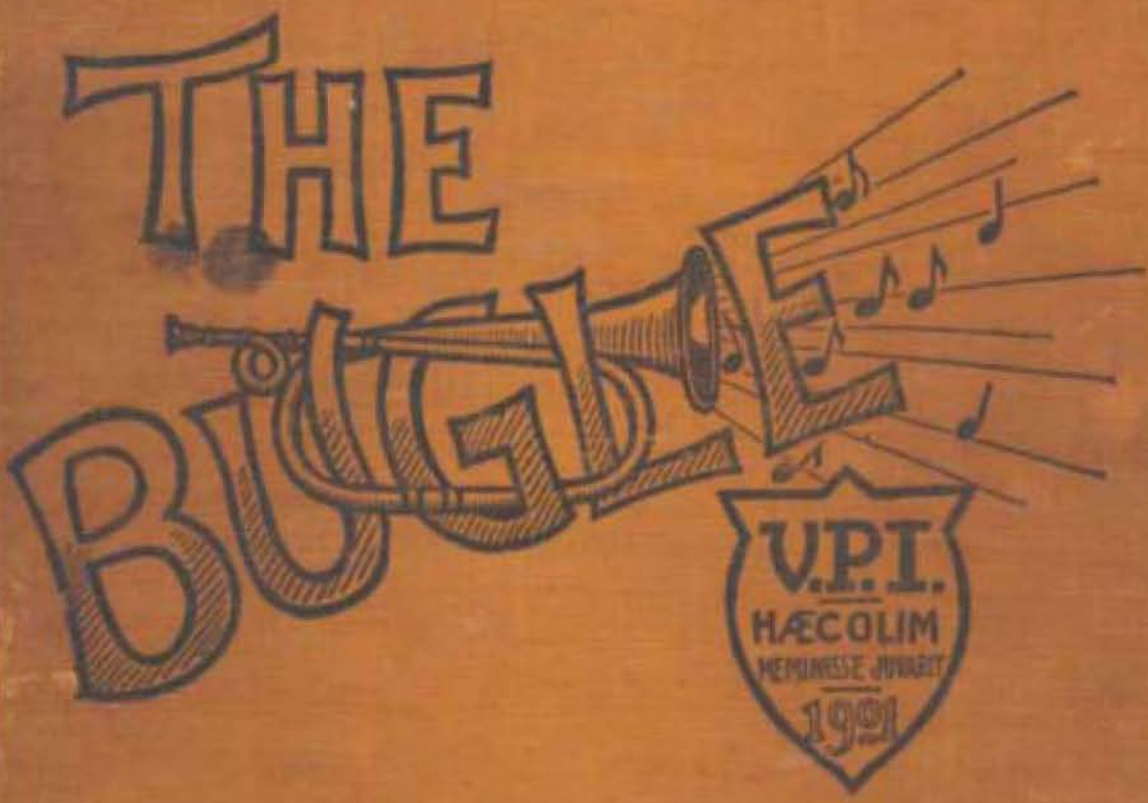
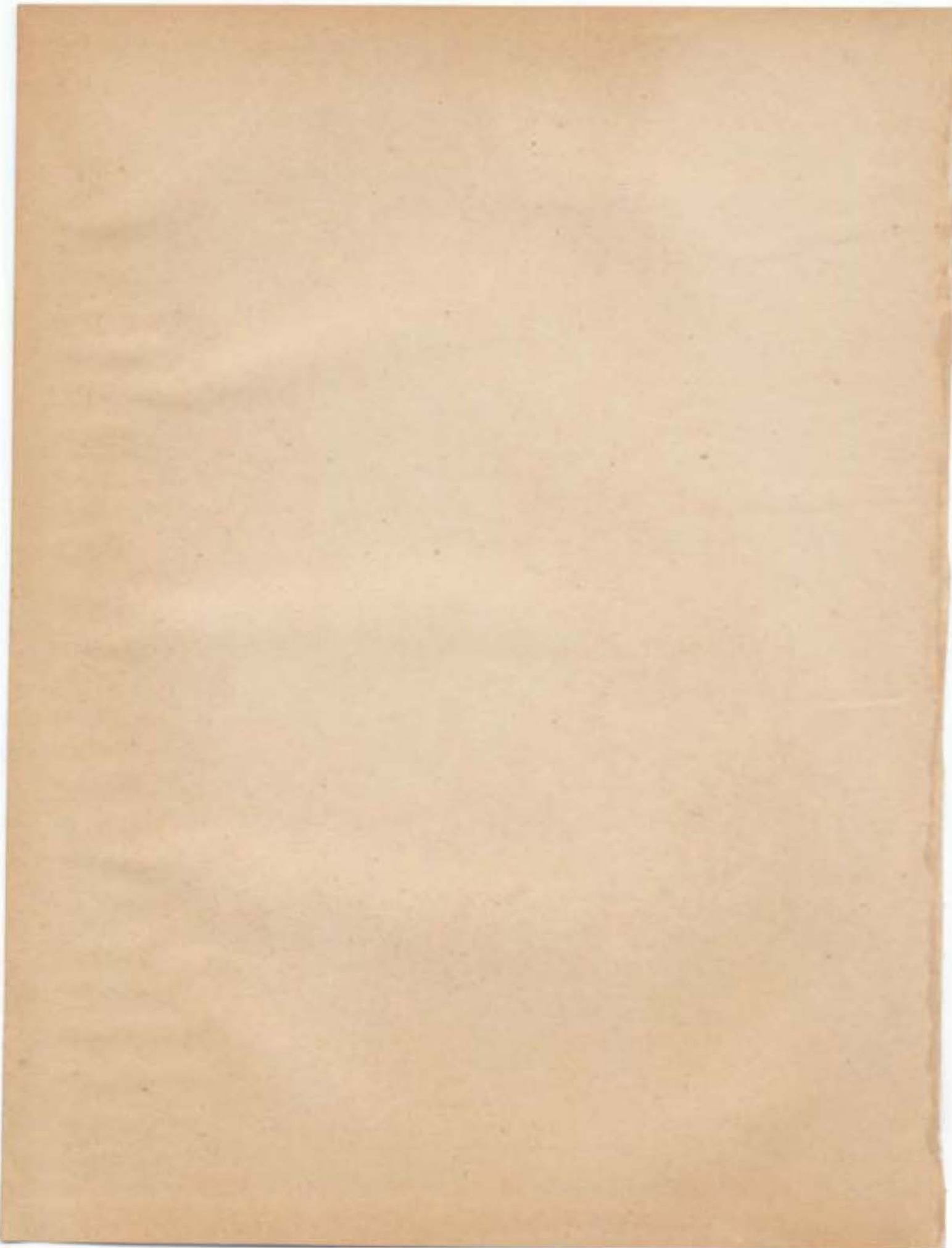


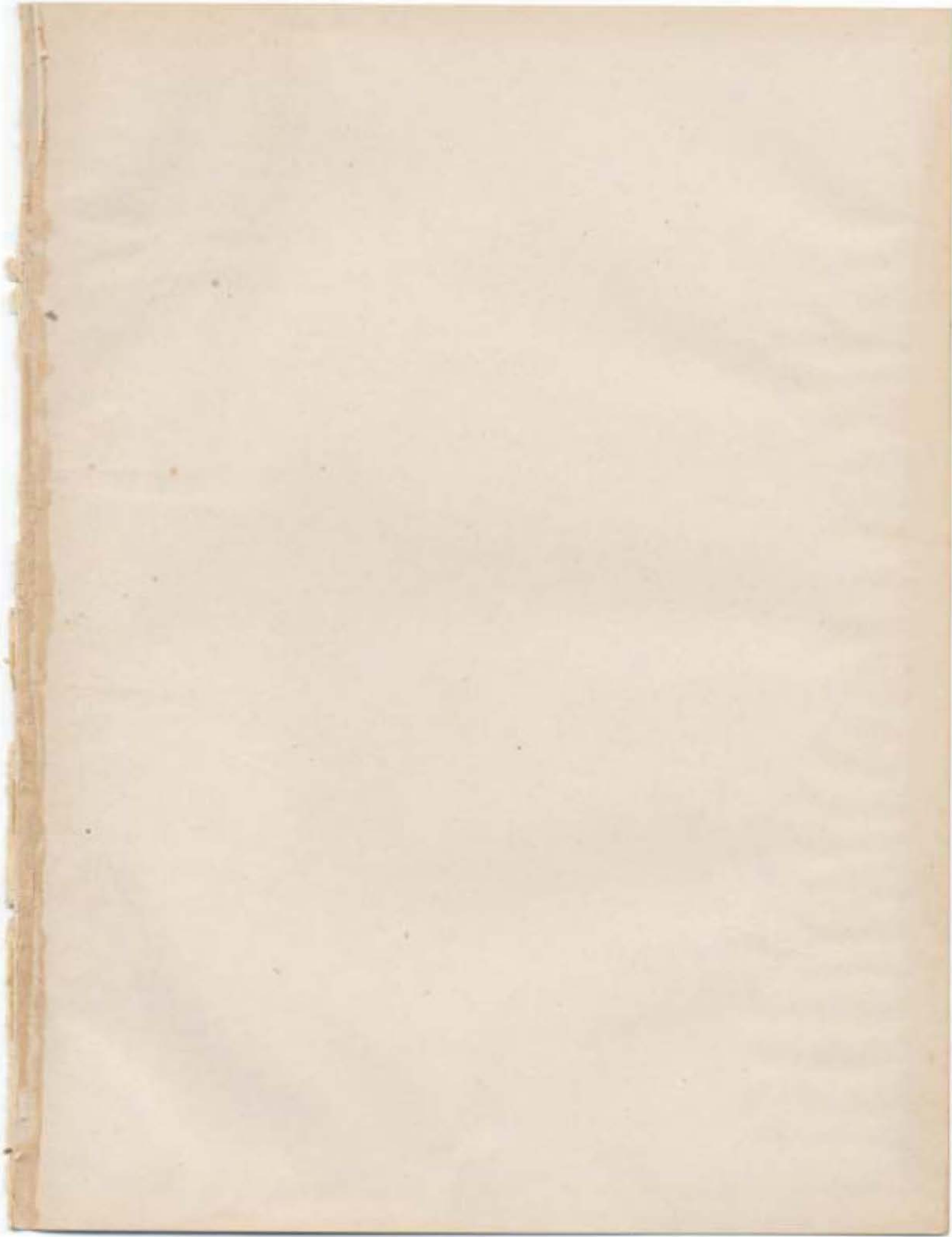
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The  
**BUGLE**  
1901.

VIRGINIA  
POLYTECHNIC  
INSTITUTE.

Published by  
*The* **CORPS**  
OF **CADETS.**



*To the popular rector of our Board of Visitors,*

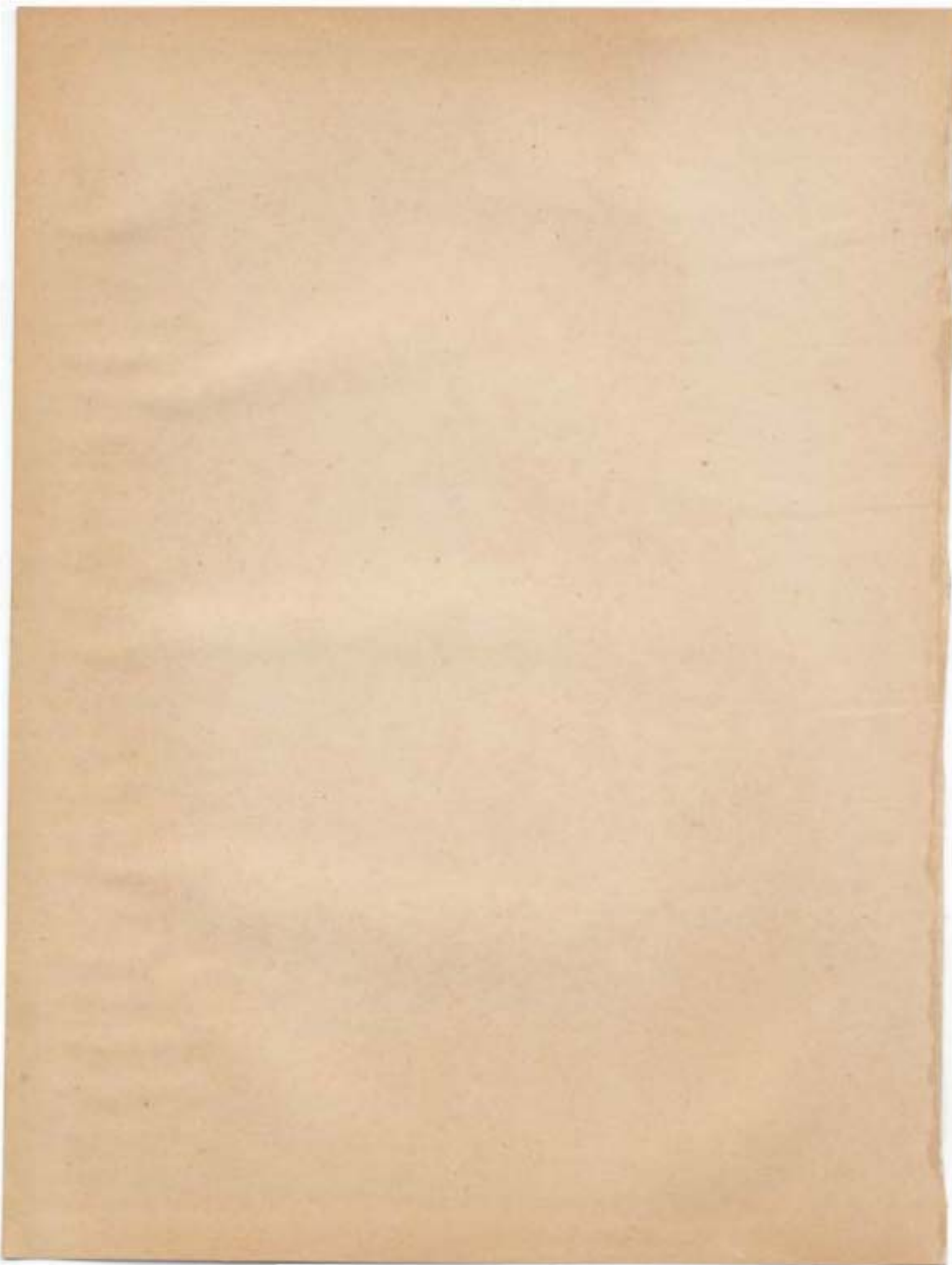
*JOHN THOMPSON BROWN,*

*genial and large-hearted in private life, a public-spirited and  
progressive citizen, an able legislator and wise coun-  
selor, the steadfast and devoted friend of  
our Institution, this publication is  
dedicated as an evidence  
of our affectionate  
regard.*

*Thompson & Co.*



*Mr. Thompson Brown*



## John Thompson Brown.



JOHN THOMPSON BROWN, the subject of this sketch, is "descended long from every side." The sterling worth of his ancestors has been a stimulus to him for patriotic effort on behalf of his people and State, which has made his citizenship of the most useful character. He was born February 19th, 1861, near Old Church, Hanover County, Virginia, at "Stanley," the residence of his grandmother, Mrs. St. George Tucker Coalter, and is the only son of Anne Frances Bland (Coalter) and Henry Peronneau Brown. His parents lived in Bedford County, Virginia, although they spent the winters from 1868 to 1877 in Petersburg.

His maternal great-grandfather was John Coalter, of Augusta County, Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, and, through him, he is related to many of the Scotch-Irish families of America. His maternal great-grandmother was Anne Frances Bland Tucker, the half-sister of John Randolph of Roanoke, and his maternal grandparents were Judy Harrison (Tomlin) and St. George Tucker Coalter. His great-grandfather, on the paternal side, was Henry Brown, of Bedford County, Virginia, whose brother, Samuel, was a distinguished Presbyterian minister in Rockbridge County and married Mary Moore (of Abb's Valley fame), daughter of James Moore. His grandfather, John Thompson Brown, was born in 1802, at "Ivy Cliff," Bedford County, Virginia, the old homestead, which has been continuously in the family since 1755. His abilities were of such a high order as to entitle him to more than a passing notice. After graduating with highest honors at Princeton, he commenced the practice of law at Clarksburg, Harrison County, at that time in this State, which county he represented in the General Assembly, and, while a member, married Mary Edloe Willcox, daughter of John Vaughan Willcox, of Petersburg, and, moving there, was immediately elected to represent that city in the General Assembly. He was especially prominent in the great slavery debate of 1832, and was a man of the highest culture and brilliant prospects, but died of typhoid fever in 1836.

Those who had the pleasure of visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Peronneau Brown at "Ivy Cliff," will bear willing testimony to their cultivation and hospitality. There, at their beautiful home, grew up the present John Thompson Brown. He was educated at the school of Captain W. Gordon McCabe, in Petersburg, Virginia, and afterwards at the University of Virginia and was a favorite at both institutions. As a student he was noted, not only for his good sense and judgment, but was likewise distinguished for his prowess in all athletic games.

in which he took a lively interest. Physically, as well as intellectually, Mr. Brown is strong and vigorous, and is one of those who prefers directness to circumlocution in all of his transactions. \* \* \* He lives on his beautiful old estate, and devotes his time to agricultural pursuits, to intelligent study and the cultivation of his mind. He has a splendid library, and is the possessor, by inheritance, of many letters and manuscripts of rare historical and literary value, among them being the letters and speeches of his distinguished grandfather, John Thompson Brown, and John Randolph of Roanoke, of the Judges Tucker and Coalter, and others. He has a charming family, two of his boys being students at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Mrs. Brown who, before her marriage with him, was Miss Cassie Dallas Tucker, is one of the most beautiful and charming hostesses in all Virginia, and, together, they dispense a delightful hospitality to the many who visit them.

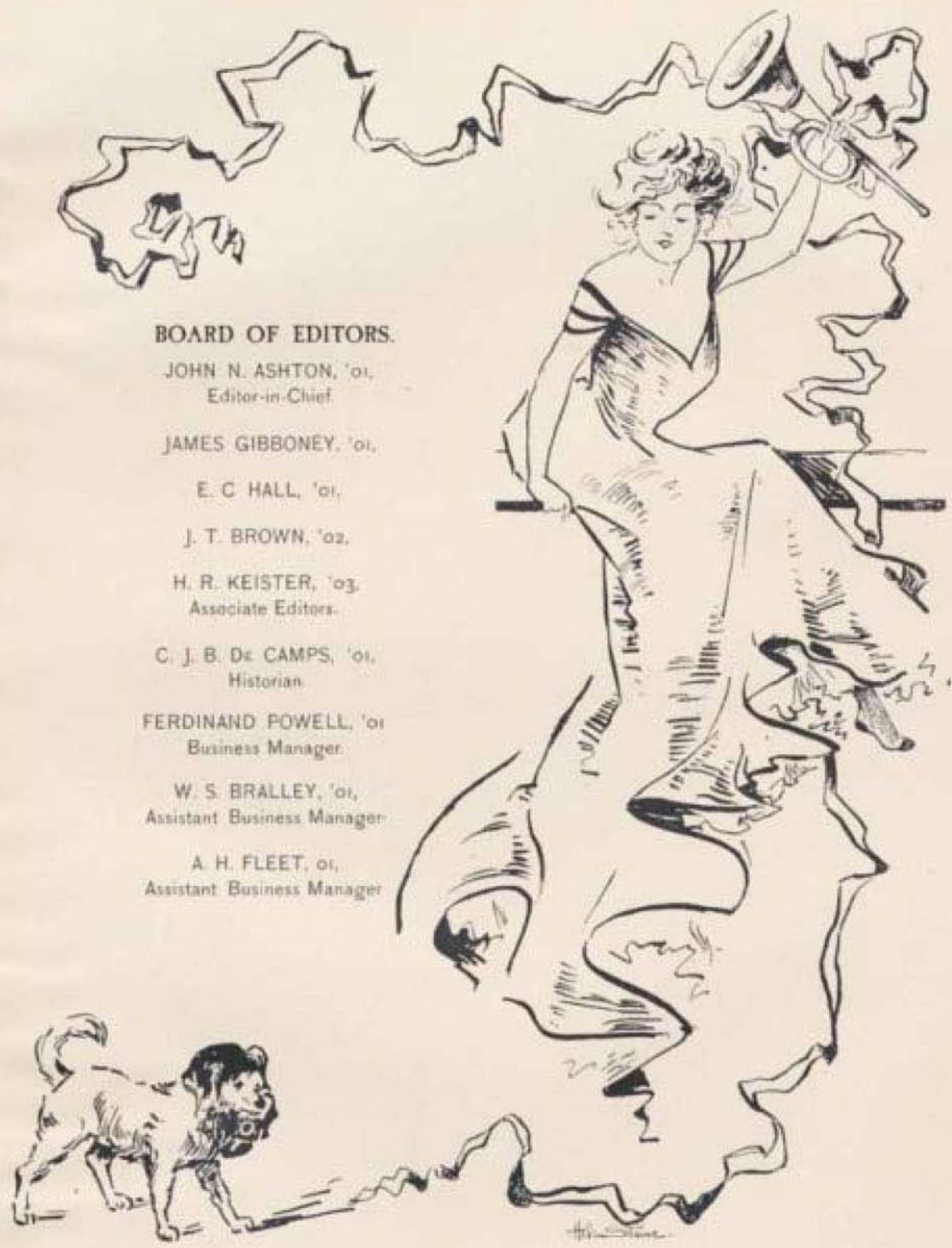
Mr. Brown took an active part in the deliberations of the "Farmers' Assembly," a voluntary association of representative farmers from all parts of the State, which preceded the "Alliance," and met annually for several years. He was a member of the executive committee, and with the late H. M. Magruder, of Albemarle County, and others, urged especially the necessity of putting the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, now the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, in the hands of practical farmers and mechanics. He was appointed by Governor McKinney to the board of visitors of this College, in March, 1890, to fill an unexpired term, and in January, 1892, was appointed to the full term on the board, by Governor McKinney. At the end of the term, January, 1896, he was not reappointed by Governor O'Ferrall, although his appointment was earnestly urged by his colleagues on the board and the friends and patrons of the College; but he was appointed to the full term by Governor Tyler, in January, 1898, and, on the resignation of Captain Charles E. Vawter, was unanimously elected rector of the board—a deserved recognition of the success of his efforts for the advancement of the institution. As a Democrat, he represented Bedford County in the Legislature in the session of 1891-92, and served the party as Democratic elector on the Cleveland ticket for the Sixth Congressional District in 1892. Recently he and the Hon. John Goode, in a Democratic primary for Bedford County, were chosen the nominees of the party for the Constitutional Convention, which is to meet June 12th, to frame a new Constitution for Virginia.

The public life of Mr. Brown speaks for itself. As a member of the Legislature, his services were valuable to his people and State. A Democrat from principle and conviction, but never a partisan, he earnestly contends for those doctrines and governmental policies which tend most to promote the welfare of the people. His greatest work has been done for the improvement of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, now the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. The good of this institution has been his hobby, and the present splendid condition of its affairs is in a large degree a monument to his ability and genius for work. A great believer in the benefits of education, in his eyes "that education is

best which gives the greatest expansion to the bodily as well as the intellectual powers—which unite the practical with the profound—and leads the individual by an easy transition from the labors of the closet to the stage of action.” In a letter written on the third of May, Captain Charles E. Vawter thus speaks of Mr. Brown: “Mr. John Thompson Brown was associated with me several years on the board of visitors of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute. There I learned to know him well and to appreciate his worth. I found him to be a man of sterling integrity, high character and firmness of purpose. He is slow to come to a decision. He weighs carefully both sides of a question. But, when he decides what is right, he adheres to it, let the consequences be what they may. He acts from principle, not policy. As a State official, he is always true to his trust. While always generous, kind and true to his friends, he never seeks the advancement of any one at the expense of the State. He is a delightful social companion, a true friend, a faithful officer and a Christian gentleman. The present prosperity of the College is largely due to his faithfulness and firmness.”

Nothing can be added to the force of this language. Praise from Captain Vawter is praise indeed.





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BUGLE BOARD

THE BATTLE of '01 is lunched for the kindly consideration, and we trust, for the diversion of its readers. The public to whom it appeals is, in a large measure, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. Of apology, there is none; of comfort, much, in the feeling that it is in the hands of its friends. Whatever its merit, and we do claim some for it, it represents much hard labor, and no small sacrifice on the part of its compilers; yet, there was too, keenness of joy, in seeing it, the child of our fancy, grow under our hands, and a sincere pleasure in the very tasks that brought into closer communion of thought, and into more intimate companionship, those who were already united by four or less years of association.

Its purpose, as we conceive it, is not, as reveille, to call in clarion tones to the new struggles, to nerve for the fresh dares of the day scarcely yet born; but the rather, as taps, it signals the close of the day's toils and tasks, and calls to rest after the weary march is over; after the battle has been lost or won; signals rest from struggles passed through, from the stress of dangers met and faced manfully; it signals the quiet hour in which the weary soul may find refreshing in fond recollection of the sweet fellowship between friend and friend, and treasure in loving memory that good companionship which unites all.

Again, as taps means the bitterness and strife of the day laid aside, so there is not even one little drop of bitterness in all the pages of THE BATTLE for or but, rather we hope may be found in them at least a little of the distilled sweet of life.

The day done, the victory won, let us lay us down to pleasant dreams, recalling, "Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

## Editorial.



# Virginia Polytechnic Institute

Founded, 1872.



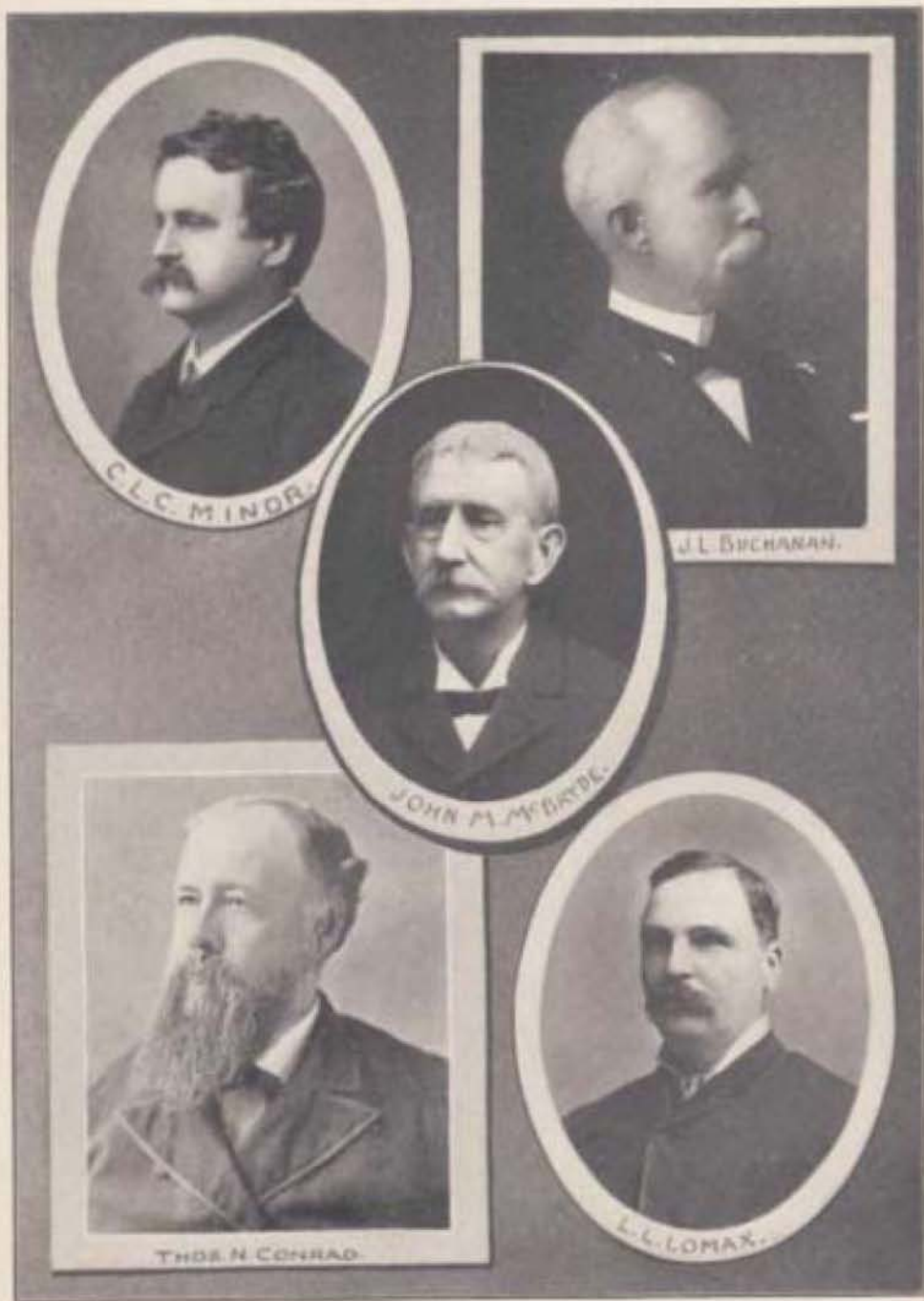
## Colors :

ORANGE AND MAROON.

## Yell :

Hokie, Hokie, Hokie, Hi,  
Techs! Techs! V. P. I. !  
Sola-Rex, Sola-Rah,  
Polytechs — Vir-gin-i-a!!  
Rae! Ri! V. P. I. !!!





THE PRESIDENTS



## Historical Sketch of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.



THE Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College—known also as the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, since 1896—situated at Blacksburg, Montgomery County, twenty-two hundred feet above the sea-level, owes its existence to an act of the Congress of 1862, "donating public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts." Section 4 of this act provides that the proceeds of the land scrip "shall be inviolably appropriated by each State which may take and claim the benefit of this act to the endowment, support and maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions of life."

This congressional grant was accepted by the General Assembly of Virginia in 1872, and in the fall of this year the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College was opened to students.

The first Board of Visitors of the College, consisting of nine members, with Dr. Harvey Black, of Blacksburg, as Rector, held their first meeting at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond, March 25th, 1872. A committee of three was appointed to report at the next meeting of the Board a plan of organization and instruction for the new College.

The Board convened again on the eighteenth of July at the Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, and continued in "laborious session" for three days. A very elaborate report of the committee on organization was read before the Board and the Trustees of the Preston and Olin Institute. Judge A. A. Phlegar, of Christiansburg, representing the Board of Supervisors of Montgomery County, showed that the county had complied with the conditions required by the Act of Assembly approved March 21st 1872, entitled "An Act to authorize subscriptions in aid of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College at Blacksburg, by voting the requisite \$20,000 by a large majority." \* \* \* A deed of conveyance of the property of Preston and Olin Institute was then made.

It was at this meeting that the Board purchased from Colonel Robert T. Preston his beautiful home estate known as "Solitude"—now occupied by Professor D. O. Nourse.

According to resolution, the Board held their next meeting at the Yellow Sulphur Springs on the fourteenth of August. The purpose of this meeting was to elect a Faculty of the College. The first catalogue (1872-73) gives the following Faculty and officers: Charles L. C. Minor, A. M., president; James H. Lane, A. M., professor of natural philosophy, general chemistry, and military tactics; Gray Carroll, M. A., professor of mathematics and modern languages; Charles Martin, M. A., professor of English language and literature, and of ancient languages; John W. C. Davis, B. S., C. and M. E., professor of agriculture and mechanics; M. G. Ellzey, M. D., professor of natural history and analytical chemistry; V. E. Shepherd, treasurer, secretary of the faculty, and librarian; J. Seddon Harvie, farm manager.

The Faculty soon became divided on questions of policy and management of the Institution. The Board of Visitors then removed President Minor, electing in his stead, on the tenth of December, 1879, Dr. John L. Buchanan. His term of office lasted only about six months. A new Board of Visitors met in Blacksburg in 1880 and effected a reorganization of the Faculty. Colonel Scott Shipp, now Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, was made president. He remained as such only one day, then tendered his resignation which was duly accepted. The president's place for the session of 1880-81 was filled by Mr. John Hart, who was then the professor of English.

The Board in a meeting held in June, 1881, again elected Dr. Buchanan, president. Soon Governor Cameron appointed an entirely new Board which met in Richmond in January, 1882. This brought about another reorganization which resulted in the election of a new Faculty with Captain Thomas N. Conrad as president.

When Fitzhugh Lee was elected Governor another Board of Visitors was appointed which effected important changes. General L. L. Lomax, an officer of distinction in the Confederacy, was elected president.

In the year 1888, the Agricultural Experiment Station became a department of the College.

From the above sketch it will be noted that the progress of the College for the first nineteen or twenty years of its existence was on the whole slow indeed. The unsettled condition of affairs brought about by frequent changes in the Board and Faculty—due sometimes to political measures—contributed rather to retrogression than to advancement.

With the approach of the nineties, however, a new epoch began to dawn for the College.

The year 1891 ushered in the new era—one that has been characterized by rapid growth and continuous development. The most sweeping and thorough reorganization in the history of the College was effected by the Board of



Visitors. General Lomax tendered his resignation in April, 1891. From this time until June, Professor J. E. Christian, of the chair of mathematics and civil engineering, was the acting president. On the seventh of May, 1891, the Board of Visitors elected as president of the College and director of the Experiment Station Dr. John M. McBryde, a native of South Carolina and recent president of the University of that State. In June, Dr. McBryde made an able report to the Board setting forth his ideas as to the needs of the College, and in July he assumed full charge of his duties as president. When the session of 1891-92 opened, the outlook was anything but promising. The number of students in actual attendance was hardly more than eighty; the buildings were few in number, and the equipment was meagre and inadequate. Through the nine years of the present administration the College has undergone a complete transformation. To Dr. McBryde's superior executive skill and ability, to his wisdom, foresight, untiring efforts, and sincere devotion to the interests of education, is due the honor of having lifted the College from a low plane to a position of pre-eminence among the technical schools of the South.

No sooner had Dr. McBryde accepted the presidency than he began to push forward vigorously the work of increasing the efficiency and power of the Institution. Such a work demanded constant attention and unrelenting effort. The reward has come. The era of expansion has manifested itself in manifold ways. The grounds of the College have been greatly extended and cover now more than four hundred acres. The beautiful campus alone consists of sixty-three acres. New buildings have gone up in rapid succession. Those that now adorn the campus are the two large academic buildings, containing library, lecture-rooms, laboratories, etc.; two commodious dormitories, with steam heat and electric light, nine professors' houses, including residence of president; shops, a spacious dining hall and commencement hall, the agricultural experiment station, a creamery, and cheese factory, and cannery. The handsome Young Men's Christian Association building, recently begun, is now nearing completion. It will be noted that this College is the first in the State to erect a building of this kind.

The prosperity of the Institute continues. The one hundred thousand dollars appropriated by the Legislature of Virginia in 1900, is being most wisely used in the erection of required new buildings and in increasing the general equipment of the College. Already a large and costly barn on the farm has been completed. A machinery barn, pig barn and an abattoir are soon to be added. There are now in course of erection the president's new residence, which will adorn the beautiful College grove, and on the campus, a large science hall, a new dormitory, a central power plant, and a much needed infirmary. The shops have received recent additions.

The Faculty has been largely increased and now numbers thirty or more professors and instructors, and still there is a demand for a more enlarged teaching force.

The courses of instruction offered are seven, of four years each, leading to the B. S. degree: Agriculture, horticulture, applied chemistry, general science, civil engineering, mechanical engineering, and electrical engineering; and two shorter courses in practical mechanics and practical agriculture in which only certificates are given. Post-graduate courses leading to the M. S., C. E., M. E., and E. E. degrees are likewise offered. This being a technical College, it is but natural that the department of science should be most strongly emphasized; yet with the scientific branches there are happily combined the more liberal and literary courses of instruction in English, History, Political, Economy, Latin, German, French, and Spanish.

It is interesting indeed to note the gradual increase in student attendance since the complete reorganization in 1891. The number of students enrolled for the successive sessions is as follows: 1891-92, 116; 1892-93, 177; 1893-94, 236; 1894-95, 325; 1895-96, 336; 1896-97, 336; 1897-98, 333; 1898-99, 303; 1899-1900, 343; 1900-01, 386. The reduced attendance in session 1898-99 is to be explained by the abolishment of the sub-freshman department. The present enrollment far exceeds that of any other school or college in the State, excepting of course the University.

The thoroughness and efficiency of the work done at the College are best evidenced by the remarkable success of the graduate students who command remunerative and responsible positions as instructors in colleges and universities, mechanics, chemists, agriculturists, engineers in the United States Revenue Cutter Service, etc., etc. During the present session eleven out of the fifteen attending post-graduates have received lucrative employment in New York, Pennsylvania, Washington, and other States.

The religious interests of the student body are sedulously attended to. Every effort is made to inculcate in the students principles of gentlemanly conduct and right living, and to advance their moral and spiritual welfare. The village churches, the Young Men's Christian Association (stronger now than ever before), the numerous Sunday-school and Bible classes, many of which are conducted by members of the Faculty, all throw about the students an influence of refinement and culture, and surround them with an atmosphere of morality and Christian activity.

The complete isolation of the College, inviting quiet study and studious and exemplary habits, the careful and thorough work done in each department, the success of her students, all combine to render the Virginia Polytechnic Institute a college of great power and influence, commanding the love, respect and warm support of the State, and the admiration of the entire South. Governor Tyler in his recent message speaks these words of praise for the Institution: "Its retiring and beautiful location commends it as a home for students, and its ample equipment under its able management is fast placing it in the forefront of America's technical schools."



CAMPUS VIEWS

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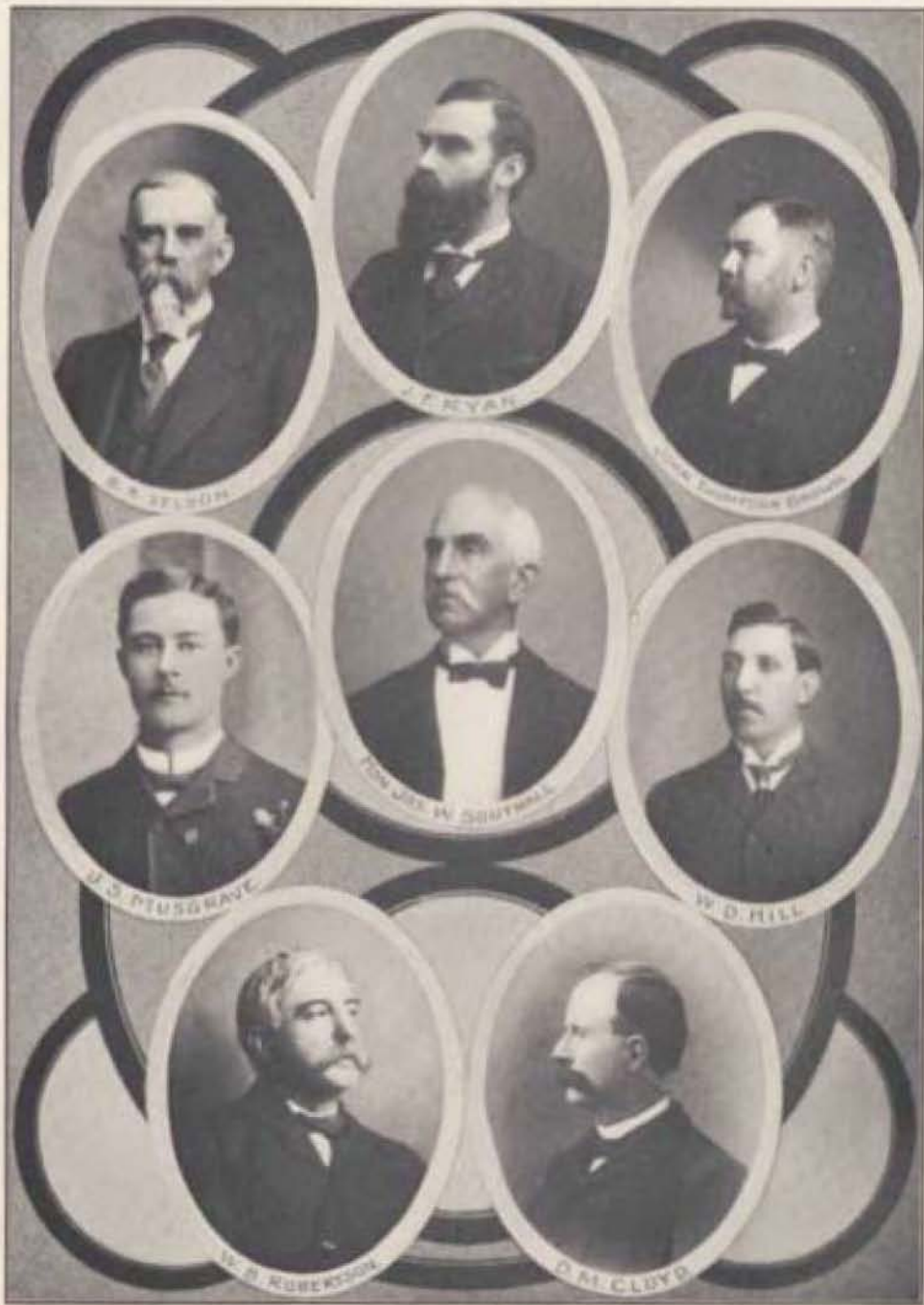
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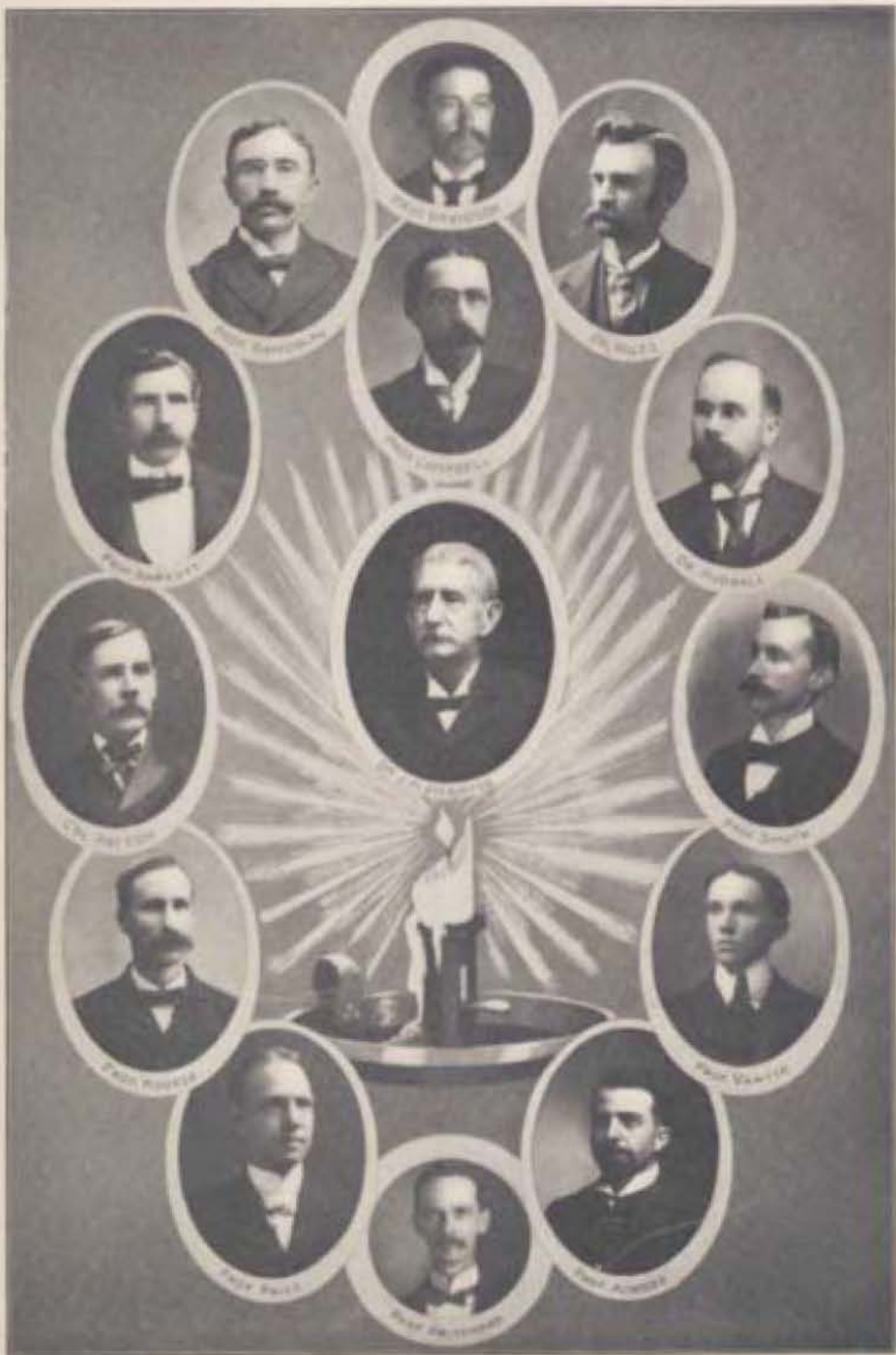
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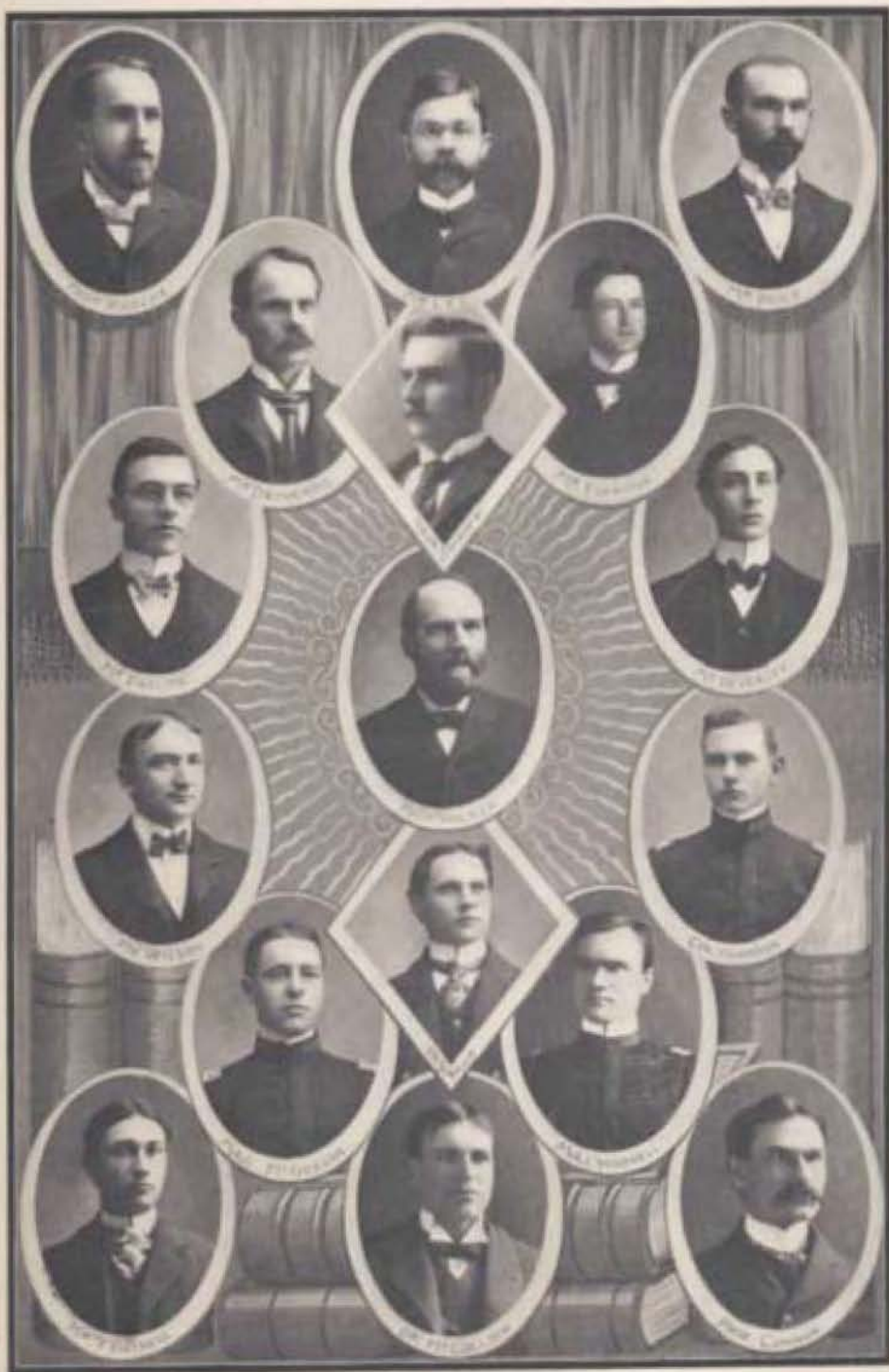
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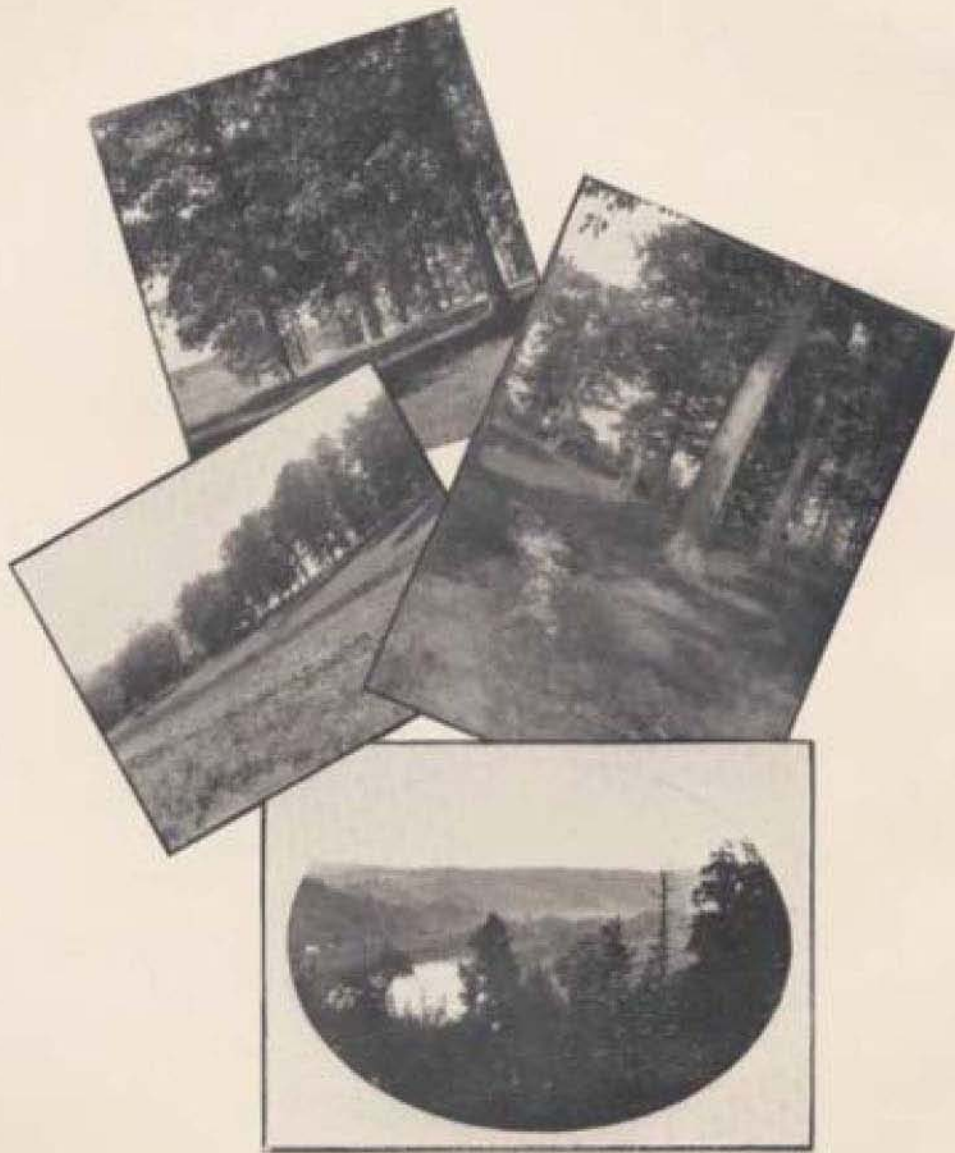
JOSEPH A. WADDELL, B. S.,  
*Assistant in Mechanical Technology and Second Assistant Commandant of Cadets.*





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COLLEGE GROVE AND NEW RIVER





*THE GRADUATE  
and the world*



*THE WORLD  
and the graduate*

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ALEXANDER WADDELL KINNEY . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms
CHRISTIE JEAN BAPTISTE DECAMPS . . . . .	Historian

### MOTTO.

"Duty Done, is Honor Won."

### COLORS.

Old Gold and Blue.

### YELL.

Rae ! Ra ! Rickety ! Rum !  
Hurrah ! Hurrah !  
Class '01 !

## MEMBERS.

"To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,—  
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."



ALLEN, CLAYTON EDWARDS . . . . . Covington  
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company A; President Alleghany Club, 1900-01.

"God be thanked, the moment of His creature  
Beats two soul-sides—one to bless the world with,  
One to show a woman when he loves her."

ASHTON, JOHN NEWTON . . . . . Portsmouth  
Civil Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Battery E; Editor-in-Chief DRUM,  
'01; President Athletic Association, '00-01;  
Class Baseball Team, '00; Manager Class Base-  
ball League, '00; Executive Committee Athletic  
Association, '00-01; Vice-President S. P. B.  
Club, '00-01; President S. P. Club, '00-01;  
Great Hog, Roster's Club, '00-01.

"Liberable, not to be endured."

"A fool must now and then be right by chance."





BRALLEY, WALTER SUVIER . . . Walton Furnace  
Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company B; President Engineering Club, '00-01; Assistant Business Manager *Buckle*, '00-01; Class Secretary and Treasurer, '99-00; Treasurer Maury Literary Society; Sergeant-at-arms Maury Literary Society; Vice-President Maury Literary Society.

"He trudged along unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went for want of thought."

BROOK, WILLIAM MAYO . . . . . Coburn's Falls  
Mechanical Engineering

Captain, Company D; Sergeant-at-arms, Maury Literary Society, '99-00; Local Editor *Gray Jacket*, '99-00; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '00-01; President Bedford County Club, '00-01; Literary Editor *Gray Jacket*, '00-01; President Maury Literary Society, '00-01.

"Yet I do fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk o' human kindness."  
"That troubled me, I am not in the mood."







BROOKS, JOHN COOK . . . . . Culpeper  
Agriculture.

First Lieutenant and Adjutant; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '99-00; Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society, '98-99; Treasurer Agricultural Club, '99-00; Literary Editor *Grey Jacket*, '00-01; Vice-President Agricultural Club, '00-01; President Lee Literary Society, '00-01.

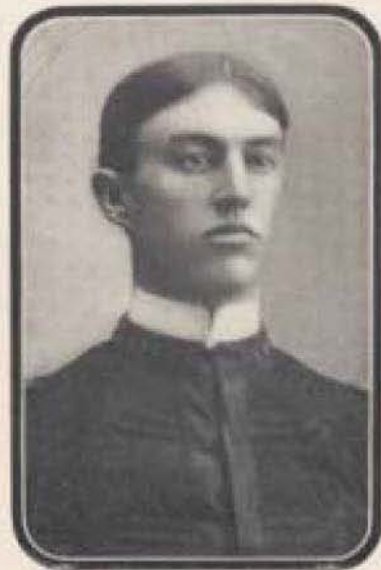
"A favorite has no friends."

"I am his Highness's dog Kew,  
Pray tell me sir, whose dog are you?"

CARPER, ROBERT WILLIAM . . . . . Gales  
Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff; Critie Maury Literary Society, '00-01; Sergeant-at-Arms Botetourt Club, '98-99; Football Team, '98-99-00.

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and mourn'd his spirit,  
That could be moved to smile at anything."





CHRISTMAN, WILLIAM GEORGE . . . . . Christian.  
Agriculture.  
President Agricultural Club, 20-00.  
"Put all expressing."



DAVIDSON, NORMAN WOODWORTH . . . Blacksburg.  
Mechanical Engineering.  
Captain, Staff; Class Historian, '98-99.  
"My mind to me a kingdom is; my mind to me an  
empire is."  
"I am not in the roll of common men."



DR. CAMER, CHRISTIE JEAN BAPTISTE,  
 Greenville, S. C.  
 Civil Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Battery E; Historian ROTC, '01;  
 Football Team, '00; Baseball Team, '00; Foot-  
 ball Team, '00; Baseball Team, '01; Captain  
 Football Team, '01; Vice-President South Caro-  
 lina Club, '00-01; Leader German Club, '00-01.

"Whoresd a little  
 More than a little is by much too much."  
 "Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

DERRICK, CLARENCE . . . . . Houston  
 Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Band; Class Baseball Team, '00-01.

"And Shadwell never deviates into sense."





DOLLMAN, MAZZARINE CLARENCE . . . Newport News  
Chemistry.

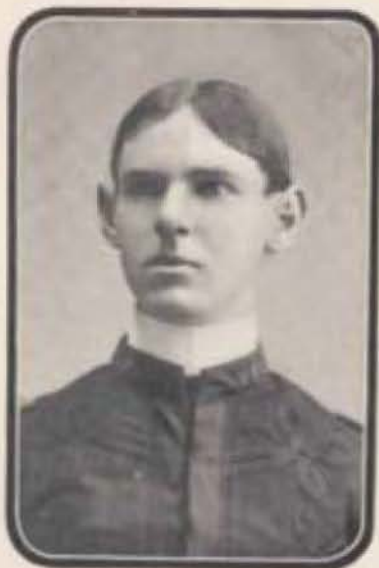
Band; Chairman Membership Committee, Young  
Men's Christian Association.

"Ay, in the catalogue ye go for man."

DU PONT, JORY RANDOLPH, JR. . . . Lynchburg  
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Band; Vice-President Lynchburg  
Club, '99-00; President Lynchburg Club, '00-01.

"Self in opinions, always in the wrong.  
Everything by turns, and nothing long."





KARLE, PAUL BAYARD . . . . . Middle  
Chemistry.

Staff; Critic Maury Literary Society, '00-01.

"There is sleeping enough in the grass."  
"Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?"



Flier, ARTHUR HARRISON . . . . . Lynchburg  
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company C; Assistant Business  
Manager *Brook*, '03-04; Associate Editor *Gray  
Jacket*, '04-05; President Lynchburg Club,  
'05-06; Class Historian, '05-06.

"Fast praying for!"



FORD, GEORGE BURRETT . . . . . Carterville  
Civil Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Staff; Chaplain and Crittle Lee  
Literary Society '00-01.

"Nature did never put her precious jewels into a gar-  
ret eight stories high, therefore, tall men have  
very empty heads."

"He hopes to merit heaven by making earth a hell."

GIBBONEY, JAMES HALLER . . . . . Wytheville  
Chemistry.

Captain, Company C; Class Secretary and Treasurer,  
'97-98; Editor-in-chief *Gray Jacket*, '01; Asso-  
ciate Editor *Brule*, '01; President Lee Literary  
Society, '00-01; Exchange Editor *Gray Jacket*,  
'00; President Wythe County Club, '00-01;  
Secretary and Treasurer *Sons of Esculapian*,  
'98-99; Vice-President of Wythe County Club,  
'98-99.

"Man proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd."





GWATHMEY, JOSEPH HARDIN . . . . . Bouldersville  
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Staff; Business Manager *Gray Jacket*, '00-01; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '01; Assistant Class Treasurer, '97-98; Treasurer Young Men's Christian Association, '98-99; Recording Secretary Maury Literary Society, '98; Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '99; Assistant Treasurer Athletic Association, '99; Assistant Business Manager *Gray Jacket*, '99-00.

"The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil."



HALL, EDWIN CHAMBERLAYNE . . . . . Richmond  
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Band; Associate Editor *Buckle*, '01; Athletic Editor *Gray Jacket*, '99-00; Exchange Editor *Gray Jacket*, '00-01; Baseball Team, '99-00, '00-01.

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head."



HALL, WILLIAM DUANE . . . . . Pulaski City  
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company A; Secretary Pulaski Club, '97-98; Sergeant-at-Arms Lee Literary Society, '98-99, '99-00; Censor Lee Literary Society, '00-01.

"How much a dance that has been sent to ruin,  
Exceeds a dance that has been kept at home."

HUCKS, JAMES MORRIS . . . . . Bedford Springs  
Mechanical Engineering.

Captain, Company A; Class President, '98-99; President Maury Literary Society, '00; Young Men's Christian Association Editor *Georg Jacket*, '98-99; Class Vice-President, '97-98; Sergeant-at-Arms Maury Literary Society, '97-98; Secretary Maury Literary Society, '97-98; Vice-President Maury Literary Society, '99-00; President Young Men's Christian Association, '00-01; Class Secretary and Treasurer, '00-01; Secretary and Treasurer Engineering Club, '00-01.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again."







HUFFARD, JOHN BEASON . . . . . Wytheville  
Chemistry.

Second Lieutenant, Staff; Sergeant-at-Arms Wythe County Club, '98-99; Sergeant-at-Arms Sophomore Class, '98-99; Class Vice President, '99-00; President Class, '00-01; Captain Football Team, '00-01; Chairman Football Committee, '00-01; Class Baseball Team, '99-00.

"A bold, bad man."

"He's tough, un' son, tough is 'J. B.';  
Tough, and de--clish sty."

JACKSON, CHARLES ARTHUR . . . . . Asheville  
Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Band.

"It sings! I wish it would not sing."

"Had he been on Balham's ass, the ass would ne'er have layed."





JAMES, IRVING TAYLOR . . . . . Abaha  
Agriculture.

Secretary and Treasurer Bacteriology Club, '00-01;  
Treasurer Agricultural Club, '00-01.

"The devil can cite Scriptures for his purpose."



KINNEY, ALEXANDER WADDELL . . . . . Stanton  
Electrical Engineering.

Class Sergeant-at-arms, '00-01; Sergeant-at-arms  
Stanton Club.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."



LEAR, JOHN EMORY . . . . . Petersburg  
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company C.

"The one who thinks he is smarter than all others,  
is the most easily duped."

MANN, WILLIAM LOWRY . . . . . Cobham  
Electrical Engineering.

Captain, Battery E; President Albemarle Club,  
'00-01; Director St. Andrew's Brotherhood,  
'00-01; Corresponding Secretary Young Men's  
Christian Association, '98-99; Secretary and  
Treasurer Albemarle Club, '95-00; Secretary  
St. Andrew's Brotherhood, '95-00; Chaplain  
Maury Literary Society, '95-00; Corresponding  
Secretary Maury Literary Society, '99-00

"Love at one-and-twenty is a dangerous thing."





MARSHALL, JOHN THOMAS . . . . . Kadesb  
Civil Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company C; Rowing Angel  
Pittsylvania Club, '99-00; High Arch Flood  
Pittsylvania Club, '00-01.

"Alone, alone! All, all alone!  
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

MILES, CLARENCE PAUL . . . . . Richmond  
Chemistry.

Second Lieutenant, Staff; Athletic Editor *Gray Jacket*,  
'01; Football Team, '00; Baseball Team, '01;  
President Richmond Club, '09-00; Class Baseball  
Team, '07-09; Baseball Team, '00.

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me."





MOFFITT, WILLIAM STEERY . . . . . Brookwood  
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Battery E; Sergeant-at-Arms  
Maury Literary Society, '01; President Maury  
Literary Society, '00; Critic Maury Literary  
Society, '00; Football Team, '00.

"Bid me discourse; I will enchant thine ear."

"Did not our hearts burn within us while he  
talked with us?"

MONCURE, WILLIAM A. PATTERSON, Williamsburg  
Horticulture.

Second Lieutenant, Company D; Manager Thespian  
Club, '00-01; Chairman Reception and Floor  
Committee Final Hall, '00-01; President Bacte-  
riology Club, '00-01.

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;  
And this is of them."





PHILLIPS, WILLIAM JETER . . . . . Massey  
Horticulture.

"That it should come to this."

"Tis neither here nor there."

POWELL, FERDINAND . . . . . Wytheville  
Civil Engineering.

Captain, Company B; Business Manager BROW, '01;  
Manager Baseball Team, '00; Assistant Man-  
ager Football Team, '09; Manager Football  
Team, '00; Vice-President Athletic Association,  
'03-09; Class Secretary and Treasurer, '08-09;  
Secretary and Treasurer Wythe County Club,  
'08-09; Secretary and Treasurer German Club,  
'06-07; Manager Class Baseball Team, '08-09;  
Treasurer Class League, '08-09; Chairman Foot-  
ball Committee, '08-09.

"His only books were woman's looks,  
And folly 's all they 've taught him."





PROCTOR, SAMUEL DAVIES STUART . . . Abington  
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company B.

"Lean as a fork, with the wind whistling through  
the prongs."



ROOP, ARCHER HAMILTON . . . . . Childress  
Chemistry.

Second Lieutenant, Staff.

"It begged all description."



RUDE, FREDERICK JEFF . . . . . Hampden  
Electrical Engineering.

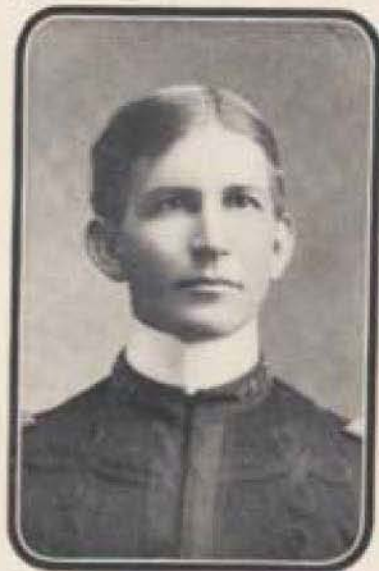
Second Lieutenant, Company D.

"I am nothing, if not critical."

SARETS, JOHN MCCOY . . . . . Charlotte, N. C.  
Mechanical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company A; Class President, '90-'91; Class Sergeant-at-Arms, '97-'98; Class Vice-President, '98-'99; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, '99-'00, '00-'01; Assistant Manager Baseball Team, '00; Manager Baseball Team, '01; Assistant Manager Football Team, '00; Vice-President Engineering Club, '00-'01; President North Carolina Club, '99-'00.

"I do not give you to posterity as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter."







SLOAN, ROBERT BEVERLEY . . . . . Marshall  
Electrical Engineering.

President Camera Club, '00-01; Secretary Hobo  
Club, '08-09.

"It would be argument for a week,  
Laughter for a month,  
And a good jest forever."

TRIVINGTON, STEPHEN . . . Carlisle, Pennsylvania  
Mechanical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company A; Exchange Editor  
*Grey Jacket*, '00-01; Vice-President Law Liter-  
ary Society, '00; President Law Literary Soci-  
ety, '01.

"What I have been taught—I have forgotten;  
What I know, I have guessed."





VAN DYKE, JOHN HENRY . . . . . West End

Agriculture.

Second Lieutenant, Band; Class Sergeant-at-arms, '99-00; Secretary Agricultural Club, '99-00; Class Vice-President, '00-01.

"This I know, I love to play."

WEIR, FRANK DAVIS . . . . . Stanton

Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Battery E; Vice-President German Club, '99-00; Business Manager Troopier Club, '99-00; President German Club, '00-01; Business Manager Camera Club, '00-01; President Stanton Club, '00-01; President Troopier Club, '00-01.

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I can not tell;  
But this alone, I know full well,  
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."





WILLIAMS, ROBERT WALKER . . . . . Wytheville  
General Science.

Captain, Band; Baseball Team, '01; Class Baseball  
Team, '97-00.

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

WOLFE, ROSCOE . . . . . Gale  
Electrical Engineering.

First Lieutenant, Company D; Vice-President Hote-  
l-club, '99-00; Sergeant-at-Arms Maury  
Literary Society, '99-00, '00-01.

"A fellow of no mark nor likelihood."





WOOD, THOMAS GILBERT . . . . . Priddy  
Agriculture.

Second Lieutenant, Battery E; President Agricultural Club, '99-01; Vice-President Agricultural Club, '98-00; Sergeant-at-Arms Alliance Club, '99-00; Vice-President Bacteriology, '00-01.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

YOUNG, MERCER GILCHRIST . . . . . Richmond  
Electrical Engineering.

Second Lieutenant, Company D; Secretary and Treasurer Richmond Club; Vice-President Hoho Club, '98-99.

"So over-precious, or over-civil,  
That every man, with him, was either God or devil."



## History of the Senior Class.

**T**O ONE who has never had his name enrolled in the register of a military school, there is lacking much of the fine appreciation of the many phases of life in barracks, and of the—to us—amusing incidents continually occurring. These are experienced from the time of the first visit to the administration building, when the exceedingly fresh Freshmen—in our parlance, "Rats"—make themselves generally obnoxious by taking every one for either an official guide or an employce of some bureau of information, until, after having spent four years in studying how to dodge inspectors, squirm out of various kinds of duty, especially in the military, they take their departure firmly convinced that in their loss their alma mater suffers an irreparable injury and—perhaps rightly—that she will never see their like again. For those, the Class of '01, who have worked together in the classroom, who have striven together on the diamond and on the gridiron, and who have drilled together, side by side, through four years of such life, is this history written, and should it perchance prove of any small interest to them the historian will feel that his task has in part been accomplished. To them, but not to the uninitiated, does he apologize for the many deficiencies he is compelled to acknowledge.

With the opening of the session of '97-'98 appeared the vanguard of the Class of Naughty One and it is with feelings of deepest gratitude that we recall the warm reception accorded us on all occasions. The President and the Young Men's Christian Association showed their anxiety to assist us in the way in which we should go and their willingness to remove the stones from the narrow and rocky path, while our beloved professors at the entrance examinations were so struck with the knowledge and wisdom displayed that they seemed loath to let us out of their sight. The Sophs, most thorough of all instructors, went further than that; they were extremely unwilling to let us get so much as out of reach. Class organization was soon attended to and with Bean for president, Hicks vice-president, Gibloney secretary and treasurer, Lightfoot sergeant-at-arms, and Foland historian we entered upon our career. That it was checkered, we know full well, and when some of the bolder spirits raised our pennant, bearing the insignia, "Rats no more," to the top of the reservoir, many of us thought that it would likewise be brief. But such times are soon gone and now when the Senior year is at a close we remember with many a pang of regret the good old days of "rat-hood," wondering how we could ever have wished them over.

As we had been so carefully looked after during the days of our infancy, when we again journeyed to the halls of our alma mater we naturally felt it incumbent upon us to prove ourselves worthy of the most hospitable entertainment extended us the preceding September, and, while we do not claim to excel all others in everything we nevertheless feel sure that an unbiased judgment would give us full credit for a thorough discharge of duty in this respect. However, in renewing the friendships and acquaintances formed during the year of our bondage, our exuberant spirits were somewhat dampened by noting the absence of many who we had every reason to believe would have reflected honor and credit upon our class and upon themselves had they been permitted to return. All that could be done to fill the blanks was to fashion, as nearly as possible, the new aspirants to military glory so that they might in time replace the absent. One of our most pleasant duties early in the term was the class reorganization, and in the election of Hicks as president, Sample vice-president, Powell secretary and treasurer, Huffard sergeant-at-arms, and Davidson historian, we made worthy selections. May they in future years serve themselves as well as they did their class at all times and on all occasions!

But very soon matters of more import began to interest us. To our sorrow we found the old adage that "all study and no play makes Jack a dull boy" could work both ways and many were the lamentations concerning time spent in almost every way except on our text-books. Of course good resolutions were plentiful, in fact so numerous were they that no one thought it worth his while to carry out those he had made in his hour of dire distress, consequently history repeated itself, and we are led to believe it will continue to repeat itself, in so far as V. P. I. examinations are concerned, to the end of time. Scarcely before we realized it, the cry "Come on June" had been answered and once more we were speeding towards our homes.

In September of '99, only sixty-odd of the original hundred or more returned to the scenes of their early struggles. These, with two new recruits, constituted the Junior Class of the session '99-00. This year the offices of president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, historian and sergeant-at-arms were ably filled by Sample, Huffard, Bralley, Fleet and Van Dyke.

Some one has said—and I suppose he knew—that the Junior year is the ideal year of a college life. Yet who will deny that it is also the year when the greatest part of one's real work is done? The time when, if ever, he must specialize and determine along what line the mighty influence of his intellect shall assert itself? There is also a tendency, just at this time, to show the Seniors that after all the sergeant's chevrons are not to be wholly eclipsed at the Germans or on other occasions, when the fair sex relieve, in no small measure, the monotony of military life. I am sure none of us have forgotten the trip to Richmond during the Carnival or the many courtesies extended us while in the city. We have every reason to feel proud of the showing made by the Corps, both in the long march and in the dress parades and drills held during our stay there.

I might add, that the men of '01 have the right to believe that the part they took was, to say the least, of no mean importance.

Early in the spring we were called upon to decide what kind of uniform should delight the female eyes the next year, and, incidentally, afford ourselves the proper amount of satisfaction and complacency. Marvelous and unique were some of the designs suggested, while one or two, if adopted, would have made Joseph's coat—shining with colors as it was—turn green with envy. Fortunately for our appearance in the ballroom, if for no other reason, some of the more conservative minds finally prevailed, and a selection was made which every one declared to be "just what I wanted." At the final ball of this year, which of course all of us attended, we had our first opportunity of seeing just how far our newly acquired dignity—and uniform—would carry us.

In the fall of 1900, after many days of impatient waiting, we took charge of the military department of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute and at once gave our esteemed commandant instructions as to how we wished this part of the work to progress. Of course, during the first week, we were so busy learning to assume the proper air in order to leave others under the impression that we had been wearing shoulder-straps all our lives, that we had no time to think of anything else. But in a little while this feeling of absolute ownership passed away and we found that after all there are thorns in every path, even a Senator's.

At our first meeting it was found that all but forty-four had fallen by the wayside or else had decided that they already knew as much as most ordinary people and preferred to go out into the world of their own accord before being kicked out. President Haffard presided at this meeting and it was found that all of our officers had returned. These are: Van Dyke vice-president, Hicks secretary and treasurer, De Camps, historian, and Kinney sergeant-at-arms. When the football season came to an end, we almost unconsciously decided in our own minds that there was hardly anything to do but wait for the Christmas holidays. How long they are coming and how soon they are gone! Immediately upon the reopening of college we were struck with the fact that intermediate examinations are in sight; yet strange to say the work done at this time, when most needed, is not such as to make one feel that he has seriously impaired his health. Every one is busy trying to convince every one else that the time he had during the holidays was better than that spent by any one else.

In March, we were given a chance to see a little more of the practical side of our work. At this time, the faculty kindly arranged so that we could visit Richmond, Newport News, Norfolk and Portsmouth, and, while at those various points, examine the great number of operations going on in engineering, science and industry. After a week or ten days of this mingled work and pleasure we again found ourselves at our respective quarters, there to remain until we start for Hurlalo. And, when we reach this city, I trust no one will wish—as in the good old days when a circus would come to town—to go see the Exposition come in.

It might not be out of place to mention some of those who have materially assisted in the development of our athletics, and, just here, allow me to say that no class has ever done more towards the success of our teams than has the Class of '01. In our Freshman year, we were worthily represented on the grid-iron by Rucker, Painter, and Scott, and on the diamond by Durphey, Wilkins, and Skelding. When we were Sophs, Carper, Huffard and Painter, on the football team, and Du Priest, Durphey and Gwathmey in baseball saw to it that the work so well begun the year before should not be dropped. In the session of '99-00, Huffard, Carper, De Camps and Moffett were our football representatives and Hall, E. C., Du Priest, De Camps and Miles were on the baseball team. This year we have Huffard (captain), Carper, Miles, Moffett and De Camps on the eleven while in baseball, Hall, E. C., Miles, Du Priest, Williams and De Camps uphold the reputation of our Class. In our Junior year, we had every reason to be congratulated on the success of our Class baseball team. They finished with a clean record, winning every game and bearing off the pennant of the class league.

It is hard to realize that the time has come when we must part, when each of us, whether he has learned little or much, must go his way alone, and by his own resources inscribe his name on the temple of fame or else be numbered among those—by far a large majority—upon whom fortune refuses to smile.

HISTORIAN.





## Class Prophecy.

**T**HE following, while they are called prophecies, are in reality merely obiter dicta. "An obiter dictum," says Old Judge, "in the language of the law, is a gratuitous opinion, an individual impertinence, which whether it be wise or foolish, right or wrong, bindeth none—not even the lips that utter it."

ALLEN, after leaving his alma mater will take a special course in telephone construction, directing his abilities to the invention of a 'phone through which it is possible to converse with a girl without having the central as a listener. Having failed in this, he will accept a position with Tesla as chief interpreter of the language of the inhabitants of Mars.

ASTROX will turn his persuasive powers to the task of convincing the inhabitants of Montgomery County that it is necessary, for the good of humanity, that Blacksburg be connected with Christiansburg by a macadamized road. He will also lead them to believe that he is the only civil engineer in the country capable of constructing this road and will be awarded the contract. He will make such a success of this work that he will deem it necessary to pay Roanoke a visit. Not having "Duck" along to supervise his celebration he will never recover.

BRALLEY, being highly recommended by the College authorities, will be given the position of assistant engineer of a mining company in West Virginia. He will marry an heiress and will retire to her tobacco plantation, where he will spend the rest of his life in the cultivation of his favorite weed.

BRODIE on graduating will accept a position with the Norfolk and Western Railway. But finding that his talents do not run in the mechanical line, he will engage in detective work, where all of his well known talents will come actively into play.

The spirits say that BROOKE, actuated by his firm belief in the benefits of a military education, will decide to remain in Blacksburg for the next four years as assistant commandant. In 1905, the board of visitors will request his resignation because of mutiny among the students, the outcome of his leniency towards them. Eventually, he will practice law in one of our rural districts.

In 1905 we will notice in the papers that DR. ROBERT W. CARPER has graduated from the University College of Medicine in Richmond. We who know "Bob" will be glad to learn that he has turned to valuable account the practical knowledge of the medicinal art gained in our excellent infirmary. Earnest prayers should be offered for the charity patients of Botetourt County, on whom will fall the burden of furnishing experience for this pupil of the Henderson School.

CHRISMAN will engage in the creamery business near one of our large mountain towns, and will gain a state-wide reputation by the systematic way in which he will conduct his business. He will invent a churn to be run by liquid air, which will make his fortune.

The services of MORGAN WOODWORTH DAVIDSON will be eagerly sought after by the magnates of many large syndicates, who will visit Blacksburg for this purpose. But, on being appealed to by the College authorities, he will consent to remain at his alma mater on condition that he be given entire control of the machine shops.

DE CAMPS will return to Blacksburg every September for the next five years to pursue a course in general athletics. After this period, being attracted by the peculiar advantages of the southeastern part of our State he will locate in Norfolk as consulting engineer.

DERRICK, after leaving college, will devote himself to researches in that department of science known as thermodynamics. After years of labor he will succeed in isolating "Entropy." This, he will find to be six inches long, green, with yellow stripes. He will then be employed by the Virginia Polytechnic Institute at a very remunerative salary, to explain to the Senior Class in engineering the nature of this queer thing. Finding time hanging heavily on his hands, he will make "night hideous" with sonatas executed on the piccolo.

DOLLMAN's future is a blank up to the time when he comes before the American public as end man in Derrick and DuPriest's great minstrel show. In this line he will make a decided success.

Beyond the fact that DUPRIEST's love for music will prevent his ever becoming an electrical engineer and that he will turn his attention to composing cakewalks, nothing is revealed.

EARLE will rest for a few months in Warren County. But, missing military duty, which he finds necessary to make life bearable, he will return to Blacksburg for a special course in military science. He will decide to include with this the course in English inaugurated by Professor Hudnall for the special benefit of the "co-eds." This will give him ample opportunity to indulge his sleeping propensities. We finally see him the proprietor of a small country store, where customers are not so numerous as to disturb his slumbers.

FLEET—the "black sheep of our flock." It is impossible to say what will become of "Fleck." Present indications seem to point to his taking up his abode for an indefinite period with "Judge" in the Ark. In years to come he may reach the dignity of superintendent of the light-and-power plant. However, it is more probable that he will take to wife one of Blacksburg's fair daughters and spend the rest of his life writing "Memoirs" of cadet life, to be published in seventeen volumes.

FORD is destined to stand head and shoulders above the engineers of his time. He will soon find a position as assistant in field engineering in one of the large technical institutes of the North where he can wear golf trousers and admire himself to his heart's content.

GERBONEY will accept the position of assistant State chemist of one of our Southern States. But finding this position too confining for his health, he will resign to become commandant at a small military school, which office he will fill with credit, thanks to the training of Colonel Johnson.

GWATHMEY will become proprietor of a large publishing-house and will make a specialty of the publication of college magazines. Being especially fitted for this class of work by his long and successful management of *The Gray Jacket* he will build up a very profitable business.

HALL, E. C., will attempt to rival Richard Harding Davis. He will make the acquaintance of the cold, cold world as a reporter on the staff of the Richmond *News* and will have a brilliant career, making his reputation reporting the campaign of Colonel Sample in the Race War of 1912.

HALL, W. D., will accept the position of fireman in a sawmill combine, traveling through Southwest Virginia. Being far too proud to hold this position, he will aspire to become fireman on the Norfolk and Western Railway. After long perseverance, he will attain this coveted position and will be at the summit of his ambition.

HUFFARD, after filling the position of assistant chemist in a steel works for a number of years, will suddenly become famous through the invention of a fertilizer, through the agency of which, the farmers of his native county will be enabled to produce some other crop than cabbage. After amassing considerable wealth, he will retire to a quiet country home, where he will pass the remainder of his days, amusing his grandchildren with tales of his numerous and successful horse-trades.

HICKS will endeavor to fill the vacancy left by the great evangelist, Moody, and will begin his chosen work by trying to convert some of the inhabitants of the land of "Prexie the Great." Becoming disgusted with their hard-heartedness, he will next tackle Darkest Africa, but because of his susceptibility to the charms of the fair sex, he will speedily reach his end in the form of mock-turtle soup, served at a state banquet of the King of Timbuctoos.

JACKSON, upon leaving the Virginia Polytechnic Institute will cross the ocean to Italy where he will put his voice through a course of training. He will return to America, where he will make such a hit that Jean de Reszke will commit suicide from jealousy. After being the idol of the American public for a number of years, he will accept the position of instructor of the chapel choir, which through his able instruction will gain a world-wide reputation.

JACOBS, having discovered a method of watering milk without the water being detected, will succeed in procuring the contract for supplying the College mess with milk. Finding this contract very profitable, he will be enabled in a few years to retire from active business life. He will then turn his attention to devising means by which Rats can be persuaded to attend the Baptist Sunday-school. Being highly successful in this he will be rewarded for his labors by being made president of the Baptist Young People's Union.

KINNEY will return to Blacksburg in the fall of 1901, in order to pursue the post-graduate course in electrical engineering. After the first month he will decide that he needs a rest and will go into partnership with a traveling fakir who claims to have the power of putting people into a trance-like sleep. From this he will amass a large fortune.

Seized with an ambition to imbibe that little part of the whole sphere of knowledge which he does not already possess, LEAR will study at Cornell for three months during the session of 1901-02. He will then return to his native town, and after vainly trying to find a field for his varied talents will accept the position of teacher in a village school.

MANN, after graduating, will travel in Europe for the purpose of broadening his knowledge of electricity. But his one *faul*t—fondness for the fair sex—will cause his downfall. Being captivated by a French maiden, he will settle down and spend the rest of his days in a suburb of Paris.

MARSHALL will endeavor to become a civil engineer but owing to insurmountable difficulties in learning the most elementary branches of mathematics he will never rise above the position of rodsman. Being persuaded to give this up, he will join Mrs. Carrie Nation in her temperance crusade.

MILES, on the completion of his course, will go to work in earnest on his project of extracting nitrogen from the air. Being persuaded to abandon this idea, on account of the fact that too much oxygen will cause Kinney to live too fast, he will obtain a position as trainer of Yale's football team, of which—so says the oracle—he will make a dismal failure; beyond this nothing is revealed.

MOFFETT, on graduating, will not leave Blacksburg, but will remain here working on his great project—an underground, electric railway to the Yellow Sulphur Springs. After completing this and disposing of it at an enormous price, he will take up his pet study of oratory and end his days striving to enter the Legislature.

MONCURE will win much reputation as a biologist and will procure a government position in the Philippines. After holding this position for several years "Uncle Sam" will be forced to transfer him to his former home, Williamsburg, where he will end his days in harmless prattle about a new species of bugs which he has discovered.

It would be useless to appeal to the oracle for the brilliant career that lies before JOHN JETER PHILLIPS. We all feel assured that through the agency of his bewitching smile, anything that he may desire will be his.

POWELL, not finding civil engineering congenial to his taste, will eventually turn his attention to the banking business and owing to his ability as bookkeeper and business manager generally he will be made cashier of the Bank of Wytheville, in which office he will serve until becoming infatuated with a young lady from the South he will clope with her carrying with him a large amount of the bank's funds. Every effort to locate him will be fruitless.

PRESTON, upon graduating will accept a position with the Blacksburg Street Railroad and Power Company, as manager of their power plant. While endeavor-

ing to make a 1,000 K. W. generator do the work of a 2,000 K. W. machine, he will have the misfortune to burn the machine up. Driven to drink by this accident he will sink lower and lower until rescued from the gutter by a fair worker from the ranks of the Salvation Army. This "ex-tank" will then become the leader in a crusade against vice in the slums of Blacksburg.

ROOR will study medicine and will then practice in the densely populated county of Craig. Finding the population too sparse and healthy to make a living by his profession, he will distribute over the country a quantity of free samples of his Long Life Tablets, by means of which he will soon acquire a large practice.

RUDO will secure a position with the General Electric Company. Quickly becoming tired of his position, he will return home. He will next be employed by Hampton's leading tailor as a walking model. While thus employed he will succeed in eloping with the daughter of a Chicago pork packer, who winters at Old Point.

SAMPLE will return to his native State where he will engage in the manufacture of turpentine. In the Race War of 1912, being distinguished for his bravery, he will be promoted to the rank of colonel. After the war, finding a quiet life distasteful, he will enter the field of politics and being sent to Congress by the Populist party, he will die of heart failure at the close of a three hours' speech advocating the removal of the tax on corn whiskey.

"TOD" SLOAN will pursue post-graduate work at some large co-ed. university. After obtaining his E. E. Degree, he will endeavor to secure a position in the line which he has chosen. Finding this impossible, he will become his father's stenographer. Coming suddenly, by the death of an uncle, into great wealth, he will spend the remainder of his short life leading Germans at summer resorts.

TREVERTON will take up a course in mining engineering at Cornell. After receiving his degree there he will obtain a position in western Pennsylvania as chief engineer for the Westvania Mining Company, where he will come to an untimely end in the great mine disaster of 1918.

"DUTCHY" VAN DYKE is destined to spend the first ten years from date attempting to pass agricultural chemistry. Finally, to get rid of him, he will be graduated and through the influence of his uncle he will secure a position in the Department of Agriculture at Washington. His spare moments will be spent in trying to trace his descent from the Van Dyke Bros.

WERN, finding electrical engineering entirely too burdensome for his brain, will join the reporting staff of one of our yellow journals. In this he will make his mark by reporting the solution of the great Blacksburg mystery without even "a clew." He will end his useful and laborious life on the stage, "acting a man."

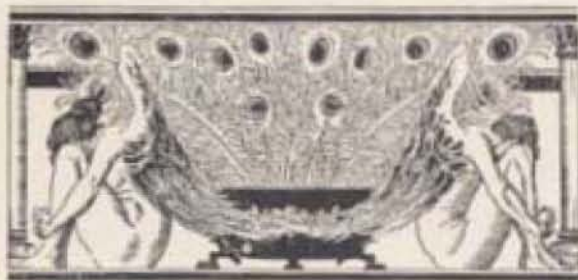
WILLIAMS on graduating from the University of Virginia with the degree of Bachelor of Laws will practice law in his native town of Wytheville. Gaining great notoriety by his valuable services in the Powell defalcation case he will at once obtain a large and lucrative practice.

With WOLTZ, electrical engineering is a secondary matter as compared with his thirst for military fame. After vainly striving to enter West Point he will

fall back on his profession of electrical engineering and will enthruse Northern capitalists with the idea of forming a stock company for the purpose of lighting the streets of Gala and will settle down at his former home as superintendent of this plant.

Wood will become the owner of a large farm; his cattle will be frequent prize winners in the Montgomery County Fairs, and will become famous both in the United States and Europe. He will be chosen president of the "Southwest Virginia Cattle Raisers' Association" and later will be elected a member of the Legislature.

Yousg, finding electrical engineering beneath his dignity, will aspire to become a statesman and with this end in view will study law at Columbia University. On obtaining his degree there he will begin the practice of law in Richmond. After failing in several attempts to gain a seat in the Senate he will turn his attention entirely to commercial law of which he will make a decided success.





## CLASS OF 1902.

### OFFICERS.

R. E. HOLLISTER . . . . .	President
C. D. NEWMAN . . . . .	Vice-President
C. L. PROCTOR . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
W. P. TAMS . . . . .	Historian
H. B. MISH . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms

### COLORS.

Garnet and Black.

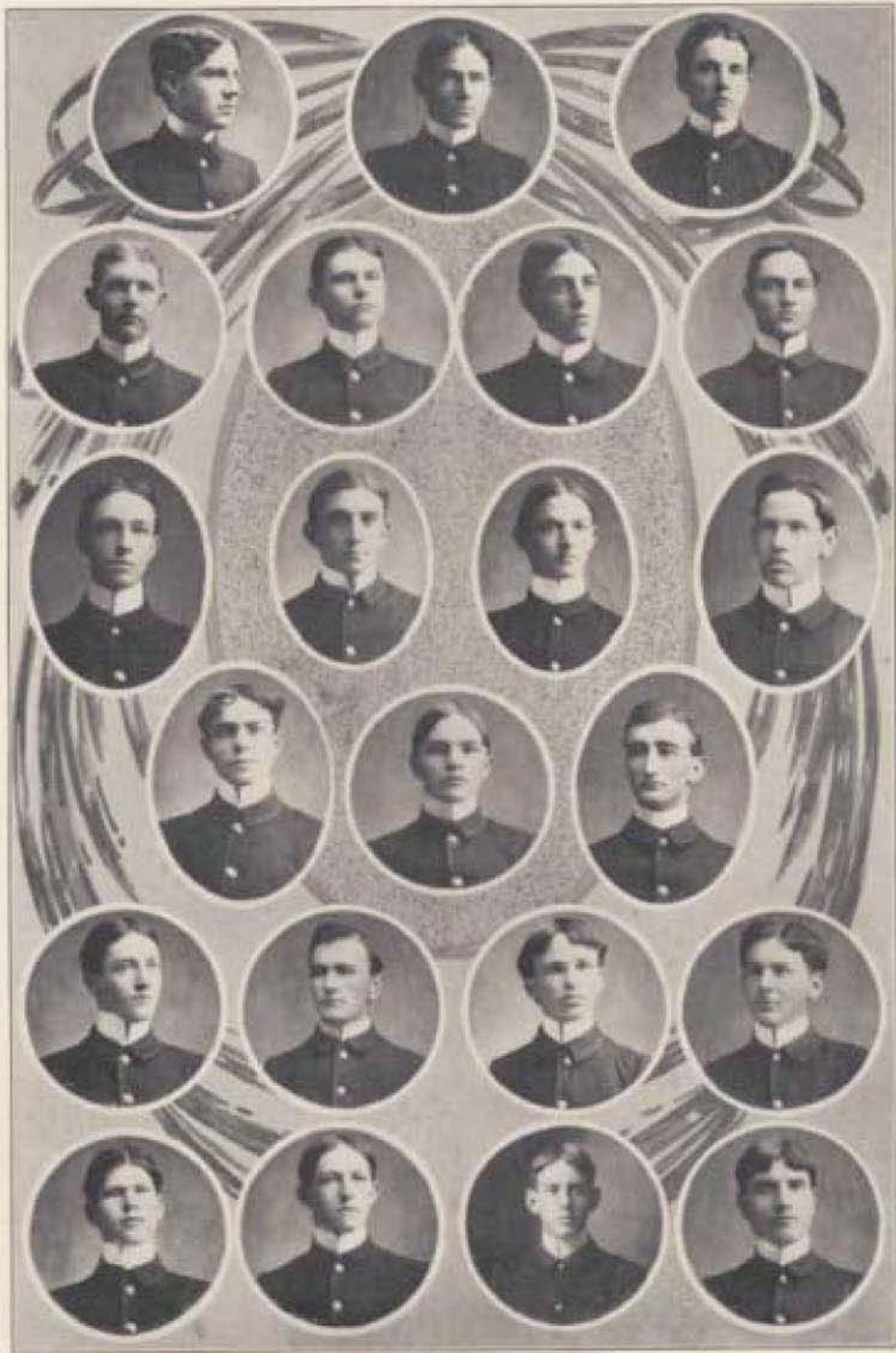
### MOTTO.

"Class of 1902 conquers all things in time."

### YELL.

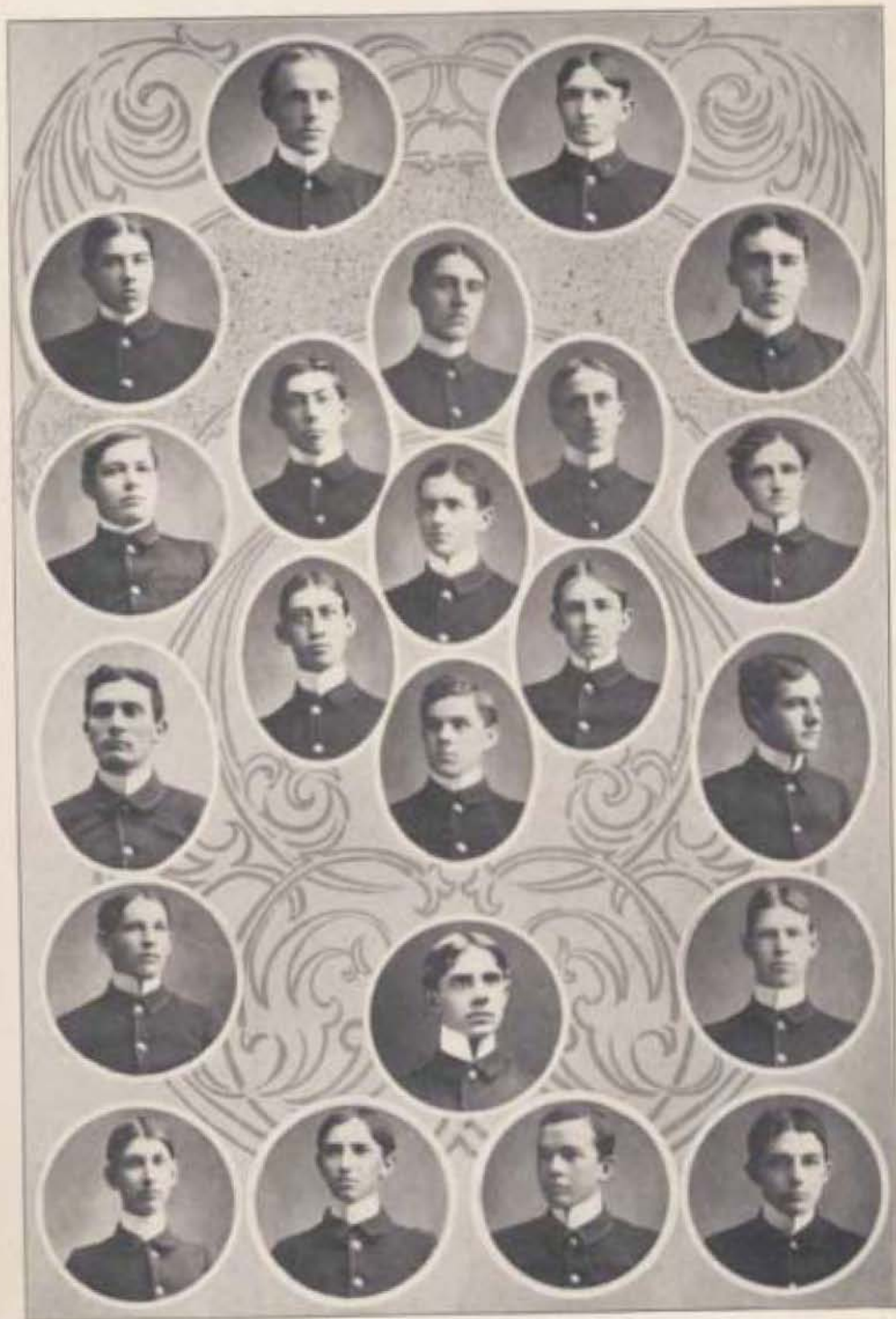
Rip, Rap Ri ! Ripety, Rapety, Roo!  
Graduating Class, Naughty Two.  
We are the Stuff ! Win or Bust !  
To keep our Rep, Try we Must !





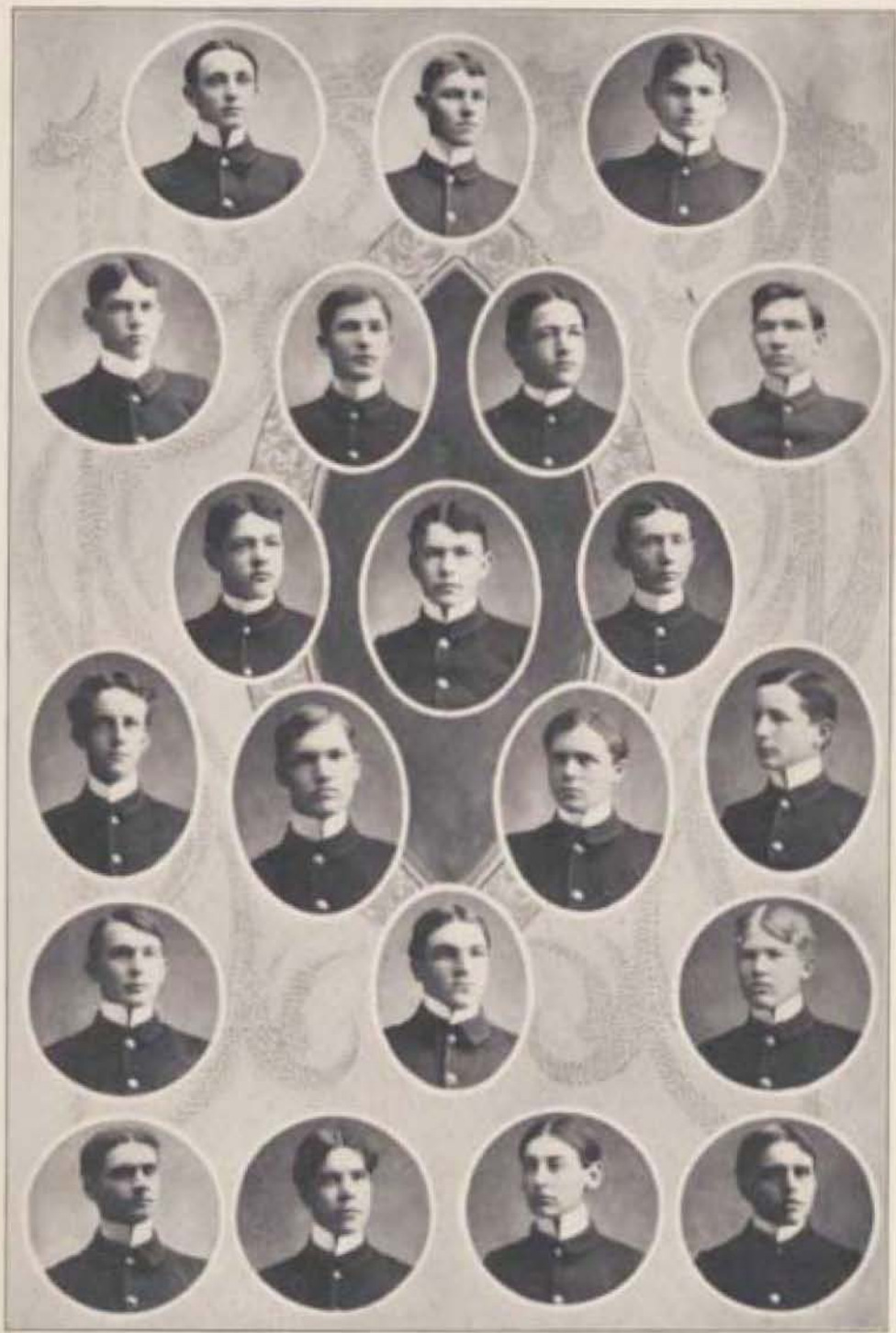
CLASS OF 1903





CLASS OF 1902





CLASS OF 1902.

## Class History.

"**H**ISTORY and literature," says an eminent authority, "go hand in hand." That may apply in most cases, but, since a class history differs widely from other histories, the indulgent reader is earnestly besought to regard this, not as a literary effort, but as an unadorned record of events.

Passing over the year when—quoting the words which occur in nearly every class history—"as verdant Freshmen we first entered these classic walls, and, trembling, saw our names inscribed on the matriculation list"; and passing over our second year, when, clad in the air of authority which invests the Sophomore, we comforted homesick rats; we come to the Junior year. As Freshmen, we came to the Virginia Polytechnic Institute in September with fear and trembling; as Sophomores, with only the desire to entertain Freshmen; but as Juniors, how different! A Junior is the ideal college student; he has a proper self-respect which is neither the self-love of the Senior, nor the conceit of the Sophomore. He has passed that period when the highest attainable object is cutting classes and drill; he realizes that he has come to college for a definite purpose; and, recognizing his superior abilities, the professors hasten to burden him with a double share of work.

We began the session of 1900-01 with about seventy members. Several familiar faces were missed when we reassembled here at the beginning of the session, and we found, with sorrow, that some of our most popular men had been unable to return. Among them were Watson, Lee, Ballard, Jackson, and others, whom we could ill afford to lose. Our loss, however, was greatly compensated by a new addition, Chewning, who has proved himself well worthy of the honor which attaches to the title Junior.

Football practice began on the opening of College; and, both on the first team and on the "scrubs," our class distinguished itself. Our past football record was one of the highest order, and we fully came up to that record again this session. On the first team, our class was represented by Carpenter, full-back; McCormick, left tackle, and Harlaway, half-back,—all star players. Miller, Sayers, Brooke, Longley, and others, did excellent work on the second team. Were it not for modesty, we might also point to the fact that, on several occasions, members of our Class acted as linesmen, water-carriers, etc. Regular football practice was discontinued after Thanksgiving; but, in order to develop material for next year's team, class football teams were organized in the latter part of December, and games arranged. However, Christmas holidays inter-

vening, only one of these games came off, the Junior-Sophomore game. Our team was ably coached by Carpenter—who was also full-back and captain—and gained a complete victory. The odds were decidedly against us; but nevertheless all offers were covered by various class-spirited members, and the many who were so lamentably lacking in judgment as to back the Sophomores were sadder and wiser than might. When time was called, the score stood 11 to 0 in favor of the Juniors. We hoped, shortly afterwards, to annihilate in like manner the Seniors, but were prevented by the arrival of the Christmas holidays. The two short weeks passed all too quickly, and it seemed as if we had hurriedly gotten home when we had to begin the return trip. On January 4th, we reassembled with numbers little diminished; but this loss, though small numerically, was severe, for we failed to see the cheerful face of "Admiral" Dewey.

Osterlund was also absent. He had gone home several weeks before Christmas, on account of sickness; but we fully expected to see him back again after the holidays. However, he was unable to return, much to our sorrow.

Hardly were we back, when intermediates were upon us, finding nearly every one unprepared. From this trying ordeal the Junior Class emerged with high honors, fully sustaining our past reputation as a class which succeeds in both the physical and the mental departments of the College. Some few (?) of our Class met their Waterloo on mechanics examination; others found calculus too "theoretical"; others yet were floored by military science and tactics; but on the whole we may well be proud of the results of the intermediates.

The Class of 1902 is ever in the van of the army of progress. To us will belong the honor of introducing the new style of Senior uniform which has been authorized for next session. After several class meetings, consultations with the tailor, and much changing and rechanging, we at last decided on the uniform which is to work woful destruction among the hearts of the feminine sex during the approaching summer.

At last the winter snows have melted, the mud has become only ankle-deep instead of knee-deep, the wind blows only twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four, and we are troubled with rain only six days a week. All nature rejoices—in a mild, Blackburg way—and Spring is at hand. As the poet fittingly remarks, "In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—baseball." Following the traditional young man's line of thought, we have turned our minds to baseball. With "Military" Davison as captain, Bolton as manager, and a large array of competitors for the class team, we will, doubtless, succeed fully as well in this as we did in football last fall. Barrall, McCormick, Carpenter, and Longley, of our Class, are on the first team, Barrall being captain. Truly has it been said that in the midst of life, we are face to face with death. On April 2d, we lost, by the hand of death, our friend and classmate, Myke Pope Hill. Seldom is found in a college boy, such devotion to work, such high ideals, as characterized him. His cheerfulness and generous unselfish-

ness made him deservedly popular, not only with his own classmates, but also with the entire school; and, in his death, his Class has suffered an irreparable loss.

Baseball will occupy our attention until June. After that, the deluge,—otherwise, final examinations. When we have, at last, successfully undergone the torture of this relic of the Inquisition, we shall be, *SENIORS*.

We have behind us three long years of patient endeavor; before us remains but one more year. Surely, in view of the well-deserved success which has attended our past efforts, it requires no prophet to predict our future. Let us guard zealously the high reputation which our past has won us, let us never be disheartened by failure, but remember our motto, "We conquer all things in time," and the highest boast we can ever make will be, "I was a member of the Class of 1902."





## MEMBERS CLASS '02.

NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.
ANTMAN, HIRAM RALPH	Suffolk	Nampanomund
ARVIN, ANDRIAN OTIS	Double Bridge	Lunenburg
BARTON, RANDALL MCGAYOCK	Dublin	Polaski
BEVERLEY, ROBERT BLAND	Covert	Essex
BLAND, JAMES MONCURE	Shackelford	King and Queen
BOLTON, JAMES	Richmond	Henrico
BRADY, SANFORD BURNELL	Hot Springs	Bath
BRITT, BENJAMIN RIDGICK	Suffolk	Nampanomund
BROOKS, ROBERT THOMAS	Sutherland	Pittsylvania
BROWN, DAVID TUCKER	Brierfield	Bedford
BROWN, FRANK DONALDSON	Baltimore City	Baltimore City, Maryland
BROWN, HENRY PERDONNEAU	Brierfield	Bedford
BROWN, JOHN THOMPSON	Baltimore City	Baltimore City, Maryland
BRYANT, JOSEPH MORTIMER	Washington	Distriet Columbia
BUCHANAN, ROBERT HUTCHISON	Brownsburg	Rockbridge
BURKELL, JOHN DICKINSON	Richmond	Henrico
CARPENTER, CAIUS HUNTER	Clifton Forge	Allegheny
CHAMNING, WALTER LEWIS	Richmond	Henrico
CLARK, EMMETT CORNETHWAIT	Richmond	Henrico
COOK, CLARENCE LAFAR	Box Air	Chesterfield
DANTZLER, JULIUS CLARENCE	Columbia	Richland, South Carolina
DAVIDSON, WILLIAM WATSON	Middletown	Frederick
DAVIDSON, ARCHER	Farmville	Prince Edward
DAVIDSON, HARRY LEMUEL	Blacksburg	Montgomery
DAWSON, ARTHUR MANLY	Baltimore City	Baltimore City, Maryland
DEWEY, FRANKLIN HAYLENDER JR.	Portsmouth	Norfolk
DUNKLEE, CARL MARGRELLS	Christiansburg	Montgomery
FRENCH, CHAPMAN JOHNSTON, JR.	Bluff City	Giles
HARRISON, CHANNING WILLIAMS	Cartersville	Camdenland
HASKELL, ADAM LEOPOLD	Columbia	Richland, South Carolina
HILL, WYLLIE POPE	Newnan	Coweta, Georgia
HOLLISTER, REGINALD EARLE	Hillburn	Rockland, New York
JONES, PAUL TUDOR, JR.	Corinth	Alcorn, Mississippi
KEY, JAMES FRANCIS	Leesmantown	St. Marys, Maryland
LONGLEY, WILLIAM JORDAN	Newbern	Polaski
MILLER, BOYD	Greenville	Greenville, South Carolina
MILLER, GEORGE COLEMAN	Lynchburg	Campbell
MOSE, HARRY BELL	Middlebrook	Augusta
MURHILL, PITT SAMUEL	Blacksburg	Montgomery
MCCANNE, WILLIE NORMAN, JR.	Suffolk	Nampanomund
MCCORMICK, HERBERT GILMORE	Fairfield	Rockbridge
MCCUE, CHARLES PURDELL	Greenwood Depot	Albemarle
MCGHEE, WALTER HAYNE	Bedford City	Bedford
NEALE, WILLIAM WIRT	Bowlers Wharf	Essex
NEWMAN, CHARLES DEARDORN	Magruder	York
NEWMAN, EUGENE	Columbia	Richland, South Carolina
OBENSHAIN, SCHUYLER ANTHONY	Pineville	Botetourt
OSTERBUND, CARTER CLARKE	Richmond	Henrico

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
PALMORE, JULIAN IVANHOE	Cartersville	Cumberland
POR, NELSON CARTER, JR.	Greenville	Greenville, South Carolina
POWELL, SAMUEL PETER	Belmont	Spotsylvania
PROCTOR, CARROLL LEIGH	Drakes Branch	Charlotte
RICHARDSON, ALFRED ALDRICH	Columbia	Richland, South Carolina
ROBINSON, EUGENE CLAIRBORNE	Roxburg	Essex
SANFORD, HARRY ESTEL	Mulhous Run	Orange
SAVERS, ANDERSON HOWARD	Barren Springs	Wythe
SEALE, CURTIS BROWN	Wytheville	Wythe
SPILLER, FRANK MARRHAM	Wytheville	Wythe
SPILLER, STUART MARRUDER	Wytheville	Wythe
TALCOTT, GEORGE HUNNELL	Bon Air	Chesterfield
TAMS, WILLIAM FRAZIER	Stamton	Augusta
TAMS, WILLIAM PURVIANCE, JR.	Stamton	Augusta
TURNER, RICHARD CARTER	The Plains	Fauquier
TINSLEY, ASHTON MAUPIN	Salon	Rossade
WARREN, MARYON BUTT	Richmond	Henrico
WATKINS, GEORGE HANNAH	Smithville	Charlotte
WEST, JOHN WILLIAM CASPER	Portsmouth	Norfolk
WILLIAMS, COURTNEY	Lynchburg	Campbell
WILSON, WILLIAM THOMAS	Williams Mill	Littonburg
WISOR, HENRY	Dublin	Polaski
YANCKY, THOMAS McDUFFRY	Buffalo Junction	Mechlinburg
YOUNG, WILLIAM THOMAS	Corinth	Alcorn, Mississippi
YOWELL, WILLIAM ANDREW	Colpeper	Colpeper

COLLEGE WALK BETWEEN ACADEMIC BUILDINGS







"THE SOPHOMORE"

## CLASS OF 1903.

### OFFICERS.

JAMES WARREN DICKERSON, JR . . . . .	President
GUY AUBREY CHALKLEY . . . . .	Vice-President
LALOR ROMAINE WILLCOCK . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
WILLIAM JOHN WALSH . . . . .	Sergeant-at-arms
EUGENE WILLIAM WHIDNANT . . . . .	Historian

### COLORS.

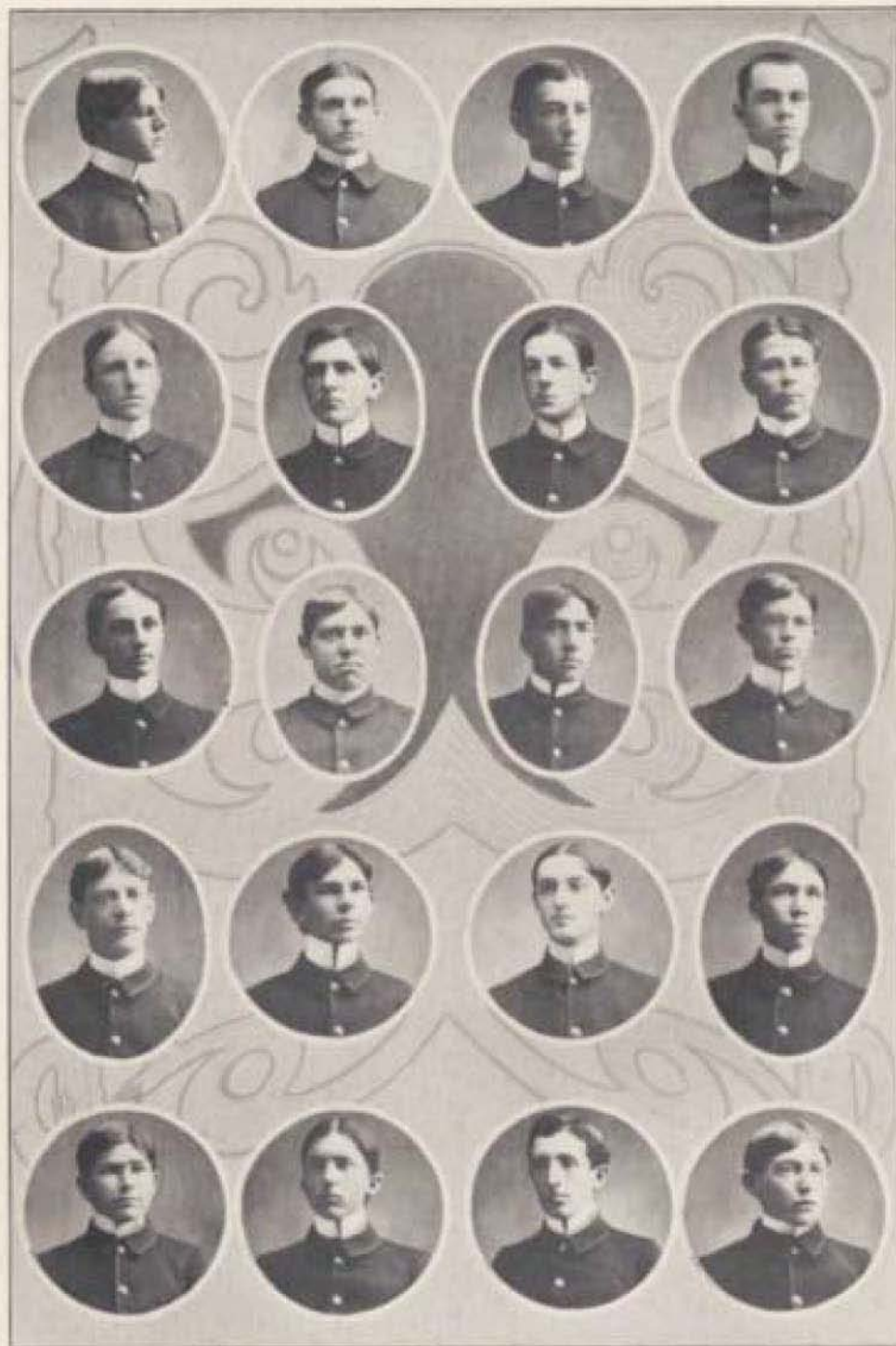
Navy blue and white.

### MOTTO.

Age quod agis.

### YELL.

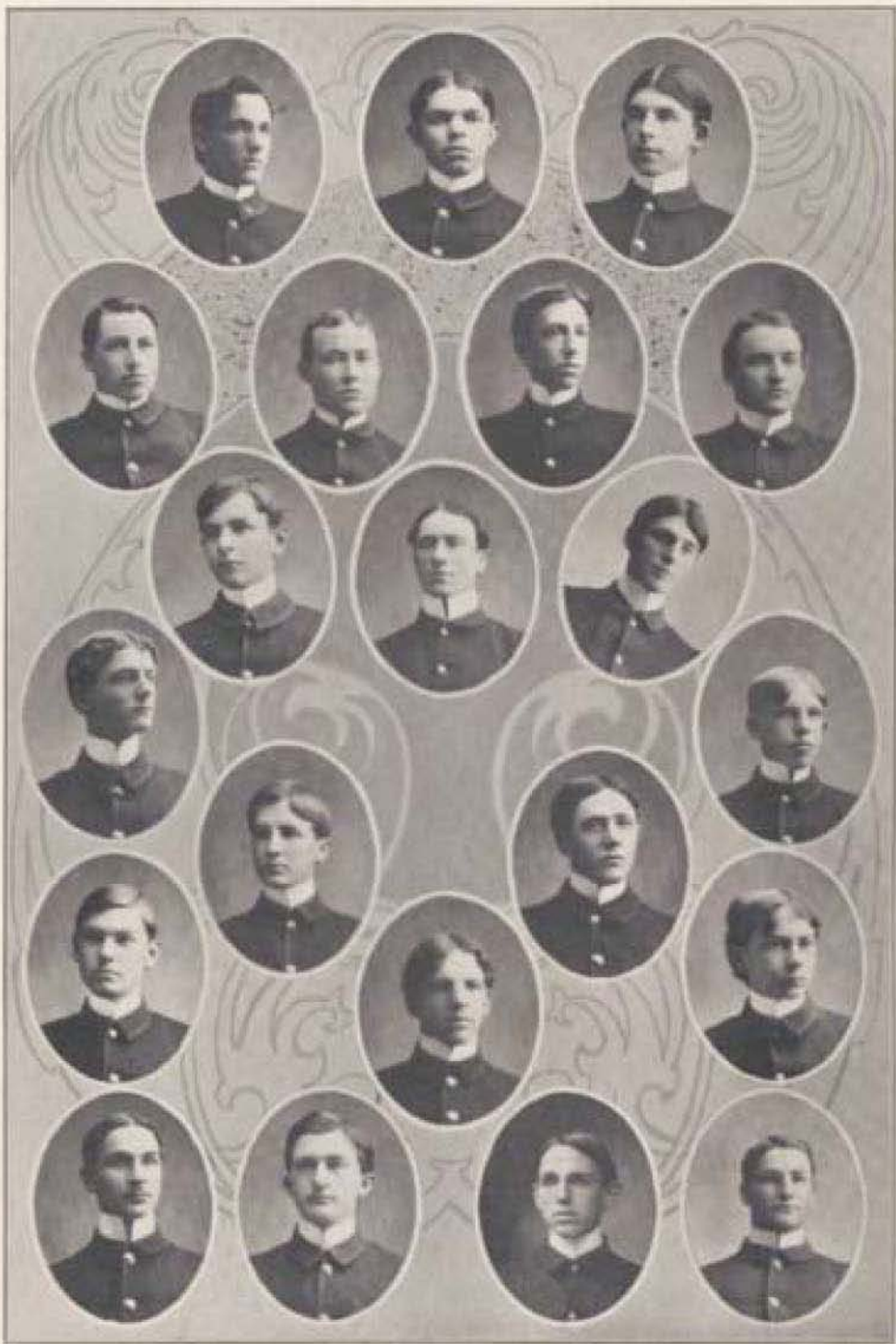
Chee ! chee ! chaw !  
Chaw ! chaw ! chee !  
Chucker, bucker rat,  
Nineteen three.



CLASS OF 1903

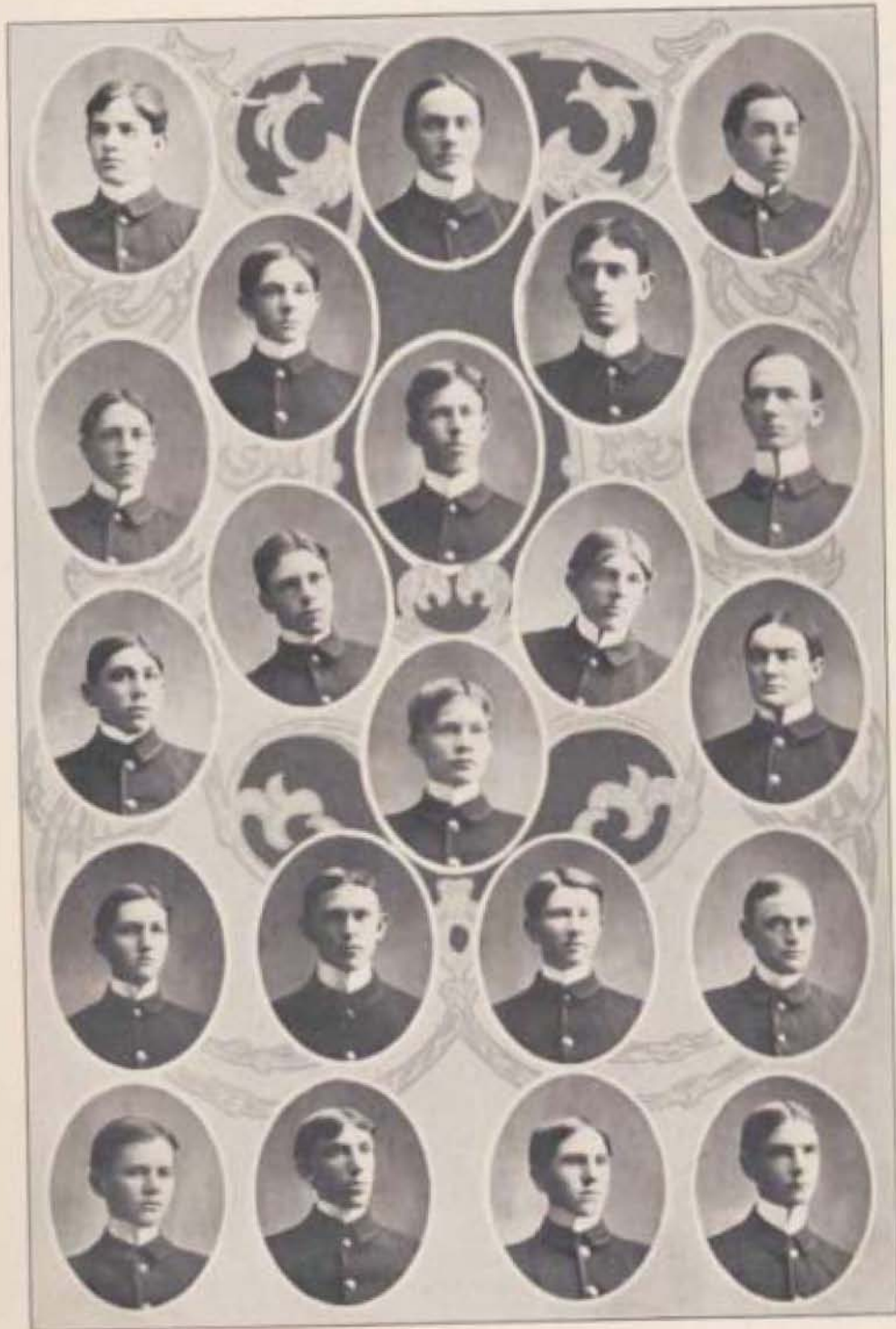






CLASS OF 1903





CLASS OF 1903



## History of Class of 1903.



WE of the Sophomore Class have been together nearly two years, have learned to know and to love one another, have gone through the trials of "rathood" together and have bridged the chasm which separates the "rat" from the "old boy." So, it is but natural that we should begin to take an interest in our Class and to look upon it with a feeling of love and respect. It is with this feeling of class spirit that I attempt to write its history.

On our arrival in September we were for a short time, almost at a loss to recognize ourselves in the new position, so different were they from those of last year. All was new to us; instead of being obliged to look up to everybody, there was at least one class on which we could look down, and right well did we exercise the privilege. However we soon accustomed ourselves to our new positions and proceeded in the most approved and up-to-date fashion to initiate the "rats" into the mysteries of life at a military college.

But all was not pleasure, for while greeting our old friends we missed the faces of many of our classmates. Among these were Bates, Cobbs, W. H., Lamb, Noblin, Sykes, Urquhart, White, and Willingham. But above all we were grieved to learn of the death of Hobbs, our class president in '99-00. A truer friend or a nobler boy never lived.

Those who were so fortunate (?) as to have attained the rank of "Corp." were at once put to work drilling the "rats," and a hard job it was! However this was soon over and the humdrum of military life commenced.

At the first class meeting which was held in November, a number of new men presented themselves to be initiated, which was done according to the time-honored customs. Then came the election of officers. They were as follows: Dickerson, president; Chalkley, vice-president; Steele, secretary and treasurer; Walsh, sergeant-at-arms, and Wilcox, historian. And good men they were!

Then along with the swift rush of events came the organization of the football team on which we were represented by Steele and Abbott, to say nothing of those on the second team. The academic work of the term was now in full swing and we began to realize what college life really was, and the world of difference between the Freshman and the Sophomore Classes. However the Class as a whole did remarkably well and deserved credit.

The "military department" now took on a boom and decided that a few more "Corporals" were needed and after careful consideration Jones, Stokely

Steele, and Vaught were appointed to fill these positions. They were at first inclined to think a little too much of their "Corp." and to prevent this the indispensable process of head-scrubbing was resorted to and worked like a charm.

That long-looked-for day, the twenty-first of December finally arrived and we started for home amid hand-shakings which did our hearts good. It is needless to say that we all enjoyed our holidays to the utmost and returned on the fourth of January almost as homesick as any "rat" ever was. This soon passed in the hurry of the preparation for "exams." which came all too soon for a great many of us and with disastrous effects. In spite of all this the Class made their usual good marks and had nothing to be ashamed of.

However, we must not forget to mention those self-sacrificing men who so dutifully and bravely kept guard over the barracks during the long afternoon while their selfish companions amused themselves with tennis or football. To these men are due the thanks of the "military department" and no doubt they will be fitly rewarded by it.

The next event of importance was the promotion of Wilcox, Pritchett, and Richmond to "Corps.," which occurred early in March. They were all deserving men and their promotion was no surprise.

The baseball season opened in March and Walsh and Ware, both Sophomores were chosen to fill the position of catcher and shortstop on the first team. The class league teams were also organized and Wilcox was elected manager of our team. In April, we met the Juniors and Freshmen and defeated both teams, incidentally paying the Juniors a little score which we owed them.

The jovial, warm-hearted "Joe" Steele left us in April and it was with the greatest regret that we bade him good-bye. His office as secretary and treasurer of the Class was filled by Wilcox.

Now, as the days roll on and spring appears we begin to think of Commencement and then—home. And may we part the best of friends and make the Class of '03 one noted for that spirit of love and fellowship which characterizes the best of classes! let us remember that "in union there is strength" and always have the same friendship for each other, not only at the beloved old V. P. L., but throughout life!

## MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1903.

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
ABBOTT, ALVIN LEE . . . . .	Neathery . . . . .	Halifax
ADAMS, HENRY CLARENCE . . . . .	Tiptonville . . . . .	Lake, Tennessee
ALMOND, SAUNDERS MANN . . . . .	Lynchburg . . . . .	Campbell
ARCHER, RALPH LEARD . . . . .	Richmond . . . . .	Henrico
BALL, CHARLES LEE . . . . .	Leesburg . . . . .	Loudoun
BLAIR, WILLIAM LEONARD . . . . .	Burwellsville . . . . .	Pittsylvania
BOLLING, BERTLETT, JR. . . . .	Charlottesville . . . . .	Albemarle
BORDEN, WALKER HAMPTON . . . . .	Blacksburg . . . . .	Montgomery
BUDKMAN, GRAHAM McCLUNG . . . . .	Gala . . . . .	Botetourt
CARTER, EDWIN CARLYLE . . . . .	Bertha . . . . .	Wythe
CHALKLEY, GUY AUBREY . . . . .	Big Stone Gap . . . . .	Wise
CHOWNING, LEROY CHURCHILL . . . . .	Millenbeck . . . . .	Lawson
CLAGETT, WILLIAM NORMAN . . . . .	Berryville . . . . .	Clarke
COBB, JOHN JAMES . . . . .	Callands . . . . .	Pittsylvania
COLE, EARNEST FRAZIER . . . . .	Flint . . . . .	Floyd
COUNSELLMAN, JOHN SANDERS . . . . .	Graham's Forge . . . . .	Wythe
COX, HARRY ROLAND . . . . .	Christiansburg . . . . .	Montgomery
COX, JAMES THOMAS . . . . .	Cascade . . . . .	Pittsylvania
CRUTE, WILLIAM ROWZIE . . . . .	Farmville . . . . .	Prince Edward
CUTHERELL, MILTON . . . . .	Great Bridge . . . . .	Norfolk
DECKERSON, JAMES WARREN, JR . . . . .	Lynchburg . . . . .	Campbell
DOBIE, ERNEST WILLIAM . . . . .	Petersburg . . . . .	Dinwiddie
EAST, JOHN HUNTER . . . . .	Clifton Forge . . . . .	Alleghany
FARMER, RAYMOND LUCAS . . . . .	East Radford . . . . .	Montgomery
FOWLKER, WILLIAM THOMAS . . . . .	Oral Oaks . . . . .	Lunenburg
FRONT, WILLIAM SINCLAIR . . . . .	Richmond . . . . .	Henrico
FULGHAN, CLARENCE HAROLD . . . . .	Norfolk . . . . .	Norfolk
GARDNER, ARTHUR CHARLES . . . . .	Blacksburg . . . . .	Montgomery
GIBBS, WARREN WILLIAM . . . . .	Lynchburg . . . . .	Campbell
GILL, DAVID FRANKLIN . . . . .	Norfolk . . . . .	Norfolk
GILMER, GEORGE WALKER, JR . . . . .	Howardsville . . . . .	Albemarle
GLENN, JOHN WILSON . . . . .	South Boston . . . . .	Halifax
GOODLOE, HENRY BOYNTON . . . . .	Alton . . . . .	Nelson
GOODWIN, CLAUDINE RICE MASON . . . . .	Fishersville . . . . .	Augusta
GRABER, JOHN . . . . .	Lodore . . . . .	Amelia
GUSTAVS, PETER WILLIAM . . . . .	Baltimore . . . . .	Baltimore, Maryland
HOBSON, JULIUS LYNN . . . . .	Bristol . . . . .	Washington
HINDS, FRANK CRAWSHAW . . . . .	Winterpeck . . . . .	Henrico
HOWARD, GROVER LATHAM . . . . .	Floyd Court House . . . . .	Floyd
JONES, CHARLES STUART . . . . .	Edgeton . . . . .	Brunswick
KARNES, FRANK WOODS . . . . .	Staunton . . . . .	Augusta
KEARFOTY, CLARENCE BAKER . . . . .	Martinsville . . . . .	Henry
KESTER, HOWARD RUCKER . . . . .	Blacksburg . . . . .	Montgomery
KNEPP, JAMES WARREN . . . . .	Roanoke . . . . .	Roanoke
LAUKEY, HOMER HOLY . . . . .	Iron Gate . . . . .	Alleghany
LYNDON, RAYMOND . . . . .	Blacksburg . . . . .	Montgomery
MICHEL, HENRY CLAY, JR . . . . .	Charlottesville . . . . .	Albemarle
MOODY, WILLIAM CLARENCE, JR . . . . .	Clifton Forge . . . . .	Alleghany

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
McILWAINE, RICHARD	Gordonsville	Orange
NELSON, PHILIP PROSSER	Richmond	Henrico
NEWLAND, DAVID ALBERT	Etter	Wythe
O'SHAUGHNESSY, LOUIS	South Solon	Madison, Ohio
PEEK, HUGH DOUGLAS	Portsmouth	Norfolk
PHIGOTT, FRYTON LOVE	Hamilton	Loudoun
PRICE, WALTER JOHN, JR.	Price's Fork	Montgomery
PRITCHETT, ALBERT GALITAN	Brownville	Pittsylvania
RICHMOND, JACK LITTON	Rural Retreat	Wythe
ROOP, ARTHUR KYLE	Childress	Montgomery
SALE, RICHARD	Chasco	Essex
SYKES, LEE GORDEN	Norfolk	Norfolk
SKYDIE, GILBERT HAYEN	Price's Fork	Montgomery
STADLER, ROBINSON RYLAND	Baltimore	Maryland
STEELE, JOSEPH CLYDE	Low Moor	Alleghany
STOKELY, GEORGE SUMNER	French Broad	Tennessee
SYKES, GROVER CLEVELAND	Portsmouth	Norfolk
VAN DUSEN, JAMES	Richmond	Henrico
VAUGHY, WARREN EARLY	Newport	Giles
WADK, JAMES MONTAGUE	Christiansburg	Montgomery
WALKER, HAROLD WALTON	Vinton	Bonoke
WALSH, WILLIAM JOHN, JR.	Norfolk	Norfolk
WARE, JOSEPH FELIX	Fortress Monroe	Elizabeth City
WERB, JAMES ROBERT, JR.	Richmond	Henrico
WHINNANT, EUGENE WILLIAM	Portsmouth	Norfolk
WILLIAMS, LALON ROMAINE	Blair	Prince George
WILLIAMS, JOHN CHAUNOY	Canova	Fauquier
WILSON, WILLIAM	Cascade	Pittsylvania
WINSTON, LEE	Marysville	Campbell
WOLFE, MAXWELL FARRAR	Gala	Botetourt







FRESHMAN

## CLASS OF 1904.

### OFFICERS.

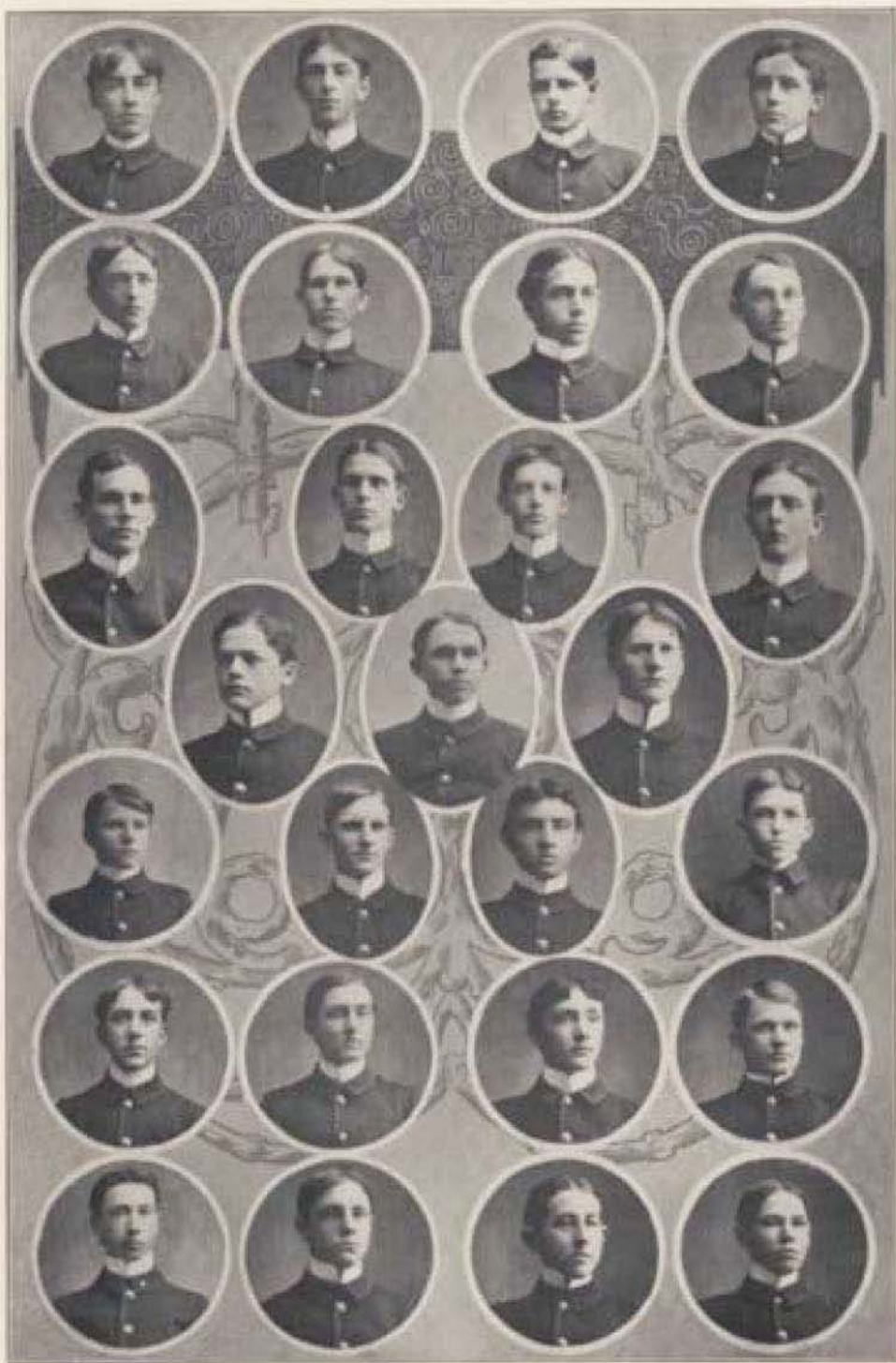
FREDERICK VOWLES GANTT . . . . .	President
HAROLD McCORMICK . . . . .	Vice-President
GEORGE ADRIAN LICH . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
WILLIAM HAY . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms
HARRY LEE CORRELL . . . . .	Historian

#### MOTTO:

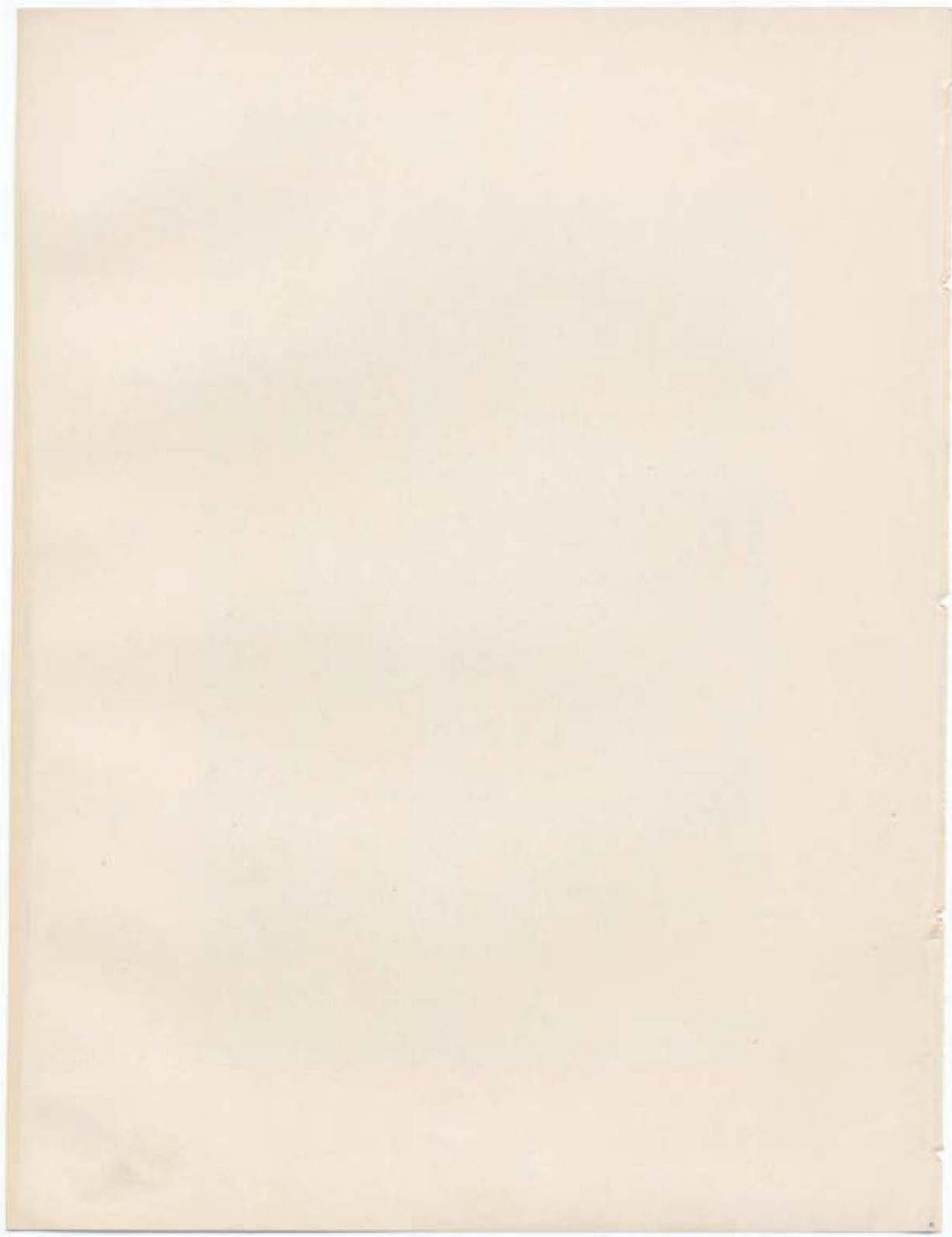
"Upward, Onward,"

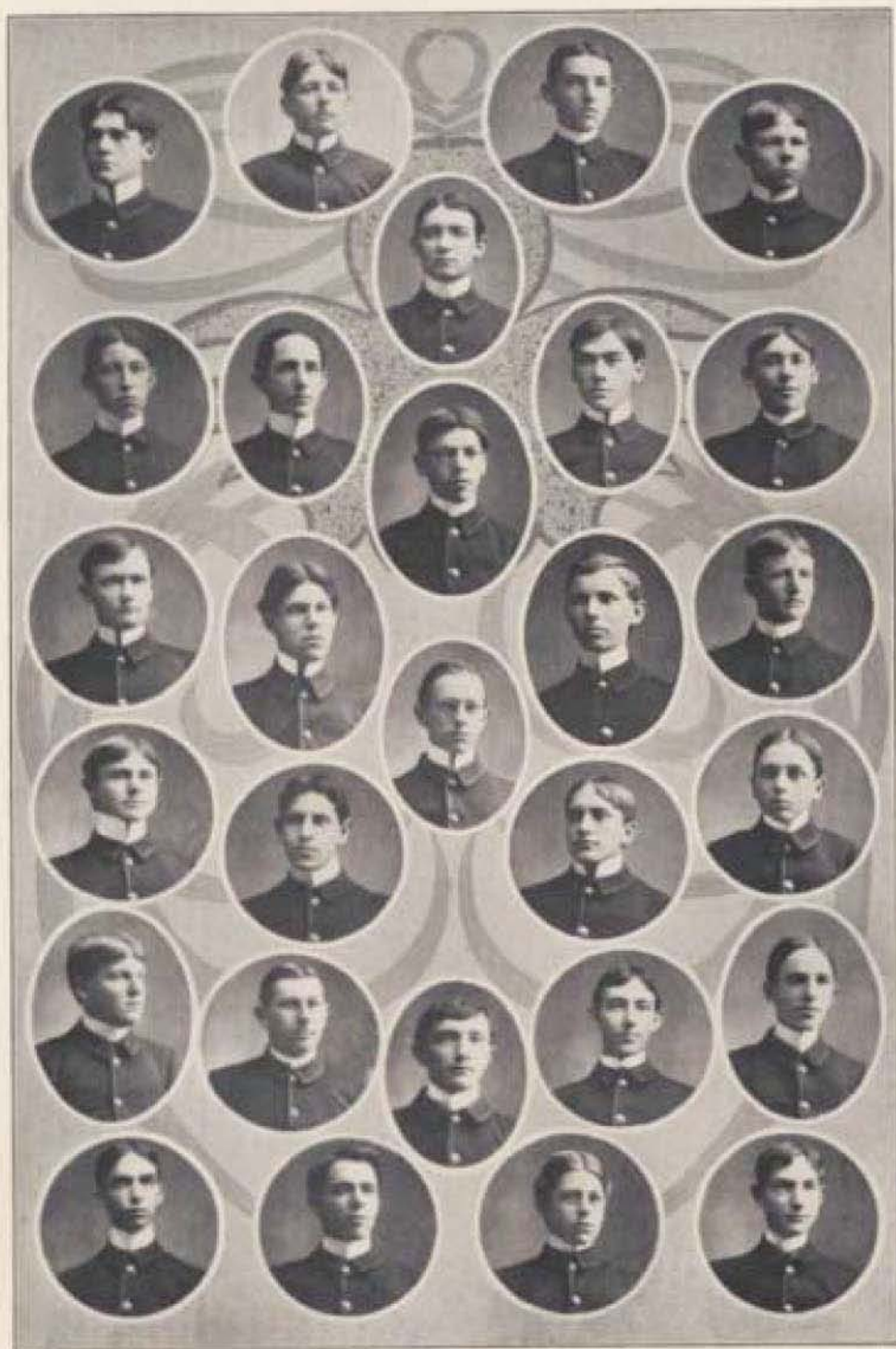
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Navy Blue and Gray.



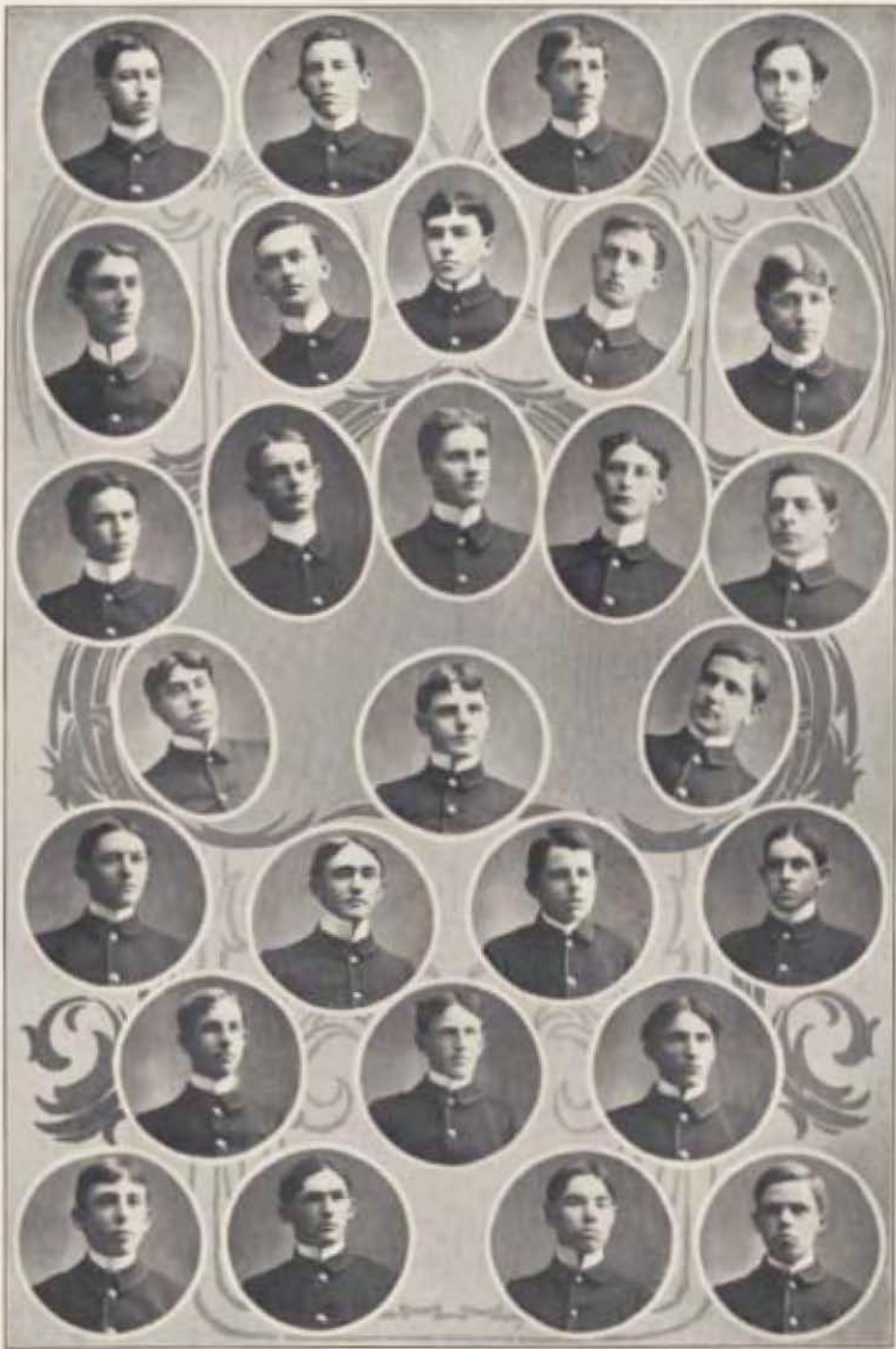
CLASS OF 1904





CLASS OF 1904

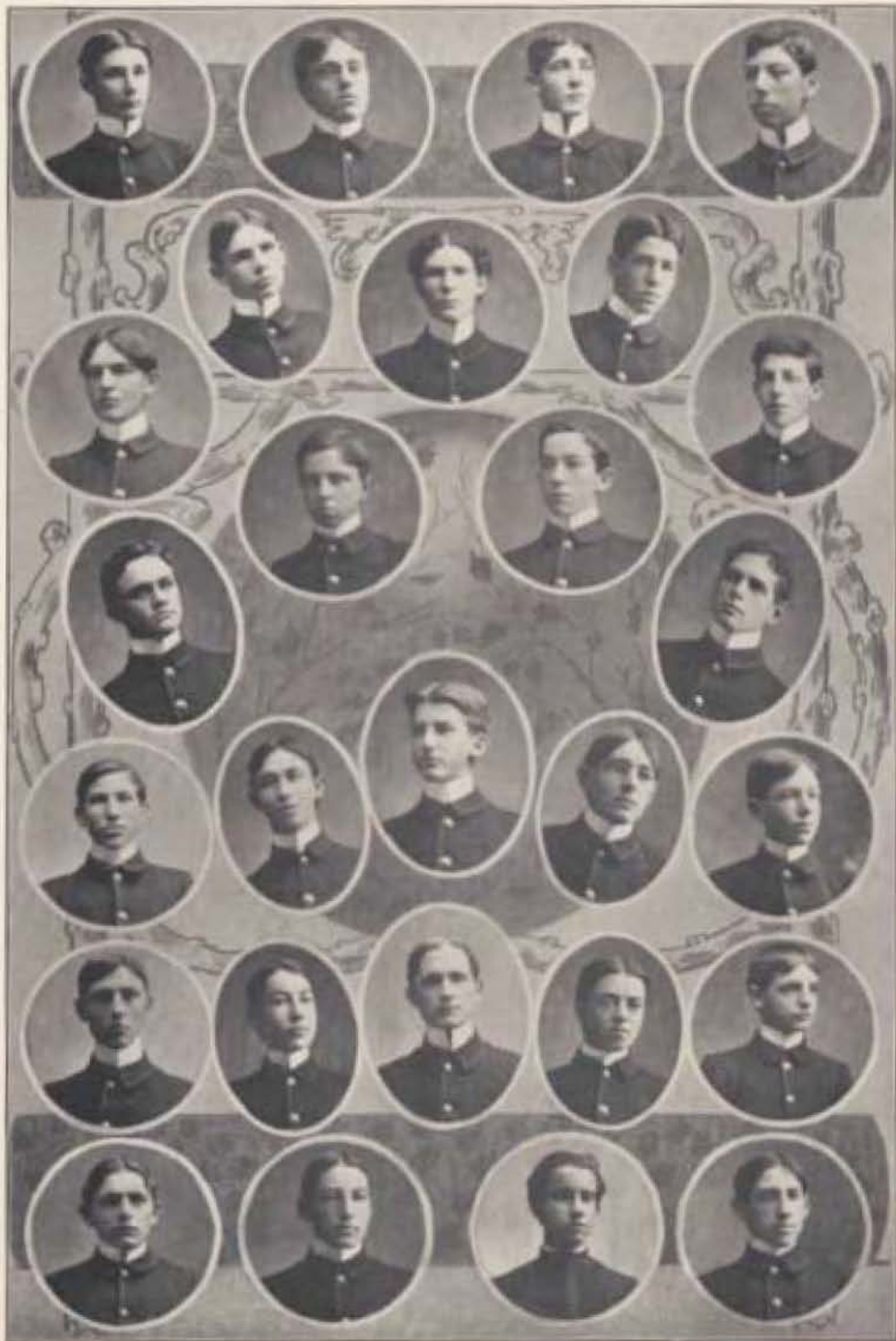




CLASS OF 1904

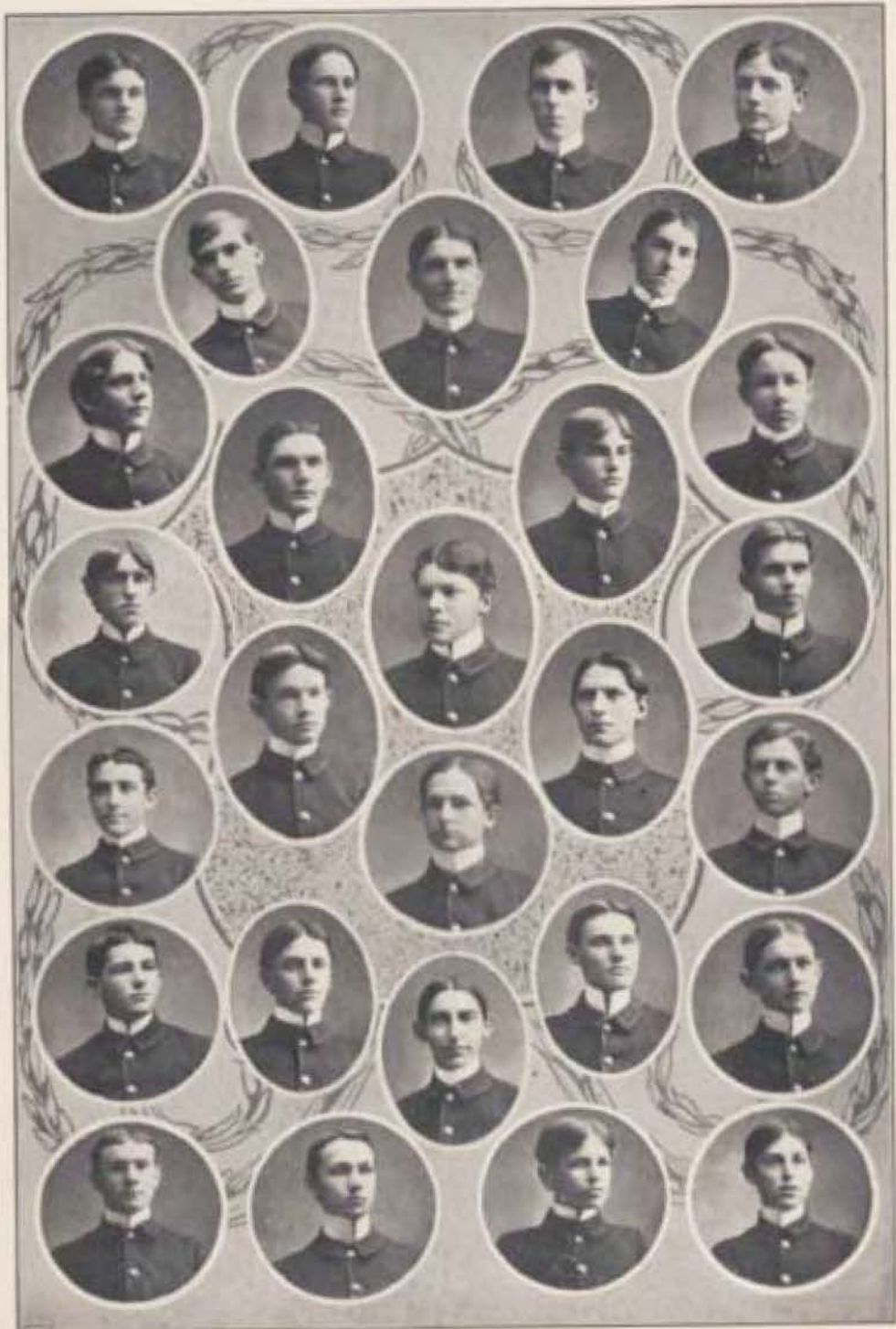







CLASS OF 1904





CLASS OF 1904

## History of Class of 1904.

N the history of the Freshman Class of '04—and this is the largest ever enrolled at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute,—we will not fill up space by discussing each man who has made himself conspicuous, illustrious, or worthy of mention as so many have attained this high standing, and but few will be placed on our list of distinguished. Nor will we press the horrors of a Freshman's first night in barracks on the minds of those who have access to our College ANNUAL, but will break the monotony with more pleasant scenes since the abolition of hazing.

A Freshman's first night, however, is not the most pleasant thing imaginable. Soon after what we were told was "taps," we retired for the night, which was certainly welcomed by those of us who had experienced our first drill in "trunk exercise"—which consisted of a trunk, a "rat" at each end, and a well experienced guide.

The following morning, we rose at our leisure and, owing to the steady arrival of new students, old students, and "trunks," things were seemingly in a great confusion.

Our time was easily taken up in the aforesaid vocation until the afternoon. This was our time for matriculation and to meet our new friend with that unpronounceable name "Taliaferro." This occupied the greater part of the afternoon, but later in the day we chanced to meet our less fortunate fellow-classman "Mouse" Reed, still inquiring for the "President's hangout."

After a week or so of various excitements and experiences, we began to realize that our academic duties were not to be overlooked entirely and with a wise look we settled down with a determination against the inevitables.

Attention will now be called to a brief review of the most promising of our Class. Here are Tom and Dan, having just arrived from the "green fields of Virginia," calling back to our memories the almost forgotten Siamese twins, and resembling each other in physiognomical effect so much as to make it utterly impossible to recognize Tom without the presence of his fraternal Pollux.

The next member of our august Class to discuss will be Rubie Webb—so called to coincide with his beaming forehead, which reminds us of a blast furnace on a dark night—who on his arrival informed us of his intention of taking up an *educational* course.

In every Freshman Class for years past they have had some giant youth to look forward to as one who would in a few years bear the "garland of olive

leaves." This year we have the colossal "Gunpowder," whose good nature, bass voice, and herculean appearance have won for him the admiration of his classmates.

Ballet dancers and chorus girls are seldom seen in this vicinity, but we have with us one who persists in introducing this spirit into our Class. Here we see coming "Ryestraw," as he has been dubbed, displaying his wonderful vocal talent, and winning for himself the worthy distinction of a primo-mono. Lastly, but not at all overshadowed by the preceding members mentioned, comes Pete Barrow, freshness personified, whose persistent familiarity necessitating the bayonet and Spartan spirit, have made him popular.

Drifting away from mentioning individuals, we will now take up the time intervening between our arrival and the intermediate examinations. Keeping up with our work, but watching eagerly each step in athletics, not because we were represented on the Varsity team, but with that natural college spirit that cries out for victory. One thing we can boast of with pride, is that our success was admirable in the line of rooting, and we can only sigh at the thought of not having more opportunities of exhibiting our powers on the side-lines.

The Southern trip of our team was a great success, and gave us ample cause for rejoicing which terminated in a bon-fire, as soon as the news of victory reached us. After this event nothing of special interest took place until the Christmas holidays. And when they came at last, the Class was indeed a happy one—at the thought of being released from the restrictions of military duty, and the prestige of the upper-classmen for two weeks. Why should not we be happy? These few days of enjoyment were soon past, and with this joyous reminiscence to buoy us up until our more prolonged vacation, we returned with sad and homesick hearts to our respective quarters. At our first assembly we found several familiar faces missing from our ranks, but their places were soon filled with new ones. With the perpetual gaze of the intermediate examinations staring us in the face, we had but little time to grieve over our lost comrades or welcome new ones. The examinations were soon upon us and past. Lindsay, Yost, Tiffany, and Purcell each attained the mark of distinction.

The next thing of importance we might mention is the snow-battle between the New and Old Barracks "rats," which was carried on in perfect good humor, and was, indeed, an enjoyable affair to the participants as well as the spectators. The result was a decisive victory for the New Barracks, due solely to their large majority. No one in particular distinguished himself as a hero, and strange to say the "sick squad" was not reinforced on account of it.

Military this year has been a glorious success. Never has there been seen among the Freshman Class so many who would make even Apollo envious to behold them, each striving with eager aspiration for military honors. One, especially, we might mention, "Grandpa" Cordley, who was among the first to submit his application for a "Corp."

As the session is now drawing to a close we have but little thought for anything, except our final examinations, and after that our prospective trip to Buffalo.

And as our collegiate year is closing it will necessitate, also the closing of the history of the Class of '04. This year has been to each of us, as we believe, a prosperous one. And now with a genial hand-clasp and good wishes, we will bid each other a long farewell, hoping next year we may all meet again, not as Freshmen, but to bear the honors of a Sophomore; and so on, from year to year, until we have reaped the reward of our labors, and are dismissed from our alma mater with its invaluable riches.

HISTORIAN.



## MEMBERS CLASS 1904.

NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.
ANDERSON, WILLIAM ANDREW, JR.	Leahington	Rockbridge
ATKINS, CARL TAYLOR	Marion	Smyth
BAKER, GEDDIE LUCKENS	Alexandria	Alexandria
BARGER, FRED WILLIAM	Shawsville	Montgomery
BARKER, CLARENCE HILL	Mendota	Washington
BARNES, JETHRO GARNETT	Sunbeam	Southampton
BARROW, PETER SPENCER	Alvah	Henry
BAUMAN, CHARLES FREDERICK	Fredericksburg	Spottsylvania
BAXTER, DOUGLAS MITCHELL	Staunton	Augusta
BELOTE, JAMES CADEN	Norfolk	Norfolk
BENTLEY, FRANK MAITLAND	Washington	Mason, Kentucky
BERKELEY, MAURICE FITZGERALD	Staunton	Augusta
BERKELEY, HENRY PARK FARLEY	Amelia	Amelia
BOGGS, FRANK HENRY	Springwood	Boisjourt
BRADBURY, WILLIAM LOWELL, JR.	Nasom	Orange
BRADY, FRANK	Hot Springs	Bath
BRANDERBURG, MAGON CLEMMER	Staunton	Augusta
BROWN, TERRY LINWOOD	Churchwood	Pulaski
BRUCE, SAMUEL JOSEPH	Rice Depot	Prince Edward
BURCH, HERBERT JAMES	Danville	Pittsylvania
BURTON, LESLIE CLYDE	The Falls	Nottoway
BUSSELL, BONNER LEVING	Irrington	Lancaster
BUTLER, FRANK ROBERT	Covington	Allegheny
BYRNES, JOSEPH WADK	Falls Church	Fairfax
CANTRO, EDGAR CARLOS	San Juan	Argentine Republic, S. A.
CHAMBERS, BENJAMIN	Dovesville	Darlington, South Carolina
CHASE, WILLIAM WITHEROW	Staunton	Augusta
CHILTON, WILLIAM MERRIMON	Lancaster	Lancaster
CLOYD, DAVID McNUTT, JR.	Dublin	Pulaski
CONRY, HENRY ELLIS	Roanoke	Roanoke
CONRY, WILLIAM FRANKLIN	Roanoke	Roanoke
CORDLEY, WILLIE LESTER	Richmond	Henrico
CORNELL, HARRY LEE	Vinton	Roanoke
COOK, PATRICK KEMPTON	Jonesville	Lee
CHONGEY, HORATIO BOYNS	Wytheville	Wythe
DAVIS, FRED WILLIAM	Christiansburg	Montgomery
DAVIS, THOMAS BURNISS	Stuartsville	Greene
DRINKARD, ROBERT URIEL	Dingsid	Campbell
DENN, WALLACE ADAIR	Wilmington	New Hanover, North Carolina
ECHRAHM, HERMAN WILLIAM	New Castle	Lawrence, Pennsylvania
ELLIOTT, THOMAS JACKSON	Danville	Pittsylvania
FRENKYNOUGH, ROBERT EDWARD	Washington	District of Columbia
FLEET, BEVERLEY	Ashland	Hanover
FONTAINE, WILLIAM HALE	Martinsville	Henry
FRENCH, HUGH POWERS	Sunnyside	Cumberland

NAME.	TOWN.	COUNTY.
GANTY, FREDERICK VOWLES	Lynchburg	Campbell
GASKNER, CHARLES ARTHUR	Blacksburg	Montgomery
GILKESON, WILLIAM ESKRINGS	Rose	Augusta
GLASS, EDWARD CHRISTIAN, JR.	Lynchburg	Campbell
GOULDMAN, JOHN HALSEY	Lynchburg	Campbell
GRAYSON, FRANK KENNEDY	Saltville	Smyth
GRIFFIN, CHARLES DICKINSON	Fork Union	Floyd
GUERREANT, JOHN CATSON	Danville	Pittsylvania
HADLEY, RICHARD ALLEN	Stanton	Augusta
HALEY, LITTLEBERRY JAMES	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
HALSEY, EDWIN ALEXANDER	Washington	District of Columbia
HANCOCK, CHARLES WILLIAM	Renoake	Renoake
HARRIS, ROBERT MARTIN	Spottsylvania	Spottsylvania
HARRISON, EDWARD MORTIMER	Shirley	Charles City
HAY, WILLIAM	Madison	Madison
HEATH, MICHAEL YOUNGER	Nazwa	Campbell
HEFLIN, ROBERT DUNLAP	Hinton	Summers, West Virginia
HEIN, CLEMENT CRAIG	Blacksburg	Montgomery
HILL, HENRY HARRIS	Renoake	Renoake
HINES, LEBBY OGDON	Besene	Isle of Wight
HOWARD, HUNTER CLEVELAND	Floyd	Floyd
HOWE, DANIEL SHEPHERD	Dublin	Polaski
HOWE, THOMAS MCGAYOCK	Dublin	Polaski
HUDSON, GEORGE PURNELL, JR.	Norfolk	Norfolk
HUGHES, STEPHEN TILLMAN, JR.	Trenton	Edgefield, South Carolina
HIDE, JOHN NEWTON	Winchester	Frederick
JOHNSON, JAMES AMBLER	Salem	Renoake
JONES, JOHN PRAUCHY	Morriam	Warwick
KAUFMAN, GROVER CLEVELAND	Charlottesville	Allemanis
KELLEY, LOUIS LUCK	Glade Spring	Washington
KIE, JOHN WILLIAM	Fork Union	Floyd
KIRKWOOD, O'BELLO KIMBALL	Churchwood	Polaski
LANE, WILLIAM HENRY	Woodthville	Renoake
LATANE, WILLIAM CATSBY, JR.	Oak Grove	Westmoreland
LAWSON, JACOB LINWOOD	Suffolk	Sauceswood
LEE, GEORGE ADRIAN	Danville	Pittsylvania
LEWIS, HARRY CALLOWAY	Lansel Grove	Pittsylvania
LISSON, PERCY GARLAND	Broadus	Nelson
LINDSAY, RICHARD LEE	Allisona	Polaski
LINDON, HOMER GENIS	Priest Park	Montgomery
LOCHER, HARRY ORRICK, JR.	Locher	Rockbridge
LOCH, ALFRED LEE	Stanton	Augusta
LYON, MENCURE NELSON	Mt. Wilson	Baltimore, Maryland
MARTIN, FRANK LYSANDER	Portsmouth	Norfolk
MAYER, RALPH DAVID	Buenos Aytes	Argentine Republic, S. America
MAYNARD, JAMES CLEVELAND	Magruder	York
MEASE, MOSSIE EDGAR	Sandy Level	Pittsylvania
MILLER, CHARLES EDWARD	Richmond	Henrico
MORGAN, BENO DAVID	Martinsville	Henry
MORRIS, MARION McDONALD, JR.	Glade Spring	Washington



NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
MORTON, JACKSON	Orange	Orange
MCCLENTIC, CHARLES ARCHER	Covington	Alleghany
MCCORMICK, HAROLD	Fairfield	Rockbridge
NEAL, GEORGE WILLIAM	Lola	Pittsylvania
NIGHTINGALE, HARRY A.	Richmond	Henrico
NORFORD, ROBERT TAYLOR	Pridleys	Albemarle
OTKY, ROBERT GRAHAM HANSON	Bristol	Sullivan, Tennessee
PAGE, RANDOLPH ROCKWELL	Washington	District Columbia
PAULETT, VERNON PICKETT	Farmville	Prince Edward
PEARM, WALTER ORVILLE	Hilo	Augusta
PERKINS, CHARLES JETER	Cherys Brook	Floyd
PERRY, ARTHUR GORDON YATES	Baltimore City	Baltimore, Maryland
PIERSON, JOHN BOLLING	Summit	Spottsylvania
PHILLIPS, CLYDE VERNON	Trenton Mills	Cumberland
PRATT, FRANK CUSHING	Montleithville	Stafford
PRICE, CHARLES PARNHAM	Brookneal	Campbell
PRICE, WALTER ALEXANDER	Prices Fork	Montgomery
PURCELL, JOHN BOLLING	Albemarle	Albemarle
REAVES, CHARLES CALES	Atlas	Pittsylvania
REED, LESLIE WALTON	Rosnoke	Rosnoke
ROBSON, GEORGE T., JR.	Moxy Creek	Augusta
ROTH, GEORGE FREDERICK	Newport News	Warwick
ROYALL, WILLIAM SPENCER	Trenholm	Powhatan
ROYER, DONALD ROSSITER	Rosnoke	Rosnoke
SANDERS, JOHN WILLIAM, JR.	Bristol	Washington
SAUNDERS, CARTER TEMPLE	Ervington	Campbell
SCOTT, GEORGE HOBSON	Gordonsville	Orange
SHIELDS, THOMAS BALDWIN	Norfolk	Norfolk
SMITH, JAMES EDWIN, JR.	Clifton Forge	Alleghany
STALRY, DAVID DANIEL	Marion	Smyth
STEWART, ARCHIBALD MITCHELL	Columbia	Richland, South Carolina
STILES, JOSEPH CLAY	Elliston	Montgomery
STILES, WILLIAM HENRY	Elliston	Montgomery
STOKE, ALBERT CRIGHTON	Charlottesville	Albemarle
TALBOT, JOHN WILSON	Killcott	Howard, Maryland
TALCOTT, NATHAN EDMONDSON BERRY	Boo Air	Chesterfield
TAYLOR, HENRY LEIPER	Oak Grove	Westmoreland
TAYLOR, THOMAS FLINT, JR.	Geyserville	Sonoma, California
TELLERUEHA, FRANCISCO YABIER	Guanabacoa	Cuba
THIBODEAUX, ERNEST AUGUSTUS	Thibodaux	La Fourche, Louisiana
THORPE, RALPH BRINK	Richmond	Henrico
TIFFANY, HUNTON	Landmark	Fauquier
TINSLEY, JOSHUA MARTIN	Crooked Run	Culpeper
TURNER, HENRY DAVID	Cambria	Montgomery
TURNER, JOHN DANIEL	Covington	Alleghany
WADE, GUY WALTERS	Christiansburg	Montgomery
WADDLE, JOHN ATKINS	Garba	Albemarle
WALKER, TERRELL HAMILTON	Newport News	Warwick
WEBB, DAVID STUART	Stratton	Augusta

NAME	TOWN	COUNTY
WEIR, MASON WATSON	Newcastle	Craig
WHITMORE, GEORGE BRUCE	Petersburg	Dinwiddie
WILSON, JOHN WALTER	Lewisburg	Greenbrier, West Virginia
WILSON, GEORGE CHALLE	Elmont	Hanover
WILLIAMS, SAMUEL MARTIN	Bland	Bland
WINDSOR, RICHARD SILAS, JR.	Alexandria	Alexandria
WRIGHT, DANIEL	Rest	Fredertok
WRIGHT, RANDOLPH EARLE	Curtis	Bedford
YOST, FRANK MARSHALL	Elmhurst	Augusta





BLACKSBURG FROM THE SHOPS





Literary.



## Uncle Charles's Story.

**T**HE October sun was shining brightly, while a light wind sent the red and yellow leaves in a flurry down the path before me, as I sauntered down to the remains of what had been the "Quarter" in "Antebellum" days on the "Eilerslie" homestead. I always went down for a chat with old "Uncle Charles" some time during the day. Charles was one of the old family servants who, since he had become old, and could do little work, had returned to the old home where he had known gaiety and prosperity in his youth, as so many of the old negroes through our "South-land" do. As he expressed it "Mistiss, now Mars was dead, had a claim on him for to help her keep up things on the 'state."

So Charles lived at the "Quarter," and did light tasks, and tried to see to his "Mistiss's" interests on the farm, and woe be unto the person, black or white, whom Charles thought trying to take advantage of her. If white, Charles abused them roundly, ending up with the height of calumny in a negro's opinion, "that they wan't nothin' 't all but poo' white trash;" if colored, they undoubtedly descended from "free niggers, an' didn't have no raisin'."

The old man was never tired of discoursing upon the former grandeur, riches, beauty and goodness of "our family," as he called his former owners.

My father often laughingly said that old Charles exaggerated, and where his "people" were concerned, multiplied by ten. Be this as it may, according to his light,—no truer, more loving heart ever beat in a dark breast than old Charles's for his people.

I was on a visit to my aunt, who owned the old homestead. I always came up in the fall for a week's hunt and rest from law books, red tape, and a stuffy office.

I found the old man this evening sitting at the door, with an immense pair of steel spectacles across his nose. On his knees rested a small brass-bound box, open, in which he was carefully arranging, and examining several packages.

He looked up as the dogs bounded forward and my shadow fell across the door, a smile on his wrinkled dark face, a kindly light in his dim old eyes, as he said: "Come in Mars Torm! I's jes a wondering if you was gwine forgit old Charles dis evenin', I was jes a lookin' over these ole rullocks, an' keepsakes an' seein' dat ain't none of dem been misplaced, nor nothin'. There was some picturs, an' things whar I promised to show you, so I thought I

would get de box an' find 'em. But who dat I see up at de house? Mr. Washington Payne! Mr. Washington nothin'! What he doing comin' here? He ain't fitten to visit Mars Landon's chillun, if he do ride a fine horse, an' make him prance and caper, an' war yeller kid globes, an' part his har' in de middle, and fume hisself up with c'one; I knowed his daddy, an' his granddaddy, too, an' none ob dem thought to presume to visit at ole Marsters. Not but what Marster wan't polite an' gentlemanfied to all, de lowest, as well as de highest; he couldn't been nothin' 'tall else. Real 'quality' is born so, you know, Mars Tom.

"Seems to me," said old Charles with a sniff, "Mr. Payne is tryin' to come round sparkin' Miss Elsie. I saw him castin' his eye at her mighty peart odder day at church, comin' up dar an' helpin' Mistiss, an' Miss Elsie out ob de kerrige. I was jes great mind to he'p 'em out myse'f; if I had er had anybody to hold my horses, I would a done it. If he has been to college, an' brought home a whole lot ob medals, an' things, I 'spec' he bought 'em, cause I know you can buy medals, for I see lots ob medals, an' locketts an' things in Richmond at all de stores for sale."

"Well! Uncle Charles," I said, "People have different opinions in regard to Mr. Payne; they all seem to like him. Your word, though, will have some weight with Cousin Elsie."

I had my private reasons for wishing Uncle Charles to speak to Elsie on the subject of Mr. Payne; not that there was anything wrong with the fellow, but then I did not like the idea of his being in love with her.

To me, my Cousin Elsie had always appeared the daintiest, fairest of human beings, ever since my childhood days, when on long visits at Ellerslie, I had helped her over fences, and ditches on our wild rambles through the woods. Even in that far-off time, I had saved my largest hickory nuts, and sweetest, reddest apples for her, and gone through briars, and mud to get the prettiest wild flowers, to make wreaths for her sunny head. It now seemed to me, she showed this Payne fellow some favor; did she really like him, or was there a grain of the coquette in Elsie's composition?

Ah! if a lawyer's profession were not such an up-hill road! What right had a briefless lawyer to ask the girl he loved to risk starvation with him, even though her present lot was not a bright, or fortunate one?

I turned from my own thoughts and, seating myself in the cabin door, held out my hand for the daguerreotype Uncle Charles was holding in his hand. "Now dis," said old Charles, "was Miss Pollie, when she was jes in her prime (and he carefully polished the glass with an old tattered silk bandanna, looking with much pride on the picture). "Lord! but she was pretty, an' dat proud! But gentle, an' kind to us darkies, bless her sweet heart." Thus the old man went on, as he looked at the pictured face, then handed it to me.

The face was indeed beautiful, the sweet solemn eyes seemed to gaze at me with a sad pathetic light in their blue depths, the beautiful hair was piled



high above the white forehead in the fashion of long ago. There was rather a haughty curve in the carriage of the head, and in the square little chin, which tradition said we inherited from our Scotch ancestors, but the mouth had a sad little droop, like a grieved child. Yes! I could see the likeness to several members of our family. I inherited the square chin,—and the Scotch will, too, I think, and yes, those were Elsie's eyes, just as I had seen them when she felt hurt, or discouraged, and the sad little droop of the mouth was hers, also.

As I did not speak Uncle Charles grew restless. "Yes, sir!" he broke in, "a fine, gran' lady, in her day,—the belle, an' beauty, ob Caroline County. Lord! Mars Torm, she could a had her pick ob de finest young gentermens of de State, much less de county. Bless Gord! de times I done seen, when I was a boy, an' use to go along wid de kerrige, as footman. Yes, Mars Torm! everybody whar' was quality had footmen, an' body-servants, even if dey did choose to drive de'selves sometimes.

"Many an' many a time is I done see de young gentermens a scheming, an' a tryin' to see which could get to de kerrige door first, for to help Miss Pollie out, an' she would look out in dat little proud way of hern,—as if she say to herself 'I ain't gwine have none of you, but I'll be kind to you, an' I ain't gwine to tell you I won't; den she jes step lightly down de steps, in her little satin shoes and she put jes de tips of her fingers on one genterman's arm, for to support her down you know, den she smile at another, she han' her prayer-book to de nex'; den, dar! she done please 'em all, an' each genterman think he 's de one she like bes', an' he almos' willin' to chop de res' ob dem in two, for daring to look at her.

"Dem was gran' days Mars Torm! not like dese poo' times when a nigger has to work early an' late, an' den don't hab nothin' 't all when de mont come to de end,—done eat it all up, an' owe de store man somethin' besides. I's gettin' moughty tired ob it myself! I voted for gold, when Mr. President McKinley was 'lected, but he ain't done 'membered me, an' sent me none, yet.

"As I was a tellin' of you though, Mars Torm, Miss Pollie, she jes skim aroun' like a swallow, an' don't take none of dem, what seemed almos' dying for her, but when Mars Paul come along, I knowed from de start she done foun' her match. He was a kind ob cousin you know, an' went to college with her brother, Mars William, whar was your an' Miss Elsie's grand'pa. He come home wid Mars William, when dey got through college, an' stayed all summer here at ole Marsters. His father lived way up in New York State, or somewhar up dar. Well! who could a blamed Miss Pollie for he certainly was one fine, handsome, gran', genterman. I was in de hall helpin' to carry de trunks an' things to dey rooms, an' I saw Miss Pollie as she came down de stair in white, lookin' like a beautiful angel, only she didn't hab no wings. I saw Mars Paul stop an' star' an' sorter kitch' his bref when he see her. She han' out her hands to him in de mos' gracioses way, an' say whar' she done heard much ob him through her brother's letters an' feel like she already know

him. Mars Paul wan't no ways behind her in graciousness an' 'portment, neither; his fine bow, as he scrape back his foot an' took her han' an' kissed it, 'minded me ob de pictures ole Miss showed us of Sunday evenings in de Bible, whar King Solomon was a bein' introduced to the Queen ob Sheby.

"Arter dat, what times dar was, sech ridin' an' going to dinners, an' company a comin' all de time; dar wan't no res' day nor night. Dar was lots ob young folks staying at Marster's all dat summer. I certainly did enjoy myself, too, 'cause I went everywhar de kerrige went, an' we darkies had fine times in de kitchen, as well as de white folks in de house. Mars William was gwine get married that fall; he an' Miss Mary Conway done been promised to one another almost since dey was chilluns. My sister Hannah was Miss Pollie's maid, an' she say she hearn Mars Paul wanted Miss Pollie to marry him at de same time, but she put him off, an' fool along, an' wouldn't promise. One day she would seem gentle as a lamb, an' dat kind she would go anywhar Mars Paul axed her to, an' sing, an' play for him on de pianny, an' lord! he would hang over her an' look at her like he worship de very groun' whar she walked on, but nex' day, perhaps, she wouldn't take no notice ob him whatever. She would talk to all de other gentermans, an' 'tend not to see him, when he would come an' stan' close to her an' jine in de conversation. Den he 'd look jes as sad, an' serious as if he was seeking 'Tigion, an' he would go off an' sit by hisse'f on de portico in de moonlight, an' smoke, an' think ober it. Arter a long time Miss Pollie she seemed to grow restless, an' presently she would slip out ob de parlor an' go out dar, lookin' like a little white ghost,—in her white frock. She would go up soft like to Mars Paul, an' sit down on de seat at his side, an' slip her little han' in hisn. Den, dar! he was in heaven agin."

"But Uncle Charles," said I laughing, and with the strong suspicion that the old man was drawing upon his imagination, "how did you always happen to be present and see so much?"

The old man drew himself up with much dignity, as he looked at me steadily, saying: "Hy, Mars Tom, I was one ob de house boys, whose business 't was, always to be 'bout de house, doin' of different things,—den if anybody needed anything, den I was right dar on han' to get it for 'em, immediate like; den Hannah, my sister, she tell me a lot, an' so did Tildy, Miss Mary Conway's maid. You know I married Tildy arter Mars William done married Miss Mary an' brought her home, an' settled down. Well! dat summer as I was tellin' of you, Mars Paul would seem in heaven when Miss Pollie loved him, an' almos' in de other place when she didn't. It seem like Miss Pollie couldn't zackly make up her mind; she love Mars Paul, still she couldn't quit her foolin'. 'Bout dis time, Miss Mandy Reid an' her brother, Mars Gustus, come to visit at Marster's. Den de mischief commenced, from what we servants saw an' hear. It seems Miss Mandy knowed Mars Paul in New York; we darkies always did believe she want him for herse'f. Hannah say she ain't done like her nobow, 'cause she so stuck up, an' proud; wouldn't return

we all's howdy by so much as a nod of her haid. When we come in de house of a mornin' Marster always made us tell all de white folks howdy. Law! our young Mistisses an' Marsters wan't raised dat a way; dey would a been 'shamed ob deselves to let a poo' nigger been more politer den dey was.

"Arter dat, I notice when Mars Paul would come out on de porch to commune wid hese'l, Miss Mandy she would come a tippin' out, an' sich a laughin' an' a carryin' on' a tappin' ob him wid her fan an' a whisperin' to him. Tildy say one night Miss Mandy ax her to bring her shawl out dar to her, an' she hears her, wid her own two ears, a tellin' Mars Paul Miss Pollie was de wos' flirt she knowed, an' if she was in his place she jes wouldn't stan' it, an' would show her he wouldn't put up wid it. Den she tell him, Miss Pollie an' her brother Gustus been sweethearts all dey lives. Tildy say Miss Mandy so busy talkin' dat she ain't done see her standin' dar for some time an' dat was how she come to hear it. Tildy say ever since dat time, when you see a 'oman wid black har', an pale silver colored, shiny eyes, dey is always sly an' mean, an' you can't trus' 'em to tell de trufe no how. I don't know nothin' 'tall 'bout eyes an' har', but I b'lieve Miss Mandy did say lots what wan't down in de Bible.

"Miss Polly was as proud as proud could be for all her lovin' ways. Hannah said often Miss Mandy would come in Miss Pollie's room of a night an' talk, an' she would always have somethin' to say 'bout Mars Paul; how he use to 'spark' her in New York, but dat she never b'lieved him, 'cause everybody knew he made a boast of how all de ladies followed him up. Hannah said Miss Pollie's eyes fair flashed, but she didn't say nothin' 't all, but laugh, an' shake back her curls, but Hannah say she knew de black sparkle in Miss Pollie's eyes meant mischief.

"One night Miss Mandy show Miss Pollie a red rose, what she said Mars Paul give her wid de meanin' an' she frew it down on Miss Pollie's dressin'-table, an' made out she forgot, an' lef' it dar. Hannah say she picked up de ole withered thing, an' was gwine carry it out wid de trash, but Miss Pollie took it 'way from her, an' say she want dat rose, an' she stuck it in de side of her lookin'-glass, whar every time she look at herse'l she would see it.

"Mars Paul, he see sights arter dat. Miss Pollie never hab no time to talk to him nobow, she always hab Mars Gustus Reid, or some other genterman wid her; she was always playin', an' singin' to 'em, or walkin' or ridin' wid 'em. Mars Paul, he get gloomier, an' gloomier, an' take long walks by hese'l, an' set up late in de billiard room, playin' billiards an' cayrds arter de ladies done gone to de rooms for de night.

"One night as I went in to carry de ice an' mint, I see Mars Gustus Reid countin' ober a lot ob gold, an' he sey jes as I han' him his glass, 'Well, Paul, I've been in luck for the last night or two, but your turn will come to-morrow night, an' you can have your revenge.'

"Den de las' sad time came, Mars Torm. 'Bout a week arter dat, de club ob young gentermens gib a supper, a 'banket' dey call it. 'T was at de Ches-

terfield Inn whar de racecourse was, an' dat day, before de banquet, dar was races dar also. I went to help wid de horses. Mars William had two horses on de track and beauties dey was! One ob dem won de silver cup, an' de other ought to 'a' had a prize, but she got cheated out ob it. Dat night arter de fine supper, dar was gaming ob all kinds. Mars Paul, Mars 'Gustus Reid an' two other gentermens, sat down at a table for to play cayrds. Most ob de gentermans had been drinkin' toasts, an' I could see dey wan't zackly deyselves, from de way dey was laughin' an' bettin'. I come in de room wid de boy to help put wood on de fire, an' I jes staid, standin' back in de corner outen everybody's way. It look like luck dome change dat night, for Mars Paul won straight through, an' every time dey would bet higher, an' higher, 'til las' dar was quite a stack ob gold in front ob Mars Paul. Den I see Mars 'Gustus Reid was gettin' mad an' quarrelsome. Dey dealt de cayrds again, an' Mars 'Gustus bet—*way up yander!* Den Mars Paul, he go up above him, den all ob 'em say dey call him, an' he won again. Dat seem more den Mars 'Gustus could stan', an' he look at Mars Paul wid de curiosomest smile on his face I ever see, wid his eyes sorter drawn together, an' he say, 'You are in luck to-night Paul, it is a pity you are not so lucky in love.' At de same time he laugh low like, to hisse'I, an' I saw him unbutton a button on his velvet weskit, an' show somethin' on the end ob his watch-chain, tucked inside. It looked like a locket and I heard arterward it was a locket whar Mars Paul dome give Miss Pollie wid his picture inside.

"I saw Mars Paul's face go as dark as a thunder cloud, an' he say a whole crowd ob words, whar I can't repeat, being as I am a church member. He jes stood up dar wid his eyes fair blazin', an' rech ober dat table, an' jerk Mars 'Gustus by his collar almos' clean 'cross de table, an' he say, 'You contemptible scoundrel, an' cheatin' puppy!' Wid dat, he gib him one soundin' slap on de lef' cheek, an' another on de right, 'fore Mars 'Gustus hardly had time to catch his bref; den de other gentermen jump up an' part 'em.

Mars William, he seemed so distressed, he took Mars Paul in another room. Arter a long time I heard a lot ob de gentermens talkin' in de hall, den Mars Williams call me, an' sent me borne for his pistols. My heart went down in de bottom of my boots when I heard dat order.

"I went an' brought 'em, I couldn't find out nothin' 'tall else, an' Mars William told me for to stay in de kitchen till he called me. I slept an' dozed some, though I certainly was bothered in my mind.

"At last, soon arter sunrise, Mars William come in, lookin' white an' distressed almos' to death, an' say, 'Charles come on!' My heart fair jumped in my mouth, Mars Torm, for I knew something dreadful dome happen'. He took me through a little strip of woods at de back ob de house, an' dar lyin' white an' bleedin' on de groun', wid his eyes shut, was Mars Paul. De doctor was bendin' ober him, but he shook his haid as Mars William came up. De kerrige from home was dar, an' we all lifted Mars Paul into it, an' propped him up

wid pillows. Mars William an' de doctor got in an' we drove off home, as fas' as de horses could take us.

"It was a sad day for us all, cause we every one of us loved Mars Paul, an' de doctor say he could not live through the day.

"All de fine company lef' soon as dey heard de bad news, Miss Mandy Reid, an' de rest.

"Hannah told me when Mars William came up to Miss Pollie's room for to tell her what done happen, she was dressed, an' standin by de window, an' when she saw him she knowed somethin' dreadful done happen, by his face. She jes cover her face wid her two han's, and say 'What is it? I know it is something about Paul,—I dreamed of him all through the night,—dreamed he was dying an' calling me.' Den Hannah say Mars William jes put be arms 'round her an' told her all 'bout it.

"Miss Pollie never fainted, nor screamed, nor nothin', as some folks would a done; no, dar was too much high steppin' blood in her for dat, she jes went quietly down de stairs wid Mars William to Mars Paul, an' she never lef' him til dey took her away nex' mornin' 'bout day, after he was dead. He died wid his haid on her shoulder, an' her arm 'roun' him, his las' words was to tell her not to grieve; they had done splained all, Miss Pollie had done loss her locket, an' Mars 'Gustus foun' it, an' tried to use it for his own mean schemes in partin' of 'em, cause he want Miss Pollie for hisse'f.

"I saw all dat happen dat las' day ob Mars Paul's life, 'cause dey needed me 'bout de room to run on errands.

"Well, Mars Torm, dar wan't much more den. Miss Pollie had brain fever, an' dey thought she would never get ober it, but she did. Dat high steppin' blood showed itself hard to beat, but she never was de same gay, lively young thing she was before though. An' although she still had lots ob beaux, she never cared nothin' 'tall for any ob 'em, an' as you know, never married.

"An' dis," said Uncle Charles, "Is a picture of Mars Paul." I took the small oval he held in the palm of his hand and could plainly see it had formerly been in a locket. There could still be traced the handsome, proud face with magnetic dark eyes.

It seemed Hannah, my Aunt Pollie's maid, had begged the two old pictures at her beloved mistress's death, and old Charles was now keeping them, for Hannah was dead, as treasures, connected with the happy days of his youth.

"So you see Mars Torm," said the old man, as he carefully rewrapped the pictures, and stowed them away in his box, "what jealousy, mischief, cayrds an' wine, can bring young an' happy things to. No matter how grand, an' proud, an' beautiful, the trouble is sure to come to all some day."

\* \* \* \* \*

I sat so long with old Charles, that the sun had long since gone down, and as I arose to return to the house, I saw Mr. Washington Payne ride down the road on his fiery black horse. As I saw him a new determination seemed to come to me and hold me, which was, to go to the house and ask Elsie to wait for me until I was no longer a "briefless lawyer."

I think it was a similarity between her and the old-time picture which decided me to risk it, for I had known her to slip her little hand in mine, in the same little confiding, spirit-like way that old Charles had described, after she had spent a whole evening ignoring my presence, and entertaining Mr. Washington Payne.

JAQUELIN ST. LEGER.



## The Desertion of John Harston.

**T**HE Yaboos " were celebrating their birthday with feasting, drinking, and " high jinks " generally. " We miss ' Beau Jack ' more than ever on occasions like this," remarked Paul Davies to his next neighbor, " a year ago, you know, he was toastmaster, and kept the table in an uproar with his songs, his wit, and the efforts others made to keep up with him. I wonder what got hold of him to make such a prig of so fine a fellow in one short summer."

" Do you mean ' Old Grind? ' " queried Tom Dodson. " I had almost forgot we ever called him ' Beau Jack. ' Who gave him that name last year?"

" Bob Rainsford, I think it was. You remember what a country looking fellow Harston was when he first came, and how, in a few months, he got to be the dressiest and the most popular boy in our class. By Christmas, he was putting in his best licks on the calico ticket, and playing the swell in several directions. Bob called him ' Beau Jack ' at one of our meetings, and the name stuck to him."

" The boys don't like him this year, and most of them call him ' Old Grind. ' He's got to be unsocial and stingy, the last two things I'd have expected from John Harston."

" The professors are always quoting him as an example of what hard work may do," put in Lawrence Black from across the table. " They say he entered his classes this year handicapped by absolute idleness last, yet he has caught up, and now leads 'em all. I am tired of hearing him lauded by the old Dons as ' the most conscientious student in college. '—the quoted phrase spoken in a sententious drawl, supposed to be mimicry of the professor's tones—" especially when I think of what a jolly good fellow was spoiled when he set out to make a model of himself."

" Has no one an idea of what caused so queer a change in him?" from Tom Dodson.

" No one in college, I am sure," replied Paul Davies, " he's as tight as a clam since he turned prig, and keeps so close to his books that nobody gets a word with him. He has even given up football," with a feeling sigh, " and he promised to make the boldest center rush on our team. It's a pity to see a fine fellow go to pieces like that."

" The old Dons call it a noble reformation," sneered Black.

" Oh, of course," added Fitzwarren Jones, " but what do they know about the make-up of a fine fellow? Their one idea of a man is a patent elastic, hold-

fast memory, and an unlimited power to be awed by their superior wisdom and goodness! As if being stuffed like a pincushion with rules, theories, and facts, together with the habit of humble adoration, were all that's needed to fit a fellow for life."

"What's your idea, Jones, of the needful to fit a fellow for life?" called out McCoy, who had caught a part of Jones's remark from the lower end of the table.

"Experience," responded Jones promptly producing an idea to meet this unexpected demand, but rather hoping he would not be probed very deeply for reasons to back his position. "A man needs experience of men, of life, of dissipation even, to fit him for life. Not theories, but experience, furnish the true education."

"Especially of women, eh Jones?" laughed McCoy. "But you all up there are talking of 'Old Grind'—he used to be Fitz's rival with the calico, you know, men—which reminds me of something he said the other day. I happened to run up on Harston when he was out for one of those lonely constitutionals of his, and though he walks equal to a horse, I managed to keep up with him, for a quarter of a mile, and between pants to ask him what in the devil's name he kept himself so close for. He answered in a way that I thought ridiculously priggish for Harston. Said he had put himself in training for life instead of for football, having discovered that the welfare and the happiness of others beside himself depended on his being fit when the time came. And since the struggle would be longer and harder than a football contest, he had found it necessary to 'train' pretty severely, which left him no time for fun."

"Did you ever hear anything to beat that? From 'Beau Jack,' too?"

"Jehosaphat, Beelzebub, Meshech, and Abednego," ejaculated Black, "Harston turned preacher?"

"He said it so seriously he knocked the stiffening out of me, and I didn't have presence of mind enough left to laugh at him even. I've wished since I had asked him some questions, and gotten a more definite idea of his meaning. Something interesting must have happened to turn Jack Harston into a 'grind.'"

"Let's go ask him," suggested Tom Dodson.

"It'll be a lark to make him confess," seconded McCoy, so the thirteen "Yahoos" trooped across the campus to the dormitory, and unceremoniously invaded Harston's room.

They found him in bed, having just put out his light, and disposed himself for slumber.

"Your absence made us an odd number, Harston," explained Paul Davies, "and we missed you. We've come to wind up even, and avoid bad luck."

"And to make you tell us what's got the matter with you," said Black.



"It's a shame, Jack, for you to desert us the way you've done," added Jones, "and we mean to know your reason."

"Have seats, gentlemen," requested Harston, in his most genial voice, as he sat up in bed. "I am sorry to receive you so unceremoniously. May I trouble one of you to make a light?"

"The moon'll do," said Davies, springing the shade to the top of the window, and admitting a broad stream of radiant moonlight to drown the darkness of the room. With the soft translucent rays came spring's incense, the hope whispering breath of lilac and hyacinth, of narcissus and mock-orange, of cherry and pear blossoms, while through the night's fragrant stillness sounded a single sleepy bird's trill. Some warbler had been awakened, doubtless, by the tread of the youths across the campus and had mistaken the moon's clear shining for the coming of the dawn. He presently discovered his mistake, however, and suddenly ceased his untimely carolling.

Meanwhile the "Yahoos" had disposed themselves on chairs, table, trunk, and the left-overs now perched on the footboard of the bed.

"So you demand, comrades, that I give a reason for the amazing change in my conduct since last year?" looking pleasantly from one flushed face to another. Physically, they were without doubt a fine group. There was not a dwarfish, abnormal, nor really ugly youth among them, and not one whose face failed to indicate average power of apprehension, and strong, manly traits of character. Yet several pairs of eyes glittered with unnatural excitement, and more than one youthful cheek seemed to be dyed to a deeper hue than perfect health required, though no more searching light than the lenient moon afforded shone down upon them.

"Yes, we think you owe us an explanation," Davies responded.

"Perhaps I do. At any rate I'm willing to make one to the 'Yahoos,' if they think I've meant to go back on them," and John smiled pleasantly.

"You all remember what an unsophisticated country boy I was two years ago, and some of you may have heard that I am the eldest son of a widow. But none of you ever suspected, I suppose, how poor I am. We have a well improved little farm, and my mother's a good manager, but even with the best management one small farm no more than provides necessary comforts for a family of six. Nevertheless, my mother determined that I should have the education I wanted, and made her plans to send me to college so carefully that I did not more than half realize what it would cost her. I knew that I would have to be economical, though, and felt perfectly satisfied to start to college with little more money than would be necessary to defray my actual expenses for the first term.

"Don't stint yourself, son," my mother said, in bidding me good-bye. "I know you'll be careful of expense; I'm sorry it is necessary. But I don't want you to be cramped in your work, nor mortified in your relations with your fellow students. So if you need more money, let me know, and I'll manage to get it for you."

"Well, it didn't take me long after getting here to realize that my clothes didn't fit me, and that considerable pocket money was needed to enable a man to cut a figure in college. I'm the sort that likes to keep up with the procession, as you all know, and my resolution didn't serve long to keep me from things that were foolish in my case. First I got in with a football team, and found that I could soon learn to play a good game. But it meant expense and time from my work. I hesitated, but succumbed finally to the temptation, joined the team, and trained hard.

"Now men, I want to be fully understood. Football in my opinion is perfectly legitimate sport, and, more, advantageous diversion for those who can afford it. It was wrong for me, because of my circumstances. You see I had not then conceived the truth which now seems so clear to me—that a great many things which are not wrong *per se* become dishonorable, even cowardly, under special conditions. A man doesn't know, it seems to me, the first principles of honor until he has learned to determine his own code of morals with strict regard to personal circumstances and limitations, and without heed to the code proper for his companions. I say this to make clear the fact that I have no remote intention of condemning in others those things I have found to be wrong for John Harston.

"To go back to my narrative. Presently I was thinking more of football than of my classes, and when the team went to R. for the Thanksgiving game I went along. We were feted hospitably, and I found a new suit necessary. One of the young ladies we met was a beauty, and when she told me she was coming here to make one of our ladies a visit in the spring, I foresaw my danger. Christmas brought a generous gift of pocket money from my mother. It barely paid my debts. During January I worked better. With spring came baseball season again and later the pretty girl from R. For a while I struggled resolutely, first against the one and then against the other temptation, but as before they were too strong for me. My baseball gear and my best suit came out from the bottom of my trunk, and my books were piled on the top shelf and forgotten. A supply of clothes of latest cut and pattern were ordered on credit. I spent my time in training or paying court to my beauty. I got to be called 'Beau Jack,' and was more and more popular with the boys. The professors, however, soon began to warn me, and I got several letters from my mother, in which a vague note of uneasiness struggled with the love and confidence in me she still held on to with loyal courage.

"The letters would trouble me for a few hours each time, but I managed to soothe my conscience with rapt gazing into the prettiest pair of blue eyes in the world. I wrote for more pocket money, acknowledging that I had been a little extravagant, but promising to do better. Still I said nothing of certain unpaid bills. My mother's answer would have been a sufficient rebuke and warning had I been other than the conceited and selfish cad I was. She sent me the money, declared loyally she knew I was spending only what was neces-

sary, and said it grieved her and gave her sleepless nights to know that her dear laddie had to deny himself so severely, and could not have the advantages of other young men of his age.

"I wrote back a hypocritical letter—a downright lying letter I now see it was—to my dear mother, then proceeded to invest most of the money in flowers and Hayler's bombons for Blue-eyes, who accepted them with charming non-chalance. I don't think I could have done it, though, could I have guessed then what that money stood for.

"Approaching Commencement brought further demands for money. I wrote for it, and got the sum I named. Part of it also was squandered in flowery and other tributes to my fair enslaver, the rest in contributions to Commencement festivities. Meantime my debts grew, and I failed on one exam. after another. By this time I could think of nothing but Blue-eyes, and was too reckless to care for consequences. I thought those blue eyes smiled encouragement upon me, and I was as one drunk with excitement and happiness during Commencement week when I had a daily or twice daily engagement with her.

"My mind was made up to tell how passionately I loved her on the last evening, and beg that she would wait for me to make myself worthy of her. But I found no chance for a word, and so sat up the rest of the night phrasing and rephrasing expressions of my devotion in a letter to be handed her at parting. As I slipped it into her hand I begged, in a tremulous whisper, that she would send me a prompt answer, since I should be miserable with anxiety till it came.

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"Mother looked questioningly into my face after the first warm hug, and one of my little sisters said: 'Oh John, how handsome you've grown to be—but you don't seem to be glad to be home again.'

"'How can you say such things, Mabel?' spoke up my mother somewhat sharply. 'Of course John's glad to be home; he's only tired after going through the wearing strain of examinations and commencements. Wait till he's had a good sleep in his own bed.'

"For supper there were the dishes I liked best, and my bed was sweet with the bags of dried rose leaves mother had sewed to the linen. Next morning I tried to be natural and light-hearted, but made a dismal failure. I was eagerly anxious for an answer to my letter, and troubled by the consciousness that I must tell mother about my debts. She watched me furtively, and now and then I surprised an expression of yearning anxiety on her face. But her manner and tones were cheerful, and to my wants she was watchfully and affectionately attentive.

"After breakfast, Nell, my older sister, followed me to the front porch, where I sat in listless dejection. Nell was always blunt, never careful, like mother, to spare a fellow's feelings.

"Well, John," she began. "I hope you've learned lots this year, after the way mother 's sacrificed to send you all that money you said you needed."

"Sacrificed, Nell? Sacrificed how?"

"Gracious, John, you speak as if you hardly knew the meaning of the word 'sacrifice.'"

"I know the meaning of the word well enough, Nell, but I never supposed mother needed to make any very great sacrifices for me," and I spoke nonchalantly enough, but my heart sank and my face flamed guiltily.

"Then you're a dolt, John Harston. You don't know that mother sold her diamond ring, the one father gave her when they were engaged, the thing she treasured above all her possessions, nor that she hasn't had a dress, a bonnet, nor a pair of shoes in a year?—her last pair is already patched."

"Mother has sold the ring father gave her and is wearing patched shoes!" I gasped. My head swam, and I was sick with self-reproach and disgust. To think of the roses at three dollars a dozen and the Hnylers at five dollars a box Blue-eyes had scarcely deigned to bestow a glance upon!

"Yes; and what 's more not a pound of butter nor an egg has been eaten in this house for three months," snapped Nell.

"What have you lived on?" I asked, perfunctorily, and to hide my sense of guilt from Nell's keen eyes.

"On whatever we couldn't sell. I've eaten beans, bacon, and apple butter till I feel that I can never bear the sight of them again. Mother and Mabel haven't uttered a complaint, but Edmund, Henry, and I have fussed and fussed, making it harder than ever for poor mother."

"My debts rose up before my mind, bulky and portentous. I would have liked to have begged the best man on our team to give me the punishment I knew I deserved. I longed to confess to mother, but I couldn't make up my mind to tell her what a rascal I was. I felt it would about break her heart to find me out. All day I sulked in more and more abject self-disgust. The hope of a favorable letter from fair Blue-eyes was the one star in my night of gloom.

"At last the letter came, after my third trip to the post-office. I rode home with it unopened in my pocket, and locked myself in my own room before I dared read it.

"You foolish boy," she said,—and I could imagine the merry sparkle in those blue eyes as she penned the words—"don't you know I am more than five years your senior, that by the time you are ready for a wife I shall be old and ugly, maybe wrinkled and crooked, and cross? You were ever so nice to me, and I shall always love you dearly—like an older sister. And you'll soon find, dear Jack, that what you think is deep, true love is but an ardent, boyish fancy. A young man's first fancy is apt to be ever so much older than he is—one he wouldn't think of caring for a few years later. You'll wonder at yourself a year from now, believe me, Jack.

"Now I'm going to tell you a big secret; one that only two or three even guess, besides the two most interested. You will know by this how really fond I am of you, and how much I appreciate your friendship—well your "devotion" then, a devotion which I know and hope will cool speedily to friendship, when you learn, through this letter, what a grandmother I am. But my secret is this: "I am already engaged, and this Commencement was my last real girl's frolic. A year from now I shall, I suppose, be a married woman, and have no hope of ever again going to a commencement—unless as chaperone.

"Do you think I ought to have told you sooner? Perhaps I should. But how could I know that you were in real earnest—any more in earnest than the half-dozen other "college men" who helped give me such a good time this spring? I thought you, like them, were but practicing love-making on a girl who would not expect "consequences"—were but "in training" to learn how to make love, by the time the right girl came across your orbit.

"Forgive me, dear Jack, if the light tone of this letter hurts you—if my grateful acceptance of all your attentions misled you. Believe me I did not try to win your heart, and I shall be very sorry if after you read this letter you have an hour's heartache. Forgive me, Jack, and if nothing else will suffice, then forget as speedily as possible.

'Your sincere friend,'

"Supper was refused, nor could I face my mother before the next morning. Then I braced myself for the ordeal, and we had a long full talk. I confessed everything, and even showed mother the letter. I always knew, boys, that I had a good mother, but I never realized till then what real true mother-love means to a fellow. It was all made so easy for me—the dreaded confession—that it was a downright relief to talk it all out to her; and she smoothed over my worst faults, my most selfish actions, with a loving eagerness to put the best possible interpretation on them. My self-respect budded again in that hour, and I went forth from that sacred interview another man. One thing she said I am moved to tell you. It was this:

"Nothing worth having, son, comes to us save by strenuous effort and resolute self-sacrifice. We must learn to face even failure, even the consciousness of our own weaknesses, and demerits, with stern resolve to conquer them. We must persist faithfully in following the hard path of duty, resisting resolutely the alluring ways that beckon to right and left of us. This, son, is the noblest opportunity life offers us, and in learning well, stern lessons of self-discipline we make our earthly life a worthy apprenticeship to an eternity of truly noble, and surely successful endeavor."

"And this, comrades, is the true explanation of 'Beau Jack's' desertion of the 'Yahoos'; tells you how John Harston became 'Old Grind.'"

From under a gauzy cloud the moon slipped just then, and smiled his beam-  
ingest full into the serious faces of the "Yahoos"; on each was its own special  
expression to indicate that the deeper chords of his nature were vibrating in full  
sympathy with John Harston's honest emotion.

Every one of these thirteen manly young hearts was melted with grateful recollections of a loving mother, a patient father, or a sheltering home. And high in each breast swelled noble impulses and inspiring resolves. Yet the human soul is as unstable as water. And its noblest resolutions become as walls of mortar before the fierce onslaught of life's temptations.

He who resolves must struggle; he who would live up to his aspirations must fight bravely, and, though he fall, still rise and fight again; must toil unceasingly, strive on with undiminished courage.

W. W. C.



## Held by the Indians.

*True Story of a Virginia Lady.*

**L**ONG ago, when Virginia held only a handful of white men; when her stately forests spread over miles and miles of land, where to-day acres of yellow wheat wave, and the lusty corn ripens on a thousand hills; where, now, peace and plenty spread their beneficent wings over the fair earth, and men are born, grow old, and die upon the land that gave their fathers birth; in that far-off time when life was a strenuous burden, when the cry of the orphan and the widow made living a daily tragedy, in the midst of its most homely aspect—in these old days, there dwelt upon the sparkling waters of New River, a family by the name of Pauley. John Pauley was a fine, sturdy young fellow, about twenty-seven years of age; his wife, a fair, delicate woman of twenty-three, whose slender build and ethereal beauty denoted but little physical power to battle with adversity—but a dauntless spirit dwelt within the frail body, and looked forth from the steadfast eyes, and when day by day she saw her husband becoming more and more depressed, as he returned from profitless labor bestowed upon worn-out land, hers was the voice to urge and strengthen the man to a fresh start, in a new and untried country.

It was six o'clock on a fair May day, in 1782, when John Pauley, his wife, Janet, and little son, four years of age, looked their last upon the home that had sheltered so many generations of their name, and turned their faces westward. They attached themselves to a band of emigrants, gathered from the surrounding country, most of whom were friends and acquaintances, and all, like the Pauleys, full of hope in the future awaiting them in the unknown land for which they were making. Their home was near the beautiful falls of the Kanawha River, and their desire was to press forward until they reached the "green pastures and still waters" of Kentucky, where many of their friends had gone before, and from whom at long intervals came vague and startling rumors of the wealth of the new land in which they had made their home, and urgent appeals for others to follow. So, on this May morning upon which my story opens, over forty souls were "journeying into a far country," their domestic stores piled in the wagons which they took with them. In these wagons the women and children spent the greater part of the time—sleeping in them at night, when the little party stopped to camp near by some bubbling spring—and during the day riding seated upon their modest Lares and Penates watching the varied country through which they passed, with many a yearning thought sent back to the deserted homes, and ah! how many earnest prayers for safety and guidance in the new and untried path before them.

For ten days the travelers made fairly good time, meeting with no untoward accidents, and finding the country more and more entrancingly beautiful, as they pressed into the untrodden ways of the New World. Three weeks passed, and they felt that they were nearing their journey's end. John Pauley's eyes began to lose the expression of strained anxiety which had haunted them since they bade good-bye to the old home, and in its place there came an eager look of hope, which was reflected upon each face of the little party. It was drawing near the last of May, when, one night they camped in a fertile valley near the banks of the Big Sandy River. The supper was quickly cooked and eaten, and before nine o'clock the entire camp had sunk into profound repose. No sound broke the intense stillness but the myriad mystic voices of the night, and the solemn flow of the great river. Over the ill-starred little band no guardian angel stretched protecting wings that night—or, if the Holy Presence had been with them, it winged its flight at the approach of the powers of darkness.

As the moon sank slowly to rest the quiet of the little camp was broken by the uneasy barking of dogs and the neighing of horses. The animals' unerring instinct warned them of approaching danger, while the hapless travelers slept on, lulled into false security by their long immunity from trouble. Then, the silence was again broken by stealthy steps—another and another. John Pauley, roused from the deep sleep of extreme fatigue, rushed out from his sleeping place to meet unarmed the savage onslaught of a band of Indians. A few minutes more and his dead body lay stretched beside that of his faithful dog, and near that cold and bleeding body lay the senseless form of his wife—senseless—but alas, not dead,—for before her there stretched long days of misery, far worse than death. Above her on his pallet bed in the wagon, her little son was sleeping. The dark lashes fell upon the chubby cheek, flushed with the hues of youth and health; serenely the little fellow rested—the horror of battle and bloodshed passed him by, and he still slept the sleep of innocence.

Morning dawned upon the mournful company and only made more apparent the ravages of the Indians—of all that gallant band no man remained alive; scattered and mutilated, their bleeding bodies lay unburied and uncared for, while the women and children were gathered together to be taken into slavery far worse than death.

Janet Pauley was roused from her merciful oblivion by a rude hand pulling at her sleeve, and muttered words in her ear—she started up with a frightened cry that was instantly checked by a menacing gesture from the Indian who woke her, and who seemed to be in command of his party. She was told by signs and actions to take up her child and resume the line of march. Mechanically the stricken woman obeyed; lifting her boy in her arms she attempted to keep up with the rest of the party—but the Indians themselves soon saw the impossibility of her continuing; therefore, she was mounted upon a strong young pony, the child seated before her. The savages seemed uneasy, and anxious to get on as soon as possible, hence they traveled as rapidly as the exhausted state of the captives per-



mitted. Coming finally to a halt, they held a short consultation, after which they took to the bed of the stream, which at this point was very broad and shallow. Among the Indians was a man of villainous countenance, who seemed to persistently haunt Mrs. Pauley's neighborhood. She looked at him with a shuddering horror, of which he seemed quite aware for he met each shrinking glance with a black scowl. Instinct, stronger than reason, told Janet Pauley that the face she so greatly loathed was that of her husband's murderer, and no effort on her part could stifle the intense repulsion with which he filled her. Slowly and wearily they journeyed on, pausing at intervals for rest and refreshment, sleeping at night under the rude shelter raised for them by their dread captors—where the women lay through the long hours, looking upward to a heaven which seemed deaf to their cries—waiting, with dumb misery, for the unknown evil to come.

One day Janet's tormentor made himself more than usually brutal; he would fall behind the little cavalcade, and sharply pricking the pony upon which she rode, with her child, the animal would throw them violently to the ground, at which all the Indians would break into rude shouts of laughter and derision. Janet remounted each time, with dogged persistence—nerved by one never faltering desire and resolve—to live to protect her child. The little fellow became restless and fretful; bruised and jarred by frequent falls, wearied and fevered by the hot sun, and cramped by the constrained position he had so long occupied, he lost his self-control and began to cry piteously. In an agony of apprehension, Janet tried to soothe him, and he was just yielding to her persuasion when she saw with a sinking heart the grim form of her foe approaching. He advanced and held out his arms to the boy, but with a fretful wail he buried his face in his mother's bosom and clung to her convulsively. Human nature could bear no more. She clasped him closer, and turned desperately to search from the other men some signs of pity or melting. Alas! the involuntary movement sealed the child's doom—with a yell that was absolutely devilish, the brutal Indian tore him from his mother's arms, and taking the little fellow by his feet, dashed his brains out on a neighboring tree. Of the scene that followed we will not speak. The mother's mortal anguish can not be told by tongue or pen. Janet Pauley lived on, through toil and wretchedness. "Life had become her sworn foe," she bitterly thought, as the long hours dragged heavily on and she did not die, in spite of torture and fatigue and grief. Her heart was with the mutilated little form that drifted past her down the rapid stream, and then was seen no more.

One warm day just as the sun had sunk behind the horizon, captors and captives reached at last a large Indian settlement in Ohio. After all had rested and been fed the prisoners were notified that they were to "run the gauntlet." The Indians ranged themselves in two long lines, bearing sticks and swords, tomahawks, and instruments of torture of every description. Janet hailed the ordeal as the hour of her release, for she well knew that her weakened body could endure no such trial. One by one the wretched women made the dread attempt—a few escaping, the greater part gaining a merciful release, through death. As

Janet, the last to suffer, advanced to the starting point, the demon who had pursued her throughout with such brutality, advanced, and extended his hand; Janet looked at him a moment, as he stood before her in his great strength. Well she knew that hand of his was reeking with the blood of husband and child. Ah, well! would she not soon be with them? What matter one pang the more? She put out her trembling hand. Without a word he struck her to the ground. A murmur of indignant protest arose among the Indians. Slowly and with difficulty Janet rose from the ground, and dragged her failing limbs to the starting point, but one of the Indians shook his head, and motioning to the now almost fainting woman to follow, he moved across the green to a wigwam, standing somewhat apart from the rest and of a more imposing appearance. Advancing toward the entrance, over which was extended a heavy curtain of bear skins, he pushed her forward. Motioning her to enter, the man retired and Janet was left alone at the entrance. She lifted the curtain and advanced to where, seated upon the floor, surrounded by his wives, there sat a noble and venerable looking man. His eyes had not lost their flashing power nor his mouth its firm lines, but the hair upon his head was white as snow, as well as the heavy brows. Janet advanced until opposite the striking looking figure, and then something in the eagle glance that met her gaze gave relief to her over-wrought spirit. With one great cry of anguish, she fell forward at his feet.

Long, long days followed, and Janet still lay in the misty land of delirium; days grew to weeks, and yet no ray of reason returned to the over-wrought brain, but the wives of the great chief nursed her skilfully and patiently, and one summer day, when the golden mist was flooding the teeming earth, Janet Pauley opened her weary eyes once more to life and its strange burden. As strength and mind returned, she soon found she had much to be thankful for. As soon as she could stand, some weird ceremony was muttered over her, by old women who seemed to have outlived the Witch of Endor, and at the end of these mysteries, the chief placed his hand first upon her head, and then upon his heart, with a movement full of grace and dignity, thus signifying that she was formally adopted as his daughter. Then followed tranquil days in the quiet forest—long hours spent with her adopted father, learning his language and teaching him her own. Every waking hour was filled full of active employment, for Janet knew well that in unceasing labor lay her sole salvation for body and mind. Daily she grew fonder of the old chief. The stores belonging to the hapless band of emigrants had all been delivered to the good chief and from these Janet supplied herself with necessary clothing and made her adopted father many little additions to his comfort,—to his great delight and pride. Finally, she made him a white shirt, and his delight exceeded all bounds. Nothing would do but Janet must make one for each one of his braves, and she was only too eager and glad to win their favor; and thus, as it must ever be, time soothed and healed the sorely tried woman, and then, God sent her a little son, to fill her empty heart.

Janet's son was born in the fifth month of her captivity, and great was the wonder and delight of the savages! They left the child with his mother for a year, contenting themselves with long visits to the wigwam, during which he was handled and shifted from one to another in a manner very alarming to a mother unused to such attention, but poor, crushed Janet, had no heart nor spirit to object—she lay back upon her bed of bear skins, like a broken lily, while her great, wistful eyes mutely followed the child's small body, as it was tossed here and there *but never hurt*. After he was a year old, a brave walked in one evening and solemnly made known to the mother that he wanted the boy—Janet dared not deny him—so she saw her little child borne from her into the night, while a very midnight of anguish overwhelmed her soul. A few days' grievous suspense, however, and he was returned—plump and rosy and unharmed, and the poor mother thanked God, and took courage. After that the child was often gone but always returned unhurt and strong and happy. And so, the long days passed, and Janet divided her time between her adopted father and her boy, and the fascination of the strange, wild life, enveloped her as a garment. Months drifted by, and years, until the boy was seven, a superb fellow, a picture of manly beauty, and Janet's heart was full once more with the swelling flood of a mother's love. As the gloom and shadow of her great griefs in a measure subsided, and life again bounded in her veins, her beauty was enhanced an hundred-fold. The clear, pure air, a veritable elixir of life, gave her eyes the splendor of purple stars, and on her sweet mouth bloomed the red rose of youth. There were traces still of her great sorrows, as there would ever be, but the lines only added a more delicate beauty to the flower-like face, and gave it an added charm even to the untutored Indians, and they worshiped her as a goddess and a queen; her word was law, her very glance an honor. She was invariably treated with respect and deference, and a feeling of perfect security succeeded the terror and anguish of former times.

But there came a day when the old chief sickened; daily he became more silent and stayed more closely in his tent. One starry night in June, just a little more than seven years from the time of their capture, Janet sat in the wigwam, close beside him. The door of skins was pushed back for air, and the melodious sounds of the summer night were all around them. The old chieftain reclined upon a rude couch, spread with skins, and on his face death had written his dread summons with unerring finger. "Child of my heart," the old man said, in his own tongue, "When the Great Spirit calls thy father, tarry not here; go forth to find the white man from whence thou didst come and return to the forest no more." Janet answered him tenderly and with deep reverence, and watched beside him with a daughter's care, until the coming of the great Warrior whom none can hope to conquer.

The grand old chief was buried with honors, and his son reigned in his stead. As yet, Janet had found no opportunity for returning to her own people, but she was beginning to see her adopted father's wise foresight in giving the

command, for the new chief gave unmistakable signs of a determination to hold her in his power. The extent of her danger did not, however, enter her mind for a moment. She knew that she was considered a prisoner whose capture conferred great distinction, that the young chief would also be glad to retain her because of the many comforts her presence added to his home; besides which, her son was still the idol of the tribe. But that such an idea as marriage would connect itself with her, she had not even thought possible. Her very soul sank within her when she remembered the young man's stubborn, brutal nature and the cold-blooded methods he did not scruple to employ to gain his own ends. With his father's restraining influence removed, what would hinder him from forcing his wishes? Nothing under heaven but flight, she knew, and for flight she must prepare. But "Singing Bird" suddenly changed his tactics; for sullenness, he put on meekness; for fierce overbearing, a gentle dignity that recalled his noble father, and in so doing, lulled her into a false security. She heaved a sigh of relief, and drifted on for some days, trusting that all was well.

One evening, as she sat in the door of her wigwam employed in the manufacture of a piece of the beautiful bead work for which the Indians are so famed, "Blue Buck," an old man absolutely devoted to her interests, as she well knew, drew stealthily near enough to the wigwam to signal to her. "Listen to-night, to the pow-wow of the great chief and his braves—listen," and then he flitted away into the forest depths. Well she knew his caution was no idle one, for no words could describe the torture meted to him who betrayed the actions of the secret council. Janet knew some dreadful danger overhanging her alone could induce even a friend so faithful as "Blue Buck" to risk all he was daring now, with the forest thronging with spies from whom all thought of mercy was as remote as from the teeth of a tiger.

The night was very dark when Janet Pauley crept with step as light as a feather, nearer and nearer to the wigwam of "Singing Bird," and bent her head to listen to the sounds within. What she heard was sufficient to nerve the most feeble to action. She was to be forced to wed Singing Bird on the third day after the council, and if she rebelled against the mandate, she and her boy were to be burned. That was the last straw. Janet had thought them wholly devoted to her little son, and the knowledge of his imminent peril did more to arouse her from the dangerous apathy into which she had fallen than any personal danger could have done. She crept softly home, and going to the boy's bedside stood watching him in an agony of apprehension. How to rouse him without noise—how to tell him of their mortal peril with the enemy so close, and having ears so keen as to be said actually to "hear the grass grow"! She clasped her hands in mute misery and hopelessness. "O my God! I am utterly undone," was the cry of her desperate heart. Just then a hand was placed over her mouth gently but too firmly to admit of sound. She raised her eyes to meet those of "Blue Buck," and with one great gasp, sank down in supreme relief. He, at least, could save them if mortal man could accomplish it. She cast aside her own

agonized strivings and waited patiently for Blue Buck's command. He gazed thoughtfully at the sleeping child for a moment, which seemed to lengthen into eternity, then, stooping, slung him swiftly and lightly over his shoulder, and signing to Janet to follow, stepped out into the forest gloom with his cat-like tread, which Janet's light step enabled her to imitate sufficiently to avert sound. The boy slept on profoundly; no word was uttered even when, after two hours' steady travel, they paused for a moment's rest. Then on, again through the vast, dim reaches of the mighty forest where the white man had never set foot before. All through the summer night they went steadily forward, and as dawn was breaking redly in the east, Blue Buck led the way up the almost perpendicular side of a cliff. Up, up they went; below them the river rushed and boomed; above them the stars burned down, faithful sentinels which had led them on from death to life. Nearly at the top of the cliff, Blue Buck paused, and, examining some unintelligible marks upon the face of a huge rock, pressed upon a portion of it and it swung slowly out, sufficiently to disclose an opening large enough to admit the passage of a man. Blue Buck put the boy on the ground, laying him carefully and gently upon a heap of dried grass, then turned and led Janet into the cave, if cave it could be called, being only a small opening between the great rocks where four or five persons might find refuge and where no human being unaware of the secret could ever hope to find them. Once inside, and the rock again in place, Blue Buck explained. He said this hiding-place had been known alone to the great chief; that, in his wise foresight, he knew that troublous times of deadly peril were coming for Janet, and knowing Blue Buck to be entirely devoted to her interest, her adopted father had told him all; had devised a plan of escape and trusted his beloved daughter into his hands. Faithful above many had this noble savage been; for weeks he had been making journeys to the cavern to secrete food and water and the night of the pow-wow, having sent Janet thither, he administered an herb to the child which acted as a strong opiate, after which he sat patiently down to await Janet's return.

For ten long days the three fugitives remained securely hidden, while the infuriated Indians made hue and cry throughout all the forest fastnesses. Baffled on all sides, they finally abandoned the woods, to follow up the different trails supposing they must have taken one, though at first they scouted the idea, knowing escape to be impossible in that direction, as in truth it would have been. Then, one day when Blue Buck went forth to seek for help they found it at their very feet far sooner than he had dared to hope. Janet had gone outside the great rock door, and seated herself; resting against its rough surface she gazed dreamily at the broad river, rushing so far beneath her. The boy lay sleeping close by. Suddenly she saw a large boat coming down stream, and as it came nearer, she saw it contained white men. Her heart gave a great bound of hope and fear. How could she attract them? How make them hear? Rousing the boy, she put her trembling hands upon his shoulders and shook him

frantically. "Oh, Louis! Louis! scream if you never did before! Oh, make them hear, child! call, do you hear?" Then upon the still air, above the roar of the river, rose the sound of a child's clear treble seconded by a woman's tremulous cry, quivering through the windless atmosphere, and striking at length upon the ears of the rowers in the boat below; they rested on their oars, and looked upward curiously; Janet beckoned and called with all the power she possessed, and then taking her handkerchief, she wrapped it round a stone, attaching to it a piece of paper upon which she had during her long hours of waiting, pricked with a pin the words "Escaped Indians; help. Janet Pauley." Standing as near the edge of the cliff as she dared, she flung out her little message, and eagerly waited the result. It fell rapidly, and, missing the boat, sank before it could be caught. But no direct message was now necessary. It was too evidently a woman and child in distress, and that sufficed. As quickly as possible they reached the shore, fastened the boat, and slowly and laboriously two of the party climbed to Janet's lofty eyrie, while the other four remained in charge below.

They reached the summit, and were greeted with prayers and tears of thanksgiving and relief from Janet and her boy. Mr. Erskine, the leader of the party of six hunters, could not recover from his amazement at finding a lovely and beautiful woman of delicacy and refinement unsurpassed, perched upon the side of the great river cliff, like some strange bird. Ere long Blue Buck returned, and then began preparations for departure. Janet made the descent without difficulty, supported by John Erskine's strong arm, and the entire party were soon in the boat, gliding swiftly on to peace and happiness once more, far from the haunts of the red man.

Janet and her boy were welcomed most tenderly by John Erskine's mother, a stately Scotch lady. Long months passed before her mental and physical health were fully regained, but in the atmosphere of happiness and rest to which her good angel had brought her, she regained all her beauty and attractiveness, only it was a chastened loveliness infinitely more fascinating—to John Erskine wholly so—therefore, it will create no surprise to know that ere many years, Janet became John Erskine's loved and honored wife; and in the long and prosperous life which they passed side by side, if anything were needed to enhance their great happiness, they found it in contrasting their present joy with the misery and terror and agony which had gone before.

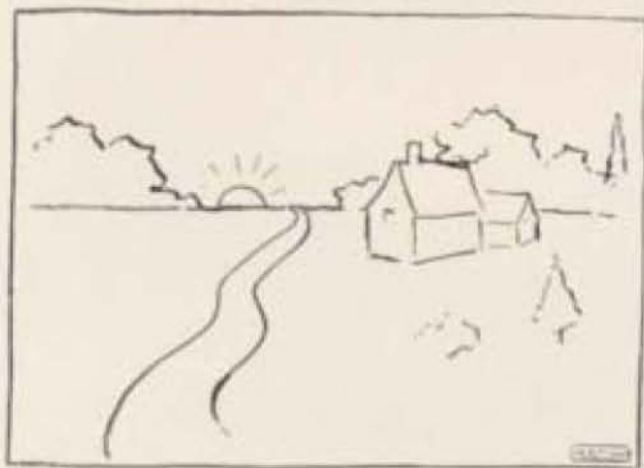
Louis Pauley grew up a splendidly handsome young fellow, deeply devoted to his adopted father and next to that loved father and his adored mother, ranked in his affections the noted old brave "Blue Buck," whose unselfish devotion had delivered them from the snare of the enemy.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

Sunset falling upon an Indian settlement in the far West; in the distance, cries and yells of departing braves, gradually receding in the distance. A group of Indian squaws were clustered together, apparently intent upon some object in their midst. Presently, it became visible; it was the mutilated form of a white man. Torture had torn him and the death anguish still slightly distorted his features; yet were they still beautiful.

The women moved away leaving the lonely body to its fate, and as the setting sun sank into the west its red beams fell for the last time upon the chiselled beauty of Louis Pauley's face.

C. B. PRESTON.



## THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

What sounds come floating o'er the midnight air!  
Sweet harmony, that fills our souls with calm,  
Brings visions to our minds of better worlds,  
And lays upon our hearts a blessed balm.  
The midnight chimes—some dear old song of praise  
Is wafted heavenward to the grand blue vault above,  
Where angel voices chant the glad refrain,  
Begun on earth before the throne of Love.  
Blest music of the night! ne'er stop, we pray,—  
Our hearts are in thy hands a gentle toy.  
Thy mournful strains doth show us mortal woes;  
Thy rising cadence fills our soul with joy.  
Hark! Listen to the sacred anthem rise!  
The heavenly choir, robed in white, now sing;  
Each glorious saint doth join the swelling hymn;  
Each joyful soul his music offering brings.  
Our mortal spirits strive to fly away,  
And yet, for fear to break the spell, we durst  
Not stir. But now the clanging tower bells doth cease,  
And we drop back from Heaven's dome to Mother Earth.

E. C. HALL.

## THE NEW STAR.

There are many legends, bright and beautiful,  
But more than all, I love the fancy old,  
Which says, that in the blue dome of the sky  
A star is set for every new-born soul.

And as on earth great multitudes are born,  
And all, unknown, unnoticed, pass away,  
So there are multitudes of unseen stars,  
Which, to us invisible, will shine alway.

And then, some few, more gifted than the rest,  
Have fixed on them the eyes of men—  
The brighter stars appeared when they were born;  
Those stars within our human ken.

So, 't is with wistful heart and wondering eyes,  
I stand and gaze at you, Oh, new, bright star!  
What child, unconscious of its power, is born?  
What great life will you shine on from afar?

For as the Star of Bethlehem,—that greatest star,—  
Shone for earth's greatest One,  
I take your brilliant coming as emblem  
That some grand, pure life, is just begun.

ROSE C. GOODE.



## "AT THE POISE OF THE FLYING YEAR."

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The April sun shines on the greening world,  
God's flower-decked banner slowly is unfurled;  
Fleet, vagrant winds sift through the solemn pines,  
And like a silver streak the river shines.  
O God, Thy spring is passing fair and sweet!  
A thousand daisies kiss the wandering feet;  
A thousand odors fan the up-turned face;  
And Life is good, and full of witching grace.

In woodland ways, the blood-root springs and blows,  
Its pearly petals white as drifted snows;  
In hidden nooks the coral, waxen cup  
Of trailing arbutus peeps coyly up.  
Dear Lord! Thy sylvan ways are full of joy!  
Glad with a tender bliss without alloy,  
Thy Spirit broods upon the teeming hills,  
Thy message whispers in the murmuring rills.

In tall tree-tops, the budding green is stirred  
By dart and flutter of the nesting bird;  
The lark's clear call is full of wooing love,  
The soft air throbs to cooing of the dove.  
Dear Christ! Thy whole world sings of Love and Life!  
Grant us its fullness, in the midst of strife;  
Teach us to find in flower, and bird, and tree,  
Some echo from the vast Infinity.

C. B. PARSONS.



*jacqueline*

## JACQUELINE.

I am thinking of old days, Jacqueline!  
When I sang thy beauty's praise, Jacqueline!  
I recall thy pure, calm face,  
And thy lovely woman's grace,  
And my eyes are growing misty, Jacqueline!

In those soft eyes of thine, Jacqueline,  
A holy light did shine, Jacqueline;  
And upon thy forehead's crest  
All things queenly seemed to rest,  
As a saint's brow wears a halo, Jacqueline.

Could untruth and thou be kin, Jacqueline?  
Were thou wholly false within, Jacqueline?  
Didst thou tremble at the last  
With some swift thought of the past,  
And for me some faint compassion, Jacqueline?

All the wrong I could forget, Jacqueline,  
For the one touch of regret, Jacqueline!  
Other lips may speak thy blame,  
Others coldly name thy name,  
I will never name thee blaming, Jacqueline.

All the beauty of past years, Jacqueline,  
Shall show fairer through my tears, Jacqueline,  
And whate'er of wrong there be,  
As the white mist veils the sea,  
I will veil with my forgiveness, Jacqueline.

KATE TUCKER GOODE.

## A WINTER NIGHT.

The night is dark, the winds are drear and wild,  
Tall branches bend beneath the wintry sky,  
Dead leaves go drifting by,  
And through the dark a star shines wan and mild.

I stand within the shelter of my home,  
I hear the sweet home voices rise and fall,  
But thro' it all  
My heart is, like the star, alone! alone!

Oh, darling, as the seasons come and go,  
And years go on to bring the final sleep,  
May angels keep  
Thy heart from every pang of pain or woe.

The wind dies low, the skies are clearer grown,  
The trees show gaunt and bare against the light,  
While clear and bright  
Shines the pale star, and Oh, no more alone!

So may I meet thee, darling, after years—  
After the gusts of passion have died low  
And we may know  
How love is purified by pain and tears.

C. B. P.

## LINES TO A LOVED ONE.

" Browneest of eyes! " If you only knew  
How sad and lonely the hours  
Since I said " Good-bye, " in words so few,  
To my darling amid the flowers ;

In that dear old garden, where many a time  
We strolled 'mong the lilacs and roses,  
And watched how the bees and butterflies flew  
Sought the richest and sweetest of posies ;

And I gazed in the face that was fairest to me  
In all of the world, far or near,  
And I whispered my secret, 't was easy to see  
By her blushes, her smiles, and a tear,

That in her heart my words found answer so true,  
And I kissed the sweet lips ere they spoke  
Of the depth of affection in her warm heart so pure,  
That my constancy and love could evoke.

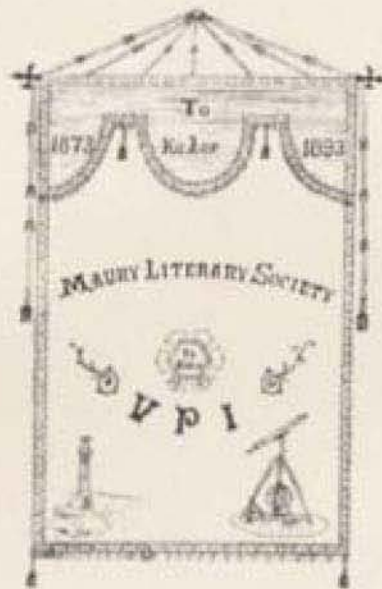
" Browneest of eyes! " Of that evening in June  
Nothing in this world can efface,  
Or blot from memory the lilac's perfume,  
And the bees' and butterflies' race.

But the roses have faded, the butterflies gone,  
And vain were the vows that were spoken.  
*Fickle and false*, the mischief is done,  
And my heart is wretched and broken !

S. J. E.



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**MOTTO.**  
Virtus suos coronat.

**COLORS.**  
Light-blue and White.

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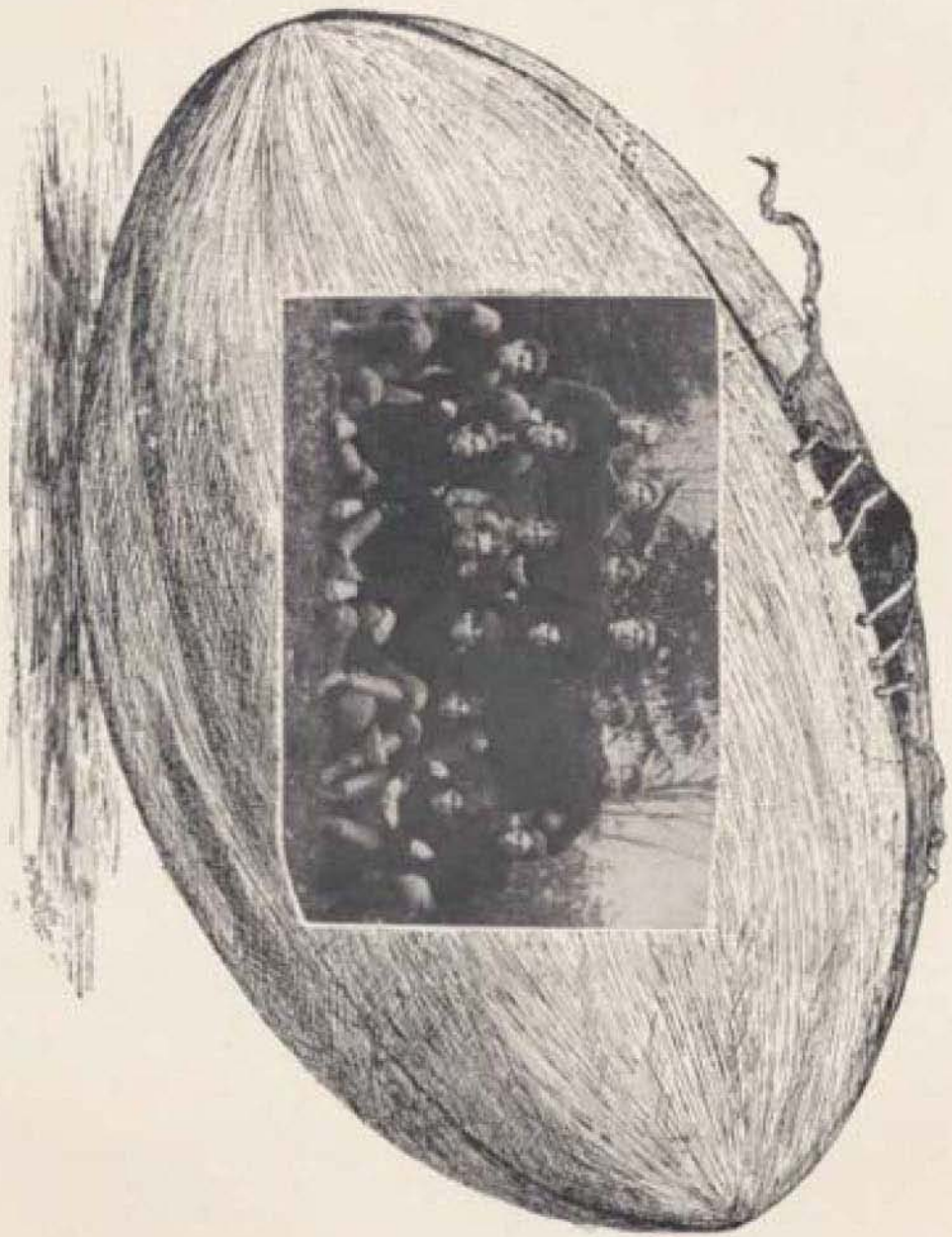
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HUFFARD . . . . .		Left Half-back
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MOFFETT . . . . .		Right End
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October	20.	At Radford . . . . .	V. P. I., 16 ;	St. Albans,	6
October	25.	At Raleigh, N. C. . . . .	V. P. I., 18 ;	N. C. A. and M. C.,	2
October	27.	At Chapel Hill, N. C. . . . .	V. P. I., 0 ;	U. N. C.,	0
November	14.	At Charlottesville . . . . .	V. P. I., 5 ;	U. Va.,	17
November	24.	At Charlotte, N. C. . . . .	V. P. I., 5 ;	Clemson,	12
November	25.	At Roanoke . . . . .	V. P. I., 0 ;	V. M. I.,	5









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MILITARY  
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1901 -



## HEARTS.

One day in September,  
Ah, well I remember,  
A day when the skies were blue ;  
The first day we met,  
And soon to'er to forget,  
The day I was taught hearts by you.

One day in December,  
The well I remember,  
A day when the skies drooped with rain ;  
The sad day we parted,  
And I, broken hearted,  
Learned that hearts is a dangerous game.

CARY PRESTON.

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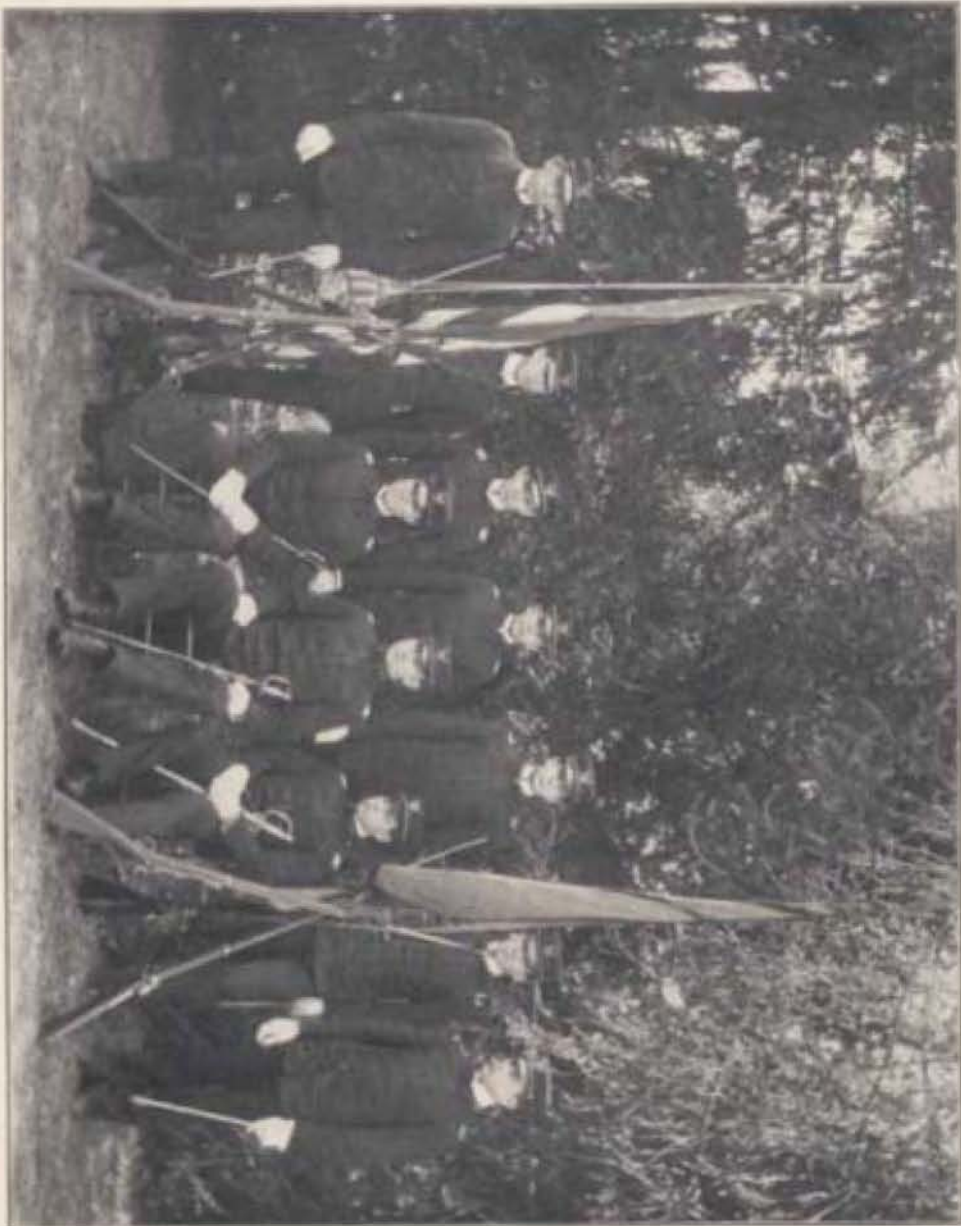
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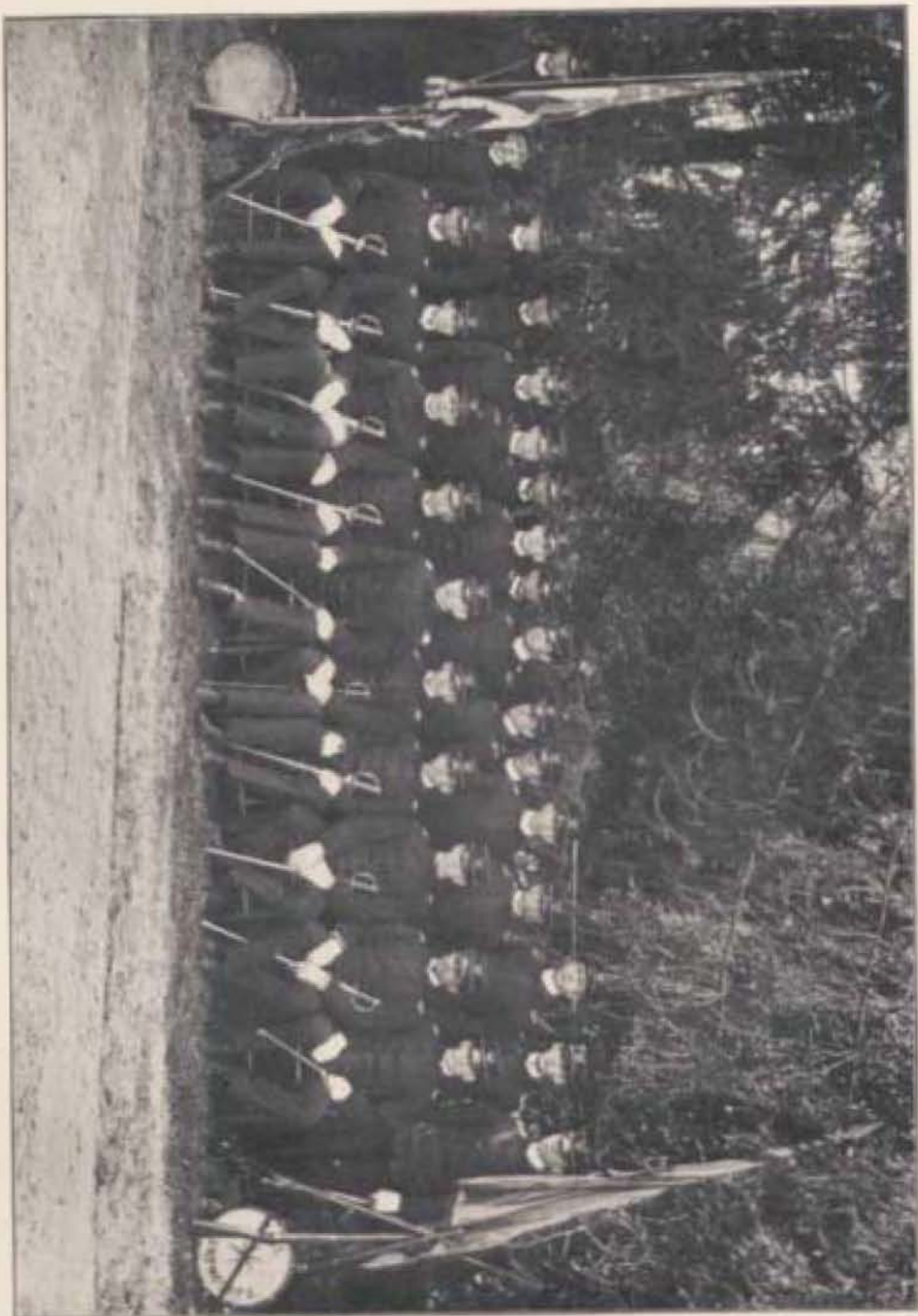
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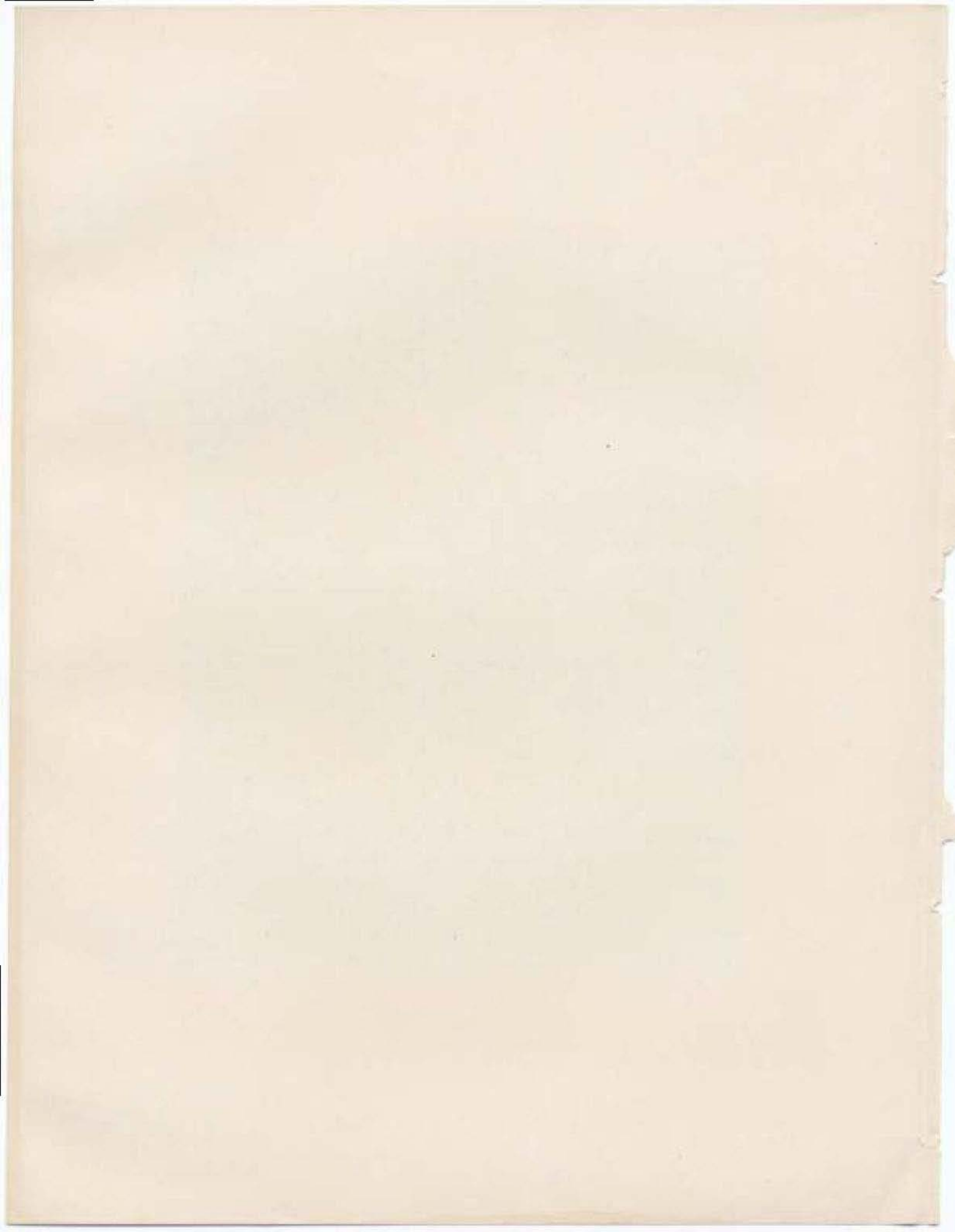
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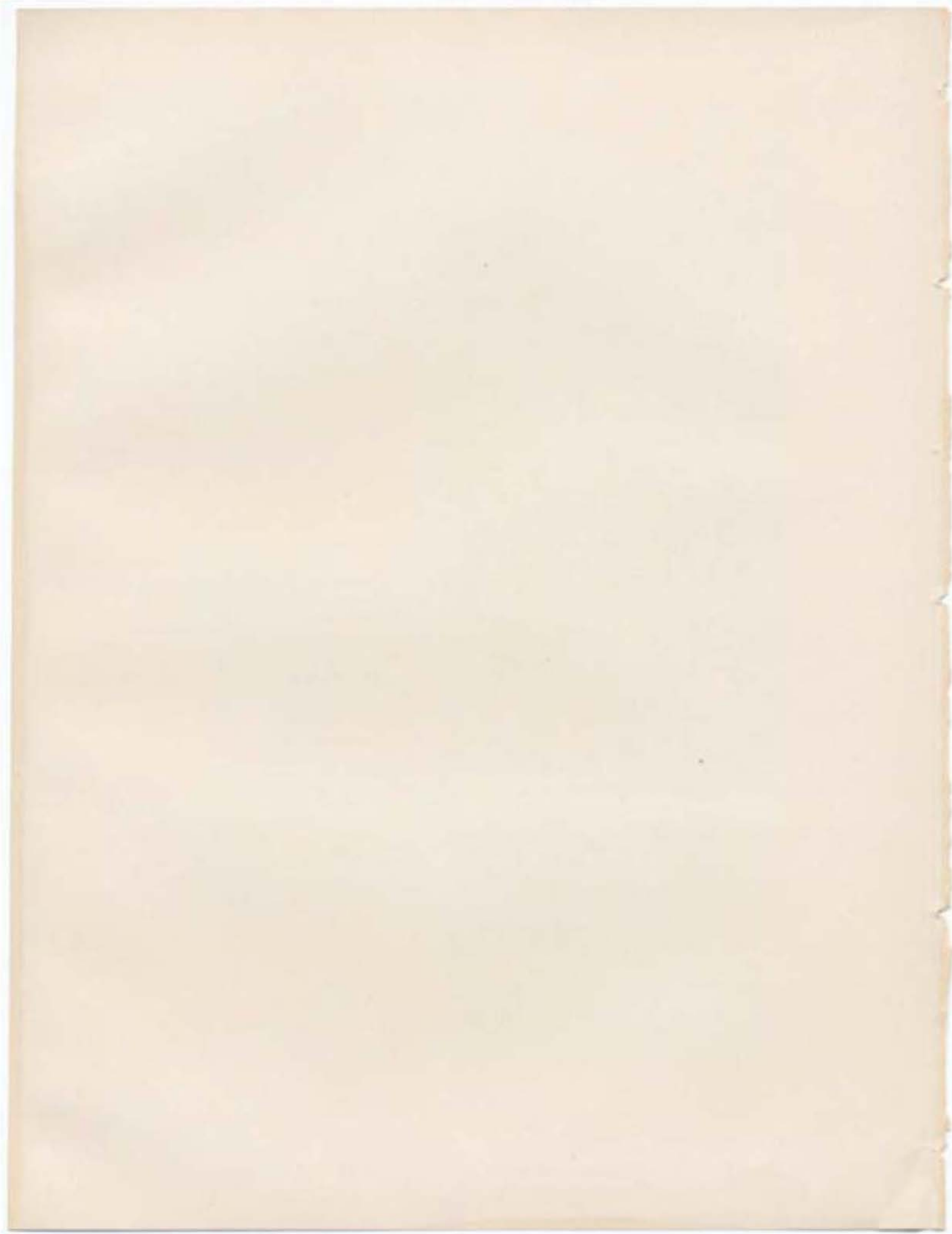


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PERIODICAL—St. Andrew's Cross.

CONVENES—Sunday Afternoon.

HYMN—"Jesus calls us o'er the tumult."

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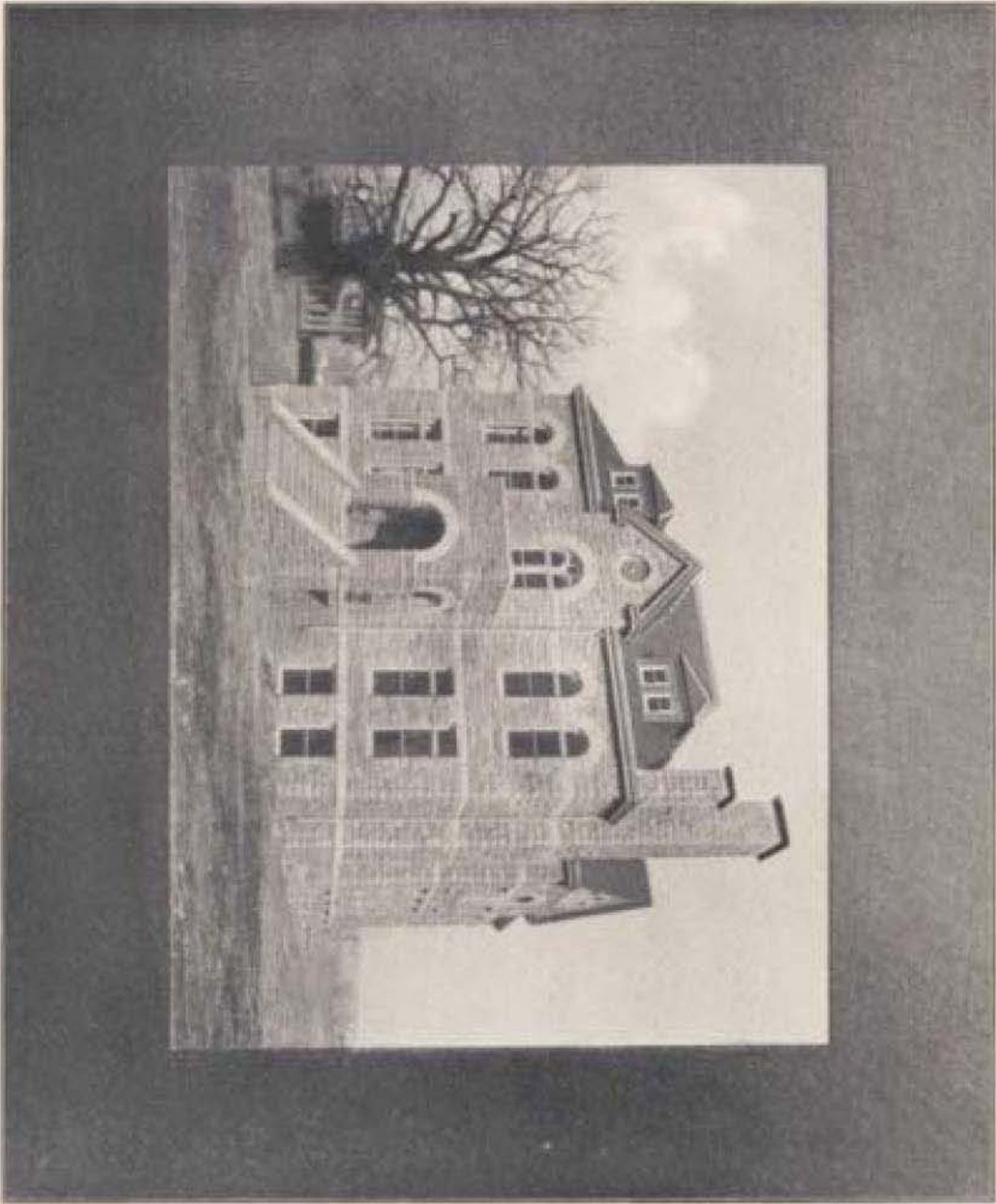
The salvation of our students through faith in Christ, and the promotion of their welfare by furnishing mutual support and encouragement in well-doing and correct living. The stamping out of vice, and the development of higher morals.

## STATISTICS.

For the Year Ending February 28th, 1901.

Membership, Active . . . . .	89
Membership, Associate . . . . .	38
Bible Classes . . . . .	4
Members of Classes . . . . .	64
Regular Meetings Held . . . . .	34
Average Attendance . . . . .	75





Y. M. C. A. BUILDING





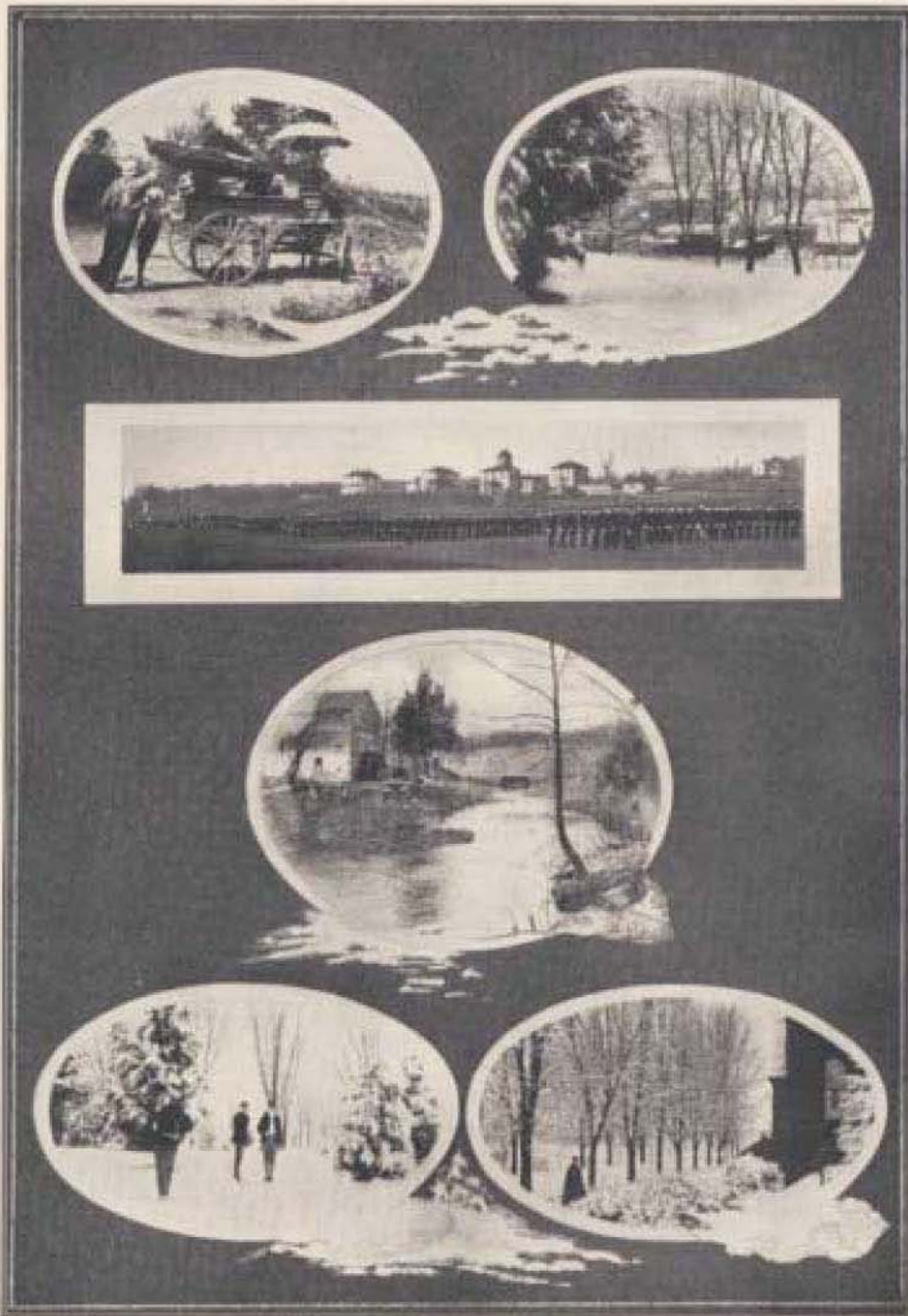
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CAMERA CLUB



CAMERA CLUB





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 J. M. SAMPLE, '01 . . . . . First Vice-President  
 R. E. HOLLISTER, '02 . . . . . Second Vice-President  
 J. M. HICKS, '01 . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer  
 J. T. BROWN, '02 . . . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

## EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

- J. N. ASHTON, '01                      J. T. BROWN, '02                      A. H. FLEET, '01  
 R. E. HOLLISTER '02                      S. H. MACGREGOR, B. S., '00

## MEMBERS.

- |                          |                      |                           |
|--------------------------|----------------------|---------------------------|
| C. E. ALLEN, '01         | G. B. FORD, '01      | S. D. S. PRESTON, '01     |
| W. M. BRIDGES, '01       | J. H. GWATHMEY, '01  | C. L. PROCTOR, '02        |
| R. T. BROOKER, JR., '02  | E. C. HALL, '01      | F. J. RIDD, '01           |
| D. T. BROWN, '02         | W. D. HALL, '01      | R. B. SLOAN, '01          |
| F. D. BROWN, '02         | A. L. HASKELL, '02   | F. M. SPILLER, '02        |
| J. M. BRYANT, '02        | C. A. JACKSON, '01   | S. M. SPILLER, '02        |
| R. H. BUCHANAN, JR., '02 | P. T. JONES, '02     | G. R. TALCOTT, '02        |
| C. H. CARPENTER, '02     | J. P. KEY, '02       | W. F. TAMS, '02           |
| R. W. CARPER, '01        | A. W. KINNEY, '01    | W. P. TAMS, JR., '02      |
| W. L. CHEWING, '02       | C. LEE, B. S., '00   | S. TREVERTON, '01         |
| W. G. CONNER, M. E., '02 | W. L. MANN, '01      | J. A. WADDELL, B. S., '00 |
| C. L. COOK, '02          | J. T. MARSHAL, '01   | F. D. WEBB, '01           |
| A. DAVIDSON, '02         | G. C. MILLER, '02    | G. H. WATKINS, '02        |
| M. W. DAVIDSON, '01      | W. S. MOFFEY, '01    | J. W. C. WEST, '02        |
| C. J. B. DeCAMPS, '01    | H. G. MCCORMICK, '02 | C. WILLIAMS, '02          |
| C. DERRICK, '01          | W. W. NEALE, '02     | R. WOLFE, '01             |
| C. M. DUCKLER, '02       | C. D. NEWMAN, '02    | M. G. YOUNG, '01          |
| J. R. DuPRIEST, JR., '01 | N. C. FOR, JR., '02  | W. T. YOUNG, '02          |
| C. J. FRENCH, '02        | F. POWELL, '01       |                           |



## BACTERIOLOGY CLUB.

### COLORS.

Gentian Violet and Methylene Blue.

### MOTTO.

De nihilo, nihil expecta.

### OCCUPATION.

Nothing.

### DRINK.

Buillion.

### DISH.

Petri Dish.

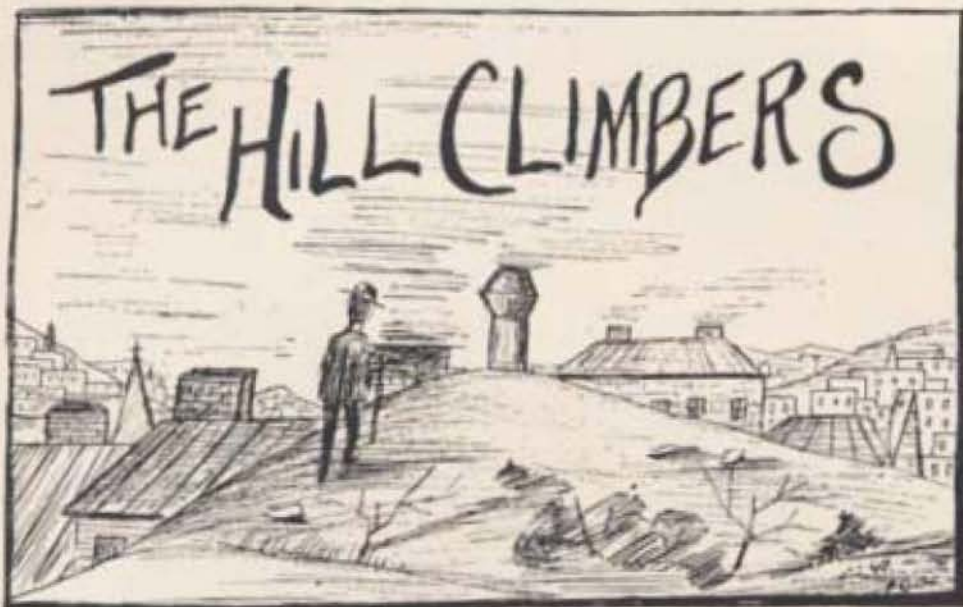
### ORGANISMS OF OFFICIFICATION.

Micrococcus Presidentibus . . . . .	MONCURIENSIS
Staphylococcus Vice-Presidentibus . . . . .	WOODULA
Streptococcus Secretariabus . . . . .	JACOBUS

### ORGANISMS OF CLASSIFICATION.

BACCILLUS BROOKATIA	BACCILLUS MONCURIENSIS
BACCILLUS CHRYSMANICA	BACCILLUS PHILLIPI
BACCILLUS DOLLMANUM	BACCILLUS ROOPAE
BACCILLUS JACOBUS,	BACCILLUS VAN DYKICEL
BACCILLUS WOODULA	





LYNCHBURG CLUB.

COLORS.  
Hillside Green.

MOTTO.  
"Climb Higher."

FAVORITE DRINK.  
Steptoe's Choice.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION.  
Climbing hills and looking down chimneys.

OFFICERS.

J. R. DU PRIEST, JR., '01 . . . . . President  
 C. WILLIAMS, '02 . . . . . Vice-President  
 G. C. MILLER, '02 . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer  
 J. W. DICKERSON, '03 . . . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS.

S. M. ALMOND, '03  
 J. W. DICKERSON, '03  
 J. R. DU PRIEST, '01  
 A. H. FLEET, '01  
 F. V. GANTT, '04  
 W. W. GIBBS, '03  
 E. C. GLASS, JR., '04  
 J. H. GOULDMAN, '04  
 E. A. HALSEY, '04  
 G. C. MILLER, '02  
 C. WILLIAMS, '02

# PITTSYLVANIA CLUB.

## COLORS.

Peweeck Green and Old Gold.

## MOTTO.

"Do others, or they 'll do you."

## FAVORITE DRINK AND CHEW.

Pittsylvania Tobacco and Mountain Dew.

## FAVORITE AMUSEMENT.

Smoking.

## YELL.

Va.—Poly.—Tech.

Va.—Poly.—Tech.

Bah! Bah! Bi!

Pittsylvania! Pittsylvania!

V—P—I



## FIRST DEGREE.

Imps.

## SECOND DEGREE.

Devils.

## THIRD DEGREE.

Demons.

## OFFICERS.

High Arch Fiend	J. T. MARSHALL
Junior Arch Fiend	R. T. BROOKE
Recording Angel	J. J. CORRS
Judas, the Watch-dog of the Treasury	W. L. BLAIR

## IMPS.

W. J. BURCH	J. C. GUERRANT	H. C. LEWIS	M. E. MEASE
G. W. NEAL		G. A. LEE	

## DEVILS.

F. S. ANDERSON	W. L. BLAIR	R. T. BROOKE
J. T. MARSHALL	J. J. CORRS	J. T. COX
	A. G. PRITCHETT	W. WILSON

## DEMONS.

DR. F. D. WILSON	C. LEE	W. F. COX	C. L. REYNOLDS
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**COLORS.**

Iron Brown and Limestone Gray.

**MOTTO.**

Dig or Starve.

**BY-WORD.**

Cinch.

**FAVORITE DISH.**

Mountain Tea Berries.

**MEMBERS.**

C. H. CARPENTER . . . . .	President
J. C. STEELE . . . . .	Vice-President
J. E. SMITH . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer

C. E. ALLEN  
 F. R. BUTLER  
 J. H. EAST

L. J. HALY  
 C. A. McCLINTIC  
 W. C. MOODY

J. D. TURNER



## \* N—P CLUB.

**COLORS:**  
Sea green and navy blue.

**FAVORITE EXPRESSION.**  
"Ain't it easy?"

**MOTTO.**  
"Do others before they do you."

**FAVORITE DISH.**  
Mess oysters fresh from the cold storage.

**FAVORITE OCCUPATION.**  
Attending N—P Club oyster "stewings."

### YELL.

Boom-a-lacker, boom-a-lacker,  
Bow, wow, woo!  
Ching-a-lacker, Ching-a-lacker,  
Chow, chow, chow!!  
Boom-a-lacker, Ching-a-lacker,  
Who are we?  
We are from "The Cities by the sea."  
N—P!!!

### OFFICERS.

J. N. ASHTON . . . . .	President	E. W. WHISNANT . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
W. J. WALSH, JR. . . . .	Vice-President	D. F. GILL . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms

### MEMBERS.

#### NORFOLK.

J. C. BELOYE	T. B. SHELDON	W. J. WALSH, JR.	D. F. GILL
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#### PORTSMOUTH.

J. N. ASHTON	F. L. MARTIN	H. D. PEED	G. C. SYKES	J. W. C. WEST
E. W. WHISNANT				

### DECEASED MEMBERS.

C. L. FULGRAM	G. P. HUDSON, JR.	E. B. JACKSON	L. G. SYKES	F. H. DEWEY
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\*Norfolk-Portsmouth.



## V. P. I. AGRICULTURAL CLUB.

**MOTTO.**  
"Omnia ex terrâ."

**COLORS.**  
Green and Straw.

### OFFICERS.

T. GILBERT WOOD, '01 . . . . . President	E. F. COLLE, '03 . . . . . Secretary
JOHN C. BROOKE, '01 Vice-President	I. T. JACOBS, '01 . . . . . Treasurer
A. K. ROOP, '03 . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms

### MEMBERS.

BARGER, F. W.	MONCURE, W. A. P.	PERRY, W. M.
BORDEN, W. H.	NEWLAND, D. E.	PRATT, F. C.
BRADBURY, W. L.	PHILLIPS, W. J.	PRICE, W. J.
CHRISMAN, W. G.	PHILLIPS, J. L.	ROBSON, G. T.
CLOYD, D. M., JR.	PRICE, H. L.	SALE, R.
DRINKARD, R. W.	SPENCER, A. P.	SANFORD, H. E.
FERNEYHOUGH, R. E.	PEYTON, H. S.	SHIELDON, T. B.
HAY, WILLIAM	FERGUSON, MEADE	STILES, W. H.
HOWE, D. S.	FERNEYHOUGH, DR. J. G.	STILES, J. C.
HOWE, T. M.	GUERRANT, R. A.	VAN DYKE, J. H.

### HONORARY MEMBERS.

DR. J. M. MCBRYDE	PROF. D. O. NOURSE
PROF. WILLIAM B. ALWOOD	PROF. R. J. DAVIDSON
PROF. E. P. NILES	PROF. WILLIAM D. SAUNDERS
PROF. CHARLES McCULLOCH	



**OFFICERS.**

**PRESIDENT.**

F. D. WEBB, '01.

**VICE-PRESIDENT.**

W. J. LONGLEY, '02.

**SECRETARY AND TREASURER.**

F. D. BROWN, '02.

**BUSINESS MANAGER.**

W. A. P. MONCURE, '01.

**MEMBERS.**

PROF. E. A. SMYTH

W. A. P. MONCURE

W. J. LONGLEY

F. D. WEBB

J. H. GOULDMAN

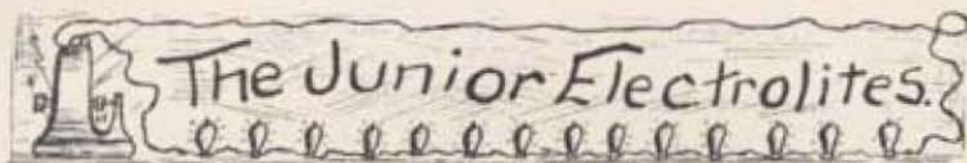
D. S. WEBB

L. R. WILCOX

F. D. BROWN



THESPIAN CLUB



# The Junior Electrolites.

**MEETING PLACE.**

Judge's Hall.

**COLORS.**

Light Arc and Stone Blue.

**MOTTO.**

Avoid being shunted; never get short-circuited or burnt out.

**FAVORITE DISH.**

Electric Eels and Eddy Curr(e)nts.

**FAVORITE DRINK.**

Curr(e)nt Wine.

**FAVORITE FLOWERS.**

The Electric Plant.

**SONG.**

"O Jewel Bearings."\*

**OFFICERS.**

COURTNEY WILLIAMS . . . . .	Keeper of the Great Magnet and Seal
J. THOMPSON BROWN . . . . .	Guardian of the Wheatstone Bridge and Key
JULIUS C. DANTZLER . . . . .	Recording Wattmeter
GEORGE MILLER . . . . .	Great Commutator
BOYCE MILLER . . . . .	Grand Lightning Arrester

**MEMBERS.**

ROBERT T. BROOKE, Chief Insulator	S. B. BRAGG, Res'stance Box
DONALDSON BROWN, Transformer	
D. TUCKER BROWN, Shunt Box	CARL DUNKLEE, Alternator
REGINALD HOLLISTER, Exciter	
E. NEWNHAM, Rheostat	NELSON C. POE, Conductor
CUSTIS SEAGLE, Accumulator	

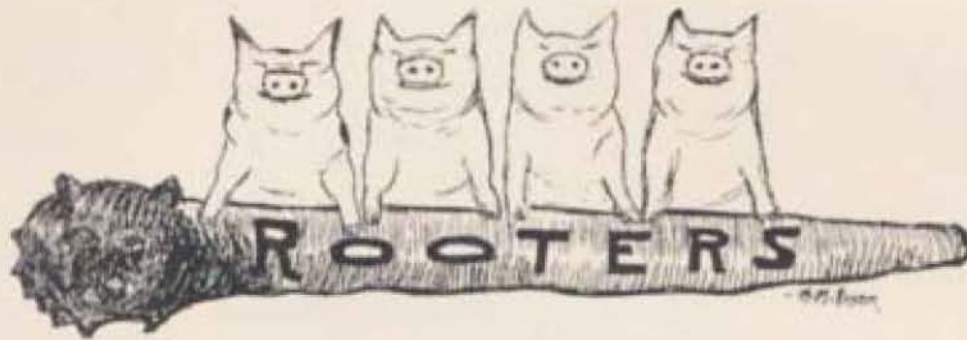
**HONORARY MEMBERS.**

PROFESSOR SAMUEL R. PRITCHARD, Supreme Light, and Ruler of the Zero Electro-static Recorder.

PROFESSOR CLAUDIUS LEE, Grand Sage, Defender of the Electric Lights, and Master of "Judge's Hall."

\*This song was contributed by "The Author" and Mr. Mather.





MOTTO.

Yell! Yell!! Yell like Hell!

OFFICERS.

J. N. ASHTON	Great Hog
A. A. RICHARDSON	Great Sow
W. S. BEALLEY	Recording Hog
L. R. WILLCOX	Hog of Finance

HOGS.

J. H. GWATHMEY	F. D. BROWN
H. MCCORMICK	S. M. ALMOND

SHOATS.

W. M. BRODIE	D. T. BROWN	J. T. BROWN
H. P. BROWN	R. B. BEVERLY	G. A. CHALKLEY
W. L. CHEWNING	C. A. DERRICK	J. R. DE PRIEST
A. H. FLEET	W. W. GIBBS	E. C. GLASS
W. HAY	J. M. HICKS	R. E. HOLLISTER
	S. T. HUGHES	C. S. JONES
F. W. KARNES	J. E. LEAR	J. F. MARSHAL
C. D. NEWMAN	F. POWELL	N. C. POE
A. H. ROOP	J. M. SAMPLE	R. B. SLOAN
W. F. TAMS	W. P. TAMS	F. D. WEBB
G. B. WHITMORE	R. W. WILLIAMS	C. WILLIAMS



## ALBEMARLE CLUB.

### MOTTO.

No Palms without Labor.

### COLORS.

Orange and Navy Blue.

### FAVORITE DISH.

Roast pig with apple sauce.

### FAVORITE DRINK.

Wine.

### OFFICERS.

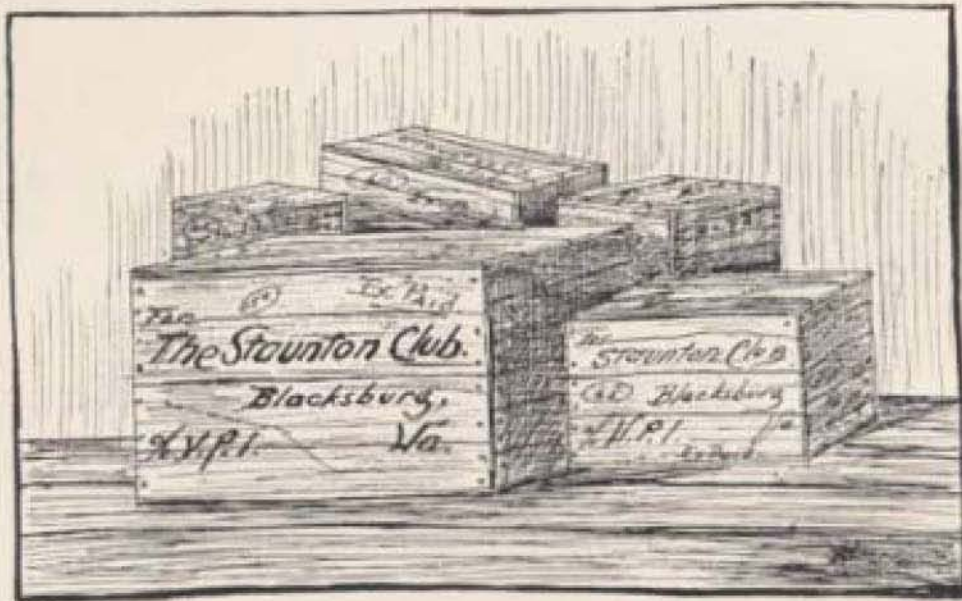
W. LOWRY MANN . . . . .	President
C. PURCELL McCUE . . . . .	Vice-President
HENRY B. GOODLOE . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
H. CLAY MICHIE . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms

### MEMBERS.

B. BOLLING	H. H. HILL	W. L. MANN
W. A. DUNN	G. C. KAUFMAN	J. B. PURCELL
H. B. GOODLOE	C. F. McCUE	J. A. WADDELL
G. W. GILMER	H. C. MICHIE	T. G. WOOD

### HONORARY MEMBERS.

COLONEL J. S. A. JOHNSON	MR. H. S. PEYTON
PROF. J. M. JOHNSON	PROF. W. H. RASCHÉ
DR. J. M. McBEYDE	PROF. C. E. VAWTER, JR.
PROF. R. C. PRICE	MAJOR J. A. WADDELL, JR.



**COLORS.**

Pea Green and Turkey Red.

**MOTTO.**

Get All that 's Coming to You.

**FAVORITE EXPRESSION**

Deck on that Ham.

**YELL.**

Hobble gobble, turkey gobble,  
 Hobble gobble grub!  
 We are the members of  
 The Staunton Club!

**OFFICERS.**

F. D. WEBB . . . . .	President
W. P. TAMS, JR. . . . .	Vice-President
W. F. TAMS . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
A. W. KINNEY . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms

**MEMBERS.**

D. M. BAXTER	F. W. KARNES	W. P. TAMS, JR.
M. F. BERKELEY	A. W. KINNEY	D. S. WEBB
W. E. GILKESON	A. LOEB	F. D. WEBB
R. A. HAINSLIP	W. F. TAMS	F. M. YOST





## V. P. I. GERMAN CLUB.

### OFFICERS

FRANK D. WEHR	President
NILSON C. POE	Vice-President
FERDINAND POWELL	Secretary and Treasurer
C. J. B. DeCAMPS	Leader

### MEMBERS.

J. N. ASHTON	R. H. C. BEVERLEY	R. B. BEVERLEY
	R. T. BROOKE	D. T. BROWN
	J. M. BRYANT	
	C. H. CARPENTER	S. T. HUGHES
J. A. JACKSON	H. M. JACOBS	F. W. KARNES
	A. W. KINNEY	W. J. LONGLEY
	W. N. McANGE	
	H. B. McCORMICK	H. C. MICHIE
H. B. MISH	W. A. P. MONCURE	W. S. MOFFETT
	A. A. PHLEGAR	A. A. RICHARDSON
	F. J. RUDD	
J. M. SAMPLE		R. B. SLOAN
	C. E. VAWTER	



## HUNGRY HILL CLUB.

"Do not live to eat, but eat to live."

OCCUPATION.  
Rough House.

DISH.  
Oysters.

DRINK.  
Ale.

### MOTTO

"Hunger is the best sauce."

### MENU.

#### SOUP.

Oxtail, with Sticks.

#### MEAT.

Beef, a la Bones, with Horse Radish Sauce.

#### VEGETABLES.

(From the Cannery.)

Beans, with Strings on.

Tomatoes, minus the Article.

Corn in the Hull.

#### DESSERT.

Bird's-nest Pudding.

#### BEVERAGE.

Adam's Ale.

#### CHEF RULERS.

Forked Lightning and Thomas Jefferson.

## RULES AND REGULATIONS.

First come, first served; late arrivals go hungry.

Eating during grace positively forbidden.

Eating with knife positively forbidden.

Members must not ask questions about bill of fare; if there is dessert you will be informed of the fact.

Five dollars fine if you dip your own knife in the butter.

Members are cautioned not to pass a dish until they have helped themselves.

When guests are present, don't consume more than one smothered chicken or their appetites may not be satisfied.

Members must make arrangements with the cook before bringing a friend to a meal or you may be embarrassed when he takes his seat at the growley counter.

The use of Mr. Peyton's "Boot-leg" and Mr. Jacob's "Schooner" are positively forbidden to other members of the club.

Keep out the kitchen.

Members of class in "Cowology" must clean their shoes thoroughly before entering the club-house.

Members must not return from a trip with an empty bottle, nor a sweet-scented breath.

Members are cautioned not to use the telephone when making love to young ladies, or you may regret it; ask Chris.

Members are cautioned not to give "Deutchy" a stogie or you may have a comatose Dutchman on your hands.

Freshness in rat members will meet prompt punishment.

H. S. Peyton, Bossman. Chief of Growley Pile and Cigar Chewer.  
"Golly from China."

T. Gilbert Wood, Splinter. Chief's Right-hand Man and Toothpick Chewer.  
"Hello, there."

I. T. Jacobs, Frog. Potato Pie Scrapper and Skimmed Milk Drinker.  
"Dog gone the lookout."

W. G. Chrisman, Chris Kringle. Tea Toper and Farm Engineer.  
"Golly Moses."

R. E. Ferneyhough, Rat. Masticator of Biscuits.  
"Oh! the Deuce."

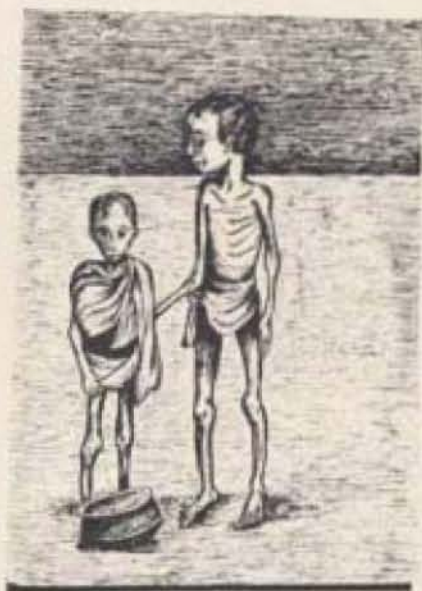
J. H. Van Dyke, Deutchy. Consumer of Frankfurters.  
"By Jiminy."

A. P. Spencer, Pat. Chief's Left-Hand Man and Love Digester.  
"Oh! I see."

R. M. Drinkard, Grandpa, Jr. Persimmon and Oat Meal Expert.  
"Dog take it."

H. K. Foster, Breeches. Bean Specialist.  
"Goodness alive."

W. L. Bradbury, Reddy. Growley Grinder.  
"I will be dogged."







Old Shot Tower, on the bank of New River at Jackson's Ferry.

## WYTHE COUNTY CLUB.

**COLORS.**  
Evergreen.

**FAVORITE DISH.**  
Boiled Cabbage and Bacon.

**FAVORITE OCCUPATION.**  
Hoing Taters.

**OUR DRINK.**  
Hard Cider.

### OFFICERS.

J. H. GIBBONEY	.....	President
R. W. WILLIAMS	.....	Vice-President
W. S. BRALLEY	.....	Secretary and Treasurer
J. L. RICHMOND	.....	Sergeant-at-Arms

### MEMBERS.

J. S. COUNSELMAN	C. A. JACKSON	A. H. SAYERS
H. B. CROWLEY	D. A. NEWLAND	C. B. SEAGLE
J. B. HUFFARD	F. POWELL	F. M. SPILLER

### DECEASED MEMBERS.

C. G. BRADY	E. C. CARTER	S. M. SPILLER
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## MOUSE CLUB, 1900-01.

**MOTTO.**  
Get Fresh.

**COLORS.**  
Mouse-Gray and Cheese-Yellow.

**YELL.**  
Sis Boom Roo,  
What 'll we do?  
Buck those Rats of 1902  
Rae, Ri, Rum!  
Rae, Ri, Rum!  
We are Mice of 1901.

**FAVORITE OCCUPATION.**  
Getting Fresh.

### OFFICERS.

M. F. BERKLEY . . . . .	President
W. A. DUNN . . . . .	Vice-President
J. A. JOHNSTON . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
J. P. JONES . . . . .	Sergeant-at-Arms

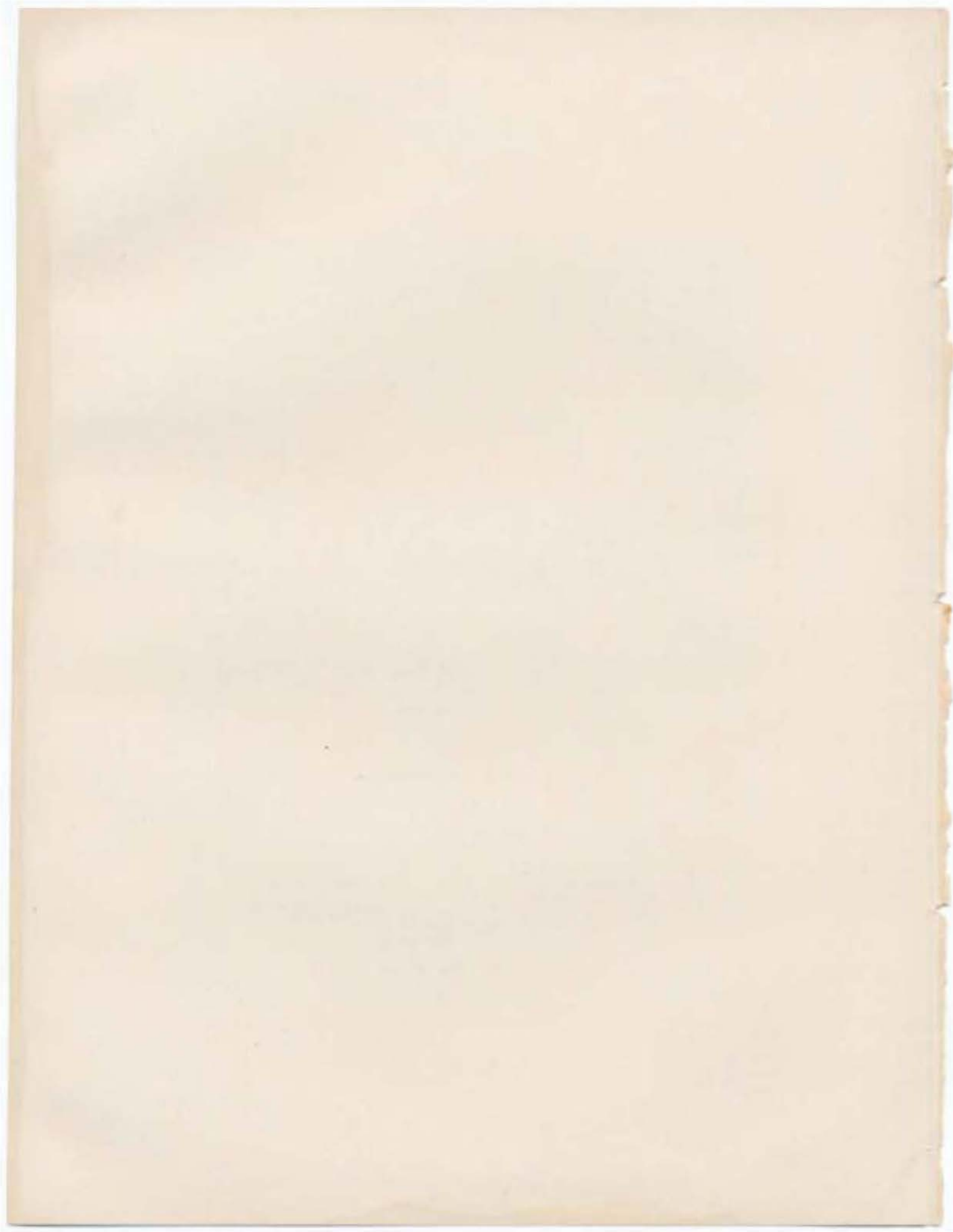
### MEMBERS.

D. M. BAXTER	J. A. JOHNSTON	R. R. PAGE
H. P. BERKLEY	J. P. JONES	C. P. PRICE
M. F. BERKLEY	G. C. KAUFMAN	L. W. REED
H. E. CONEY	A. L. LOEB	J. E. SMITH
W. A. DUNN	M. N. LYON	N. B. TALCOTT,
W. E. GILKESON	J. MORTON	T. F. TAYLOR
	D. S. WEBB	



MILL CREEK





★ ★  
**D R A G S**

*and*

**G A G S .** ★





## THE BUGLE ELECTION.

One of the Most Memorable Elections in the History of THE BUGLE. Charges of Fraud Brought Against Ashton and Kinney on Account of the Large Number of Votes Polled. Exciting Day at the Polls.

**B**LACKSBURG, VA., April 14, 1901.—When the polls closed yesterday at sunset it was on one of the most exciting elections in the history of THE BUGLE. The election was characterized by the absence of brawls, scraps, etc., due mainly to the excellent police work of Captain Mathews, whose force was at work all day, ever on the alert for the rowdy and the drunkard.

The offices of greatest bore, ugliest calet, greatest sorehead and others which seemed to belong to the free-for-all class, were hotly contested for, but it was for the office of most popular cadet that the voting was fast and furious and only after several counts was it decided that Hicks had won.

The charge of ballot-box stuffing brought against Kinney, who received the largest number of votes ever polled under any circumstances, seem to be groundless. It is claimed that the candidate used unfair means and actually worked for his election. We who know the genial candidate take pleasure in refuting the charge as we know that this is utterly beyond Kinney. As for the similar charge

brought against Ashton, it seems rather hard to credit; the idea of a college spirited man stuffing the box being rather hard to digest. Still the charge remains and must be answered.

Below is given a detailed account of the election:

**MOST POPULAR CADET.** Nominees—Hicks, Bralley, Sample, Powell, and Hollister. Hicks's strong card was his motto, "Be polite." He won, but Bralley, the people's nominee, and a dark horse in the race, gave him the closest run of his life. We congratulate Mr. Hicks on his election. We believe he is better qualified for the position than any man on the card.

**BEST OFFICER.** Nominees—Bralley, Hicks, and Brodie. Again we see Bralley and Hicks pitted against each other and this time, sad to relate (for Hicks), Bralley won. Hicks led off well and we believe would have had the race in a walk, but for a card which Bralley got out late in the day. Something to this effect: "I respectfully solicit your vote for the office of Best Officer. I believe I am qualified to fill the office as I am *cool, calm, and collected* under fire; have the ability to command; and the respect of my company. Elect me and let me demonstrate these facts." He won, but it was no dead-easy thing.

**MOST COLLEGE-SPIRITED CADET.** Nominees—Ashton and Powell. No need to say anything of the result here; we all know what a cinch it was for Ashton and we are sorry to say we know also of the charges of fraud brought against him. Speak up, Ashton, and refute this charge.

**UGLIEST CADET.** Free-for-all. Leaders—Stuart, Hughes, Glass, Poe, and others. Voting started off slow and only late in the day when the friends of Poe and Glass went to work in earnest did the contest become at all spirited. We congratulate Mr. Poe on his election and the people on their choice.

**GREATEST SOREHEAD.**—Another free-for-all class with Brooke, R. T., Wysor and Wood at the head. It would seem from the voting for this office that there were more soreheads in barracks than other kinds. What we needed was quality not quantity and we got it in Wysor, with Brooke a close second.

**MOST CONCRITED CADET.** Nominees—Webb, F. D., and Hughes. The result is too well known. It was only a case of swell-head on the part of Hughes in going up against a man like Webb who snowed him well under.

**FRESHEST RAT.** Nominees—Hill and Barrow. Successful candidate, Barrow. May you enjoy your office to the fullest extent.

**LAZIEST MAN.** Nominee—Kinney. Successful candidate, Kinney. We can not waste words on such a man.

**GREATEST BORE.** Free-for-all. Every one has his own pet bore, it is only the more efficient who come to the front. These are Almond, Webb, F. D., and the co-eds. An idea of the large number of candidates in the field will be received when it is known that out of over two hundred votes cast, the co-eds, who headed the lists, only received twenty, while Webb got seventeen; Almond coming in for only eleven.

**BIGGEST LIAR.** We regret to say that there are no good liars in barracks as there used to be. When an ordinary liar like "Bones" Beverley is elected to the office of biggest liar it is time for all others to stop. His lies are common, not instructive; and not even amusing. They are simply—lies.

**BIGGEST SISSY.** Nominees—Coney, W. F., Webb, F. D., and McAnge. McAnge, whose strong card was his last year's occupation of this office, made a dismal failure when he ran up against Coney. Webb did better, a great deal better, but not well enough.

**GREATEST GROWLER.** Free-for-all, but as usual, there is one man who stands head and shoulders above the rest of the class. This is Poe; poor Poe.

**MOST INTELLECTUAL CADET.** Nominees—Fleet, A. H., and Tamms, W. P., successful candidate, Fleet. We are afraid to say anything in regard to such smart men as Fleet and Tamms, as "least said, soonest mended."

**HARDEST STUDENT.** Nominees—Hicks and Lindsay. Hicks's bluff has played out at last as is shown by the way Lindsay walked over him.

**MOST DIGNIFIED CADET.** Nominees—Page, Hicks, and Young, M. G. Hicks was as good as elected until he started singing. Page was not well known enough to go up against the stately walk, aristocratic curl of the lip, and bold stare of Young.

**BIGGEST BUM.** Free-for-all. Voting slow until Gibbs, Gantt, Bussels, and Turner, J. D., entered the race when the contest became lively. Gibbs won out by a narrow margin of one vote over Bussels.

**CHEEKIEST CADET.** Nominees—Webb, F. D., and Gouldman. Webb has cheek enough, but Gouldman has it to spare—has so much that he can't keep it to himself; shows it off on his friends. From the time he entered the race there was no doubt as to his election. His cheeky way of asking for votes won him the office.

**BEST ALL-AROUND CADET.** Very few contestants in the race as shown by the number of blanks. The only man worthy of the office won it—Hicks.



**BIGGEST BLUFF.** Nominees—Richardson and Turner, J. D. Richardson led off well but lost ground after Turner entered until he let fall the remark that he could lick the man who said he was a bluff, then his election was assured.

**CADET WHO SHOWS GREATEST FONDNESS FOR PROFESSORS.**—We were afraid that this would be misunderstood until we saw the ballots when all doubts were dispelled. Nominees—Warren, Anderson, Gibboney. Gibboney comes last on the list—why we can't imagine, unless it was that his scientific methods were not known. Warren leads, with Anderson second.

We have given you here the cold, hard facts concerning the election. We may have expressed it a little roughly; if so we apologize—it is the best we can do. To those of you who were successful we extend our warmest congratulations. You see here what your companions think of you, and if your office gives you honor, make the most of it; if not, profit by the lesson.





## WANTED TO KNOW?

---

Why "Duck" didn't want to go to Raleigh with the football team.

Why Jack S. threw bread at the canary birds in Christiansburg.

Why "Kit" wanted to play football in Norfolk.

Why we will be glad to say we went to school with John D. Burrall.

Why "Rich" lost his collar button before the Radford german.

Why "Featherweight" doesn't want to stop in Lynchburg.

Why Mac. walked behind the buggy going to Hollins.

Why our friends fell over Niagara.

Why "Clax" and "Featherweight" can't study.

Why "Fleck" is careful when drinking water.

Why "Jack," "Kit," "Duck," and "Kinks" always constituted the rear-guard of the party while in Richmond.

Why "Puss" K. remarked, "Of course, he's black, he is bound to be black."

Why "Mossieur" boarded the train again so quickly at Farmville.

Why Hall, E. C., is called Margaret.



# OUR ARTISTS.

MISS H. STOWE

MISS E. B. BILISOLV

MISS R. C. GOODE

MISS A. BROOKS

MISS M. M. ROVER

MISS E. C. MONCURE

MISS E. B. JONES

BEVERLY FLEET

PAUL T. JONES

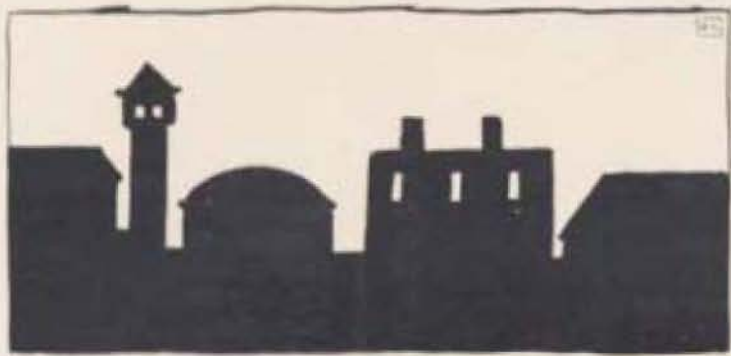
COURTNEY WILLIAMS

W. F. CONEY

GEORGE A. BUIST

## Farewell.

The Curtain falls, the closing scene is o'er,  
Why linger we? Regrets do not avail.  
These actors have a part to play elsewhere,  
It does no good to weep, or to bewail  
Departing friends, for such, I trust are we.  
These farewells, tho' recchord by a sob,  
Extended are, dear friend, for aye to thee.

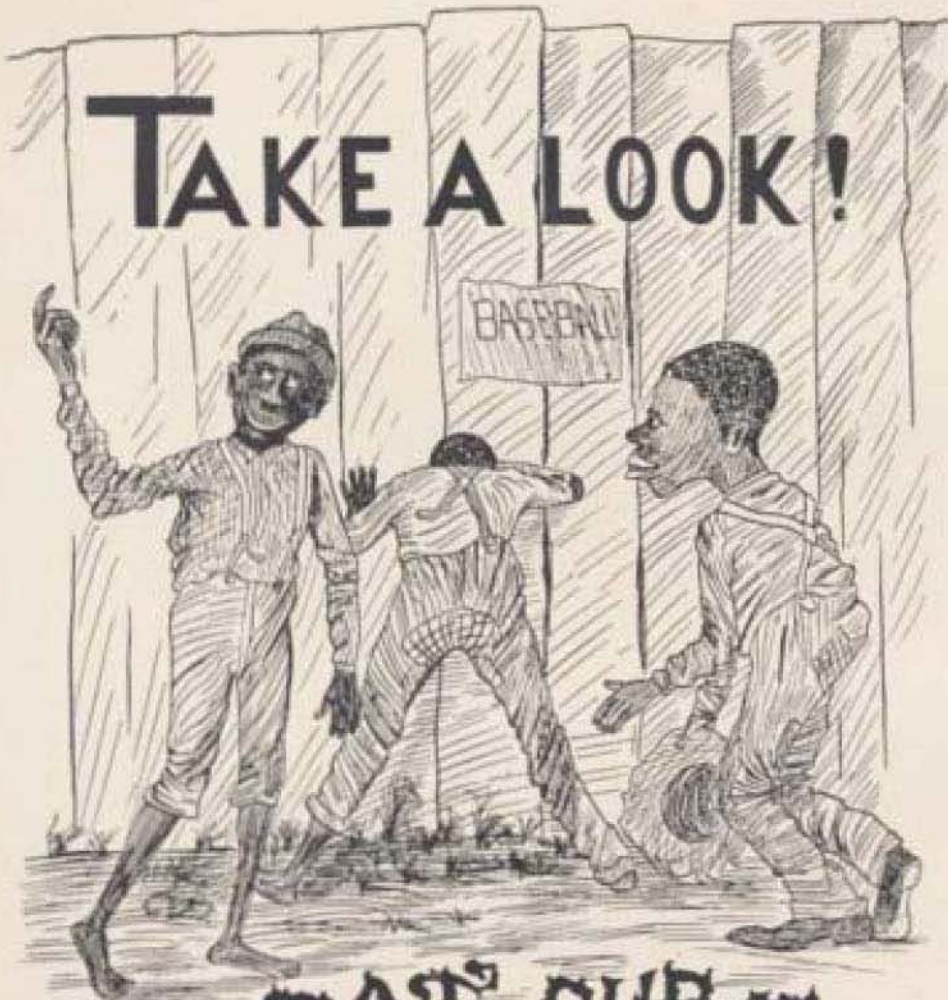




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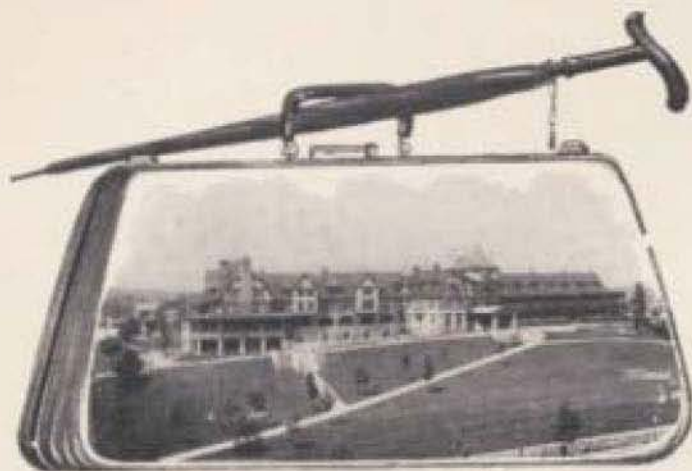
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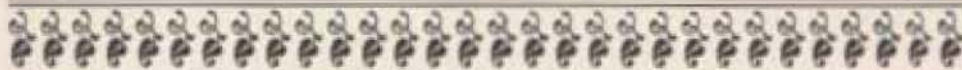
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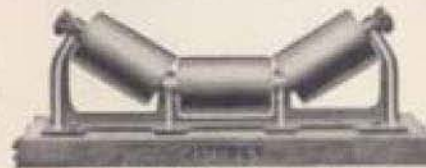


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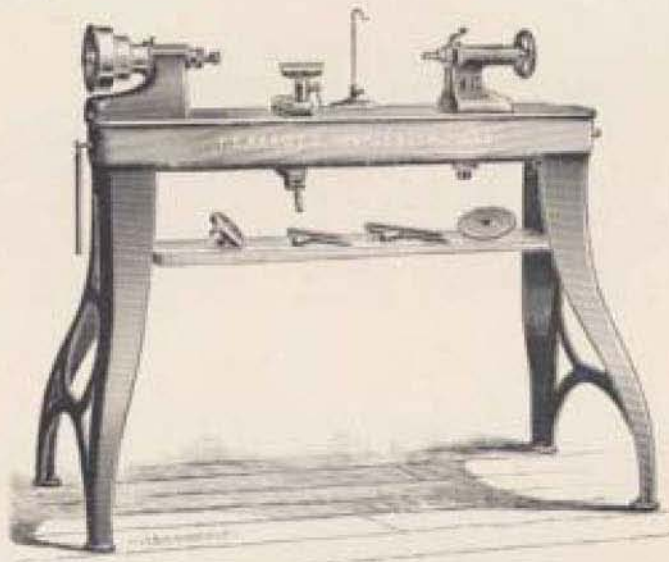
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