; President Phoenix Society, '97-98; Exchange Editor *Monthly* last term, '97-98; Diplomas in Latin, Greek, and French, '97-98; Chancellor Scholarship, '97-98; President of Senior Club, '98-99.

HURST, JAMES, Lynham's, Virginia.

"Listening senates hang upon thy tongue."

Phoenix Medal, Improvement in Declamation, '95-96; Phoenix Medal Improvement in Debate, '96-97; Phoenix Final Debater's Medal, '97-98; L. L., '97-98; Diploma in Natural Science, '97-98; President Phoenix, '98-99; Phoenix Orator, '98-99.

LAMBERT, CHARLES HIGDON, McGaheysville, Virginia.

"He loves not wisely, but too well."

Pi Kappa Alpha; Phoenix Debater's Medal, '95-96; President Phoenix, '96-97; L. L., '96-97; Phoenix Orator, '96-97; Diploma in History, '96-97; Brafferton Teacher's Medal, '96-97; Diplomas in Pedagogy, Natural Science, and German, '97-98; Exchange Editor *Monthly* first term, '97-98; Instructor at Model School, '97-98 and '98-99; Hughes Magazine Medal, '97-98; Book Review Editor *Monthly*, '98-99; Literary Editor *Echo*, '98-99.

SHAWEN, ERNEST, Waterford, Virginia.

"Nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities."

L. L., '93-94; Final President Phoenix Society, '94-95; College Notes Editor *Monthly*, '93-94; A. B., '97-98; Diplomas in English, Latin, and Pedagogy, '97-98; Y. M. C. A. Editor *Monthly*, '97-98; President Phoenix Society, '97-98; Instructor in English and History last term, '97-98; Instructor in English and Latin, '98-99; Editor-in-Chief *College Monthly*, '98-99; Club Editor *Echo*, '98-99; Phoenix Debater, '98-99; President Y. M. C. A. last term, '97-98 and first term, '98-99.

STEVENS, GEORGE LEROY, Cappahosic, Virginia.

"A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more
in a minute than he will stand to in a month."

Pi Kappa Alpha; College Notes Editor *Monthly* last term, '97-98; Corcoran Scholarship, '94-95; Graves Scholarship, '95-96.

STUBBS, THOMAS JEFFERSON, JR., Williamsburg, Virginia.

"A chip of the old block."

Kappa Alpha; Baseball Team, '96-97, '97-98, and '98-99; L. L., '97-98; Final President Phoenix Society, '97-98; College Notes Editor *Monthly*, '98-99; Literary Editor *Echo*, '98-99.

WILLIAMS, CHARLES NASH, Norfolk, Virginia.

"The remembrance of my former love is by a newer object quite forgotten."

Pi Kappa Alpha; Final President Philomathean Society, '97-98; Manager Glee Club, '98-99; Instructor in Greek and Latin, '98-99; Art Editor *Echo*, '98-99; Alumni Editor *Monthly*, last term, '98-99.

Senior Class History.

GREAT GRANDFATHER HERODOTUS surely had no idea what a popular fashion he was instituting, or how many disciples he would have in all ages, when he recorded the deeds of the ancient Greeks and Persians. What a climax history writing has reached when the present scribe undertakes to record the deeds of the "Most potent, grave, and reverend *Seniors*" of the Class of '99. Some one has said that true history can not be written until long after the events have transpired and that men like Washington and Napoleon are much greater heroes to-day than during their own lifetime. However it may be with reference to those sons of Mars, we do not believe that, in the present case, "Distance will lend enchantment to the view;" for this purports to be a true history, and the present historian looks with an impartial eye upon the grand achievements of his class during the last four years. Most of his data has been collected by eye-witnesses.

To do justice to the brilliant record of this class in the space herein allotted, is indeed a gigantic undertaking; hence only the most striking features will be noted. However inadequately the task may be done here, the characteristics of the individuals who compose this body are so striking that they will, wherever met with, at once correct any wrong impression hereby created.

To begin with, we are an even dozen, as the egg-man or the fish-monger would say; yet we are neither fish nor fowl but flesh and intellect of a very superior quality. *Cela va sans dire* that we are the *sine qua non* of college life this session. Without us, the Model School would have to close, the library would be useless, the elements of French, German, and Greek would remain as a sealed book, and the first-year classes in English and Latin would have to go home. So there now: *Quod erat demonstrandum*.

Our pre-collegiate life is an antediluvian affair, and we do not care to dwell upon it. We really did shed floods of crystal tears upon our first departure for college. Since our arrival here, we have tried every phase of college life with unvarying success, and what we've left undone isn't worthy of mention.

Some of us have been here three years, some four, and some five. Every position of honor, from "pigtail" on the diamond to president of the Swell-head Club, has been held by one or the other of the twelve. Five now hold positions as instructors in the institution, and to another is assigned the dignity of presiding over the volumes of the Library. One is already an A. B., seven more hope to be next June, and the others are applying for three or more diplomas in special departments. The college *Monthly* and the COLONIAL ECHO are also exponents of our genius.

As we have approached the stage of full-grown mental manhood, we have endeavored to put away childish things. One or two, however, still persist in some of the pranks of former years. Our most brilliant man so far lowered his dignity this session as to become captain of the football team, and two others play baseball "merely for exercise." As a rule, the members of the class can be singled out by their dignity.

Our politics will be the subject of future history. We know little about the subject yet, except college politics, and the experience is not altogether encouraging. We are voters, however, with two exceptions, and have views upon the great questions of the day. We are Democrats with two exceptions, and as a class, are opposed to expansion, imperialism, etc. As to the currency question, our unanimous wish is for "more money."

As we look back over the few years spent at college, we do not scorn the base degrees by which we did ascend, although we can but shudder as we think of some of those past experiences, and we have a feeling of infinite compassion for those little fellows who are grasping for the lower rounds of the ladder. There is nothing like being a Senior; all past honors fade into insignificance when compared with the dignity of this year. Our paths have not, however, been strewn with roses; nor have we all penetrated the labyrinth leading to the Pierian Spring by the same portals, eight having preferred linguistic studies to the sciences, but we are all now rapidly approaching the same goal, graduation and entrance upon the world's great stage.

We have recited a few glittering generalities about this body of men, and while it would be a great pleasure to describe each one personally, it is thought best to close with a brief sketch of our president. At first glance, one might take him to be a member of the infant class; but appearances are often deceptive, for he bears the proud distinction of being the only man at college who possesses a diploma in Ancient Languages. Greek is his hobby. He would rather read the Philippics of Demosthenes than to eat. His scholarly tastes can at once be recognized by the following sentence, taken from one of his latest treatises on the subject of Greek: "Only after a taste of the unapproachable originals can we realize the weakness of translations." While admiring the musty works of the ancients, this young man has a singular dislike for more recent logical minds, like Wentworth, Horner, and Sturm. His greatest bugbear is to reach chapel in time for the morning exercises. Bred in a legal atmosphere, he delights in the technicalities of the Phoenix constitution, and, as a presiding officer, he rules with an iron hand. Behold him at the head of his class! What will he do next? What shall the class fear with such a leader?

We feel as if we shall soon be ready to cut the Gordian knot, cross over the Rubicon, and enter into the battle of life. *Alca jacta sit.*

A Dip Into the Future.

CO THE Druid priest in Cowper's poem, Boadicea, was given that inestimable and sublime gift of foretelling the ruin and destruction of mighty Rome; to the seer in "Lochiel's Warning" was likewise given the mighty power of presaging the defeat and death of the Highland chieftain; to the prophets of old was granted, by divine inspiration, the transcendent privilege of reading the future. Now, what shall be the duty and privilege of the prophet of the Senior Club of '99? He realizes the responsibility of the task. The visions which will be seen must be interpreted aright. His glass shall be free from imperfection or tarnish, and reading the future through the lens, he shall transmit to the present generation the revelation of wonders worked before the amazed and admiring eyes of a generation yet unborn. But the world will ask, "How long?" Ah! the mystical lore by which is revealed the events in time to come is regardless of years. They are foretold and the uncertain hours or minutes must decide among themselves. But enough of trivial objections. The duty now devolves upon the prophet to reveal *these* events. The investigation "trembles to begin."

The seer raises his glass to take a prospective view. O mighty Senior Club of '99! What does he see! Bards, philosophers, statesmen, barristers, historians, essayists, the "representatives of every science and of every art;" fiery eloquence which would make Demosthenes pale with shame; the musical stream of poetry which flows as smoothly as the most placid water, causing Tennyson to look to his laurels by frequent visits of his humiliated phantom. There is more and more, but the glass dims. Such a broad prospectus of intensity weakens the lens. It is necessary to lower it for a breathing space. Now the prophet exclaims, "O mighty twelve! How the world will wonder at your deeds in court, in cabinet, and field. How the future will be indebted to you for the lustre you will shed, and posterity will proclaim your name and fame!"

The glass is raised for the second time; not to take a prospective view but an individual one. To begin in order. The future of the venerable president looms up in all its majesty and weirdness. Will the glass pierce the gloom? Ah! yes, now is seen the light of his deeds making brilliant the dark shadows which would surround him. In the dim, mysterious aisle of an antiquated court-room stand a crowd of spectators; the jury occupy their usual positions; the severe and resolute judge holds sway with stentorian tone. Before him is seen the object of our telescopic vision; with hair disheveled, arms extended and every line of his face depicting at the same time scorn, contempt, benevolence, and triumph, he is appealing, with all

the earnestness and zeal of one whose destinies "hang on the passing of a breath," to the dispassionate and indifferent body of twelve who sit before him for the life and property of the prisoner at the bar. The prophet raises his glass a little. The jury have retired, and while looking in vain for a second sight, the foreman of the jury announces the verdict. * * * The glass wavers. In another direction is seen this placard over an office door:

ROBERT M. HUGHES,
LAWYER.

Office Work a Specialty.

No Cases Taken Before Jury.

There have been many scholars and profound philosophers who have influenced mankind and added knowledge and instruction to the knowledge-fount of humanity. The glass of the prophet must again be called into play. The word "Pedagogy" is seen encircling the "star" of "Jake" Hurst. Probably, there are more than a few teachers or professors afforded by the Senior Club of '99. The lens is contradictory; there is a bright and a gloomy point to the star of the wished-to-be-by-the-class orator. The country schools of Virginia's counties clamor for him. There is seen the broad, blue fields of his own native county. He is about to present his application to the superintendent. Will he be successful? The indications are favorable. At last there breaks on the vision a sight of his pedagogical staff, wielded with imperative and authoritative force, to the unmitigated terror of the proverbial "small boy." "Jake" is making his *mark*.

What has been intimated as probable that there may be more than one teacher afforded by this would-be-distinguished body, the seer reveals with certainty. Again does his glass survey with accurate and rapid result the field of vision covered by the future of the esteemed "poet." Perhaps, he is seen with his devoted pupils, conversing and instructing them in all the divers rules and principles of the Spencerian method of teaching. But the glass reaches further. Already he is seen at his desk after the weary work of a long summer's day. With pen in hand, see him poring over a verse of the Spencerian stanza. There are his poetical effusions. The prophet feels the strain and prophesies that "Nations yet may feel the shock" when is handed down to them the rare volume of the poems of C. H. Lambert, Esq. Let the glass be raised again yet higher. Within the whirl of literary and social life, he is seen struggling with the tide of fame and worth. Seeking that highest round of the ladder, he yet hopes against hope to be able to reach probably the round above the base.

There may be other teachers among the twelve. Turn the glass to the future. Anticipate the eventful sphere in which the historian will move and have his being. Before the tribunals of the nation is he seen thundering against the oppressor and the evil-doer. In Congress is he seen persuading the half-nodding members to lend their votes to support his bill. In stenorian tones and with face all aflame he predicts destruction and calamity if

he is not supported. He would like to be in the Cabinet. But from his district was he sent to voice his constituents' will. As a Cabinet officer he could not serve their interests so well, therefore, he will refuse the proffered honor. A brilliant career betokens itself. "Coming events cast their shadows before." Truly they do in his case. On and on he rises in fame and honor. New generations of a prosperous and enlightened nation will read with admiration the proclamation of the President. They will exalt him amid the applause which shouts in his acclaim; amid the admiration conceived, will posterity bow with reverence and respect to the glorious deeds of Robert E. Henderson, one of the future presidents of the nation.

The prophet has inadvertently looked in another direction. Lo! What doth appear. Within the five corners of his star appear the brilliant records of Alvan H. Foreman, statesman, philosopher, poet. His is a promising career, so full of the peaceful deeds which furnish glorious lustre to the name of the state. What appears first in the line of vision? Teaching in the lonely corners of his native wilds; seeking the higher schools of the city, he, by his ever-increasing popularity, wins his way among the host of competitors who are striving to detain him. Year by year he succeeds, until seen in the legislative halls of his state. But his glory will fade. He makes a prodigious attempt to enter into the politics of the state, but meeting with little success, he finally accepts the position as master of the Williamsburg Model School.

What the glass will reveal in its next research is hardly anticipated correctly. The future prospects of the oldest member of the Club are now veiled. But let the lens tell the tale. Oliver P. Chitwood, no one would dare say, has not a glorious future. No one would intimate that his attainments will not be sufficient to justify the fame to which he aspires. Present indications endorse these favorable presumptions. The glass is raised. *A glorious vision!* Hale and strong is the subject of the prophecy and object of the vision. Leaving the venerable walls of his Alma Mater with determination stamped on his brow and flirtation possessing his heart, bearing in his hands the much-desired degree, he is seen pursuing the dearly loved idol of his aspirations. To return a little. He is known to have been fond of the wiles and smiles of the fair sex; he has been known to pursue his suit unwaveringly, though assailed and attacked at all times and in all places. To those who have become acquainted with these facts, the impending revelation excites no surprise. Thirty years have passed and the quiet home of Oliver Periander Chitwood, in Franklin County, Virginia, appears dimly beyond. Lo! The glass trembles and nearly falls! Away to the right is seen this fireside picture: his wife sits on his right and he gazing at her with expressions of tenderest love seems to reflect upon his happy lot. And this is "Perry"! The misogynist, the would-be celibate!

The next prophecy will be an intricate one. The lens must now be concavo-convex; double-faced, strong, and clear. The future of *this* dignified Senior is what the Senior Club as a whole should aspire to. Looking with merely a glance at the A. B. Degree which he must necessarily receive, the prophet sees him surveying the arena of life, taking his bearings. It has been thought that the colleges and universities must needs be represented by some one among this mighty twelve. Trained in the art and science of pedagogy, he pursues the darling study of his heart. A few years later, he is seen reaching out into a broader field; his aspirations are great; his ambi-

tion is noble. The largest academy in Loudoun County is his seeming ideal. But no. "A brighter departure is near." He is seen seeking literary fame. The critic's and essayist's part he must play. Admiring Macaulay, he condemns his severity and desires him not as an ideal; he sneers at the verbosity of Taine, while he sincerely admires Lessing and seeks to rival him. Incentive enough for this aspiring genius— * * * A lapse of twenty years occurs, and the glass reveals Ernest Shawen's name first among the many brilliant and versatile contributors to the *Williamsburg Gazette*.

The Senior Club of '99 pass rapidly by. Dim indeed must be the appearance of the future when brilliant event succeeds brilliant event in such rapid succession. There passes one by, however, whose future has not yet developed, obscured as it is by a cumbrous veil. There is some light appearing through the not wholly impervious obstruction. The veil is a mist. It begins to rise. Nothing is seen save the usual prospectus of a happy though uneventful life. But hark! Music is heard and raising the instrument of search, there is seen a church choir. It is inferred that Charlie Williams will be there. But no, the procession passes by and following it is the object of the seer's search. With flowing gown and surplice, the prophet beholds the consummation of "Charlie's" future. Formerly pastor of Bruton Parish Church, he is now Bishop of Yorktown.

The future is now to suffer a deep, thorough scrutiny of a peculiar investigation. Deliberate George Stevens now comes passing by and his future must be "read in the nation's eye." Lifting the lens far above the level of the common herd, the prophet must pierce the shadows which involve in obscurity the brilliant period of this illustrious member of 'Ninety-nine's Senior Club. Will it be brilliant? The revelation of the prophet must decide or must show the answer to this question. Afar off from his native heath, in a quiet town in the western part of the State of Nevada, there is a doctor's office. No one has ever been inside of that new building. In fact the occupant has just moved in, and, being a professional man, has characteristically posted his placard above the door. He has not received any practice yet. Three days have passed since the first intimation of his position and intention appeared to the public. Shift the glass. The reason is clear. Coming down the street appears the fond flesh and blood vision of his eyes. The rustle of skirts is heard and a sight of the blue-eyed damsel whose bewitching charms have diseased the heart of "little Georgie," gives us a clue to his unsuccessful beginning. But years have rolled by. The same blue-eyed damsel has now become a wife, and the fireside presents the happy picture of Dr. Stevens enjoying connubial bliss.

Those who have never had the opportunity of imparting their knowledge in a professional way; those who seek instruction, may do well to attend to the prediction of the success attained by T. Jefferson Stubbs in that direction. The vision reveals not distinctly the full career. Owing to the constant and successive use of the instrument of vision, the process must necessarily be slow. The future of this member of the Club is now as a sealed book, but apply the instrument. Twenty years of study and training have fitted him for the positions of trust which he must fill hereafter. Arkansas, his native heath, his birthplace, must provide employment for her distinguished son. He will control their schools as superintendent. Professor or instructor in one of the large colleges or universities, he covers himself with glory as a teacher. But there is more than one path to fame though

there are no "royal roads." The vision dims. What is it? Now it seems clear. "Jeff" Stubbs must give place to the last on the roll of prophecy.

The great "calico-sport" of William and Mary comes in sight. Dashing, fiery young Elliott rushes by decked in auburn hair and pride. The glass wavers. It is in a little town in eastern Virginia where the great society swell and beau is seen. His fondness for the fair sex has not been forgotten by the mates of his college days. His "smashing" propensities have not been overlooked by the friends of his youthful days. Here he is seen in all his glory and triumph; he looks an Adonis in his frock-tail coat and patent leathers. The queens of the fair sex and the reigning beauties of the time agree in according him the palm for being the handsomest heart-smasher of the town of Phoebus! The society swell and beau!

The glass falls with a crash and shivers into a thousand pieces. The prophecy of the Senior Club of 'Ninety-nine is finished. Leave to the future its vindication.

This prophecy has been made with a feeling that the world should know what to expect from this ambitious body. It is believed to be well that this is the case; for in that dim vista, when these mighty happenings must come to pass, the world by foreknowledge of what is coming will be better prepared to withstand the fiery eloquence of "Bobby" Hughes; to endure the giant strokes of "Jake" Hurst; to appreciate the poetical effusions of "Charlie" Lambert; to hail with pleasure the system of teaching instituted by "Allie" Foreman; to understand the statesmanship of "Bob" Henderson; to sympathize with "Perry" Chitwood; to wonder at the doctrines of "Charlie" Williams; to listen to the slow speech of "Georgie" Stevens; to gaze with awe at "Jeff" Stubbs and ever better prepared to view the remarkable course of "Jack" Elliott and exclaim "Wonders never cease." *Consummatum est.* Immortalized in verse, story and song, the future of the Senior Club of '00, "damns to everlasting fame" this bright galaxy of genius and talent; and with the disappearance from the range of the active vision of this remarkable club disappears also

THE PROPHET.



Class Poem '99.

Old Father Time, with sure and steadfast hand,
Has snatched another page from out the book
Of Life, and now, to-day, we sadly stand,
And cast upon the Past one farewell look.

The scenes of college life will soon be o'er;
The place where many pleasant hours were spent
Will fade from view, but not from mem'ry's store
Which to fond recollection will be bent.

These old historic walls will ever speak
Of men, and deeds, and glories of the Past,
And pilgrims from afar will ever seek
This Mecca of the nation, first and last.

No need to tell the story that 's grown old,
How at her feet great intellects have sought
Her priceless jewels, brighter far than gold,
And inspirations high have nobly caught.

To you, kind friends, we point to prestige high
That our dear Alma Mater bravely won,
By training men to grandly do or die,
When duty sternly called each gallant son.

But to our classmates now we sadly turn
To briefly say one word of kind farewell;
And while each name we mention with concern,
We 'll of their deeds and many virtues tell.

Now first on the list
There 's Shawen by name;
He 's known as a "Sub" —
No use to explain,
A fine noble man,
He is noted for study;
He works when it 's bright,
And walks when it 's muddy.

Now Chitwood is seen,
With limbs long and lank;
He walked past the *corner*,
And on the steps sank.
To argument strong
Our friend is addicted;
His side is best seen
When by *him* it 's depicted.

That 's Williams you see,
You can tell by his lip;
He 's shaded it somehow,
He says, for a trip,
To Greek he 's inclined,
And all fully know,
When calling down town,
He says $\sigma\acute{\epsilon}\ \epsilon\gamma\lambda\acute{\omega}$.

The boy with brown eye?
Why Stubbs is his name;
He's fond of athletics,
And plays a good game,
A jolly good fellow,
At work or at play,
His singing is O. K.,
By night or by day.

More color you say?
Here, man, at your hand,
That's Elliot, you know,
Do you understand?
French and German he thinks
Sind gut für einen Mann;
Le Français he has taught
For the space of *un an*.

The boy that can't talk (?)
Is Stevens "the game,"
He's lugging in words,
But he's not to blame,
For a good, solid student
In this land of ours,
That can beat little "Steve,"
Must be hunted for hours.

Our orator boy
Should be there on the left,
When he leaves these old halls
The Phoenix is bereft
Of Hurst, the young spouter,
To whom has been given
A string of gold medals,
For which he has striven.

Now what shall I say
Of that very tall (?) man
Who presides at this meeting,
And rules our big clan?
He's a boy of fine sense,
He's a youth of fine mind,
And Hughes there 'll you see
That desk he's behind.

There's a man with red cheeks;
Now who can that be?
He hails from the mountains,
Where the air's pure and free,
That's Henderson I think—
Now just watch his air;
He's thinking of *some one*—
Now ask, if you dare.

Our poet and writer
Is back in that chair,
He's working out great thoughts
With wonderful care,
Poet Laureate some day
There can't be a doubt;
Coles 'll stand in the valley,
And at the peaks shout.

"The last shall be first,"
Now who shall it be
Of all the good fellows
In this company,
He's a hustler all through,
He's a boy with a will,
Just look at that face;
Oh, it's "Al" Foreman still!

These are the boys, the Class of Ninety-nine,
Who, at the source of life's fast-roaring stream,
Have launched their bark, and turned its downward course
To Ocean wide, on which the sunbeams gleam.

The skies are bright, no shadows cross the way;
But grasses green and flowers upon the banks
Perfume the air, and deck the landscape gay;
All nature from each creature calls forth thanks.

From every bower, and bush, and branching tree,
Sweet notes are warbled forth upon the air;
The woods around vibrate with melody
From happy throats whose songs are free from care.

The men, no longer boys, sail bravely on;
The waters, swift and rougher than before,
Their frail barks toss; the brightness soon is gone,
The winds of Grief and Trouble round them roar.

But come what may, let duty firmly call
Each gallant spirit to its chosen task ;
He best deserves the crown whose every fall
Inspires him but the more the goal to grasp.

Then, boys, with heart of fire and steady zeal,
Let each of us some future object see,
Some deed, some action for the common weal
Whose power shall last to all eternity.

THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

	HIS AGE IS	WE KNOW HIM AS	HIS FAVORITE SAYING IS	HIS CHIEF AMUSEMENTS	HE IS NOTED FOR	WE ADMIRE HIM FOR	IS DESIROUS OF BECOMING	WHAT HE WILL PROBABLY BECOME.	WHAT HE HASN'T DONE.	WHAT HE HAS DONE.
CHITWOOD	Doubtful.	"Perry."	"Gentlemen, now we have got to cut."	Working on the Echo.	His religion.	His persistence.	A preacher.	A fanatic.	A great deal.	A very little.
COLLES	Uncertain.	"Monk."	"That is not from snucks."	"Cutting" lectures.	His laziness.	His gray hair.	Famous.	Infamous.	As he ought to.	As he ought not to.
ELLIOTT	Ambiguous.	"Jack."	"Hi! You bugger."	Football.	His beauty.	His anburn hair and freckles.	A "ladies' man."	A gentleman.		Fallen in love.
FOREMAN	Indefinite.	"Rusher."	"Mr. Chairman."	Asking questions.	His curiosity.	His energy.	A professor.	Lost.	Would fill volumes.	Is not known.
HENDERSON	Conjectural.	"Sprouts."	"Seat!"	"Sporting Calico."	His blushes.	His good looks.	An orator.	A "Jackleg."	Too much.	Enough.
HUGHES	Indeterminate.	"Bobbie."	"Look a here."	Coming to chapel late.	His hugeness.	His "hues," raven hair, etc.	A scholar.	Larger.	Grown for three years.	Too little to mention.
LAMBERT	Unknown.	"Grandpapa."	"I'll tell you what, boys."	Writing poetry.	His effusions.	His beautiful face.	A poet.	A little older.	Married.	Courted.
SHAWEN	Undetermined.	"Mike"	"By Sam Hill!"	Looking well.	His dignity.	His wisdom.	Prominent.	Insignificant.	Everything.	Nothing.
STEVENS	Vague.	"Georgie."	"Great balls."	Talking.	His nonsense.	His conversational powers.	A speaker.	A bore.	Not quite all that he wishes to do.	More than other people that he desired him to do.
HURST	?	"Jake."	"By Joe."	Debating.	His forensic powers.	His silence.	A teacher.	Unknown.	Rushed the girls.	Kept his mouth shut.
STUBBS	Veiled.	"Jeff."	"Oh thunder."	Baseball.	Very little.	His Christian name.	Lake his sire.	Unlike him.	Wonders.	Nothing wonderful.
WILLIAMS	Increasing.	"Charlie."	"My Goodness."	Falling in love.	His susceptibility.	His sweet temper.	A favorite with the girls.	Wiser.	Anything.	Nothing of importance.



THE
GREAT
ARTIST



JUNIOR COLLEGIATE CLASS.

Junior Collegiate Class.

Officers.

W. P. HARRIS,	PRESIDENT.
F. W. OSBORN,	VICE-PRESIDENT.
S. W. SELDEN,	SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Motto.

Antequam vitae curriculum ingrediaris para te ad certamen.

Colors.

Orange and Black.

Yell.

Chingelang, Chingelang, Chingelang, Chee,
Ripetang, Ripetang, Ripetang, Rhee,
Chingelang, Chingelang, Chingelang, Chee,
1900—W. M. C. !!

Class Roll.

J. G. ANDERTON,	W. P. HARRIS,
J. H. BONNEVILLE,	A. P. HINES,
G. A. DODGE,	J. L. NEWCOMB,
J. C. DONOVAN,	F. W. OSBORN,
C. T. GRAYSON,	S. W. SELDEN,
C. E. GRESHAM,	J. T. THOMPSON,
R. HANKINS,	W. J. WILKINSON.

Junior Collegiate Class History.

T HIS indeed with mingled feelings that the present scribe begins the task before him. First, there comes a feeling of joy that he and his fellows have done deeds worthy of being recorded; then follows a feeling of his inability to do justice to the undertaking, and, finally, there arises a feeling of wonder as to what the future of these fourteen fellows will be.

Three years ago with pale faces and anxious hearts, we gained admittance to this institution whose very walls seemed to resound with the names of those gone before. Who then among us did not feel his heart swell with pride as he realized that he was treading in the footsteps of the great men of former days? There was not one among us who did not make a mental resolution, each in his respective sphere, to emulate their world-renowned virtues. If there is an inspiring atmosphere anywhere, surely it is here. All about us are objects and places to remind us continually of men and of deeds famous in song and story. Here was Liberty, America's darling, first fondled, and the English tyrant boldly defied. Surely, he is devoid of sentiment who can know these things and not feel some inspiration. We are proud to say that these sacred associations have aroused in our midst the slumbering fires of the orator and the statesman.

This class has passed through two years, leaving behind it a record so bright that when it launched into its third and most difficult year, great things were predicted of it. We consider this the most difficult year, because we now appear at our greatest disadvantage. Being neither Senior Collegiate nor Senior Normal, but hanging as it were between heaven and earth, we haughtily disdain to mingle with the "dues" and, in turn, are meekly forced to bow to the scoffing Senior. Knowing this, we labor on, struggling to reach the shining goal—the Senior Club—which now seems the acme of all existence.

Many have fallen by the wayside in our advancing, but as we move on to Senior Normal, we feel assured, notwithstanding the vacant places in our ranks, that as a class we were still true to our purpose. So when college honors were distributed, we received our full share and advanced to Junior Collegiate. Now the diploma, to which hitherto we had hardly dared aspire, appears at the end of a rough and difficult path beckoning us on to fame and reputation.

When college re-opened last October, we immediately organized our class, and were much distressed to count only thirteen of the old invincibles. One new man was admitted into our ranks, a gentleman who would have all know that he is from the Bowery, but otherwise he seems an excellent fellow. He has entered into the true spirit of the class, and bids fair to become one of the "Immortals" of next session.

We began the year with bright prospects and were advancing with almost unparalleled success when a shadow darkened our sky. The angel of death came into our midst and took away one of our most promising and popular members.

“None knew him but to love him
None named him but to praise.”

His vacant chair is painfully noticeable. He ever beamed with good humor, and life seemed to be made happier by his presence. He was beloved by all and there is no one but has pleasant recollections of him. Truly, “Death loves a shining mark.”

As to our attainments in literary work, we ably hold our own, having among us four orators, two debaters, two declaimers, one poet, and all are good essayists. In the athletic field, though not prominent, we are fairly represented.

But where we reign supreme is in the “calico” line. The lordly Senior having become blasé or having already located his affections, and the lower classmen being still a little bashful, we are given undisputed sway and, as may be imagined, take full advantage of it. While the Senior prefers to pore over musty volumes and write theses, and the new men are absorbed with baseball and tennis, we prefer to wander with the fair Belindas through some shady grove or by some babbling, mirror-like brook.

Here we shall leave the Junior Collegiate Class for the present, feeling sure that if each man retains his present distinguishing characteristics he will some day accomplish his aim and have his name written in the annals of his country.



Second Year Class.

Officers.

R. M. JONES,	PRESIDENT.
E. SANDIDGE,	VICE-PRESIDENT.
C. F. CARTER,	SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Motto.

Nulla vestigia retrorsum.

Colors.

Maroon and Black.

Yell.

Rah, Rah, Ree,
Boom, La, Bee,
Senior Normal,
W. M. C. !!

Second Year Class.

Roll 1898-99.

A. S. Anderson,
U. C. B. Anderson,
F. Armistead,
G. H. Badger,
H. L. Burrows,
C. O. Barron,
C. F. Carter,
M. H. Copenhaver,
G. M. Cornett,
B. F. Cornett,
J. H. Crim,
F. T. Crowder,
H. B. Davies,
W. W. Davies,
G. J. Downing,
B. F. Epps,
J. T. Garrow,
G. W. Guy,

W. M. Hackley,
J. N. Hornbaker,
P. Hundley,
T. B. Hurst,
C. W. Hunt,
H. A. Hunt,
E. C. Hanes,
H. F. Hoskins,
D. B. Hebditch,
V. Hash,
R. M. Jones,
H. D. Jordan,
S. G. Jett,
J. M. Lewis,
A. R. W. Mackreth,
F. S. McCandlish,
C. R. Moore,
F. N. Mallory,
H. Nelson,

L. L. Powers,
A. Parker,
G. H. Peck,
T. N. Page,
V. H. Riddell,
E. T. Riggins,
W. C. Slusher,
N. Savidge,
E. Sandidge,
W. W. Snead,
C. V. Spratley,
A. E. Shumate,
F. M. Sizer,
E. J. Taylor,
E. S. Taylor,
L. W. White,
C. W. Wharton,
S. P. Whitman.



SECOND YEAR CLASS.

History of Second Year Class.

HISTORY is philosophy teaching by example. With this definition, the chronicle of events since the Second Year Normal Class entered William and Mary must begin. These events have been many and varied. The cause of our being here must necessarily be followed by the effect of our stay. We have been a striking example by which philosophy teaches. We are by no means all of one feather. Our talents are as varied as a versatile class could hope and expect. When we first arrived in "ye ancient capital," there was nothing to indicate extraordinary ability or unusual brightness in any of us. Unhappily, we were considered to be only a part of that incongruous crowd of students who every year find their way to these classic shades. Nor were we any more favorably impressed by the first entrance into this ancient town. True to its habit, the weather, in the fall of '97, had assumed its most gloomy aspect and rather than think we had reached the fairest of Virginia's cities (as pictured to us by the catalogue of the college), we were forced to believe that we had come to some modern Venice where gondolas would not be amiss in which to convey passengers from the depot through the watery streets. Fortunately, however, with us these first impressions were not lasting. It was soon found out by all of us that we had more reason to expect gondolas to sail by our doors than to be able to board a street-car at the college gate.

The mental impressions of our seniors in years and experience were hastily and surely replaced by physical impressions of a more indelible stamp. Our first night spent in the Brafferton, the Ewell, and the Taliaferro was by no means a "happy hour of ease." All the midnight horrors of boards, water, and voices seemed to blend in one awful din. Every one of us was visited that night by our one-year seniors. They made great *impressions* upon all of us and left us with happy assurances of an enjoyable rest. But we were not pleased at all with the insulting reflection cast upon us by these same midnight prowlers, in the form of water from a score or more of buckets. All of these experiences we soon became accustomed to, and some of our more progressive members essayed to handle water and coal, becoming more dexterous and skilful in this art than any of their predecessors had been.

After a stay of a month, things became more settled and it was found out that we were not such a crowd of "greenhorns" as we had appeared. Evidently, some of us meant business. It was discovered, too, by our superiors that not a few of us possessed unmistakable ability. For instance, Sizer soon attracted a great deal of attention by his display of wisdom. Also Riddell commanded respect and attention by his deep, sonorous voice, whenever he ventured to assert an opinion concerning "Cæsar's Gallic War," or attempted to demonstrate "Sturm's Theorem."

Our class has advanced steadily since their beginning here. Many different courses are represented by the different members. We have proved ourselves an ambitious body. Besides those who have sported "calico" like Burrows and Parker, and those who have gained marked attention from the Faculty by "cutting" lectures, like Jones and H. A. Hunt, there are some who have sought literary fame with no small success. Crim bids fair to be ranked among our prominent living authors in years to come. So engrossed, indeed, is he with this kind of work that he finds little time to devote to the study of "dry" lectures as he calls them. Then, too, Crim upholds the reputation of the singing members of our class. He is a great songster. Very much adverse to tobacco, he attempts to improve his voice by abstaining from any enervating or obnoxious habits. He is very popular with the class for the reason that possessing these splendid traits, he is recognized as one who is most suitable to lead.

These representatives of the class have been chosen to show somewhat the status of our class. It is almost needless to say that with such brilliant examples to follow, the Class of 1901 must undoubtedly attain to a high degree of perfection in temporal matters; and probably useless also to say that more than one of us in years to come will sound the trump of fame.



1898=99.

Officers.

CHARLES W. ROGERS, PRESIDENT.
H. J. DAVIS, VICE-PRESIDENT.
GIRLONZO WYATT, SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

Yell.

Jim Crackers, Room Packers,
Rip, Rats, Rine!
Junior Normal Class,
Session '99.

Colors.

Orange, Red, and White.

Motto.

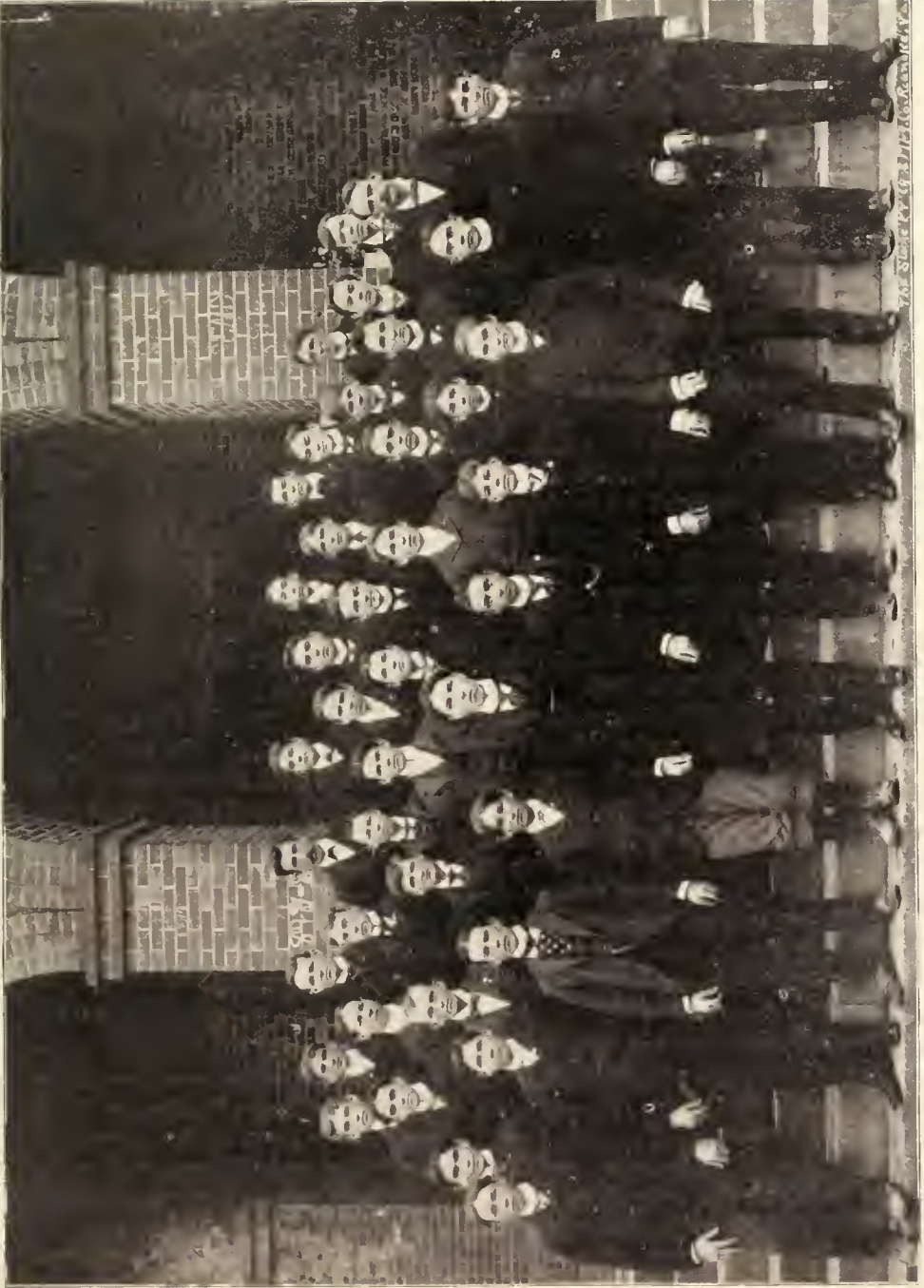
Get Out of Our Way.

First Year Class Roll.

I. D. Baker,	W. P. Gibson,	R. O. Rogers,
E. P. Batten,	G. H. Greear,	E. D. Saunders,
M. J. Baptist,	C. C. Hanger,	F. B. W. Scott,
E. R. Bird,	C. Hathaway,	A. C. Smith,
M. Burton,	R. L. Hudnall,	C. Smith,
R. W. Carter,	F. T. Holland,	T. B. Smith,
J. W. Calhoun,	W. M. Hurtt,	F. S. Sinclair,
C. M. Chichester,	H. L. Hundley,	J. B. Spencer,
E. J. Cooley,	B. J. Iden,	E. E. Stacey,
E. M. Cooley,	E. B. Ives,	R. W. Sprinkel,
B. M. Cox,	H. M. King,	H. C. Southworth,
A. R. Corbitt,	W. G. Lane,	B. Spruill,
W. R. Corbitt,	L. A. Marston,	A. L. Terrell,
W. M. Crooks,	Levi P. Morton,	E. M. Terrell,
R. B. Dade,	W. A. Maddox,	E. M. Terry,
H. J. Davis,	J. H. Montague,	M. M. Tinsley,
J. J. Davies,	J. N. Moore,	S. W. Tinsley,
E. B. Dennie,	M. V. Morriss,	S. B. Thomas,
L. M. Elswick,	J. L. Murphy,	A. R. Tyler,
S. Emanuel,	A. E. Moody,	W. E. Vest,
W. S. Flournoy,	B. M. Nance,	W. L. Watts,
J. G. Friend,	H. E. Parrott,	G. Wyatt,
T. W. Friend,	P. C. Palmer,	G. E. Wynkoop,
J. A. Field,	A. J. Pierpoint,	E. K. Wood,
J. P. Gayle,	E. S. Phillips,	W. A. Williams,
T. Garnett,	J. B. Pollard,	S. J. Williams,
C. S. George,	J. B. Plummer,	A. Warriner,
R. C. Green,	C. V. Robinson,	R. W. Wheat.
	C. W. Rogers.	



FIRST YEAR CLASS—DIVISION A.



FIRST YEAR CLASS—DIVISION B

First Year Class History.

WELL! who would ever have thought that there could be any history written about such a heterogeneous mass of humanity as compose this present class? The present historian's ideas of history have been completely changed within the past few months. While he had often heard that history was a record of what man had done, he thought it was only great heroes like Robinson Crusoe, Tom Sawyer, Julius Cæsar and George Washington who had histories written about them. Can there really be anything worth writing about ninety boys of all ages and sizes, none of whom ever lived on an island by himself, or made the other fellows think whitewashing as good as play, or wrote about the Helvetians, or licked the British, or did any of those things that we read about? Or on the other hand, have we thought too much of those fine old fellows. However, it must be that history changes with the times. Anyhow that grave-looking fellow they call editor-in-chief said that we were to be shown up in THE ECHO. So here goes.

To begin with, we are all sons of the Old Dominion with the exception of two or three "tarheels" and one or two Marylanders. On our arrival at "ye ancient college in ye ancient city" (that 's what the history calls it) many things puzzled us. One of our first surprises was that the street cars did not run down to the depot, but as we walked up through the city, the reason became clear. Only oxen and mules are used here as draft animals. In a few days also, we learned that things were "toted" and "fetched" here, and that the boys "carried" the girls to church. One of our moss-covered friends from the Blue Ridge was highly excited on that account the first night he attended church, but the affair ended quietly.

The first week at college might well be called the "critical period," for if a fellow sticks it out, he has good stuff in him; but as for this class, there is not a mother's son of us who would go through it again, even for a place on the baseball team. Some of us were given rooms in the Brafferton. They say the Indians used to room here, and we thought some of them were still around until we became acquainted with Parker and "Sammy" George. With one or two exceptions, we are all still here, and we have the consolation that "There 'll come a time."

We had some trouble at first in getting accustomed to the foreign words used by the old fellows. "Ped.," "calico," and "alma mater" were new names to us and the oft-heard question, "How many 'ducs' have arrived?" was also mysterious. When our best informed man asked the ugliest man in the Junior Collegiate Class what "flunk" and "curl" meant, he simply grinned and said, "Wait till Professor Stubbs asks you to dem-

onstrate the *Pons Asinorum* and you'll know what flunk means." The definition was worse than the word itself, or could the fellow have been one of those "lunys" we had heard so much about? Some fellows also spoke of "cutting" lectures. Now knowing that Dr. Garrett had charge of the experiment department, we waited anxiously to see what kind of a machine he would use, but we know about it now. To become acquainted with these terms was enough to have discouraged Napoleon himself. But we are "on to 'em" now, and if anybody can use any more slang than A. C. Smith, please point him out. The manners of the college dining-room are also a little strange. For instance, one is asked to "shoot" the sugar instead of pass it. Many of us too did not know what fine brain food hash and sweet potatoes were until this year. We have had sweet potatoes for dinner every day for six months. They are one of the principal crops of this section and peanuts is the other staple. The latter can be bought at "Aunt Caroline's" at five cents per glass shelled.

In the athletic world, we have really done something worthy of transmitting to posterity. Through the efforts of our men who were on the football team, William and Mary was enabled to overcome her old time football enemy, Randolph-Macon. We are beginning to take charge of the baseball work also. "That fellow Wyatt throws a corkin' inshoot," a veteran of the diamond was heard to exclaim a few days ago. Our man Thomas has been elected manager of the team, so we shall manage things as we wish. Now every one should know something about "Doubting" Thomas. He is six feet two, a football player, a politician, calico sport, has a mustache, and is going to be a preacher. "Doubting" might also say with President Madison, "I always talk better when I lie." His are interesting ones, however, and used with discretion.

Some of us are making ourselves heard in the literary societies, too. Holland makes some of the Seniors scratch their heads when it comes to a debate, and Garnett is a born orator.

In like manner, we are doing in other fields of college work. In two years more, if we keep up the same pace we now have, the college and campus will surely have to be enlarged to hold us. Many panoramas of grand achievements now spread out before us, and our names may yet be placed alongside those of the heroes mentioned in our opening lines.



Philomathean Literary Society.

Motto.

Praesto et Persto.

Colors.

Blue and White.

Officers.

D. B. HEBDITCH,	PRESIDENT.
J. E. ELLIOTT,	VICE-PRESIDENT.
M. H. COPENHAVER,	SECRETARY.
W. P. HARRIS,	TREASURER.

Final Officers.

R. E. HENDERSON,	PRESIDENT.
M. H. COPENHAVER,	SECRETARY.
G. M. CORNETT,	}	DEBATERS.
J. H. BONNEVILLE,		
G. W. GUY,	}	ORATORS.
D. B. HEBDITCH,		



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

PHENIX

SO

CITY



Phoenix Literary Society.

Motto.

Invictus Resurgam.

Colors.

Red and White.

Officers.

H. A. HUNT,	PRESIDENT.
F. ARMISTEAD,	VICE-PRESIDENT.
F. N. MALLORY,	SECRETARY.
J. W. H. CRIM,	TREASURER.

Final Officers.

H. A. HUNT,	PRESIDENT.
FRANK ARMISTEAD,	SECRETARY.
E. SHAWEN, } C. E. GRESHAM, }	DEBATERS.
W. J. WILKINSON, } JAMES HURST, }	ORATORS.



CLUB OF
WILLIAMSBURG

PHOENIX
LITERARY SOCIETY

Stone Park
Room

PHOENIX LITERARY SOCIETY

Phoenix Literary Society.

Members.

A. S. Anderson,	G. A. Dodge,	J. L. Newcomb,
J. G. Anderton,	H. H. Foster,	F. W. Osborn,
F. Armistead,	T. Garnett,	T. N. Page,
E. R. Bird,	C. E. Gresham,	E. Sandidge,
A. Bristow,	C. S. George,	E. Shawen,
M. Burton,	C. C. Hanger,	A. C. Smith,
H. L. Burrows,	C. Hathaway,	B. Spruill,
C. F. Carter,	A. P. Hines,	G. I. R. Stevens,
C. M. Chichester,	J. N. Hornbaker,	T. J. Stubbs, Jr.,
B. F. Cornett,	J. Hurst,	A. L. Terrell,
J. W. H. Crim,	T. B. Hurst,	E. M. Terry,
R. B. Dade,	R. M. Jones,	J. T. Thompson,
H. T. Davies,	C. H. Lambert,	A. Warriner,
J. J. Davies,	J. M. Lewis,	R. W. Wheat,
H. J. Davis,	F. N. Mallory,	W. J. Wilkinson,
	J. N. Moore,	G. Wyatt.



A BRAFFERTON WARRIOR

FRATERNITIES



Kappa Sigma.

Established at University of Virginia in 1867.

Nu Chapter.

Fratres in Urbe.

George W. Coleman,

William J. King.

Active Members.

Cary T. Grayson,

Richard W. Wheat,

J. Blair Spencer,

James S. Barron,

Morgan M. Tinsley,

S. Woodland Tinsley,

William J. Wilkinson,

L. Wilmer White,

J. Marye Lewis,

G. Jerome Downing,

Beverley P. Pollard,

T. Blackwell Smith,

Paul C. Palmer,

W. Preston Gibson,

J. Munford Coles.

Joseph N. Hornbaker,

In Facultate.

Lyon G. Tyler.



ΧΡΗΜΑΤΑ *№* ΔΥΝΑΜΙΣ

ΚΑΡΤΕΡΙΑ

ΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ

ΔΙΚΗ

ΠΙΣΤΟΤΗΣ

Directory of Kappa Sigma.

1400-1867.

- Gamma*.—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge.
Delta.—Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina.
Epsilon.—Centenary College, Jackson, Louisiana.
Zeta.—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
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.
Mu.—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia.
Nu.—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.
Ni.—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Arkansas.
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.
Eta-Prime.—Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina.
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-Zeta.—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.
Alpha-Eta.—Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha-Theta.—Southwestern Baptist University, Jackson, Tennessee.
Alpha-Kappa.—Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.
Alpha-Lambda.—University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont.
Alpha Mu.—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
Alpha-Nu.—Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina.
Alpha Xi.—Bethel College, Russellville, Kentucky.
Alpha-Omicron.—Kentucky University, Lexington, 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, Columbia, Missouri.
Beta-Delta.—Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pennsylvania.
Beta-Epsilon.—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

Alumni Associations.

Yazoo City, Mississippi.	Chicago, Illinois.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.	Indianapolis, Indiana.
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.	Ruston, Louisiana.
New York, New York.	Boston, Massachusetts.
New Orleans, Louisiana.	Chihuahua, Mexico.



KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY

Kappa Alpha Fraternity.

Colors.

Crimson and Old Gold.

Flowers.

Magnolia and Red Rose.

Alpha Zeta Chapter.

Established in 1890.

Chapter Flower.

Violet.

Alfred Scott Anderson,

John Gayle Anderton,

Charles Otis Barron,

Edward Randolph Bird,

Hawes Thornton Davies,

John Jenkyn Davies,

William Willis Davies,

Horace Faulkner Hoskins,

Robert Morton Hughes, Jr.,

John Newton Moore,

Thomas Nelson Page,

John Bowling Plummer,

Thomas Jefferson Stubbs, Jr.,

Arthur Robb Tyler.



Directory of Kappa Alpha.

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

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

Officers.

K. C.—JOHN L. HARDEMAN (*I'*) . . . 566 Mulberry St., MACON, GA.
G. H.—TAZEWELL T. HUBARD (*B*) . . . 50 Bank St., NORFOLK, VA.
G. P.—AUGUSTUS BENNERS (*ψ*) 1913 First Ave., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
C. A.—WARREN GRICE, (*κ*) HAWKINSVILLE, GA.
Editor and Manager Journal—SAMUEL M. WILSON (*Ω*) LEXINGTON, KY.
(Northern Bank Building)

Roll of Active Chapters.

Alpha.—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Gamma.—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Delta.—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Epsilon.—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Zeta.—Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va.
Eta.—Richmond College, Richmond, Va.
Theta.—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Kappa.—Mercer University, Macon, Ga
Lambda.—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.
Nu.—Polytechnic Institute, A. & M. College, Auburn, Ala.
Xi.—Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas.
Omicron.—University of Texas, Austin, Texas.
Pi.—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
Sigma.—Davidson College, Mecklenburg County, 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.—Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
Alpha-Xi.—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.
Alpha-Omicron.—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.
Alpha-Ii.—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford Univ. P. O., Cal.
Alpha-Rho.—University of West Virginia, Morgantown, W. Va.

Alumni Chapters and Secretaries.

Richmond, Va.—Julian M. Bossieux, 7 West Grace Street.
 Norfolk, Va.—T. T. Hubbard.
 Raleigh, N. C.—H. A. Royster.
 Macon, Ga.—D. Q. Abbott.
 New York City.—Thomas Wallace Stevens, 18 West Ninth Street.
 Washington, D. C.—W. W. Millan, 1417 Ninth Street, N. W.
 Mobile, Ala.—J. G. Hamilton.
 Atlanta, Ga.—R. A. Redding, 19 Edgewood Avenue.
 Dallas, Texas.—H. L. Seay.
 Higginsville, Mo.—Ai Edgar Asbury, Jr.
 Franklin, La.—M. F. Hine.
 Lexington, Ky.—W. O. Sweeney, Jr.
 Petersburg, Va.—William T. Davis.
 Talladega, Ala.—F. P. McConnell.
 Kansas City, Mo.—Gordon A. Beedle.
 St. Louis, Mo.—Samuel M. Carter.
 San Francisco, Cal.—W. G. Bonta.

State Associations.

Kappa Alpha State Association of Missouri.—Lee Utley, President ;
 M. F. Marsh, Secretary and Treasurer ; G. M. Christian, Historian.



KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY

Pi Kappa Alpha.

Gamma Chapter.

Chartered 1871.

Chapter Flower.

Pansy.

Frater in Urbe.

G. A. HANKINS, M. D., COLLEGE PHYSICIAN.

Fratres in Collegio.

REYNOLDS HANKINS,*

CHARLES HIGDON LAMBERT,

FAIRFAX SHIELD McCANDLISH,

JOHN LLOYD NEWCOMB,

BENJAMIN SPURILL,

GEORGE LEROY STEVENS,

ARTHUR WARRINER,

CHARLES NASH WILLIAMS.

*Deceased.



ΠΚΑ

ΦΦΚΔ



A. WARRNER



W.L. STEVENS



D. SPILL

COLLEGE OF
WILLIAM AND MARY



C.H. LAMBERT



TKA



C.N. WILLIAMS

1899



F.S. McCANDISH



R. HAWKINS



J.L. NEWCOMB

The Stone 189
E. Mag Co
Roanoke Va

Pi Kappa Alpha Directory.

Founded at the University of Virginia, March 1st, 1868.

Colors.

Old Gold and Garnet.

Flower.

Lily of the Valley.

Active Chapters.

- Alpha*—University of Virginia.
- Beta*—Davidson College, North Carolina.
- Gamma*—William and Mary College, Virginia.
- Zeta*—University of Tennessee.
- Theta*—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Tennessee.
- Iota*—Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia.
- Mu*—Presbyterian College, South Carolina.
- Nu*—Wofford College, South Carolina.
- Pi*—Washington and Lee University, Virginia.
- Rho*—Cumberland University, Tennessee.
- Sigma*—Vanderbilt University, Tennessee.
- Tau*—University of North Carolina.
- Upsilon*—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
- Phi*—Roanoke College, Virginia.
- Chi*—University of the South, Tennessee.

Alumni Chapters.

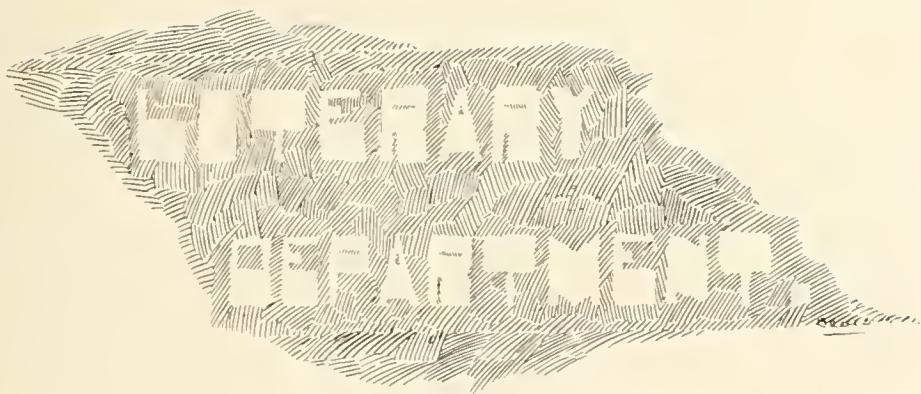
- Alumnus Alpha*—Richmond, Virginia.
- Alumnus Beta*—Memphis, Tennessee.
- Alumnus Gamma*—White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia.
- Alumnus Delta*—Charleston, South Carolina.
- Alumnus Epsilon*—Norfolk, Virginia.
- Alumnus Zeta*—Dilton, South Carolina.
- Alumnus Eta*—New Orleans, Louisiana.
- Alumnus Theta*—Dallas,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

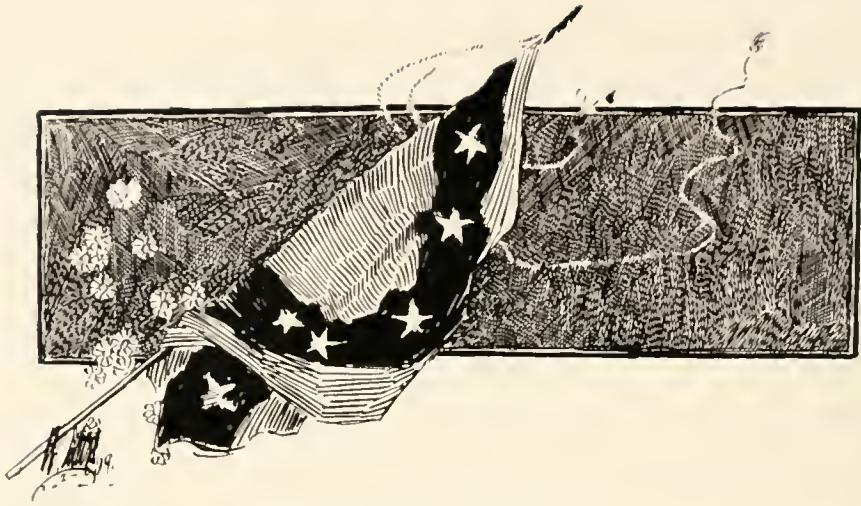
In Loving Remembrance
OF
REYNOLDS HANKINS,

JUNIOR COLLEGIATE
CLASS.

Died March 6th, 1899.







In Time of War.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was slowly sinking in the western sky on a warm June day, in the year 1775, when a young man, handsomely mounted, might have been seen galloping along the dusty highway, leading to the colonial capital of Williamsburg.

The rays of the descending sun threw a mellow radiance over the surrounding landscape, and our traveler with hat in hand was cooling his heated brow. Coming to a slight rise in the country, he lessened his pace, glanced back and motioned commandingly to a negro servant who rode some distance in the rear.

While the negro is riding up, let us look more closely at the figure before us and see what it is that gives him such a striking appearance. His face is round and ruddy with the hue of perfect health, and his long curly hair falls back in graceful confusion upon his shoulders. His figure is tall and erect, and he sits his horse as if his place had been in the saddle from childhood. It is a youthful face, and, perhaps, three and twenty summers had passed lightly over his head. His dark blue eyes shone with the fire of determination, and his whole demeanor indicated the man of courage and action. Around the mouth, however, there were delicate lines that gave his face a tender expression when he smiled, and showed a depth of feeling beneath the rather severe exterior. His high riding boots, military coat, and sword dangling at his side showed conclusively that he was an officer of some distinction. Such was John Fitzhugh as he sat quietly awaiting the approach of his servant.

"Well, Mose, five miles further, and we will be at the capital," he said, glancing familiarly at his old body-guard, who now rode up. "Do you think uncle will be expecting us? I trow he thinks us safely back among the Culpeper hills, looking after his Southdown sheep."

“ Uv cose, uv cose, massa, I tole you we-al would be kilt before we git home agin, and ole Massa Jerry would raise ole Nick erbout dem purty sheep uv his’n. What you gwine down here fur, anyhow, massa? Is Miss Virginny (bless her dere heart) come down to this obstreptious ole cap’le? ” and Moses glanced shrewdly into his master’s face, showing a row of unusually fine ivory.

John’s face darkened for an instant, and he was about to resent the old negro’s familiarity; but noting the comical expression on his countenance, he burst into a merry laugh. “ You old black rascal, what do you know about Miss ‘ Virginny,’ as you call her? Have I not told you a hundred times that she never leaves her uncle?” Moses made no reply, dropped slowly behind, and they rode forward again.

“ So, ’ mused the young man to himself, “ even the servants know my secret—know how much I love that sweet little girl. It seems but yesterday that we were galloping around the country all to ourselves. I was so happy, too, until that insolent sob with his European airs and polite French phrases came. I will prove to her yet that he is not fit to be a mat beneath her dainty feet, and then the Honorable Samuel Pettitt shall receive his just reward instead of her smiles;” and the young man’s face became black with suppressed passion and jealousy.

Samuel Pettitt was the younger son of an English nobleman, who had given his sons (of whom there were five) a liberal education. Realizing the fact that he could not expect anything from the paternal estate, and after wandering over Europe for several years, young Pettitt had decided to cast his fortunes in the colony of Virginia, where he had relatives.

He arrived at a time when the whole colony was in a state of intense excitement. The Stamp Act had been passed and revoked. Patrick Henry had electrified the country by his magnificent oratory in defense of the liberties of the colony; Jefferson, the “ revolutionaire,” had openly defied king and parliament. The plains of Lexington had already witnessed the clash of arms between the people of Massachusetts and the British soldiers. Lord Dunmore had aroused the fury of the Virginians by his dilatory measures against the Indians on the western borders, and had further inflamed them by the removal of the gunpowder belonging to the colony, from the old Powder Horn at Williamsburg.

In the midst of this uproar and confusion, Samuel Pettitt had arrived at the capital, and had been cordially received by the Governor. He was an avowed upholder of the king, and had lost no time in communicating to the Governor his opinion in regard to the “ Rebellion ” of the colonies; he had gone even further and had volunteered his services against them, promising to do all in his power to suppress the uprising. The Governor, who soon saw that he might be made a very useful and pliant tool, accepted his offer and gave him a short time in which to visit his relatives, who lived in Culpeper, near the home of the Fitzhughs. Here he had met Virginia Thornton.

At the age of twelve, Virginia Thornton was left an orphan on a large cotton-plantation in Georgia by the death of her father and mother. Her aunt, Mrs. Gerard Fitzhugh, had immediately adopted her, and the young girl had blossomed into womanhood in the kind and hospitable home of her Virginia relatives. The young heiress with her winning manner and attractive beauty had charmed and fascinated Samuel Pettitt, and he was

making desperate attempts to win her affection when an order came from Dunmore commanding him to return at once to Williamsburg.

But we return to our hero, John Fitzhugh, who was now rapidly approaching the capital. When trouble with the mother country seemed inevitable, John had promptly returned from William and Mary College, and offered his services to his county. His reputation as a man of courage, combined with his good common sense, had already won for him an enviable position among the leaders of his county, and he was tendered the captaincy of the "minute men," then forming. The removal of the gunpowder by Dunmore had so incensed him that, with only five companions, he had joined Patrick Henry and marched against the Governor. Colonel Henry, realizing the trustworthiness of the young captain, despatched him to Williamsburg with a request to the Assembly for powder and arms. He was now on his way to the capital in performance of this commission, and as he rode rapidly into the city, the lights were sparkling from the windows, and the streets were crowded with coaches-and-four bearing the flower of the Virginia gentry to their respective homes.

He rode up to the Raleigh Tavern, threw his bridle rein to Moses, and walked into the inn. The room was packed with a dense throng of men gesticulating and talking in an excited manner. As he passed through the crowd, he was met by hearty handshakes and smiles from old friends and acquaintances, as they recognized the dress, peculiar to the "minute men." His questions brought forth the true state of affairs then transpiring at the capital. He held a conversation with some of the leaders of the Assembly, who promised that his commission would be attended to as soon as possible; but that under the present excited condition of the convention, which was discussing the pacific measures offered by the king, they would not be able to bring it to their notice for several days. This was agreeable to John, who was very glad of an excuse to be as much as possible with Virginia Thornton before his return.

When he had partaken of a good supper and had brushed the stains of travel from his clothes, he walked down to his uncle's town house. Since the meeting of the Assembly, Mr. Fitzhugh had been present as a delegate from his county, which had sent him as one of the strongest opponents to the king and parliament. As John walked up the gravelled path and neared the house, he saw a figure coming out, which he at once recognized as that of Mr. Samuel Pettitt. He was given a nod of recognition by Pettitt as he walked rapidly past him, but his look of cynical contempt and hatred, scarcely concealed, showed to John Fitzhugh the dislike of this man, who had already come to look upon him as a formidable rival. He was soon in the presence of Virginia Thornton.

"Oh, John, I am delighted to see you!" cried that young lady springing up and extending both hands. "Uncle and I have been wishing all day that you would come down to see us, but we thought you were so busy with your 'minute men'"—and she glanced admiringly at his military costume—"that it would be impossible for you to come."

John explained his mission to Williamsburg, cautioning secrecy at the same time, as it was not his wish to have his object known to Governor Dunmore.

Virginia Thornton, in her quiet but sympathetic way, then gave him all the news of the capital and praised him for the decided stand he had taken in his country's defense.

It was late that night when John Fitzhugh returned to the Raleigh Tavern. He had staked all on a single question and had lost. Virginia told him that she liked and respected him with all her heart, but that she had never looked upon him in any other light than a brother. She was very sorry to grieve and wound him.

John argued and pleaded with all the passionate persistence of his nature, and at last had accused Pettitt of being the trouble between them. Virginia took exceptions to this, and John went back to the Raleigh Tavern sick and sore at heart.

CHAPTER II.

The next day and the one following came, but still John had not been able to secure a hearing from the Assembly or have his business transacted. Like a caged animal, he roamed the streets of Williamsburg or rode furiously into the surrounding country as if trying to break the shackles that were binding him. His proud spirit chafed under the blow he had received, and it was only by action that he could still the raging fever in his breast.

The following morning, however, he received an order from the Assembly, then in session at Raleigh Tavern, requesting him to be present at their meeting that night. At the appointed time he presented himself before them, and received their commands.

They instructed him to procure suitable conveyances, load them at midnight with powder and arms from the magazine, and depart at once. Owing to the extreme tension between the Governor and themselves, it was thought advisable to act promptly and without the knowledge of Dunmore.

John Fitzhugh was delighted at being able to depart so soon from the place connected with such a bitter disappointment, and began at once to make preparations for the success of his undertaking. Every detail of the affair was planned with care and thoughtfulness, and Moses was ordered to be ready at Raleigh Tavern with their horses promptly at the hour of one that night. He had fully intended to call on Virginia Thornton for a final farewell, but his time had been so occupied with his arrangements that he found it impossible. He left a note to be delivered the next day stating his departure.

Uncle Moses, in the meanwhile, found that he would have some hours in which to pay his respects to some of his own color whom he had known for years.

"Jes' think uv it! me gwine erway and not sayin' a word to ole man Rube. Mos' likely he will git me to carry a message to Sarah Ann, dat nigger gal of his'n, dat libs up yander to Culpiper. Pears to me Massa John am in a mity big hurry to get erway from here. De old boy am surely in him. Bin here three or four days and don't take no stock at all in my purty mistress. Rides ole Fan all over the country and comes back like the debil am arter him. Guess he mus' be crossed in lub." After having delivered himself of this muttered soliloquy, with the air of one who has solved a great mystery, Moses departed for "ole man Rube's."

Several hours later, a figure whose uncertain gait gave evidence that

its owner was somewhat worse for certain friendly civilities that had been pressed upon him, might have been seen shambling along through the streets of Williamsburg. Uncle Moses (for such it was) had enjoyed his friendly chat, had received the expected message, and was now returning to obey the orders of his master.

As he neared the old Powder Horn and was picking his way carefully along the rough streets, he perceived a small ray of light dart from the window of the structure. With all the superstitious terror of his race Uncle Moses stood still for a moment, while cold shivers ran up and down his spinal column. The building did not bear a very savory reputation among the negroes and was generally looked upon as "hanted."

As the light did not move, Uncle Moses' courage revived somewhat, and curiosity began to take the place of fear in his bemuddled brain. He stood irresolute for several minutes, and then advanced stealthily toward the building. Soon he was close beside it and heard a low conversation that was going on inside. He crept still closer and pressed his face against the boards through which the light issued. He suddenly started back as if struck by a blow. In the center of the room he recognized Pettitt giving directions to two men who, from their dress, appeared to be marines. They had torn up a portion of the floor and were fixing a barrel of powder underneath. Guns, also, were placed facing the door and were connected with it by a cord in such a way that they would be fired by its opening.

"That will do, men," said Pettitt, as they quickly replaced the floor and made preparations for departure.

Uncle Moses stood with mouth wide open for an instant, and then the cobwebs began to clear from his mind. He had heard his master speak in no complimentary terms of Pettitt, and had naturally come to the conclusion that he was an enemy to the colony. "I don't like his looks, nohow," was his comment when he had first seen him, and time had not changed his opinion.

From the circumstances and the conversation of the men he knew that some mischief was being plotted. He must inform his master at once, and, with a speed that was surprising, considering his age and condition, he moved swiftly away to find John Fitzhugh.

He went to the Raleigh Tavern, but no one had seen his master. He darted down to the Red Lion and was again disappointed. Now thoroughly excited, he ran swiftly to the various places in Williamsburg where he thought he would be likely to find him, but with no success.

At length he thought of John's uncle and quickly ran in that direction. He banged on the door with all his might, and literally fell over the threshold when it was opened by the servant. On the steps he saw Virginia Thornton ascending to her apartment, and cried excitedly, "O missus, duz yer know where Massa John is? Murcy on us, they is gwine to blow the Powder Horn to flinders."

Virginia Thornton's eyes began to dilate with horror, and she clasped the railing to keep from falling. "What do you mean, Moses?" she commanded, coming down the steps. "I thought that your master had left the city."

Mr. Fitzhugh, hearing the noise and confusion, came hastily from an adjoining room; but before he could utter a word, there were heard several heavy reports on the night air, and then all was still.

"The magazine! The magazine!" gasped Mr. Fitzhugh, and seizing his hat, he ran out, followed by Virginia and the servants. He motioned to Virginia to go back, but she paid no heed.

As they went swiftly up the street, Moses in broken sentences related what he had seen at the Powder Horn. "Miss Varginney, that white-faced scoundrel war fixing to blow somebody up. I can sware that it war that Britisher rascal dat war up to Culpeper and used to go ridin' wid you. Murey on us! What will Massa John say to dat?"

Everything seemed to whirl before Virginia Thornton's eyes, and she grasped the arm of Moses to keep from falling. "O God!" she muttered, "they have killed him, and he will never know how much I loved him. Too late, too late," she moaned, as she staggered forward, and would have fallen had not Moses caught her.

Streams of people were now issuing from the houses on every side, and Virginia found herself carried forward by the excitement to the Powder Horn. As they neared the building a dense throng of people blocked their advance. Students from the college, civilians, workmen, laborers, servants, all were mixed in an incongruous mass before the door of the magazine. One of the students, bolder than the rest, stood on top of a sugar hogshead denouncing Dunmore in the strongest language as the author of the outrage and swearing eternal vengeance against him.

But Virginia heeded not the noise and confusion around. Her whole attention was directed towards a group who were bearing a bleeding object from the *debris* occasioned by the explosion. Moses with his brawny strength opened a way through the crowd until they were in the midst of the group. A pitiable object met their gaze. Four men were bearing the bleeding form of John Fitzhugh to an open space. One arm fell helpless from his body, and at every step a groan issued from his lips.

"This way," commanded a woman at their side, and the people fell back as if an angel had ordered them to move. She led the way to an open space and requested the men to procure a stretcher. They gently let their burden to the ground, and it was Virginia Thornton's lap that supported his head. She bent over him in an agony of grief, and the words of remorse and love that she poured into his unconscious ear seemed to soothe his pain; for his moans became less and less, and he lay quietly with his face upturned to the starry heavens. Two other figures, wounded and bleeding, were brought out, and the crowd became more excited and enraged.

"Show me the man who did this hellish deed," cried a burly blacksmith to a crowd of angry citizens, "and before to-morrow's sun he shall answer for his devilry."

At this moment, Samuel Pettitt edged his way through the throng and came to the place where Virginia sat. "What has happened, Miss Thornton," he said in his smooth accents, but his face was clouded as he beheld Virginia tenderly holding the head of John Fitzhugh.

She motioned him to come nearer. "Begone!" she said in a hoarse whisper. "I know all. He still lives or else you should answer for your crime. Never let me look upon your face again."

Samuel Pettitt stood still for an instant with his hands clenched and his whole frame shaking with rage and disappointment, then he quickly slunk away through the crowd and was seen no more in Williamsburg.

The men under the direction of Mr. Fitzhugh bore his nephew to his home, where his arm was set and everything possible was done for his comfort.

In the meanwhile, the rage and resentment against Dunmore had become so strong that he was forced to flee from Williamsburg with his family and take refuge on a British man-of-war lying in York River. By his departure, the old régime passed away, and the representatives of the people assumed control of the harassed colony.

Some days after, when John awoke from a long sleep, he saw Virginia sitting at the window reading a book. With her light summer dress and a rose in her hair, she made a picture fair to look upon, and John gazed long and lovingly at the fair vision; then remembering the events of the past few days, he closed his eyes with a sigh and tried to turn away. A groan burst from his lips as he hurt his wounded arm.

Virginia dropped the book and was quickly at his bedside. "O John, you must not move," she murmured, as she placed her cool palm upon his heated brow.

John winced and cried out, "Why have they brought me here to torture me? Why did they not let me die at once? What have I to live for now?"

"John, you must not talk so, it is a sacrilege;" and there were tears in Virginia Thornton's eyes as she tenderly smoothed back the hair from his forehead. "You must live for your country, your friends, and—me." She almost whispered the last word, and John, glancing up, saw a look in her beautiful eyes that he had never seen before. Before he could utter a word, she pressed her warm lips to his brow and glided from the room.

John's wounds healed rapidly, for is not happiness the most potent of all medicines, and the smiles of those we love more healing than all the doctors' salves?

The "minute-men" were clamoring for their captain; so, as soon as possible, the whole family returned home, and there was a quiet, but very happy little wedding up among the Culpeper hills, after which John Fitzhugh marched away at the head of his company in the defence of his State.

He served courageously through the Revolutionary War, was promoted to a colonelcy for his bravery, and was afterwards elected to represent his district in the general government.

And to-day his many descendants are proud to point to their distinguished ancestor and his sweet, gentle wife, whom he so gallantly won in the very trying "Time of War."

C. H. L.



“Even Unto the End.”

I DO not know just how it came about. I have a hazy recollection of being disturbed some time during the night,—opening my eyes suddenly, and finding a man quietly writing at my table. There was nothing uncommon in his appearance save that he was very pale. After winking and wondering vigorously for some moments I said, rather weakly, I am sure: “What are you doing there?” He did not appear startled in the least; on the contrary, laughed softly, answering as he did so, “Simply trespassing upon your hospitality for a short time. I have a secret that I do not wish the world to know, though it has longed for it eagerly these many years. If you will kindly not disturb me I will give you the benefit of it.”

My head was so heavy that owing to the soothing tone of his voice and to powers evidently mesmeric, I had dropped off to sleep again almost before he ceased speaking. This story may seem improbable, but, as I have intimated, I was in a semi-conscious state, and did not seriously consider the presence of a strange man in my bedroom at this late hour of the night; nor am I sure yet whether it was a dream or not.

I slumbered guilelessly on until the sun shone in my window and bade me rise. My first impulse on getting out of bed was to go to the table, half expecting to find something there to gratify my curiosity and solidify the shadowy happenings of the previous night. I was not disappointed. There lay an envelope addressed to me in a neat handwriting, containing in one corner the caution, “Not to be opened for three days.” It was properly directed to me, though how my visitor knew my name so well I did not stop to consider.

I was at first tempted to regard the whole thing as a joke, and destroy the envelope; but on second thought, decided not to do so. I would heed his request and await developments. As it was likely that I might learn something worth knowing, the difference of a few hours would, I presumed, not figure very prominently in the importance of the information. Yes, I would wait; it would do no harm.

I roamed around aimlessly for those three days, made mistakes in adding up the simplest columns of figures, scolded the unfortunate children who crossed my path, kicked all the dogs that came my way, thought, wondered, dreamt, and speculated concerning the only one thing that was upon my mind. The antics of the small boy in anticipation of Christmas were senile as compared with my capers.

Seemingly after a century or two the third morning dawned. My first official act was to rush to the box where I had kept the precious document. *It was not there.* Just what my feelings were at this time it is difficult to

imagine. I slammed the lid of the box to in a rage, but it flew immediately open, disclosing to my sight a small scrap of paper lying in one corner of the bottom. I picked this up, delighted at finding it a clue. Upon it were these words: "Meet me in Washington next Tuesday." Again I acted foolishly, disliking to ignore my usual custom. Impelled by some unknown power, possibly a pardonable curiosity, I awaited the day, surreptitiously stole away, and was in Washington at the appointed hour. No, I am too fast, no hour had been appointed. This was the chief dilemma: my mysterious friend had designated neither time nor place where or when I might meet him. I was not long kept in ignorance, however, for as I was hailing a cab he tapped me on the shoulder, motioning me to follow him, which I did eagerly. We walked down toward the National Museum, and picking out a quiet spot in the grounds of that institution, took a seat. Up to this time he had said but little, but as we settled ourselves, he began very glibly, telling me that the President was very anxious for this great secret, and had offered him a considerable sum for it.

"Well," said I, "why don't you let him have it?"

"Oh," he returned, "because I think you are the man to guard it: with all due respect to the President, I do not think he can keep a secret as well as you can. What will you give me for it?"

"Nothing at all," I said, "I am tired of this whole business, and will bid you good-day. I do not object to being classed as an ordinary fool, but this thing of posing as a fool in the superlative is too much for me." And I walked off feeling very angry.

"You needn't worry," he cried after me, "there are thousands of men who would give untold sums to know it; but I like you and will mail it to you from New York."

I went back home, determined to think no more about it; but I might as well have resolved to have a tooth pulled and not put my tongue in the cavity. I could not get the man and his infernal secret out of my mind. What he could have that was worth so much to me or to anyone else I knew not, nor did I know why he should select me as an object for his persecution. I did not feel the need of information along any certain line; yet somehow, it occurred to me that this mysterious stranger, of whom I was learning to know less and less every day, possessed a queer secret which I would give much to know, and,—I patiently waited.

Six days later a pale blue envelope reached me directed in a manner with which I was now familiar. Upon tearing it open I found that if I would be in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on the following Monday and accost a tall man wearing a long white ulster, he would deliver up the secret, and the knowledge would be mine.

I swore by the nine muses that I would not go; that this steady thing of being duped was more than I could bear. But the day set found me roaming about the big park in search of my man. The ulster loomed up in due time, and I pursued it. I asked for his message. He paused in his walk and stammered nervously, "Why, I delivered it not ten minutes ago. A man answering the description of you came up and called for it, and, of course, I gave it to him. He seemed very glad to get it and ran off immediately. I am sorry, indeed."

"If you have not the letter," I said, "for heaven's sake tell me what was in it."

" I would gladly do so," he returned, " but I do not know."

" Where is the man who gave it to you?"

" He is dead, poor fellow; died in Wheeling Saturday, and his last request was for me to give you this letter."

I gave him the benefit of the doubt, piled on more credulity and believed him. Then the problem was to find the man with the letter or die in the attempt. I had a good description of him from the stranger, who, by the way, had introduced himself as Hanks, thus giving me the first tangible thing I had yet struck in the chase. Hanks and I began the search. Hanks taking one cab and I another, we rattled furiously around the city in search of him, following the courses it was most likely he had taken, and peering impertinently at the thousands of pedestrians who lined our pathway. In an hour we dashed up to the City Hall together. Hanks shouted " Get into my cab; I have spotted him on a street car." I jumped with alacrity, and we started at break-neck speed for Motor 92. We were within half a square of the car at one time, but we were blocked in the street and no amount of cursing by our indefatigable driver could pull us out of it. After untangling our vehicle, we managed by severe driving to pull up at Market Street ferry just in time to see the boat steam off for Camden with our man on board. This was most tantalizing. He threw us into a frenzy by shaking the letter at us and shouting: " I have it; it shall die with me; after twenty years of work I have discovered what I sought. I shall be alone with the secret."

All hope fled away and back again in an instant. A sudden puff of wind blew the paper out of the stranger's hands far into the water toward us. He made an effort to leap for it, but was held back by the other passengers. He struggled in a fine humor, but they kept him on board, and I should like to pension all of them for it. Now was my chance. I slipped a dollar into a boatman's hands and bade him get the paper. In ten minutes the prize was mine. Horns of Beelzebub! he had not opened it, but I did without ceremony.

What did that envelope contain? Only four words and a signature, but it was worth all the trouble it had cost me. Not a great discovery in science: not a formula to convert baser metals into gold; not an explanation of the Baconian cipher, but the answer to a question that has agitated the minds of men for years. The all-satisfying answer to a never-ending query. It brought to me peace, happiness and contentment. It was cheap at any price. I to-day possess a secret that no man on earth knows save the stranger in the white ulster, and I told him because he was a bachelor and swore he would never marry. It is this: "*I struck Billy Patterson.*"—JOHN BEANS." The great unsolved.

NAT PRUNE.



Le Dialogue des Tables.



LOSE beside the surging waters of the great ocean and situated midway between the temperate region on the north and the semi-tropical climes on the south, there was once a country whose peculiarities and characteristics were unique. In this strange land, inanimate objects had the power of speech, which they were quite free in using, sometimes to the pleasure and again to the annoyance of the subjects, as one can well imagine.

The rose and lily often conveyed a sweet message to a fair recipient at the bidding of an amorous bestower; the oaks bowed their heads and whispered among themselves when a pair of lovers sat beneath their shade and recounted the old, old story. The people of this beautiful region were well advanced in all the arts, sciences, and culture of the most enlightened civilization. The men could smoke, chew, drink, fight, dress, study, and dance with an ease and smoothness that was thought to belong only to the most modern of nations; the ladies could look so pretty and fascinating that they would captivate a man as quickly as if Cupid himself had personal charge of the matter; altogether, it was a charming country, and one who once inhabited it ever afterwards wished to remain.

In the midst of this magnificent domain, there stood a handsome and populous city, on whose suburbs was situated a splendid and ancient university, which yearly received the youth of the land and instructed them in all the approved culture of the day. The females were debarred from this very interesting institution by the faculty, who imagined that the fair sex would have a tendency to destroy the gentle game of football, which was looked upon as conducive to manhood, and, furthermore, would cause the boys to lose much time from study in their efforts to keep the ladies' hats straight.

On the evening of which I write, the boys had flocked into the spacious dining-hall, and had seated themselves with dignified decorum under the eye of the worthy high steward, whose eagle glance took in every corner of the huge apartment. When the meal was over and the students had departed, the servants quickly arranged the room, and everything was soon left in utter darkness.

Suddenly the silence of the room was broken by a fluttering noise, and a piping voice dispelled the stillness.

"I tell you what, Table No. 2, I am getting tired of the airs you assume lately because you have the good fortune (I should rather say misfortune) of having around you such a conglomeration of human characters. No doubt, it is an enviable position to have so many seniors and freaks at your table, but I much prefer the class of boys I have around me," and Table No. 1 gave a disdainful jerk, which sent the salt-shakers chasing each other around the centre (of the table).

"And I," broke in Table No. 3, "am horribly shocked sometimes at the conversation carried on at that table. Why, they discuss everything from the charms of each new girl that comes into the city to Willington's disposition to flirt and McCane's love for the Binomial Theorem. Such a lot of cranks I never saw. One is a religious crank, another is a political crank; here is the baseball crank, there is the football crank. In fact, all kinds of cranks are represented. The poetical crank is odd, the Annual crank is sour, the Magazine crank grumbles about contributions, and the calico crank is always fluttering. I wish sometimes they would invent a fool-killer crank but then," he added apologetically, "Table No. 2 would soon be depopulated."

During this conversation, Table No. 2 remained silent, while a pitying smile of contempt passes over its uneven surface. The last expression, however, brought forth an indignant protest. "I would like to know by all your decapitated pepper-shakers why you should be so hard on me? Your criticisms are both severe and unjust. Of course, I am proud of my retainers, and am sorry that you can not be. You call my men cranks. Do you know what a crank is? It turns something. Let me tell you about some of my cranks——"

Table No. 5 (interrupting): "Oh, give us a rest. We all know about them. First, you are going to tell us about your football crank, no doubt; how Sellett came near winning a game last fall; what a fine rusher he is, both on the field and off; what a fine looking man he is likely to become if he lives long enough; what pretty, dark (?) hair he has——"

Table No. 6 (smiling): "No, I think our friend was going to speak of that boy who eats so slenderly at No. 2. Hindman's appetite is generally appeased by five slices of jaw breaking steak, eight heavy rolls, fifteen biscuits, and three pints of scalding coffee. No wonder the tables fear him."

Table No. 2: "What is it, if Hindman does eat? He enjoys it, and, besides, a man of his progressive character must needs eat in order to work as he does. The difference between my men and yours is that your men excel in eating and nothing else."

Table No. 7: "Go on, my dear No. 2, and tell us about some more of your curiosities. I presume that that tall boy on the left with the dark hair and tombstone face is about your greatest. Tell us, please, if it is true that he wants to cut everything down from the librarian's salary to his own standing collar? Give us a few of those peculiar doctrines that he never fails to butt up against you with a force and pleasantness of a barb-wire fence. Enumerate the many charms of face and manner that entrance the ladies and make him the calico-sport of the University. But you can't get around

Slimwood. He is a stubborn fact, and, however convincing your arguments, your time is wasted.

Table No. 8: "Don't be so personal, No. 7. I think if you and the others would portray some of your oddities they would surpass No. 2, and that is saying a great deal. I notice that all the pretty girls are seated at my table at the annual gathering of beauty and, consequently, I am a ladies' table. Now, since that man Willington is known to have so ardent an admiration for the fair ones as to seriously interfere (?) with his appetite, I am inclined to think that his heart, if he has any left, is in the right place. "Willie" is Irish you know, but you would never know it except at the Literary Club.

Table No. 2 (angrily): "I am not surprised at anything you say or do after hearing such gossip. None of you have penetration enough to perceive a rising genius when he is present. Just here sits Papperson, one of the rising lawyers of the age. He has already read Brownstone, chewed and digested Coke, and is now talking of joining some Major or Minor Institute—I forget which one he said. Anyhow, you are going to hear from him some of these days. If you will kindly stand three blocks away while he is instructing the Literary Society, he will give you a sample of his oratorical powers. Dear me, your obtuseness is so apparent."

Table No. 1 (seriously): "I think it is a terrible thing that you have neglected to speak of the best looking man at No. 2's table. Your eye for beauty must be sadly twisted. Nash has studied Greek so long the boys say he has begun to resemble Socrates, who, no doubt, would have taken a premium at a baby-show, had he lived in our progressive age. It is a pity, though, that Nash's jaw was dislocated when he was young. It spoils his singing, and Nash sings so beautifully when you can't see him. It is reported that he has a portion of his heart left, but since this winter's campaign among the gentler sex, both foreign and local, I think it is a mistake."

Table No. 8: "You fellows have been talking so much that you have entirely forgotten the 'doctor.' There he sits at that corner, and, from the way he nibbles his porter-house steak and disposes of that eight-year old turkey, you would not suppose he contemplates dissection on a larger scale. Dr. (?) Graveling, after three or four years' sojourn at the Medical College, will be turned loose upon the innocent public, where, no doubt, his kill-or-cure remedies will become so popular that his practice will soon be unbearable."

Table No. 6: "To hear No. 8 talk, one would suppose it had dyspepsia over there. Please never send any of your boys this way. They would not be at home. I like to have such boys as McCane at my table. Table No. 2 may well be proud of him. He does not say much while eating, but, no doubt he is thinking a great deal. McCane plays good ball, so they say, and is quite a rush(h)er in other respects. He says he is going to compete with Papperson some day."

Table No. 2: "Don't you think you four-legged nonentities have talked a great deal and said very little. I intended telling you something interesting about my boys, but you rudely interrupted me. Now I was just about to remark that Henshaw is expected to impress every one with the

dignity of my table by his erect bearing and demeanor, and by the classical utterances that flow from his lips, I would like you to know, too, that he has assumed the formidable *role* of editor and critic, and that any aspirant for literary honors must necessarily apply to him for recognition."

Table No. 5: "Your audacity is certainly amazing. No doubt, you will want the rest of us to apply to you for permission to breathe, ere long. Possibly, time may cause you to see yourself as others see you. But you neglected to mention your poet crank. The other day, after all the boys had left, I heard that fellow saying something softly to himself. It sounded so sweet and melodious that I am certain that, if he were possessed of another head and could practice some twenty-five years, he would be able to get out an addition to Mother Goose. This is what he said:

'Oh, ever remembered Table d' hote,
Of your charms and pleasures have I wrote,
Of your biscuits hard, and pig, and shote,
Your marvels now I can not quote.
We'll think of thee, Table d' hote.'

This was too much for Table No. 2. With a groan and a creak, its legs gave way and down it came, barely missing an innocent mouse, who had been gambolling under its limbs.

The other tables giggled, stiffened upright again, and then all was quiet.

C. H. L.

WHY?

What means this warlike tramping on a foreign soil?
Why roll you armored -ship- with cannon bristling o'er?
Wherefore those shrieks and groans from parched dying throats,
While death triumphant stalks and waves his bloody wand?

Is it for Liberty, for which our fathers bled,
Are hostile bands encompassed our State around,
While Freedom wildly calls her sons our coasts to guard,
From Tyranny's grim grasp and War's relentless hold?

C. H. L.



The
Diary of a Disappointed Young Man

Who Has Failed on His Examinations During the
Four Days of the Finals.

JUNE 19TH.—This morning the Senior Club held forth. Rot, pure, unadulterated rot. I stood it for half an hour, and then went out and dug artichokes. I did not apply for a degree this year, because I wanted to escape affiliating with that mob. That pudding-headed Wolder tried to tell what he knew about the Philippine question, and he knew less about it than Billy Mason. Then came the Class Poem, which I regarded as a base plagiarism of "Eenie, meenie, minie mo, Catch a nigger by his toe." Oh, there are some shining lights in that aggregation of wise-acres. The Faculty will graduate about twelve of them. Well, I am not a student; but if I could not reflect more credit on the institution than the whole shooting-match I would eat hay.

June 20th.—To-night the George Washington Literary Society held its annual murdering of the King's English. It is needless to say that the headsmen were out with their axes sharpened. There will not be enough decent English left to-morrow to write a composition on "Why I Came to College." Everything on the programme was boldly seized from an antediluvian volume entitled, "Cast-Iron Jokes, by Tubal Cain," also from "Curfew" and Young "Lochinvar." After the butchery there was a shower of medals; and many of the audience had actually to raise their umbrellas to keep from getting their clothes full. Oh, it was fierce. One golden-haired youth caught a medal for improvement in debate. It must have been worth a dollar and a half in the upper gallery to see him when he began. But, *ad nauseam*.

June 21st.—To-night the Cap and Bell gave the great banquet and german of modern times. More than fifty couples were there, and wine flowed like water. Swelldom was there *en masse*. I was toastmaster. All of the fellows in college worth knowing were to be seen there. We did not have the room full of young Bachelors of old Arts, but fellows worth cultivating were in abundance. The menu would have been a revelation to Belshazzar; and the speeches,—there was no "Over the Alps Lies Italy," but genuine wit. Some of the professors were there by special invitation. That's strange; they always run down the Cap and Bell, but appear on deck at a banquet. After hearing what they did last night, they have every reason to believe that a man may have some sense, and still not be able to cross the *pons asinorum*. I retired at dawn with my head tipping the scales at four hundredweight.

June 22d.—Oh, what a day this has been. The awarding of degrees, more medals, certificates, diplomas, etc., took place. Pshaw, it is amusing to see them troop up after these baubles. I cared so little about the things that I did not even go up to get mine. I had the honor of being the only man in a class of eighty-nine to make Botany; but I do not care for such things. Bailway took eight diplomas; that was appropriate; with that many he may hide his ignorance. After laboring six years Hebers took his A. B. with a satisfied smile.

But the closing event of the year was the final ball, and how it rolled this year. I danced every number; and best of all, with just the girl I pleased. It was the crowning day of college life. How we whooped things up.

But to-morrow I leave for home. What kind of a bluff must I work on the old man. Bad eyes, I guess, just as I did last year.

NAT PRUNE.

ORANGE AND WHITE.

“’Tis but a crushed bow of orange and white,
 Yet, for his dear sake I’ll wear it to-night;
 How his heart with fond memories will fill to the brim,
 When he finds ’t is the bow I am wearing for him.”
 She pins the bow on and trips light down the stair,
 And finds him enraptured awaiting her there.

“’Tis my bow she is wearing so gaily to-night,”
 Throbs his heart as he glides in the waltz’s delight;

* * * * *

The chronicles say that later that night,
 ’T was another crushed beau of Orange and White

JACK WEYMOUTH, '94.

SPRING TIME IN LIFE.

Forth from the hidden folds of earth
 The fragrant flowers push up their stems;
 The leaves unfold to breezes calm,
 And out spring blossoms, bright as gems.

All nature, clothed in em’rald garb,
 Presents to man a view sublime,
 And shows with matchless form and size
 The wonders of the earth and clime.

The birds are chirping in the trees,
 Their songs of joy ascend on high;
 And, wafted forth on pleasant breeze,
 Their notes are heard both far and nigh.

So, in the life of man is found
 The Hope of Spring with all its glow,
 Which casts from off his heart the storms
 Of winter’s cares that o’er it blow.

C. H. L.

A POEM.

"Write me a little poem,"
I'm asked of a maiden fair,
"Let it be on any subject,—
Love, or whatever you care,
Inasmuch as *advertisements*
And *local news* are scarce—
May we hope for a contribution?"

"'Any old thing' will pass,"
Nothing I find would be any better, than
"Dewey" or the "Winter weather."

Many are the subjects to write on,
Your college critics to please.
Remember, I have no inspiration
And yet I must ask a release;
—E. T.

OLD MEMORIES.

Tell me, dear heart, have you forgotten
The friendly ties our souls did bind,
Your heart grown cold and irresponsible?
Or did I there no answer find?

Do you recall the pleasant moments
That we have spent together there?
Or was I wrong to think you loved me,
When in my joy you did not share?

You must have known that my affections
Were all your own—Try as I may
I can't forget—though hard I've struggled;
My heart refuses to obey.

I never dreamed such tender union,
In the old days my heart did bind
To yours, until a duty severed
The cord that linked it close to thine.

I thought that I my heart well guarded,
But it stole from me unaware;
Without consent, without my knowledge,
And how must I this anguish bear?

'T would still the soul within me burning,
Comfort—and help me to forget,
Of the past you cherish yet,
Could I but know that recollections

But duty first— I must be braver!
"It were best to leave you thus;"
"The die is cast, the word is spoken,"
I'll with God's help the future trust.

—E. T.

TO THE PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY
OF
WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

Ye devotees of learning and of arts,
 Ye benders at the shrine
 Of the Pierian Nine—
Ye brothers in the mystic emblems three,
Ye wearers of the starry-spangled key
 Wherewith the ages all
Their mysteries shall unlock, I bid you hail
 To this our festal hall.
If humble gleeman's song may aught avail;
 If bard all unadorned with bays,
 With heart more full of love than tongue of lays,
 Have aught of power
 To cheer his brethren in the fleeting hour
 That care doth leave for "jollity and mirth"
 On this bewild'ring earth.
Then I will sweep my immelodious string
Till from its diapason I do bring
One tone of welcome full as deep as minstrel e'er did sing.

Our alma mater greets you now, distinguished men,
 On this her gala day,—
 She bids her minstrel say,
In this most splendid and auspicious hour,
That she has seen full many a tempest lower
 And lash itself in fury far away,
 With deep, reverberating, sullen roar
 On time's long, brawling shore,
 She needeth not my rhyme,
 My trembling fingers mute,
Nor any harp's melodious chord nor e'en Apollo's lute,
 To tell the mighty story
 Of her immemorial glory.—
 But Clio, truthful muse,
 Doth alma mater choose
To sing her praises 'mid the Sacred Nine;
 And here, through days and aeons yet to come,
 She fain would have her find her western home,
That myriad myriads yet unborn may seek her at this shrine.

Then come, oh, heavenly maid;
 Be with us in these hours;
 We've laurels plenty to adorn thy head,
 We'll fill thy lap with flowers,
 And thou, maid serene, forgive
 If words of mine be rude—
 How should perchance be weary at this day
 From calling long the names so harsh and crude
 Which thou hast blown to glory
 In ancient song and story—
 Lift thine aeonian lids, O Muse, and see
 How we have written here in living green
 Full many a mighty name
 From thy great roll of fame,
 Reminding thee (thy memory tires, I ween)
 Of elder brothers dear thou long hast known,
 I wager, child of Zeus, thou ne'er hast blown
 Forth from thy trumpet's mouth,
 O'er Delphian cliff and far Aegean wave,
 Names that so euphonious rang o'er north and south,
 And so did thrill admiring throngs of beautiful and brave.

For thou, immortal maid, wert looking down—
 Revolving aeons are but hours to thee—
 When one, a scholar-sage,[#] on bended knee
 Did crave of England's royal pair that they
 Would speed him on his way,
 Would help him rear on far Virginian shore
 A shrine of learning where forevermore
 Ye Delphian sisters nine might rule and sway,
 He won the lavish smile of that dread pair;
 The warrior-king and lady debonair
 So cheered the scholar-sage,
 Old in wisdom, young in age,
 That he anon did this foundation rear
 Where now it long hath stood, to all the muses dear.

And, early after, as to thee it seemed—
 By us long deemed—
 Imperial Zeus did bid thee to unroll
 Thy mighty scroll
 And find the leaves so luminous with fame
 Whereon thy pen had writ full many a name
 Of far-renownèd mage
 And learnèd sage
 Dear to Minerva and the muses nine,
 And add thereon, in letters bright as flame,
 The names of those who, in the virgin West,
 Had reared the best
 And mightiest fane for freedom's chosen seat,
 Where men from tyrant's frown might find a sure retreat.

[#]Commissary Blair at the feet of William and Mary.

The which, thou, goddess true,
 Ere long didst do,
 Performing thy Olympian father's high behest;
 And soon upon thy pages
 Were writ the names of sages
 And senators and Solons of the new-found West.
 These and many others
 Are the names of our dear brothers
 Who did write out declarations
 For all the weary nations,
 And did sign them and did seal them with the sword.
 Oh, tell me, Zeus's daughter,
 Was there ever alma mater
 That could count so many sages
 And such a throng of mages
 And so long a line of heroes on her roll?
 Undo, I pray, thy scroll
 And run over once again
 The line of mighty men
 That this mystic band of brothers and this dear-loved alma mater
 Have given to Virginia and to man.
 And call o'er Delphian caverns and wide Aegean water—
 Let the envious hear whoever can—
 That the willing Clio chooses
 This shrine of all the muses
 As the place where she would fain
 Make her home beyond the main,
 Since 't was here her western worship first began.*
 And now, dear brethren in the starry key,
 Your minstrel begs that ye
 Will ever worship Clio at this shrine.—
 The holy manes of our mighty dead
 Are hovering near—
 Our elder brothers dear—
 Who long ago the Stygian terrors dread
 Did fearless pass, and now serenely tread
 The meads of asphodel forever fair,
 Reserved for them that in their mortal days
 Trode wisdom's ways.
 They call they beckon: they would have us share
 Their leafy meadows, and the balmy air
 That zephyr wings them, and would have us prove
 The Elysian pleasures of that clime of wisdom and of love.

*The first chair of history in America was established here and has been perpetuated to the present hour.

FRIENDSHIP.

Upon the dreary waste of life we tread,
Scorched by the heat of many a fervent sun,
With naught to hide the ever-throbbing head;
And all around no limpid waters run
To cool the parchéd lip and weary frame,
Which, loaded down by care and many a grief,
Some green spot seeks, some tempting shade to claim
Where sparkling streams will offer some relief.
When, just before our sad and straining eyes,
Tall stately palms, with verdure-mantled ground,
Are seen to beckon on to fairer skies,
And fill the soul with ecstasy profound,
Thus may we on the journey ever find
The tender sympathy from a heart that 's kind.

—C. H. L.

“SOME DAY.”

A little kiss upon her brow,
A little love look then and now,
A word that 's whispered soft and low—
“I love you, darling, dearest Flo.”

“I love you, dearest little maid,
And will you promise this,” he said,
“That some day my wife you'll be—
Look up, sweetheart, speak to me.”

A little winsome, blithesome maid
A little hand was in his laid;
Answered shyly, and she said,
“Some day, Reuben, we will wed.”

Then they parted—he to go
Off to battle and to foe;
Pledging then that some day soon,
He would claim her as his own.

Now, alas, the war is o'er!
Now, alas, he comes no more!
Yet she watches—waiting still
For his form from o'er the hill.

—E. T.

AN ACROSTIC.

We pray thee, Muse, inspire our praise
In a lyric, clear and strong.
Long live our Alma Mater!
Long live our quaint old town!
Inshrined within our heart of hearts,
Are memories of both most dear.
Minerva's treasures we would find,
We seek for them year by year.
May all who bow at her shrine receive—
Amid her smiles and tears—
Richest of blessings to crown the path of
Youth and declining years.
Can we forget the good and brave
Of the past who have left her door?
Loyal, storied, noble deeds—or the
Laurels they justly wore?
E'en now as we glance down the vista of time, we
Gain strength for the goal in view:
Every victory achieved by them—the
Victors—
Achievements mean for you!

TRIOLETS.

THE FRESHMAN.

Dainty, winsome, village maid,
Rosy lips and eyes of blue,
Scores of visits have I paid,
Dainty, winsome, village maid;
Why so haughty and so staid?
I can never say Adieu,
Dainty, winsome, village maid,
Rosy lips and eyes of blue?

THE MAIDEN.

Naughty little Freshman youth,
Far from home, and yet so gay,
Tell the plain, unvarnished truth,
Naughty little Freshman youth,
(With assurance most uncouth)
Have you really come to stay,
Naughty little Freshman youth,
Far from home and yet so gay?

JACK WEYMOUTH, '94.



THE DAISY'S ANSWER.

We walked beside the shady stream,
All nature fair beholding;
Her hands were full of flowers bright,
While I the sand was moulding.

I plucked a daisy from the brink,
And by her side sat smiling;
She told my fortune true that day,
While by the edge beguiling.

"She loves you well," the petals fell
Upon the grass there growing—
On cheek and brow a crimson flood,
As tides when inward flowing.

"She loves you not," the voice said low—
My brow with pain contracted;
I looked into those soft brown eyes
To see what was enacted.

"She loves you well, she loves you not,"
Her lips began to quiver;
My heart was in my eyes that day,
Down there beside the river.

The daisy's head was near bereft
Of bright and shining petals:
I fear the test, I watch and wait,
While gloom around me settles.

"She loves you not," her dancing eyes
And pouting lips say laughing;
I look again, not one is seen,
Ah me! harsh Fate seems scoffing.

On me she cast a roguish look,
One finger small uplifted:
When lo! a tiny leaflet bright
Down at my feet was drifted.

"She loves me well? Oh, tell me dear,"
I asked in accents broken.
She sweetly smiled, cast down her eyes;
"The daisy true has spoken."

—C. H. L.



Nina, my sweetheart, Nina, my love,
With your eyes like the sunbeams that shine from above,
Why drooping those eyelids, why pensive that air?
Nina, my darling, Nina, the fair.

Nina, the gentle, Nina, the gay,
Come ope those bright portals, and let thy glance stray;
Thy look with its sweetness my sad heart to move,
Nina, my sweetheart, Nina, my love,

ALMA MATER.

O schola Musarum sedes, nobis Deus adsit!
Tempora labuntur, mater salvere jubemus.
Laudibus ipsa tuis resonat prænuntia fama
Rerum quas referent aliquando sæcula magna.
Clio gesta canens transactis tempora redde
Vera loquens. Reperisne virum aut heroa perorbem,
Os tu melle fluens, tam qui laudetur honore
Quam qui Pierio nostro iam fonte biberunt?
Non jacet hic Blari corpus; tamen est monumentum.
Hic juvenes recinent illud venerabile nomen.
Morte carent magni: vives tu semper in ævum:
Virtus non moritur, vivax expersque futuri.
Qui rebus dubiis princeps, Randolphe, fuisti,
Undique concussa terra, dum bella moventur,
Corde salutamus toto, dum te celebramus,
Nam condiscipuli sumus, et tua magna sequemur,
Vox tua, Jeffersone, fuit funesta tyrannis,
Olim plena gerens cum rex præcordia fastu
Jus nobis legesque negaret deriperetque.
O populi propugnator, memorande, saluto.
Salve. Non æquo sequimur vestigia passu.
Ingeniose, sagax, O Marshall, juris imago,
Æqua dabas et consillis leges stabilisti.
Quanta fuit gravitas, frons majestate verenda!
Omnia sub leges nisi mors truculenta vocantur.
Nonne Themis verax quæ tunc oracla tenebat?
Nos condiscipuli sumus, æqui semper amantes.
Quis numeret subolem magnam, dic, O mea mater?
Dum fluvii currunt, montes stant, fama manebit
Imperium et rerum molem qui sustinuerunt,
Imperii clavum sapienter qui tenuerunt
Dum patriæ fines et mollia jussa propagant.
In quibus exsulta gestis et magna triumphas.
Signa futurarum quomodo mens nescia fati
Nunc retegat rerum? Sed progenies parietur
Quæ nomenque decusque tuum resonare docebit.
Nos condiscipuli tua magna futura canemus.
Orbem, Christe Dei Sapientia, lumine lustra.



Athletics at William and Mary.

THE times demand that the graduates sent out by our colleges and universities to struggle on the gridiron of life shall have strong and robust bodies, as well as sound and vigorous minds. This view is an accepted one at William and Mary, and we should be placed in the forefront of such institutions as believe that a systematic and judicious training of the physical powers of the student is an essential part of his education, as much so as the ability to translate an ode from Horace or to demonstrate a theorem in higher mathematics.

There are still many who, even at the present day, think that athletics serve no other purpose than to develop mere bone and muscle. Yet, if we only take the trouble to inquire into the philosophy of any college game, we can not fail to discover other results as important and far-reaching as this; for, underlying each, there is a strong current of moral training not easily obtained elsewhere in the experiences of college life. Whoever has donned a canvas jacket knows that there is no place where the tenets of true democracy can be better instilled into the mind than in an ordinary football scrimmage. Here we early learn the necessity of keeping our tempers, of recognizing the rights of our opponents, and of working in harmony and coöperation with our associates. Moreover, the whole college is brought together on the *Campus Martius*, and, by virtue of their association with each other, all unnecessary caste distinctions are broken down between Sophomores and Freshmen, and a desirable *esprit de corps* is fostered among the whole student body.

The session of '98-99 portends to be a memorable one in the annals of athletics at William and Mary. A long-needed enthusiasm has been worked up on the subject, and the boys have begun to train in a business-like manner which must insure success and victory for the Orange and White in the great majority of her inter-collegiate contests of the future.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages of a session beginning as late as October 7th, and of a great deal of new material to be worked into shape, William and Mary, with the valuable assistance of Messrs. W. J. King and W. H. Burke, has been able to develop a football team which compared most favorably with those of the best colleges of our State. We were able to schedule only two games during the season. On November 7th, we lined up against the Randolph-Macon team, and the line of the Orange and Black easily went down before the fierce onset of our backs and ends, the opposing team never retaining the oval for more than four successive downs. November 10th, we played the Richmond College team on a park which was covered with so much mud and water that mass plays had to be resorted to

altogether. Our boys were thus terribly handicapped by the impossibility of making their effective end runs, and the Spiders were able, under these circumstances, to win their most stubbornly contested victory of the season. Let us hope that this sturdy eleven of '98 is the forerunner of a series of teams which shall cause the name of William and Mary to inspire dread and terror into the hearts of her opponents on the gridiron.

Baseball has also its legion of supporters and enthusiasts, and though it is still early in the season, we have already put a team in the field which, for true snap and science, stands far ahead of any of its predecessors. With a team poorly trained and seriously crippled by the sickness of three of its best players, William and Mary took the field on March 18th against the strong team of Richmond College. Our boys greatly outplayed the visitors at every point in the game except in the ninth, when the Spiders, aided by a couple of lucky hits and two costly errors on our part, were enabled to make the score seven to six in their favor. This is a bright outlook for us, and we have every reason to believe that the students of "ye ancient college" are about to realize one of the goals of their ambition by having the champion college team of the year.



Athletic Association.

F. S. McCANDLISH *President.*
D. B. HEBDITCH *Secretary.*
W. M. HACKLEY *Treasurer.*

The Diamond.

Team of '99.

S. B. THOMAS *Manager.*
W. M. HACKLEY *Captain.*

Team.

T. J. STUBBS,	C. S. GEORGE,
J. M. LEWIS,	E. SANDIDGE,
W. M. HACKLEY,	J. B. POLLARD,
H. F. HOSKINS,	F. S. McCANDLISH,
P. C. PALMER,	G. WYATT,
E. B. DENNIE,	C. O. BARRON,
H. H. FOSTER,	C. W. WHARTON.



The Gridiron.

Team of '98.

C. T. GRAYSON	<i>Manager.</i>
J. E. ELLIOTT	<i>Captain.</i>
W. J. KING	<i>Trainers.</i>
W. H. BURKE	
D. B. HEBDITCH	Center.
S. B. THOMAS	Right Guard.
W. M. HURTT	Left Guard.
J. S. BARON	Right Tackle.
A. PARKER	Left Tackle.
J. E. ELLIOTT (Captain)	Right End.
W. M. HACKLEY	Left End.
C. S. GEORGE	Right Half-back.
P. C. PALMER	Left Half-back.
O. BARON	Full-back.
J. T. GARROW	Quarter-back.
J. H. MONTAGUE	} Substitutes.
M. H. COPENHAVER	
A. P. HINES	



The Gridiron.

Second Team of '98.

J. H. BONNEVILLE *Manager.*
G. WYATT *Captain.*

Yell.

Cho-wack, cho-wack, cho-wack, cho-wee ;
Push 'em, push 'em, tumble-lee ;
We may be second, we may be scrub,
We 'll push 'em hard and give 'em a rub.

Members.

F. S. McCANDLISH,	P. HUNDLEY,
J. P. GAYLE,	T. N. PAGE,
E. DENNIE,	J. H. BONNEVILLE,
C. R. MOORE,	G. WYATT,
R. C. GREEN,	T. B. SMITH,
J. M. BUTTON,	A. R. MACKRETH,
C. F. CARTER,	W. J. WILKINSON,
G. E. WYNKOOP.	



The Sports
Team
1914

Tennis Club.

Colors.

Black and Red.

Officers.

B. F. CORNETT *President.*
J. H. BONNEVILLE *Vice-President.*
A. E. SHUMATE *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Members.

M. J. BAPTIST,	R. M. HUGHES,
J. H. BONNEVILLE,	H. F. HOSKINS,
J. T. GARROW,	G. H. PECK,
C. O. BARRON,	J. B. POLLARD,
A. R. CORBITT,	L. L. POWERS,
R. W. CORBITT,	C. W. ROGERS,
E. B. DENNIE,	F. B. W. SCOTT,
B. F. EPPS,	W. C. SLUSHER,
A. H. FOREMAN,	N. SAVEDGE,
W. P. GIBSON,	C. V. SPRATLEY,
C. E. GRESHAM,	A. E. SHUMATE,
R. HANKINS,	J. T. THOMPSON,
S. G. JETT,	H. NELSON,

B. F. CORNETT.



Bicycle Club.

Colors.

Orange and Black.

Officers.

R. E. HENDERSON	<i>President.</i>
H. H. FOSTER	<i>Vice-President.</i>
G. WYATT	<i>Secretary and Treasurer.</i>
D. B. HEBDITCH	<i>Captain.</i>
J. C. DONOVAN	<i>First Lieutenant.</i>

Members.

J. T. GARROW,	F. M. MALLORY,
R. O. ROGERS,	D. B. HEBDITCH,
R. E. HENDERSON,	N. SAVEDGE,
R. M. HUGHES,	B. F. EPPS,
J. N. HORNBAKER,	E. E. STACEY,
G. WYATT,	R. W. CORBITT,
E. B. DENNIE,	J. H. BONNEVILLE,
E. S. PHILLIPS,	J. C. DONOVAN,
E. J. TAYLOR,	H. H. FOSTER.



St. Paul
1904



College Song of William & Mary College.

Quartette for Male Voices

Words by Robert M. Hughes.

Music by Frederick C. Hahr

With spirit, in ordinary March tempo.

1st Tenor

1. In times long past, on Eng-lish soil, _____ reigned Will-iam great and
 2. Right doughty meo were Par-son Blair, _____ Priest, Pi-o-oeer, first

2d Tenor

1. In times long past, on Eng-lish soil, on Eng-lish soil, reigoed Will-iam great and
 2. Right doughty men were Par-son Blair, were Par-son Blair, Priest, Pi-o-oeer, first

1st Bass

1. In times loog past, on Eng-lish soil, on Eng-lish soil, reigoed Will-iam great and
 2. Right doughty men were Par-son Blair, were Par-son Blair, Priest, Pi-o-oeer, first

2d Bass

1. In times loog past, on Eng-lish soil, on Eng-lish soil, reigned Will-iam great and
 2. Right doughty meo were Par-son Blair, were Par-son Blair, Priest, Pi-o-oeer, first

Piano.

Ma-ry good, and spite of for-eign war's tur-moil and ci-vil strife and scenes of blood, and
 Pre-si-deat, and bis suc-cessors in the chair with mind and heart de-vout-ly bent, with

Ma-ry good, and spite of for-eign war's tur-moil and ci-vil strife and scenes of blood, and
 Pre-si-deat, and his suc-cessors in the chair with mind and heart de-vout-ly bent, with

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 Pre-si-deat, and his suc-cessors in the chair with mind and heart de-vout-ly bent, with

Ma-ry good, and spite of for-eign war's tur-moil and ci-vil strife and scenes of blood, and
 Pre-si-deat, and his suc-cessors in the chair with mind and heart de-vout-ly bent, with

p con

ci - vil strife and scenes of blood, they
mind and heart de - vout - - ly bent, to

p stacc.

ci - vil strife and scenes of blood, they stab - lished in the
mind and heart de - vout - - ly bent, to make young Ind - ian

p stacc.

ci - - vil strife and scenes of blood, they stab - lished in the
mind and heart de - vout - - ly bent, to make young Ind - ian

p stacc.

ci - vil strife and scenes of blood, they stab - lished in the vir - gin west, they
mind and heart de - vout - - ly bent, to make young Ind - ian i - deas shoot, to

And. gra

p stacc.

espressione.

stab - lished in the vir - gin west this school we love of all the best, then to our
make young Ind - ian i - deas shoot, and spare the white man's scalp bir - sute. But when these

vir - gin west, the vir - gin west, this school we love of all the best, then to our
i - deas shoot, their i - deas shoot, and spare the white man's scalp bir - sute. But when these

vir - gin west, the vir - gin west, this school we love of all the best, then to our
i - deas shoot, their i - deas shoot, and spare the white man's scalp bir - sute. But when these

stab - lished in the vir - gin west, this school we love of all the best, then to our
make young Ind - ian i - deas shoot, and spare the white man's scalp bir - sute. But when these

p

f

f roy - al founder's names, _____ in o - range wreathed and York's pure white, we'll
 seek their na-tive haunts, _____ with keen - er zest the scalp they take, and

ff roy - al founder's names, our founders' names, in o - range wreathed and York's pure white, we'll
 seek their na-tive haunts, their na-tive haunts, with keen - er zest the scalp they take, and

ff roy - al founder's names, our founders' names, in o - range wreathed and York's pure white, we'll
 seek their na-tive haunts, their na-tive haunts, with keen - er zest the scalp they take, and

ff roy - al founder's names, our founders' names, in o - range wreathed and York's pure white, we'll
 seek their na-tive haunts, their na-tive haunts, with keen - er zest the scalp they take, and

ff

Do. *

raise our song in glad ac - claims and break the still-ness of the night with
 stu - dent braves in fren - zied dance a - round their vic-tims at the stake, whoop

raise our song in glad ac - claims and break the still-ness of the night with
 stu - dent braves in fren - zied dance a - round their vic-tims at the stake, whoop

raise our song in glad ac - claims and break the still-ness of the night with
 stu - dent braves in fren - zied dance a - round their vic-tims at the stake, whoop

raise our song in glad ac - claims and break the still-ness of the night with
 stu - den braves in fren - zied dance a - round their vic-tims at the stake, whoop

Vigorously.

Rah! Rah! Ree! Double U. M. C. Rah! Rah! Ree! Sixteen-ninety-three!

Vigorously.

Rah! Rah! Ree! Double U. M. C. Rah! Rah! Ree! Sixteen-ninety-three!

Vigorously.

Rah! Rah! Ree! Double U. M. C. Rah! Rah! Ree! Sixteen-ninety-three!

Vigorously.

Rah! Rah! Ree! Double U. M. C. Rah! Rah! Ree! Sixteen-ninety-three!

marcato.

Rah! Rah! Ree! Double U. M. C. Rah! Rah! Ree! Sixteen-ninety-three!

3

What great alumni thronged this spot, (have thronged this spot)
 Monroe, Page, Marshall, Tucker, Roane,
 Rives, Tyler, Randolph, Nelson, Scott,
 Leigh, Gilmer, Tazewell, Jefferson, (Leigh, Gilmer, Tazewell, Jefferson)
 Who urged his hopeless plea of love (his plea of love)
 To fair Belinda of the Grove,
 For, radiant as summer skies, (as summer skies)
 The loveliest maidens here abound,
 To sweethearts, then, and witching eyes,
 We'll make the very heavens resound
 With 'Rah! Rah! Ree! W. M. C.
 Rah! Rah! Ree! Sixteen-ninety-three!

4.

Turn not alone to days of yore, (to days of yore)
 But may our modern brethren aim
 To lead in hall and field once more
 And light anew that shrine with fame, (and light anew that shrine with fame)
 As when our powdered fathers met (our fathers met)
 And danced the stately minuet
 And when Virginia calls her roll (she calls her roll)
 Of mighty sons on storied page
 Our brothers' names upon the scroll
 Shall blaze like stars from age to age
 So 'Rah! Rah! Ree! W. M. C.
 Rah! Rah! Ree! Sixteen-ninety-three!



German Club.

Members.

J. M. COLES	<i>President.</i>
F. S. McCANDLISH	<i>Vice-President.</i>
J. N. HORNBAKER	<i>Secretary.</i>
*R. HANKINS	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Officers.

J. N. MOORE,	L. W. WHITE,
J. G. DOWNING,	P. C. PALMER,
C. V. SPRATLEY,	J. B. POLLARD,
H. F. HOSKINS,	C. O. BARRON,
T. J. STUBBS,	P. HUNDLEY,
F. S. McCANDLISH,	J. M. LEWIS,
R. B. DADE,	J. L. NEWCOMB,
T. B. SMITH,	J. T. CHRISTIAN,
A. S. ANDERSON,	A. R. CORBITT,
J. G. ANDERTON,	R. W. CORBITT,
R. M. HUGHES,	J. T. GARROW,
C. T. GRAYSON,	J. B. SPENCER,
B. O. TOPHAM,	G. WYATT.

*Deceased.



College Glee and Mandolin Club.

Vocal.

M. M. TINSLEY	<i>First Tenor.</i>
R. W. WHEAT	<i>First Tenor.</i>
B. P. POLLARD	<i>First Tenor.</i>
T. J. STUBBS	<i>Second Tenor.</i>
P. C. PALMER	<i>Second Tenor.</i>
W. M. CROOKS	<i>Bass.</i>
C. N. WILLIAMS	<i>Bass.</i>

Instrumental.

J. H. BONNEVILLE	<i>Violin.</i>
E. B. DENNIE	<i>Mandolin.</i>
E. A. SHUMATE	<i>Guitar.</i>
C. H. LAMBERT	<i>Triangle.</i>



1914
The String Quartet





UB the
a comedy
in
one act



ollege



um

4avis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MUB, the college bum, lover of Psillis.	} COLLEGE PROFESSORS, CLASS IN MORAL PHILOSOPHY. CLASS IN HISTORY, CLASS IN MATHEMATICS, MUB'S COMPANIONS, CLASS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, CLASSES IN GREEK AND LATIN. CLASSES IN FRENCH AND GERMAN, }	} <i>Chorus.</i>
PSILLIS, the college flirt.		
SYLPH, lover of Mub.		
GAMALIEL, lover of Sylph.		
ROSALIND, twin-sister of Psillis.		
MANOS, a rejected lover of Psillis.		
PRISCILLA, Psillis's Maid.		

SCENE I.

Springtime. Midday. Place, College Campus.

Enter SYLPH.

How balmy is the air this morn,
With breezes fair upon the lawn;
How sings the bird within her nest
Declaring nature to be blest.
Within my soul I something feel
The which is hardship to conceal,
For nature's " charms her stores unroll,"
And lend their pleasures to my soul.

(Commences to dance and sing.)

So here I go, here I go,
On the light fantastic toe,
Giving vent to all my glee
In my youthful jollity.
Surely there was pleasure ne'er
Yet so gay as I find here.

Enter GAMALIEL (suddenly).

Pretty maid you seem to be
Joining in frivolity;
For it seemeth that perchance
You can sing and you can dance.
And your pleasures thus enhance,
And no doubt but what 't is true
That if oft I list to you
Singing, as you often do,
I would also learn to, too,
But further, if to watch you prancing
A *la mode* that you call dancing;
Stop to view your twinkling feet
In right cadence fall to meet
The grass plot your toes would greet.
Surely 't would not be amiss
To say that I might learn this.

SYLPH.

Kind sir, I like the way you talk
And doubt not that you *can* sing;
And prob'ly if you tried to walk
You'd find that you were dancing.
But this advice I give to you
Since time, for all, has proved it true:
When you have learned Terpsichore's art
And wish that learning to impart
To her who is a novice yet,
Beware the task! lest you forget
Respect that to your toes you owe
And use of exclamation "Oh!"
But if you've learned the siren's boast,
You'll doubtlessly be asked to sing,
And find the prize not worth the cost
To pay for such a paltry thing.

GAMALIEL.

Fair Sylph! I see within a trice,
That what you say is good advice;
Nor shall I e'er my joy enhance
By learning either song or dance.
But *love*, may I not beg of thee—

SYLPH (*interrupting him*).

Stop! stop! speak not that word to me,
Since betwixt us can never be
What you would seem to indicate,
By using such a term,—of late
Becoming in such common use,
By habit and by clever ruse
Of women, who, though hard to please,
Have yet their happy hours of ease.
They *love* a dog, they *love* a mat,
They *love* a horse, they *love* a hat,
And so will make great sacrifice
To raise enough to pay the price
For Easter bonnets, which will stun
The very heads they're worn upon.

Enter PSILLIS (*singing*).

The college flirt, now here I am,
Wearing the queenly diadem
As smasher of the students' hearts:
For the boys
Are my toys.
And their love for me imparts
All the worth of Cupid's darts.
Still I hold them in my grasp,
(Still more often in my clasp).
When they meet me on the street,
They with smiles will always greet,
Winking as they call me "sweet,"
All of which is quite a treat.



But they find, alas! too late
I'm arbiter of their fate;
After each examination,
There is wail and lamentation,
Caused by lack of contemplation
'Pon the lectures that they take.

SYLPH.

'College flirt?' You boast that name,
And you say to be your aim
Only to ensnare the boys?
Surely you have right to claim
Yet some better way to fame
Than by offering 'lusive joys.

(*PSILLIS plucking a flower.*)

Yes, dearest one, it is my lot,
This pleasure to insure.
Will test this frail forget-me-not:
Perhaps 't will prove a seer.
Ah! true its violet leaves reveal
The joy which I can not but feel
Whene'er there is applied to me
The sobriquet of 'coquetry.'

SYLPH.

Doubtless, you do not forget,
(While glor'ing in the name coquette)
That still your heart beats fast for one—
I'll name him—Mub, the college bum.

(*Hears a whistle.*)

Ha! there he comes, I hear his whistle,
I see him now behind the thistle.

PSILLIS.

Come Gamaliel, Sylph, we three
Will welcome him most merrily,
We will make our voices hum
To greet Sir Mub, the college bum.

(*They join hands and sing.*)

Welcome, welcome Mub, we sing,
On this balmy day of spring,
Greet we thee most cheerily,
Welcome thee most merrily;
And we thus our parting make,
And we thus our leave will take,
Hoping though to meet again,
When 't will be, we *dinna ken*. [*Exeunt.*]



MUB (*soliloquizing*).

'Tis strange greeting, I must say,
Thus to sing and run away;
But I'll go and call them back
And learn the reason,—but alack!
'Tis vain attempt, for they have gone,
'Tis nonsense all, for what care I
For any 'wherefore' or for 'why'?
Suffice to know that I have come
And am alone.

To be here now beneath these trees
And feel no cool and pleasant breeze,
To assuage ninety-five degrees,

Of summer heat,
Is a pleasure I would forego,
If haply I could only know
Just now some other place to go
For a retreat.

But I'll endure this fearful heat
In hopes that I, perchance, will meet
With some of my own companions.

(*Hears a bell.*)

Alas! my hopes are blasted now,
For what I hear is 'nough, I trow
To indicate to me, *sehr wohl*,
The call that tortures mind and soul;
What do I hear? I know it well—
It is the Natural Science bell. [*Erit.*]

SCENE II.

Place, Rosalind's Parlor. Time, 8.30 in the Evening

Enter ROSALIND; takes a seat and begins to read. PRISCILLA, without noticing ROSALIND, enters with a letter for P-SILLIS, lays it on the table, and goes out. ROSALIND, without noticing direction; takes it up and opens it.

ROSALIND reads:

'Dearest love, my own, my life,
With sweet thoughts of thee I'm rife:
I pen this ardent, simple measure
In hopes that it may be your pleasure
To give it just consideration,
And without further explanation,
I'll accept your answer plain.
Now I'll attempt just to explain
What is through my mind now fleeting,
And causes, too, my heart's quick beating:
If every leaf on every tree
Could speak through all eternity,
They could not tell my love for thee.
With this confession to thee my cherub,
I say farewell. Your only Mub.
Why this is strange!—but now I see
This letter is not meant for me.
Or else this very love complexion
Needs new proof or more correction,
For never have I seen such letter,
And think that it is scarcely better
To be able to pen such lay
Than have nothing at all to say.



Enter SYLPH.

Ha! here is Sylph, I'll show to her
What I have here, this loving letter.
'Sylph, my love, read this I pray,
And tell me what you have to say.'

(Hands SYLPH the letter.)

SYLPH *(After reading. With great emotion).*

Faithless wretch! what see I here?
Plainly something that was ne'er
Intended for mine eyes to see;
For 't was only yesterday
That he this to me did say:
'Sylph, my love is all for thee.'
Never mind, I'll make him rue
The course he wishes to pursue,
By painting in such glowing rue
A tale, at start, both black and blue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Place, College Campus. Time, 8.45 morning.

Enter MUB.

Alas! I find that now too late
That I have made a bad mistake;
Though there should be few, I wean,
Sweeter than fair Rosalind,
Yet think she's not over-prudent
How she talks about a student;
Then, too Sylph— just for spite—
Will a note to Psillis write
To explain the thing, without
Keeping from her all about
Having said to Sylph one day
What it was not well to say,
If this to Psillis should be told,
I might as well just say, '*Lebt Wohl!*'
(He sits down.)

Enter MANOS.

Why, Mub, my boy, what of late
Has made you so disconsolate?
If this you would confide in me
And tell me what the trouble be,—
But look! what yonder do I see?
Indeed it is the Faculty.

Enter CHORUS OF PROFESSORS.

We think there 's nothing we don't know,
For often have we been told so,
If all learning the world can boast,
Should by some accident be lost
'T would be easy for us to find
And give it back to humankind.

Though the seven sages of old are dead,
Mankind fears naught, for it has been said
That another age will grow seven more,
Wiser by far than those of yore,
This is now proved true, for who are we,
But seven wise men *in facultate?* [*Exeunt.*]

Enter THE CLASS IN JUNIOR SCIENCE.

Clear the way and let us pass;
We belong to the Science Class,
Bearing with us each appliance
Needed to explain this science,
And we venture to assert
That no one makes so much dirt,
When preparing such a test
As HCl with H₂S,
Then some H₂O we pour,
Mixed with H₂SO₄,
Which precipitates on the floor.
But in this we must be sly,
For often will Professor spy;
And if he does, then there will be,
But little of our contingent fee. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLASS OF MORAL SCIENCE.

With psychologic brain and mind,
We can study humankind,
Trace in all an intellect,
Such as they would ne'er expect;
And still, with little agitation,
Stretch somewhat the imagination
In making out a pure sensation,
And tax our memory hard and long
To learn some things which are too strong
For, still, by others it is thought
To teach us things that can't be taught,
By teaching words that would weary
The writer of a dictionary,
Such monstrous words as these you'll see
In Davis's Psychology,
Howe'er this be, we show our skill
By settling freedom of the will;
We say and do just as we please,
And take our happy hours of ease,
Though voluminous works of Dugald Stewart
Have worked and sifted and studied all through, it;
And the bewildered mind of poor Tappan
Endeavors and tries, as best it can,
To say and prove that such is bosh,
'Tis evident, though, we have a voice
In making and taking over our choice,
And so we intend to do, by gosh! [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLASS OF HISTORY.

Here are we! here are we!
The mighty class of History.

To us indeed must yield the palm
 Macaulay, Hume, and great Hallam;
 Whilst Gibbon's fame, before us all,
 Must stagger, then *decline and fall*,
 Compared to ours, Herodotus' fame,
 (Which bears itself in this one name,
 'Father of History') at one glance,
 Must pale to insignificance,
 And even by a few degrees.
 We will outdo Thucydides,
 Recently we've caused upheaval
 In Ancient, Modern, Mediæval,
 We've looked into and found out,
 Beyond a possible shadow of doubt,
 On the day of the fight at Thermopylæ,
 The Greeks were twenty miles away;
 That the wisest saying of Demosthenes
 Is wrongly attributed to Socrates,
 And further still, we know it well,
 There was such a man as Wilhelm Tell,
 But the story, as told by Stith,
 Of Pocahontas saving Smith,
 Is like a fable and a myth.
 Thus solved have we these mysteries
 Which we find in many histories. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLASSES IN GREEK AND LATIN.

Here we stand before the door,
 Versed in all the classic lore,
 Culled from poets and from sages,
 In all time and all ages,
 Waiting now our turn to say
 How nouns with prepositions play
 And verb *luo, lucis, luci*,
 We've learned, too, without regret,
Amarissem,—isses,—isset,
 And bear we in our hands to-day
 The masters of the ancient play;
 Three hours long with Sophocles,
 Three longer yet with Euripides;
 While Vergil asks that we spare
 Two hours more, to scan with care
 Lines which he did, at his leisure,
 Set down for us and our pleasure,
 Then Ovid's *Metamorphoses*
 And plays of Aristophanes,
 Demands of us no small attention
 To great words of their own invention.
 But all of these we learn to brook
 (Including Livy's fourteenth book)
 By always making rapid stride,
 Whenever we our 'ponies' ride. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLASSES IN FRENCH AND GERMAN.

French and German class to-day!
 Pass we by in full array,
 A night we've spent of rapture rare
 With great Racine and Molière;

While Schiller asked, and Goethe too,
 'I would like to talk with you,'
 Now learned are we in such a way
 To know the parts of verb *aller*,
 While *être* and *avoir* we must learn
 (Nor *sein* and *haben* dare to spurn),
 That there 's nothing else we know
 To teach us: for we think 't is so,
 That those who 've heard us *parlez-vous*
 Admit this saying to be true;
 While those who have heard us *sprechen Deutsch*,
 Will also grant this to be such,
 But Professor says there 's one thing,
 Viz, that when the bell doth ring,
 Be ready with its first sweet chime
 To go to lecture-room on time. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CLASS IN MATHEMATICS.

Though last of classes, still are we
 Not least by great majority;
 For numbering us you will find
 We 're not fifteen men behind
 The largest class, which now you see
 Passing by so hastily,
 In mathematics still we are
 Equal to and over par;
 We who know the Rule of Three,
 Who understand the B+C,
 Can pursue most steadily
 Asymptotes to infinity,
 And further still, we do aspire
 To things which we consider higher;
 For instance, we ourselves will vex
 By chasing, ever, fleet *dx*,
 Always making fume and fuss
 Over this part of calculus,
 And thinking all our efforts vain,
 Even one inch on it to gain;
 But we this torture learn to brook
 By chasing *dx* out the book. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MR B'S COMPANIONS.

Ever dancing and frolicking,
 Here we come;
 Ever singing and rollicking
 Give us room,
 We are the boys, and Mub is our chum;
 We love life's joys, our trade is to hum,
 Now we come in joyful glee
 Just behind the Faculty;
 Caring not for anything,
 Not even if the bell should ring,
 What care we for lectures e'er?
 For we can see, and we can hear
 Things which please us more than these,
 And further still, we take our ease,

And yet again, now what care we
 For Math, or dry Philosophy?
 History has no charms for us,
 While Latin really makes us cuss,
 Of worst of all now we speak—
 Worse than Latin, worse than Greek—
 'T is worse than even words can tell,
 It is— *to hear the Chapel bell,*
 But highest good is found somewhere;
 'T is found in this, we do declare;
 Whene'er we hear the 'wise men' say
 That we may have a holiday.
 [*Exeunt all but MANOS and MUB.*]

MANOS.

Mub, can you tell me why
 All these classes pass by,
 When before, here we 've been
 And such sight have not seen?

MUB.

I am sure I do not know
 Why things like these happen so,
 Lest it be a foul intent
 My mind and soul to torment,
 But come, from this place away!
 I'll not endure longer stay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. Enter SYLPH, PSILLIS, GAMALIEL, ROSALIND, MANOS,
 MUB, MUB'S COMPANIONS.*

SYLPH.

Once again upon the heather
 We've met; and salute each other.
 (*They exchange greetings.*)

PSILLIS

Yes, we now our greeting make,
 While the trees their leaves do shake,
 Seeming to us all to say
 'We welcome thee here to-day.'

GAMALIEL.

Ah! so 't is true that we are here;
 Such place as this is not, I fear.
 To be found within this land,
 For music's here, sweet to the ears
 As famous 'music of the spheres,'
 Which is said to be so grand,
 Then there is something sweeter still,
 Which causes now my blood to thrill
 Within my distended veins;
 The one to whom I now refer
 Is singularly addressed as 'her,'
 And she loves me for my pains.

ROSALIND.

Deluded youth! deceives himself
If he thinks she 's his! Fair Sylph
Loves another, that I know,
For she has often told me so.

MANOS.

Ah! me, how I wish that I
Might yet breathe a lover's sigh,
But rejected now I am,
And am nothing but a sham.

MUB'S COMPANIONS

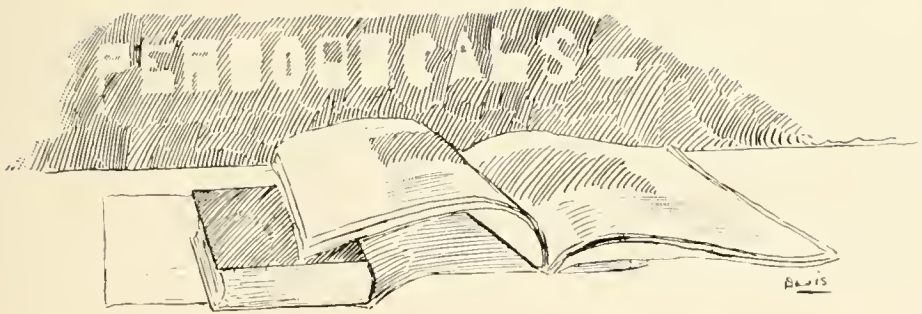
Let us cease this angry tone.
Let us now be only one
In sentiment and regard
For each other. Let's discard
All that we may wish to say,
And take a brief holiday.

PSILLIS and MUB embrace, as do SYLPH and
GAMALIEL; MANOS steps beside ROSALIND.

MUB (*sings*).

Oh! this is joy
Without alloy,
My heart's desire and hope:
I've tried in vain
This prize to gain
And with it to elope.
I know wherever I may lie,
In years that are to come,
I'll breathe a sigh,
And wish that I
Was still a college bum.

[*Curtain falls.*]



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The Colonial Echo.

Published Annually by the Students of William and Mary College.

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Motto.

“Get Your Money’s Worth.”

Drink.

Canned Peach Syrup.

Favorite Occupation.

Robbing the Cupboard.

Favorite Study.

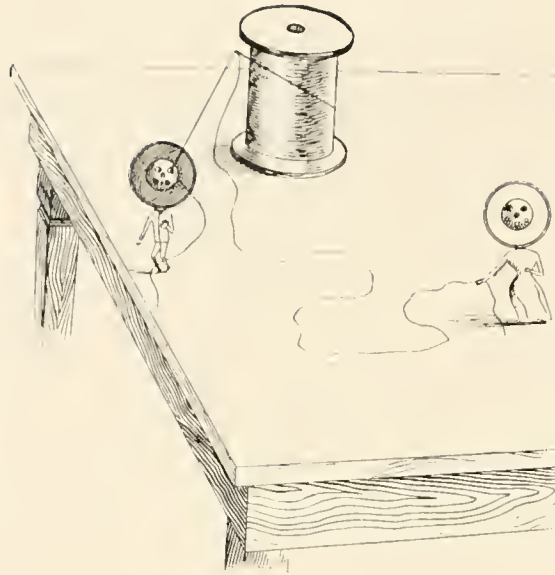
The Consumption of Food.

Officers.

- A. P. HINES Past Grand Devourer of Cakes and Peaches.
- P. HUNDLEY Chief Deviser of Schemes.
- H. F. HOSKINS Royal Roaster of Eggs.
- W. W. SNEAD . . . Chief Counsellor of Cribbing Canned Tomatoes.
- A. PARKER The Keen-eyed Watcher-for-the-Steward.

Members.

- | | | |
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| W. S. EMMANUEL, | C. R. MOORE, | J. P. GAYLE, |
| B. SPRUILL, | V. H. REDDELL, | F. M. SIZER. |



Bachelors' Union.

CHARLES H. LAMBERT	The Grand Chief Victim of Woman's Smiles.
J. T. THOMPSON	Supreme Disdainer of Matrimony.
F. W. OSBORNE	The Mighty Prodigious Bane of Femininity.
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Members.

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J. L. MURPHY,	E. J. COOLEY,	G. M. CORNETT.

Yell.

Too Old to Yell.

Favorite Book.

"Reveries of a Bachelor."

Pastime.

Thinking of Why we Have Always been Kicked.

Requirements for Admission.

- Must have seen thirty-seven and a half summers.
- Must have been kicked by thirteen feminines.
- Must have five sound teeth left.
- Of course, must have never been married.



Liars' League.

S. B. THOMAS, <i>alias</i> "Doubting"	<i>Chief Prevaricator.</i>
J. H. BONNEVILLE	<i>First Substitute.</i>
G. WYATT	<i>Second Substitute.</i>

Members.

J. N. MOORE,	R. M. JONES,	J. E. ELLIOTT,
WILMER WHITE,	A. D. JORDAN,	W. P. HAINES,
D. B. HEBDITCH,	G. J. DOWNING,	BEN SPRULL.

Motto.

"Honesty is Not the Best Policy."

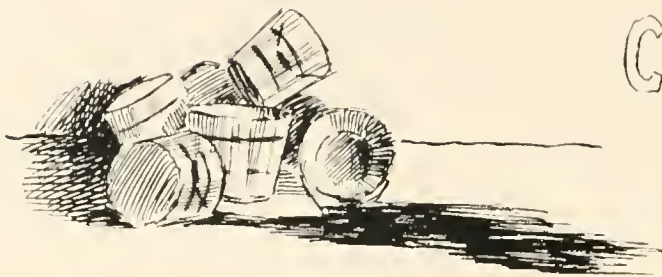
Song.

"Don't You Believe all You Hear."

Pastime.

Promulgating False Doctrines.

WATER THROWERS CLUB



D. 14

C. S. GEORGE Principal Precipitator of Precipitating Pails.
C. R. MOORE Water Carrier.
J. H. MONTAGUE Dangerous Douser of Doughty Men.
J. H. CRIMM Special Sprinkler of Special Subjects.

Members.

A. E. MOODY,	C. C. HANGER,	J. C. CALHOUN,
P. HUNDLEY,	W. L. WATTS,	R. C. GREEN,
A. J. PIERPONT,	A. PARKER,	L. L. POWERS.

Motto.

Keep Dry.

Song.

“Little Drops of Water Make a Mighty Ocean.”

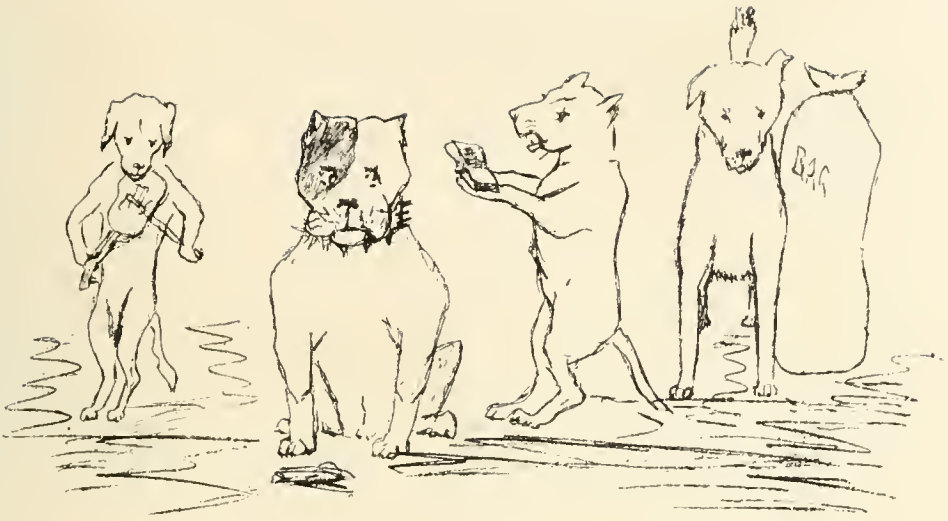
Amusement.

Scrapping.

Yell.

We 're throwing it now, We 've thrown it before ;
And if you don't watch us, We 'll do it once more ;
Woe, woe to the man who comes on our floor.

(Hint.) Get in out of the wet.



Growlers' Council.

Officers.

R. M. JONES	Bull Dog.
ERNEST SHAWEN	Pointer.
J. H. BONNEVILLE	Poodle.
J. A. DODGE	Setter.

Members.

S. P. WHITMAN,	BEN SPRULL,	P. HUNDLEY,
O. P. CHITWOOD,	C. VERNON SPRATLEY,	J. N. MOORE,
A. H. FOREMAN,	J. L. NEWCOMB,	A. E. MOODY,
	J. M. BUTTON.	

Song.

“ Bull Dog on the Bank.”

Pastime.

Grumbling.

Study.

The Faults of Others.



Yell.

Boom, boom, boom,
 The gods we implore
 To make it grow now
 Where it ne'er grew before.

Favorite Pastime.

Using Hair Restorer.

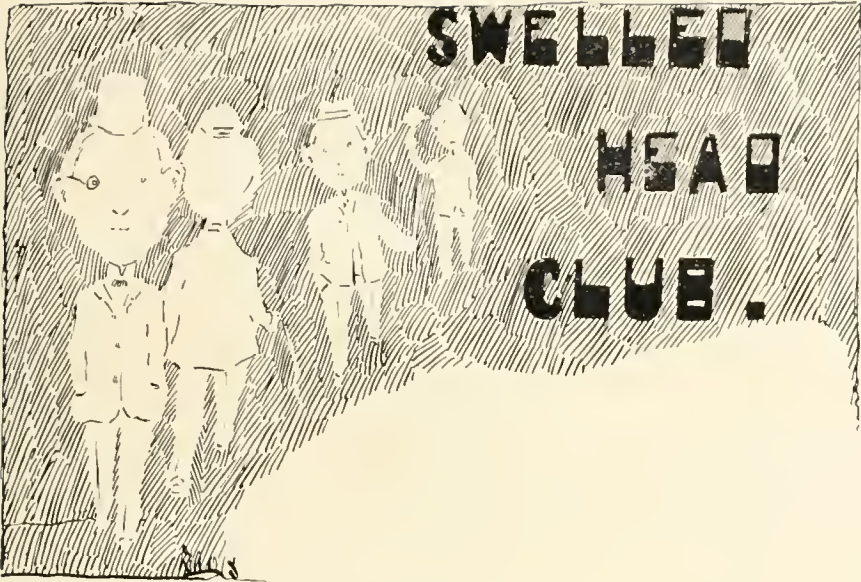
Favorite Song.

"Johnny Get Your Hair Cut."

ROBERT E. HENDERSON,	"The Fly Killer."
W. J. WILKINSON,	"The Just-as-bald-as-a-baby."
C. N. WILLIAMS,	"The Soon-will-be."

Members.

C. H. LAMBERT,	J. N. HORNBAKER,	J. L. MURPHY,
	J. M. BUTTON.	



Purpose.

To Take all Compliments to Ourselves.

Requirement for Admission.

The Wearing of a Number Nine Hat.

Pastime.

Trying to Diminish the Size of Magnorum Capitem.

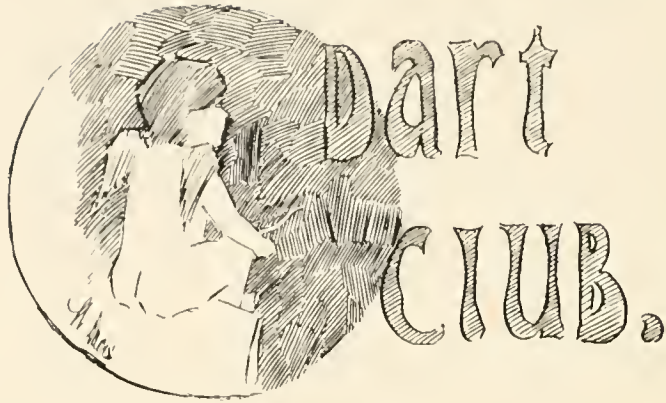
Officers.

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| EARNEST SHAWEN | The Egotistical " Earnest " Extraordinary. |
| J. GAYLE ANDERTON | The Nice-Neat-Nobby. |
| J. TAYLOR THOMPSON | The Big Bellowing Blower. |
| W. J. WILKINSON | The Swellest of Swelled Heads. |

Members.

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| A. C. SMITH, | R. W. CORBITT, |
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| | J. TUMER GARROW, |
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| | BEN SPRUILL. |

CUPID'S



Officers.

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WILKINSON, W. J.	<i>Corresponding Secretary.</i>
WILLIAM WILKINSON	<i>Treasurer.</i>

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WILLIE WILKINSON, from the Bowery,	WILKINSON, the "Bluffer,"
BILLY WILKINSON,	WILKINSON, the "Bald,"
" RAVEN " WILKINSON.	

Motto.

" Love as Hard as a Mule can Kick."

Song.

" Cupid 's in Love with Me."

Pastime.

Dreaming of Love.



Officers.

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J. G. ANDERTON	The Entrancer of Maidens.
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J. M. COLES,	L. P. WHITMAN,	J. T. GARROW,
P. C. PALMER,	W. W. DAVIES,	G. J. DOWNING.

Motto.

“Better to Have Loved and Lost than Never to Have Loved at All.”

Song.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not single in thy glory,
 Get unto thyself a wife.

Favorite Study.

How to Cause Two Hearts to Beat as One.

Pastime.

Spooning.



Gigglers' Convocation.

- G. A. DODGE The Grinning Giggler at Everything or Nothing.
G. L. STEVENS The Unreasonable Grinner.
C. T. GRAYSON The Lecturer on Gigglerology.

Members.

J. H. BONNEVILLE,
D. B. HEBDITCH,
P. C. PALMER,

J. G. ANDERTON,
J. E. ELLIOTT,
M. M. TINSLEY,

R. W. WHEAT,
J. M. COLES,
W. S. FLOURNOY.

Motto.

“Nothing.”

Song.

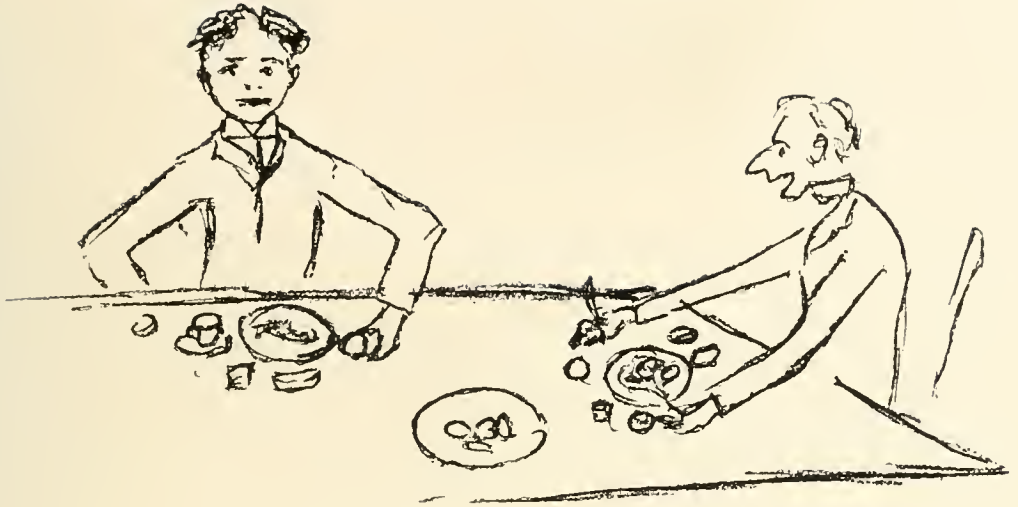
“Not Anything.”

Pastime,

Haven't Any.

Yell.

We, we, we, he, he, he ;
We, we, we, he, he, he ;
We 've tried to say it,
But we can't you see.



Eaters' Monopoly.

M. M. TINSLEY	Major Hog.
C. VERNON SPRATLEY	Minor Hog.
A. H. FOREMAN	Scooper.
W. J. WILKINSON	Grabber.

Members.

J. T. THOMPSON,	A. L. TERRILL,	E. SHAWEN,
C. H. LAMBERT,	J. E. ELLIOTT,	C. N. WILLIAMS,
W. P. HARRIS,	J. G. CRIM,	A. PARKER.

Motto.

"We live to eat."

Song.

"How Can I Leave Thee" (the dinner table).

Pastime.

Thinking about What we are Going to Have for Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper.

Lecture Cutters' Gathering.

J. MUNFORD COLES	The Artful Dodger.
J. TUMER GARROW	The Scientific Cutter.
B. F. EPPS	The Loyal Leaver of Latin Lectures.

Members.

J. N. MOORE,	P. C. PALMER,	M. W. MORRIS,
S. B. THOMAS,	S. P. WHITMAN,	G. WYATT,
W. W. DAVIES,	B. F. CORNETT,	C. F. CARTER,
C. W. HUNT,	J. B. POLLARD,	G. J. DOWNING.

Motto.

“Cut Lectures and Dodge Professors.”

Song.

“Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.”

Yell.

Rig, Rag,
Rig, Rag,
Rig, Rag, Rut,
We are those who
Lectures Cut.

Puffs and Queues.

IT IS remarkable to what age a man may attain and still retain his equilibrium in matters of social polity. It is likewise remarkable that two men of the same age (and they being students, too!) may entertain diametrically opposite views on this all-important question. There have lately been two examples of this, viz., when Oliver P. Chitwood was heard to exclaim, while speaking with some of his fellow-students about the "deliciousness" of the fair sex, "Oh that I could enjoy one *delightful* kiss!" The other example is equally inconsistent with the gentleman's age (yet we doubt not his veracity in the matter). C. H. Lambert has openly avowed that never in his life has he been tempted to enjoy this so-called bliss of *kissing a girl*.

H. H. Foster, while not being in the least conceited, has, we think, that natural failing, common to so many of us, of being fond of his *own* picture. Then, too, the gentleman is not only enamored of his photograph, for he was heard recently to casually remark, on hearing that a photographer was in town: "I believe I will have my picture taken, for I had rather have a *picture* than a *photograph*."

It is to be hoped that some one will relieve J. Lloyd Newcomb of an idea which cropped out in a remark of his made to a fellow-student. "Lloyd" said that when he died he wished his body to be sent to a *creamery* to be cremated.

Normal Review Student: "Why do Professor Shawen's eyes look so peculiar while he is teaching the English class?"

Second Year Student: "He was caught in a hard snow-storm during last winter, which left him with an *icy stare*."

Very often there have been seen upon the bulletin-board notices like the following: "Second-hand text-books for sale; as good as new, for *they have not been used*." F. W. OSBORN.

Despite the fact that the Faculty have endeavored to explain to R. W. Sprinkle that Math. is Math., and Algebra is Math., he insists upon dropping Mathematics and taking up Algebra. Likewise, J. M. Button expressed a desire to drop Latin and pursue studies in Cæsar.

In some cases knowledge produces happiness; and so it must be with Ives, since he has found out, ere this, the "hair breadth" distinction and difference between the McKinley Bill and Buffalo Bill, of which he was so anxiously inquiring several months ago.

Surely the proverb "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," is often verified, but never was the truth of this saying more clearly shown than in a conundrum recently propounded by one of our students to another concerning the resemblance of little George Stevens to a woman:

First Student: "Why is George Stevens like a woman?"

Second Student: "I give it up."

First Student: "Because he talks so much, of course," walking away in disgust.

J. M. Button's visions recently have doubtless been very elevating. This is evidenced by the fact that while some boys were flying a kite with lantern attached, over the Hotel Taliaferro one night during the early spring, he, catching a glimpse of this unusual nocturnal visitor just above his window, rushed out of the building shouting so as to be heard for squares, "Boys, run out here—here comes the old ship of Zion down on the house."

J. G. Anderton, the most fastidious student in college, on looking recently at a newly-taken photograph of himself, observed with some degree of alarm and disquietude: "I have a very handsome likeness except for that *horrible* wrinkle in my coat."

The difference between English peas and gooseberries seems to be a puzzling question to T. H. Garnett, who remarked some time ago, upon seeing some English peas on the dinner table at the College Hotel, "This is certainly a funny season of the year to have gooseberries."

We were never impressed strongly with the enormous appetite of John Donovan until the following dialogue ensued several months ago, between himself and his landlady:

J. D.: "Madam, may I have another piece of pie?"

Landlady: "Why, my dear boy, you can not possibly hold another mouthful."

J. D. (*triumphantly*): "Oh, yes, I can, for I heard Dr. Hall say there is always 'room at the top.'"

Mr. Nelson studies *Chronical Sections*.

Professor in Physiology: "Mr. Eppes, you will please describe the skeleton."

B. F. Eppes (*promptly*): "Bones!"

L. L. Powers remarked after seeing the parade on Emancipation Day, 1899: "Truly this world is a large space."

The following laconic dialogue displays the jealousy with which the boarders at the College Hotel guard the fact that they are on its list:

Mr. M.: "Are you an Episcopalian or Presbyterian?"

Vivian Hash: "Neither, sir; I am a College Hotelian."

We have heard serious rumors as to the dangerous and enormous appetite of Willie Wilkinson, and in justice to him will say that we have been inclined to disbelieve these reports; but the following story having been reported to us by truth-loving (?) S. B. Thomas, we are now confirmed in the belief that the gentleman in question is really endowed with this supreme gift. When desiring to take his nightly ramble down our principal street one evening during the late spring he requested his room-mate to take his supper up. Mr. Wilkinson, on returning, was greatly surprised to find *nine rolls and two pounds of butter* awaiting his arrival.

Camera fiends are something very common, and possibly the mere mention of one would excite no unusual comment; but a large crowd collected around little "Bobbie" Hughes on a windy day of last March to sympathize with him in his vain attempts to snap-shot the wind.

"As we think, so are we." So believes J. Taylor Thompson, who has enough conceit and self-consciousness to make this saying have its true weight with him. He is famous for using large words and when some one chided him about it, "Oh," he replied, with far more ingenuity than truth, "my thoughts are so great that none but large words can express them." This is indeed a remark exactly parallel (except for the lack of truth) with a like observation made by an observant student at the table at which Mr. Thompson sits: "His *appetite* is so large he must indeed be a large man to possess it."

The Echo Election.

Handsome Student,	HURTT.
Ugliest Student,	C. A. BARRON.
Most Popular Student,	J. E. ELLIOTT.
Most Intellectual Student,	E. SHAWEN.
Smartest Student,	J. E. ELLIOTT.
Favorite Study,	ENGLISH
Favorite Pastime,	BASEBALL.
Favorite Song,	HOME, SWEET HOME.
Most Popular Professor,	VAN F. GARRETT.
Hardest Student,	G. A. DODGE.
Best All-round Student,	H. A. HUNT.
Greatest "Calico Sport,"	BURROWS.

Aptly Quoted.

Anderton.—"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."—*Milton*.

Anderson, N. C. B.—"I have immortal longings in me."—*Shakespeare*.

Professor Bird.—"On either side he could dispute
Confute, change hands, and still confute."
—*Butler*.

Button.—"This fellow 's wise enough to play the fool."—*Shakespeare*.

Crim.—"Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail."—*Johnson*.

Chapel, 8.45 a. m.—"What custom wills, in all things should we do't?"—*Shakespeare*

Chitwood, O. P.—"I know thou art religious and hast a thing within thee called conscience."—*Shakespeare*.

Copenhaver, M. H.—"He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone."—*Churchill*.

Dodge, G. A.—"The more we study, we the more discover our ignorance."—*Shelley*.

Downing, G. J.—"Alas! the love of women! it is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing."—*Byron*

Elliott, J. E.—"Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."—*Byron*.

Foreman, A. H.—"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"
—*Gay*.

George, C. S.—"Alas, what need you be so boistrous rough?"—*Shakespeare*.

Professor Garrett.—"And still he bore without abuse,
That grand old name of gentleman."
—*Tennyson*.

Grayson, C. T.—"I can not love as I have loved,
And yet I know not why."
—*Bailey*

Hash, Vivian.—“Ripe in wisdom was he, but simple, and patient, and childlike.”—*Longfellow*.

Heblitch, D. B.—“Think all you speak; but speak not all you think.”—*DeLaune*.

Professor Hall.—“And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.”—*Chaucer*.

Hoskins, H. H., Thompson, J. T., Smith, A. C.—
“All Gaul is divided into three parts.”—*Cæsar*.

Hughes, R. M.—“Thyself no more deceive, thy youth hath fled.”—*Petrarch*.

Jones, R. M.—“He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.”—*Shakespeare*.

Lambert, C. H.—“What should we speak of when we are as old as you?”—*Shakespeare*.

Lewis, J. M.—“Not much talk—a great, sweet silence.”—*James*.

McCandlish, F. S.—“Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.”—*Shakespeare*.

Newcomb, J. L.—“Prolixious blushes that banish what they sue for.”—*Shakespeare*.

Osborn, F. W.—“As you are old and reverend, should be wise.”—*Shakespeare*.

Page, T. N.—“All I know is that I know nothing.”—*Socrates*.

Palmer, P. C.—“Mark his majestic fabric!”—*Dryden*.

Parker, A.—“Love thyself last.”—*Shakespeare*.

Powers, L. L.—“Where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”—*Gray*.

Riddell, T.—“Come, then, expressive silence.”—*Thomson*.

Seldon, S. W.—“There is unspeakable pleasure attending the life of a voluntary student.”—*Goldsmith*.

Shawen, E.—“As proud as Lucifer.”—*Bailey*.

Sizer, F. M.—“That unlettered, small-knowing soul.”—*Shakespeare*.

Smith, T. B.—“Thy modesty ’s a candle to thy merit.”—*Fieldding*.

Professor Stubbs.—“A man severe he was, and stern to view.”—*Goldsmith*.

Stevens, G. L.—“ If I chance to talk a little while, forgive me, I had it from my father.”—*Shakespeare*.

Thomas, S. B.—“ He will lie with such volubility you would think truth were a fool.”—*Shakespeare*.

Wheat, R. W.—“ Sweetest the strain when in the song, the singer has been lost.”—*Phelps*.

White, L. W.—“ And to his eye there was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.”—*Byron*.

Williams, C. N.—“ Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.”—*Tennyson*.

Professor Wharton.—“ His classical reading is great ; he can quote
Horace, Juvenal, Ovid, and Martial by rote.”
—*Meredith*.

Miscellaneous.

Phoenix Open Meeting.—“ Pandemonium reigned supreme.”—*Milton*.

Henry Billups.—“ I am not in the roll of common men.”—*Shakespeare*.

The Finals.—“ Hark, the joyful hour advances,
Happy season of delight,
Festal songs and festal dances,
All our season's toil requite.”
—*Anonymous*.

Professor Bishop.—“ Thou art a scholar.”—*Longfellow*.

Hines, A. P.—“ Who says in verse what others say in prose.”—*Pope*.

Holland, F. T.—“ Oh ! that those lips had language.”—*Cropper*.

Moore, J. N.—“ While we are examining into everything, we sometimes find truth where we least expect it.”—*Quintilian*.

Prospective Gymnasium.—“ Coming events cast their shadows before.”—*Campbell*.

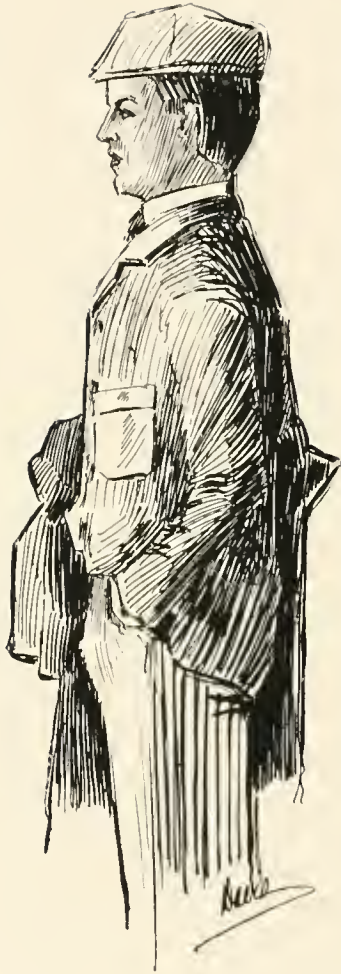
Professor Tyler.—“ Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame.”—*Byron*.

Wilkinson, W. J.—“ If I loved less, I would be happier.”—*Bailey*.

Editors' Note.

We wish to extend to the Faculty and Board of Visitors our most sincere thanks and heartfelt appreciation for the encouragement and financial aid that they have so considerately and generously given us, and to acknowledge our great indebtedness to Mr. W. K. Davis, of Lynchburg, Virginia, Rev. W. J. King, and Mr. P. H. Aylett, for the illustrations furnished by them. We also feel under many obligations to Drs. J. L. Hall and L. B. Wharton, of the Faculty, Mr. John Weymouth and Professor R. H. Tucker, of the Alumni, and Miss Eloise Taylor, for contributions to the literary and historical departments.

THE EDITORS.





Paris Photo



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