

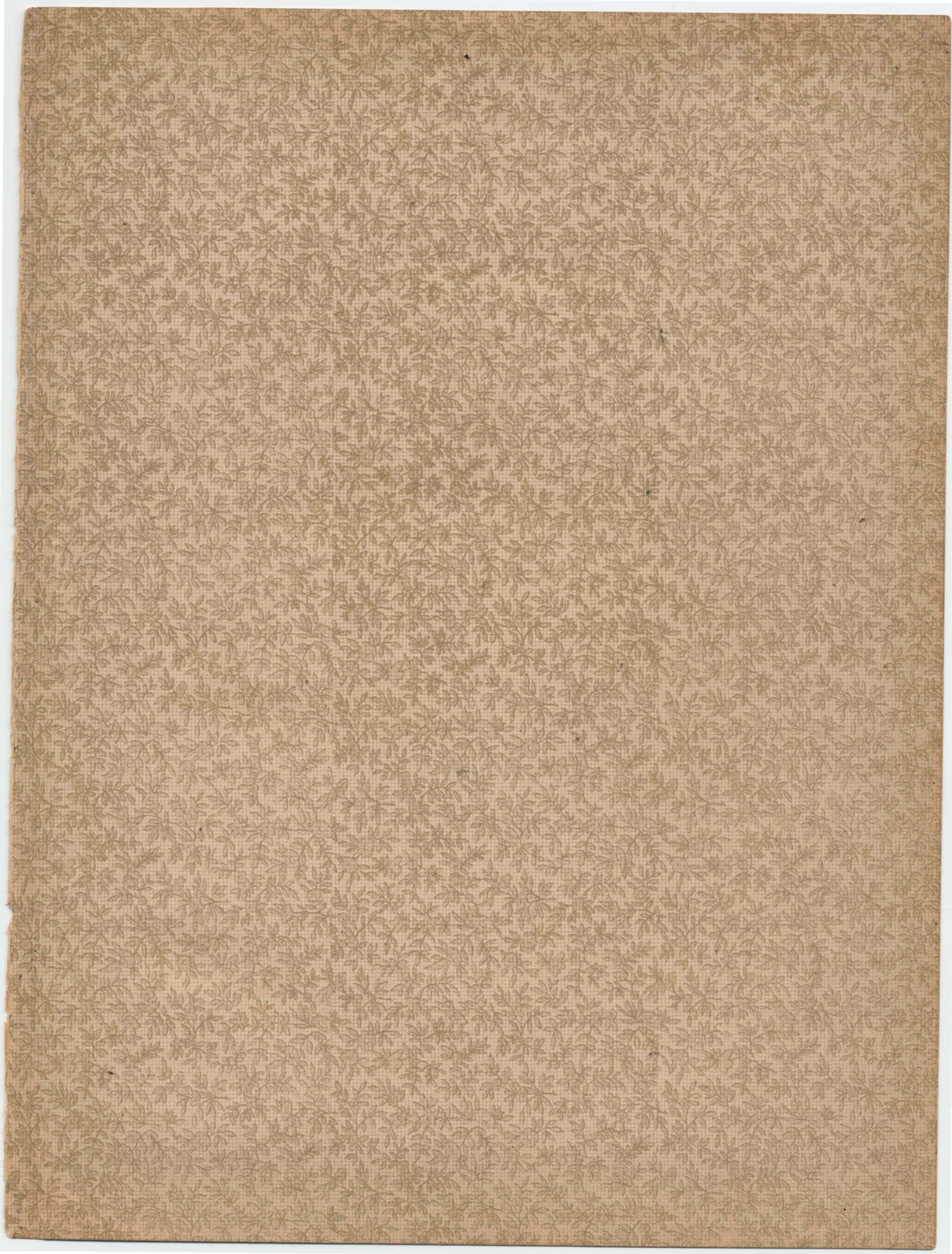


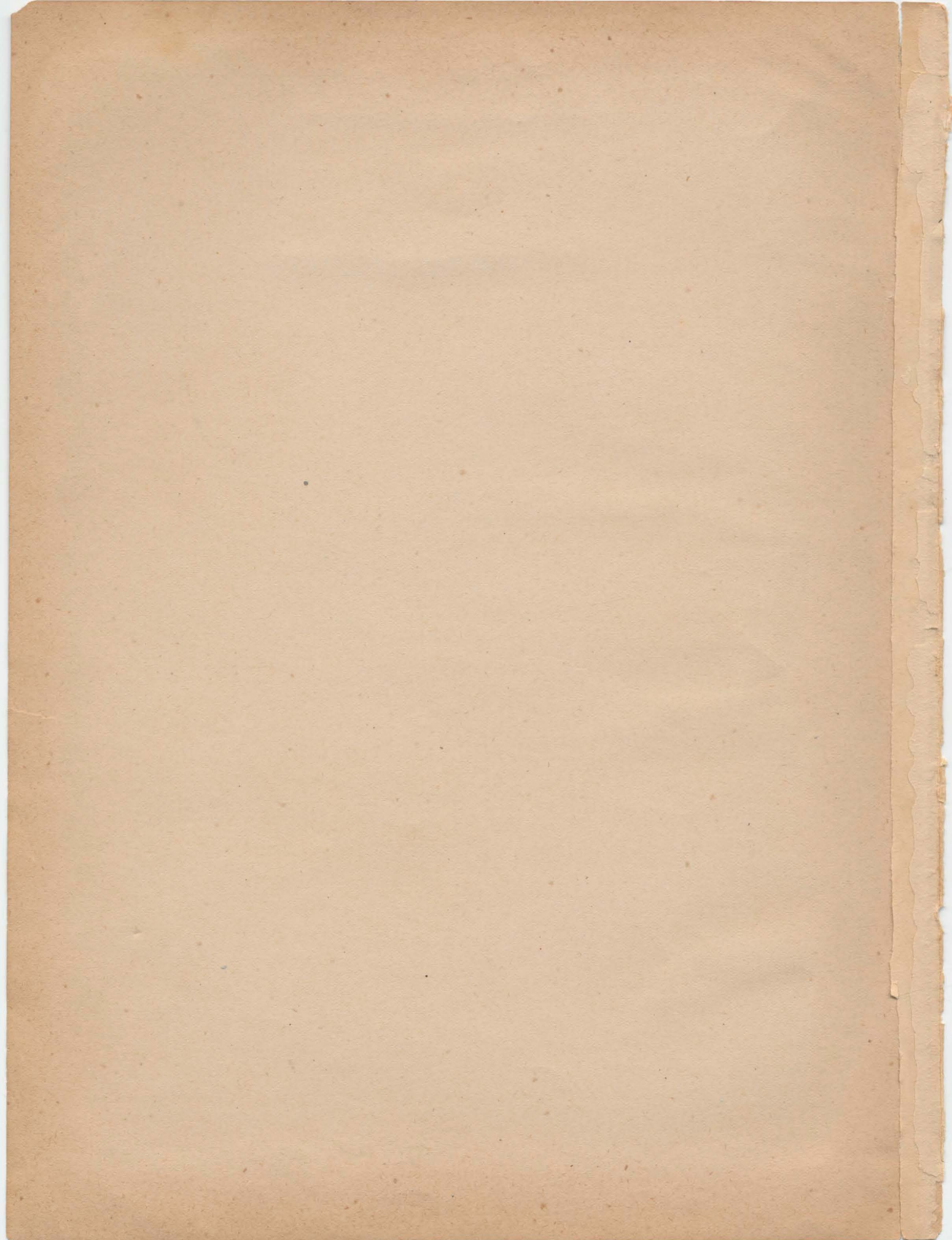
The Bugle

Vol. 5.

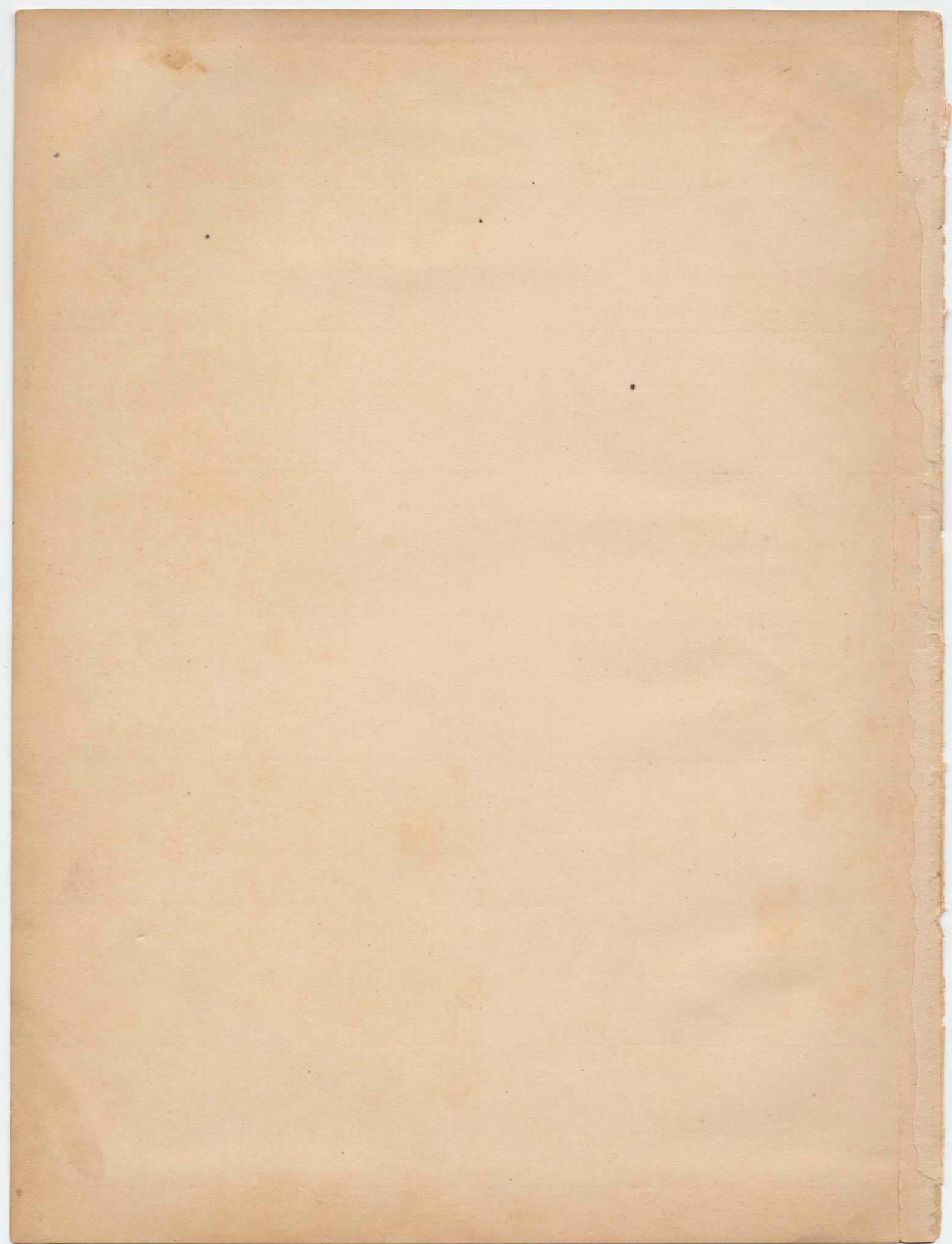
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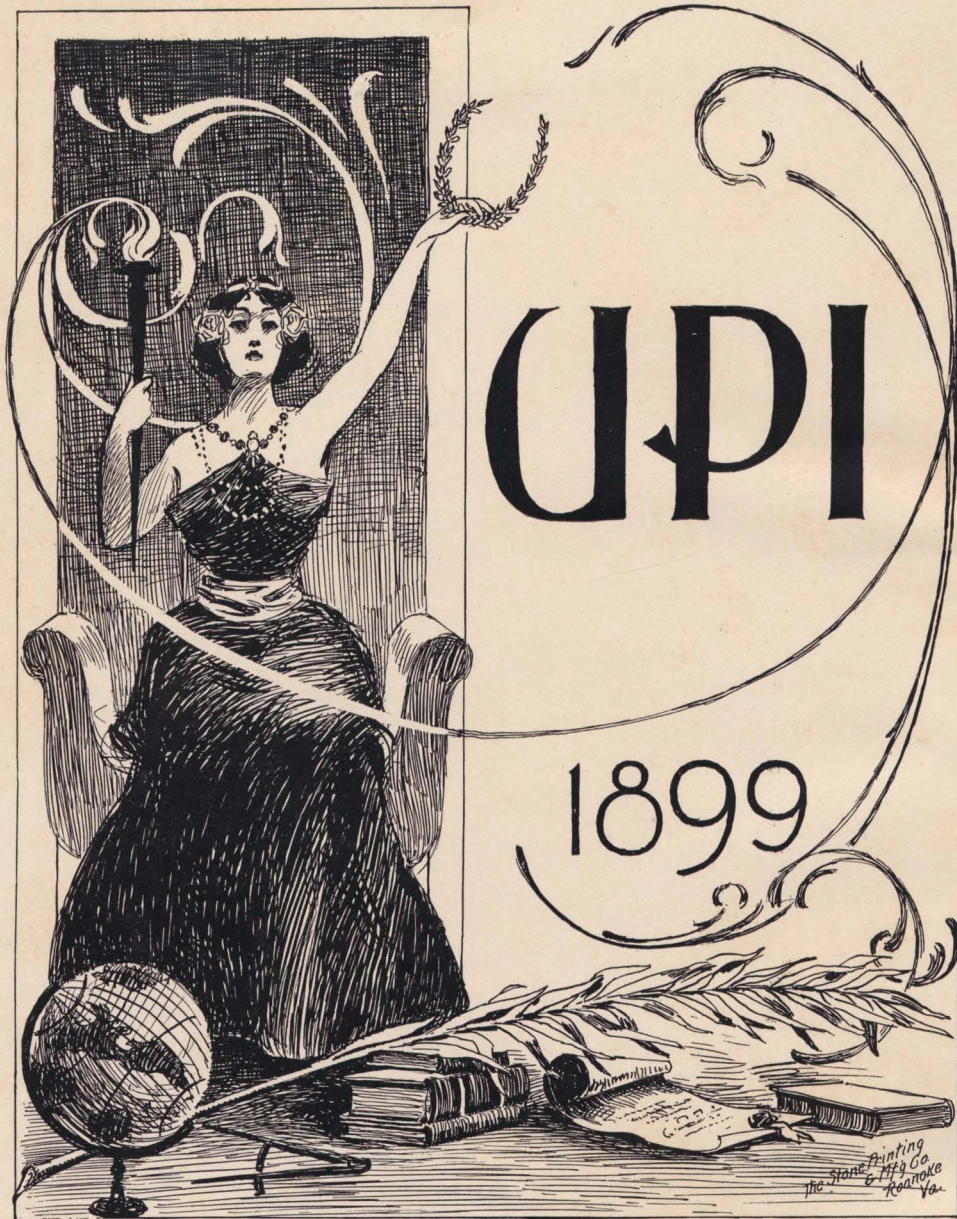


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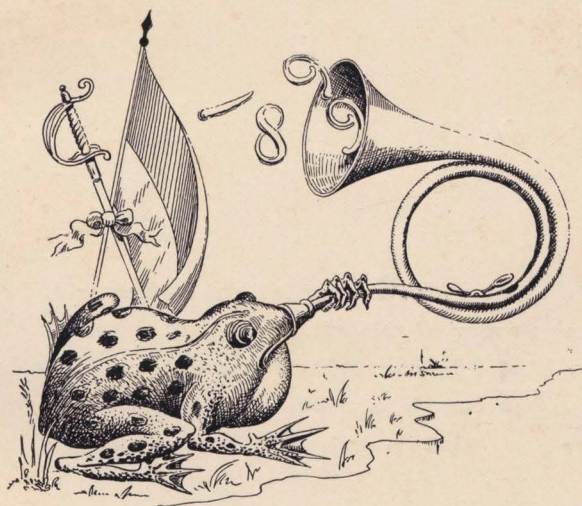
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June - 1899 -



THE BUGLE

• VOLUME V •



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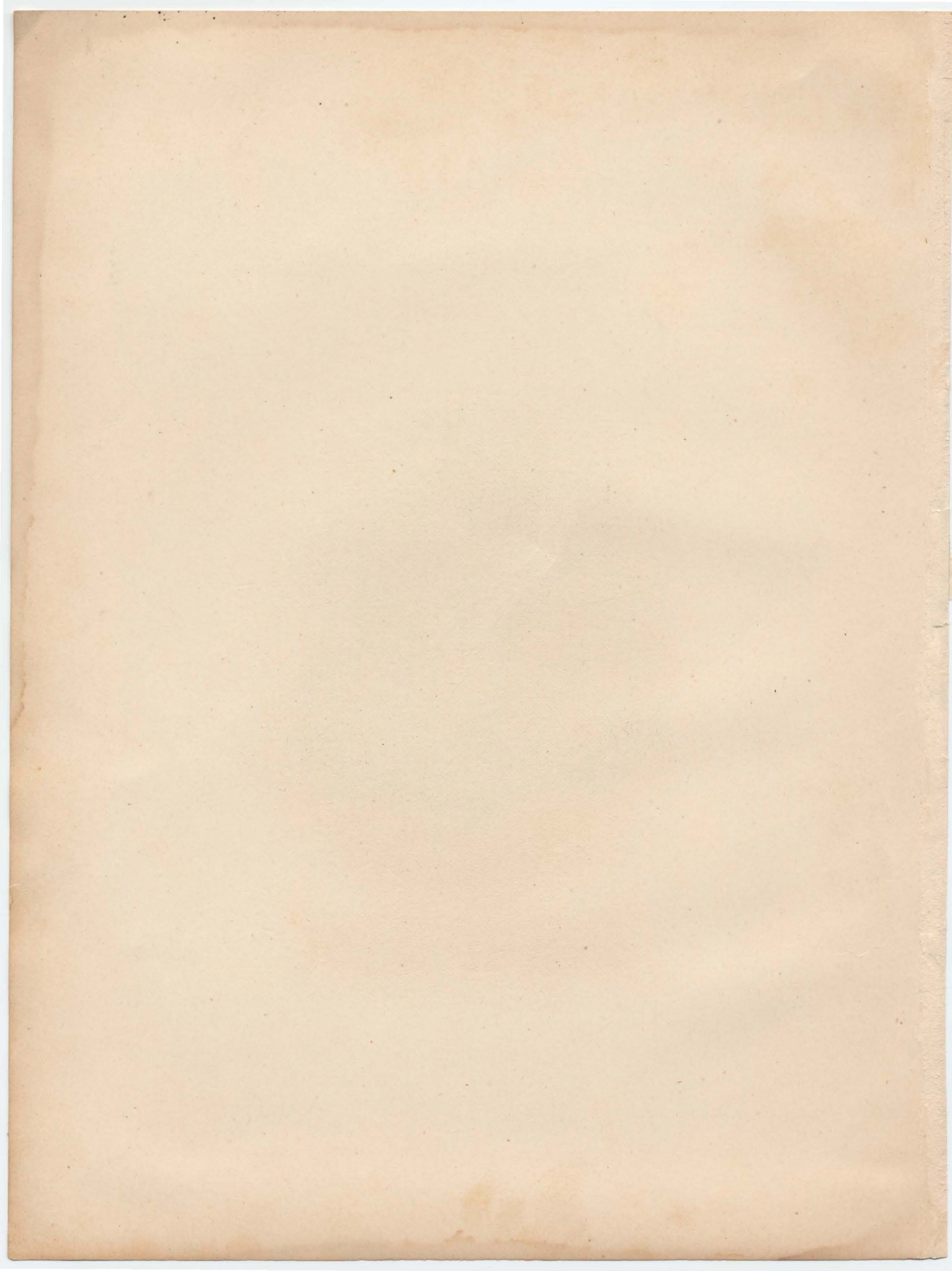
To Our Beloved President,

**A noble Christian and able scholar, who, by strict integrity, infinite
energy and power of wisdom, has raised the standard of our
Alma Mater to our pride's content, we affectionately
dedicate this volume as a token of our
sincere esteem and gratitude.**



Engraved by E. Wright Phil^a

J. M. M. Brydes, Ph. D. LL. D.





DR. JOHN M. MCBRYDE was born in Abbeville, South Carolina, in 1841. His parents were Scotch and came over to this country in their early youth. He was prepared for college at good classical schools, and at the age of seventeen entered the Sophomore Class of the South Carolina College. Among those of his college-mates who afterwards rose to distinction were Bishop R. W. B. Elliot, Judge A. C. Haskell, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina; Judge W. H. Brawley, United States District Court; T. M. Logan, Brigadier-General, Confederate States Army; John Haskell, Lieutenant-Colonel Artillery, Confederate States Army, and afterwards a leading member of the South Carolina Legislature; Rev. Dr. William Boggs, Chancellor of the University of Georgia, and C. W. Hutson, the well-known Southern writer. Among the professors at the South Carolina College at that time were the President, Judge Longstreet, author of the "Georgia Scenes;" the historian, Rivers; Colonel Venable and the two Le Contes. From the last two, who even then gave promise of the brilliant career before them, Dr. McBryde imbibed his love of science which finally determined his life work. At the last examinations he stood at the South Carolina College, he was at the head of his class. From the College he entered the University of Virginia and was there at the outbreak of the Civil War. Early in January, 1861, he returned home to Abbeville, joined a volunteer company and was stationed on Sullivan's Island and afterwards on Morris's Island from whence he saw the opening shot of the bombardment of Sumter from Fort Johnson, and the reply from Sumter. After the downfall of Sumter he volunteered for service in Virginia, went immediately to Richmond with the regiment and was among the first fifteen hundred troops assembled by Beauregard at Manassas.

He was present at Vienna and participated in what was thought at the time to be the first fight of the war—Big Bethel had been fought the day before, but the news of the fighting did not reach the regiment. The regiment being mustered out in July, '61, in Richmond, young McBryde returned home and was active in raising a company of cavalry in which he was first sergeant, but on account of his experience at the front was put in actual charge of the troop. During the greater part of 1862 this troop, as a part of Colonel Black's battalion of cavalry, was stationed near Adams Run and on James Island, near Charleston, where it saw active service.

A severe attack of typhus fever prevented young McBryde from being made adjutant of this command, and held him between life and death for months. Refusing to remain at home on his convalescence he was appointed to a position in the Confederate States Treasury Department and ordered to Richmond. Within two months he was assigned to the War Tax office and within a month was made chief of an important new division which he was given carte blanche to organize. The duty of his office was the examination and auditing of the assessor's returns. The War Tax Office was the most important and growing bureau of any department of the government. A part of the taxes paid were exacted in kind, so much of corn, flour, bacon, etc., and on these receipts our troops largely depended. With nothing to guide him in the way of forms, books, etc., the young chief had to originate everything out of his own mind; forms, books, methods of examination and correspondence, etc., had to be formulated. He had virtually the appointment of his clerks, between thirty and forty to begin with. Himself a youth of scarcely twenty-two, he had not only to attempt all this, without previous preparation or experience, but had under him old men of large acquaintance with public affairs—professors, engineers, lawyers, etc.

In February, 1865, he was ordered to Columbus, Georgia, and put in charge of a party guarding the effects of a part of the Treasury Department. Passing through Abbeville, South Carolina, with his party, he was detained through lack of transportation and while there came the news of Lee's surrender; and almost simultaneously with it came President Davis and several members of his cabinet. The last cabinet meeting of the Confederacy was hastily held in the village and its members scattered to seek safety in flight.

A great part of the effects of the Treasury, including immense numbers of bonds and notes, were abandoned in the village. For months afterwards these were used by the merchants for wrappers and by the negroes for wall paper. Thus by a singular chance young McBryde saw the opening and closing scenes of the war.

At the close of the war, with the hope of restoring his shattered health, but with no intention of making it his life work, Mr. McBryde started farming in Buckingham County, Virginia, where he remained until 1867 when he removed to Albemarle County, Virginia, and for several years farmed two places of nearly one thousand acres, near Charlottesville. He devoted himself especially to the study of the several branches of science most nearly related to agriculture, especially Agricultural Chemistry and Botany, making extensive collections of the plants peculiar to the region. At the same time he took an active part in agricultural matters, and in connection with a few other gentlemen, organized a farmers' club at Charlottesville. He was chairman of the executive committee of this organization and published a series of articles in the County papers on the importance of union among farmers and the benefits to be expected from co-operation. These articles excited much interest and led to the formation of similar clubs all over the country. He was soon elected president of his own organization, The

Belmont Farmers' Club, and its reputation soon extended all over the Piedmont section of the State. In the fall of 1879 he accepted the appointment as Professor of Agriculture and Botany in the University of Tennessee at Knoxville. Reorganizing the Department of Agriculture, the published results of his experiments attracted the attention of scientific men in this country and Europe, and brought him in correspondence with such men as Sir J. B. Laws, Edward Atkinson, Atwater and others. Within three years his department was one of the leading features of the Institution and very popular with the farmers of the State.

In 1882, without solicitation on his part, he was offered a chair in the reorganized South Carolina College, his alma mater. When this offer became known it called forth a number of public and private letters and newspaper editorials all urging the trustees of the University of Tennessee, in terms most flattering to Professor McBryde, to endeavor to retain him and his services to the people of Tennessee. At a called meeting of the board of trustees of the University of Tennessee, held May 25th, resolutions were unanimously adopted fixing his salary permanently at \$2,400.00 per annum, an increase of \$600.00 over the salary allowed professors, with expressions of cordial approval of his work. This unexpected and unsolicited action on the part of the board of trustees and the kind and high appreciation of his services made Professor McBryde's decision to sever his connection with the University an exceedingly difficult and trying ordeal. His anxiety to return to his native State and to do his utmost to aid in rebuilding his old college was all that influenced him to forego pecuniary advantage—for he knowingly went to a smaller salary in South Carolina—and to sever the kindly ties that bound him to the University and people of Tennessee. When his acceptance was communicated to the authorities of the University of South Carolina, it was received with most flattering comments by the State press.

The State College at Columbia, South Carolina, had already passed through many vicissitudes of fortune. Chartered in 1801, it was closed in 1863 by the war. It was reopened in 1866 as the University, and in 1870 passed under Radical rule, and its doors were opened to negroes as well as whites. It was finally closed again in 1876 to be re-established in 1878 with two branches, one at Orangeburg, known as Claffin College, for negroes, and the other at Columbia in the buildings of the old College, and was known as the South Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. The Hon. William Porcher Miles was elected president. Appropriations were secured and the Legislature ordered the reopening of the institution in the fall of 1882 as the South Carolina College, with Dr. Miles as president and the old faculty much enlarged. The Agricultural Department was practically non-existent and Professor McBryde was at once called upon to consider the problem of its reorganization and equipment. During the preceding summer Dr. Miles, the president of the institution, had resigned, and two days after Professor McBryde's arrival in Columbia, a meeting of the faculty was held to elect a chairman of the faculty, to act as executive until the board of trustees should elect a president. To his surprise and regret, Professor McBryde was elected

chairman. The opening of the College was set for October 1st, with no provision made during the summer for rehabilitation of lecture-rooms and chapel; the departments were without equipment; the campus a wilderness of weeds and sand; everything had to be done within three weeks, and the demands of the College left the chairman with but little time for the equipment and organization of his own department. When, however, the College opened with a rush of students that sent the enrollment up to nearly two hundred, the work of the College at once moved off smoothly and easily. Carrying the full amount of professorial work incident to his position, Professor McBryde continued also to discharge all the duties attendant upon the presidency. His management was so satisfactory that the Board, at their December meeting declined to elect a president and asked his continuance as chairman of the faculty, and at their next semi-annual meeting, in May, 1883, recognized his services by unanimously electing him to the presidency. With reluctance, and at the sacrifice of his chosen life work in which he had already achieved a reputation, Professor McBryde accepted the exacting and harassing position offered him. From the date of his election to 1887 the work of the College went on prosperously. In an exhaustive report made to the trustees in 1885 by a board of visitors especially appointed to investigate the organization and work of the College, its condition was fully set forth. The report, signed by Wade Hampton as chairman, and eight other distinguished citizens of the State, congratulated the board of trustees "in the excellent condition and equipment of the South Carolina College; we rejoice that the old College has been permitted to renew its youth."

The report spoke of President McBryde as follows:

"It would be difficult to be extravagant in the expression of our high estimate of your president. He is emphatically a wise man; self-possessed, well balanced, practical, clear sighted and wide in the range of his sympathies and of his culture. A natural leader, he takes easy, unopposed and unirritating control of those about him; and so many practical talents and accomplishments are united in him that he is able to direct with the skill of a master every work from the highest to the lowest required by the purposes and interests of the College. * * * His varied work is done with such ease, and there is such simplicity and absence of ostentation, that to a superficial observer, the order, system, and efficiency apparent in every department are apt to seem the result of a happy combination of accidents, and an effort of attention is required to recognize that the College is a splendid success because there is a master mind at its head."

In 1886, Dr. McBryde declined the office of directorship of the Texas Experiment Station. On April 7th, 1887, he was without effort on his part elected president of the University of Tennessee, at a salary of \$5,000.00, and given carte blanche to reorganize the University and appoint his own faculty. The news was received with most favorable comments by the press of Tennessee and the newspapers united in congratulating the University of Tennessee upon having secured such a president, for Dr. McBryde had decided to accept the position. The news of the

offer was received with universal expressions of regret in South Carolina, the papers publishing articles urging him to remain. When his determination was officially announced to the board of trustees of the South Carolina College resolutions were passed urging him to withdraw his resignation, and he was waited on by a committee from the board, several of whom were warm personal friends of his. Their urgings and pleas moved him greatly and at length, unable to withstand their appeals, he determined to withdraw his resignation, at a great sacrifice to himself, pecuniary and otherwise, and accordingly so notified the respective boards. His determination was not made public in Columbia until commencement day, when the announcement, made by Governor Richardson, was the crowning feature of the exercises and was hailed with great enthusiasm by the audience and later by the papers of the State.

In 1887, the South Carolina Legislature gave the State Board of Agriculture an appropriation for the establishment of two agricultural experiment stations with farms attached, one in the upper and one in the lower section of the State. The Board of Agriculture, which had no connection whatever with the College, urged thereto by their own convictions and by numerous articles in the papers of the State, unanimously elected Dr. McBryde as the director of the two stations. This was done without even consultation with Dr. McBryde, who was spending the summer in Virginia with his family. The board of trustees gave their cordial consent, and Dr. McBryde accordingly assumed these duties in addition to those of the presidency of the college. Of the two experiment stations at that time in actual operation in the South, one had been organized by Dr. McBryde in Knoxville. He accordingly commenced the organization of these with great zeal, visiting each once a month, and entering into a series of important experiments principally upon cotton, the results of which have since been published. During the following winter (1887-88) the appropriations of the College were increased and it was ordered that it be enlarged and reorganized as a university and Dr. McBryde was directed to prepare the plans and submit the names of men qualified to fill the new positions. The Hatch fund was also transferred to the College, thus making it also the Agricultural and Mechanical College as well as the University of South Carolina and Dr. McBryde was elected president of the University and director of the station, thus giving him an enormous amount of additional work.

Much favorable comment was excited both at home and in the North by the organization and work of the new University, and the experiment stations were visited and their work praised by such men as Professor Brewer, of Yale, President Alvord, Dr. Harris, Dr. Atwater, and other experts sent out by the United States Department of Agriculture. Perhaps the highest possible testimony to the work of Dr. McBryde as director of the station is found in two letters—one from ex-Governor Johnson Hagood, a gallant brigadier-general in the Confederate States Army, one of the largest and best planters in the State, the other from Major Harry Hammond, a graduate of the Polytechnic Institute of Paris, at one

time professor in the University of Georgia, an expert of the United States Department of Agriculture, an admirable writer and scientist, and an extensive and highly successful planter.

Ex-Governor Hagood wrote:

"I read with the greatest interest your report. Its merits gave me a pang—to think that such valuable work was discontinued."

Major Hammond wrote:

"After studying your report it strikes me as by far the most valuable contribution to a knowledge of the use of fertilizers in cotton culture that I have met with. * * * I am satisfied that if this report had been widely circulated among farmers a quarter of a century ago it would have more than saved them the value of the largest cotton crop grown in that time. * * * In saying this let me add that your conclusions differ widely from my own theories and practice for many years, but your methods seem to me to have been so accurate and fair and your deductions so just and cogent that if I had seen them long since I feel sure I would have fared better."

In 1886, Tillman began his agitation for what he called practical education of the farmers. At the outset he declared he was actuated by no selfish or personal considerations, that he had no political aspirations—he wished only to be a trustee of "a farmers' college for farmers' boys." This agitation he pushed by attacking the intelligence and conservatism of the State. Everything established—institutions and officials—were denounced, State officers and the government were declared to be corrupt and rotten. Denunciation is easy and villification popular with the ignorant voters, and his movement, gathering momentum by increasing violence of misrepresentation and abuse, finally carried the State, putting him in the Governor's chair, with a Legislature subservient to his orders. The revolution was successful, the State was rent with dissension and all established things were changed or destroyed.

At the beginning of the movement intimation was made to Dr. McBryde that he had nothing to fear from it, that he was the choice of the reformers for the presidency of the proposed industrial college and that all he had to do was to keep quiet. This was in effect to invite him to betray or desert the interests committed to his keeping. Abhorring throughout his life politics and refusing to take part in any political contest, he stood, as in duty bound, to his post, and repelled to the best of his ability all attacks directed against his University. This was the sum total of his offenses—for which, Tillman called him on the hustings "the head devil of the opposition." This, for simply defending his charge, which, as one of the best papers in the State declared, "duty and truth and self-respect demanded of him."

The Reform Legislature, which met in the winter of 1890-91, destroyed the University and ordered the re-establishment of the South Carolina College. A new industrial institution was established in a distant corner of the State with the money left to the State by Clemson, and the United States funds. The University was to close its work in June, 1891, and the South Carolina College to reopen in

October of that year as a purely classical and literary institution. Its faculty was elected in April, 1891, and again Dr. McBryde, without the slightest effort on his part or even the intimation of a wish to remain connected with it, was elected president of the College, Mr. Tillman, as Governor, was *ex-officio* president of the board of trustees which elected him. Heartily disapproving of the revolution, lamenting the sad injury wrought to everything established by a century of intelligent and well-directed effort, and despairing, from his thorough knowledge of the character of the man put in high office, of the future of the State, he determined to seek another field of usefulness and if possible one which would again give him the opportunity for scientific work. Most opportunely and unexpectedly, just at the time of his re-election to the presidency, he was offered the presidency of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College and the directorship of its experiment station at a larger salary than he was to receive as president of the reorganized College. After consultation in Richmond with the trustees of the Virginia school, and having received from them every assurance of full liberty of action in reorganizing the school, he decided to accept their offer. He held that he had made sufficient sacrifice already of his own interests for his native State. He accordingly gave notice to the South Carolina trustees of his resolution to resign at the close of the session.

The scene at the commencement exercises, the last of the term, when Dr. McBryde took leave of the students, was most affecting. Numbers of the students and a large part of the audience were moved to tears. He was presented with a handsome service of silver by the students and a magnificent piece of plate by the alumni as proof of their affection for him.

Many articles appeared in the papers regretting his departure and he received numerous letters from his friends and from students, full of affection and esteem.

In view of the circumstances under which his decision was reached these articles have important historical bearing. A few are therefore given here, all taken from the leading papers of the State :

Editorial from a daily.—“ Dr. McBryde’s resignation is to be deeply regretted and his leaving will be a great loss to the South Carolina College and the State. His administration and management of the institution has been crowned with wonderful success. * * * His new position will enable him to continue his scientific research. Moreover, his new position will pay him more money, and then, he is a man so peculiarly fitted for the management of a great institution and a thorough scholar, with a national reputation in his line and a perfect gentleman. * * * It has been hard to hold him in our State against the many tempting offers he has received.”

Article headed “ Dr. McBryde’s resignation ; General Regret that He will Leave,” is as follows :

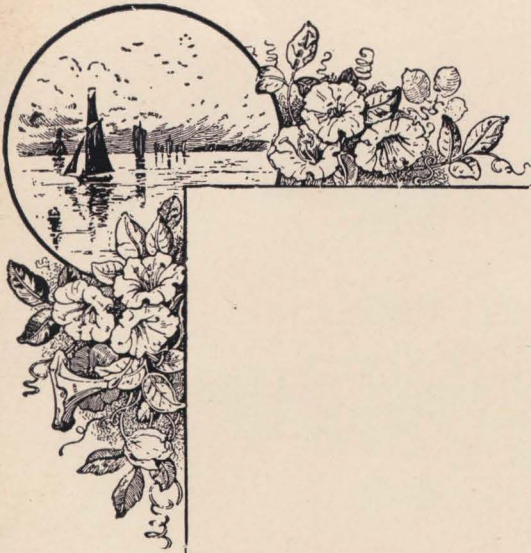
“ In educational circles in Charleston there was naturally a great deal of talk about the matter, and the unanimous opinion expressed was that Dr. McBryde’s departure would be one of the greatest losses the State could be called on at this

time to sustain. Education in South Carolina is now in a very transitory state and just such a hand as his is needed at the helm. For nine years he has been the genius of the State University and from what might be termed a humble beginning in 1882, when the institution was resuscitated, he has raised it step by step until it now occupies a plane as high as that of any institution in the South with the exception of the University of Virginia and Johns Hopkins at Baltimore. The work he has accomplished has been a great and noble one, and his withdrawal at this critical juncture will be most keenly felt."

An editorial.—"Dr. J. M. McBryde has resigned the presidency of the South Carolina College and will take charge of one in Blacksburg, Virginia. The State will give up one of her noblest and most intellectual men with profound regret."

Dr. McBryde's work in Virginia as president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College (now known as the Virginia Polytechnic Institute) is of too recent date, and too familiar to need any rehearsal. The College to-day, both in material matters and in moral and intellectual tone and the high standard which it occupies in the State, all testify to his ability, wisdom, and judgment. It may not be known to many that since his connection with the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Dr. McBryde has refused advantageous offers elsewhere, feeling that he was bound to remain at his post until he had seen the full fruition of his hopes and plans for the Institute. Thus, in 1893, he was offered the Assistant Secretaryship of Agriculture, by President Cleveland, with charge of all the scientific work of the United States Department of Agriculture. This offer took him completely by surprise, and after careful consideration was refused in the interests of the College. Again, in 1897, he was strongly urged to allow his name to be used for the presidency of Clemson College in South Carolina. This offer was steadily refused, even though it was taken up by the papers of South Carolina and much pressure brought to bear upon him to accept it.

With their knowledge of the man, and the tangible evidence of his wise guidance, in the material advancement of the College since his connection with it, the people of Virginia and the students and alumni of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute look with confidence and pride to the future of the institution, feeling that its success is assured as long as its course is guided by the wise head, clear judgment and firm, kind hand of Dr. McBryde.



Greeting

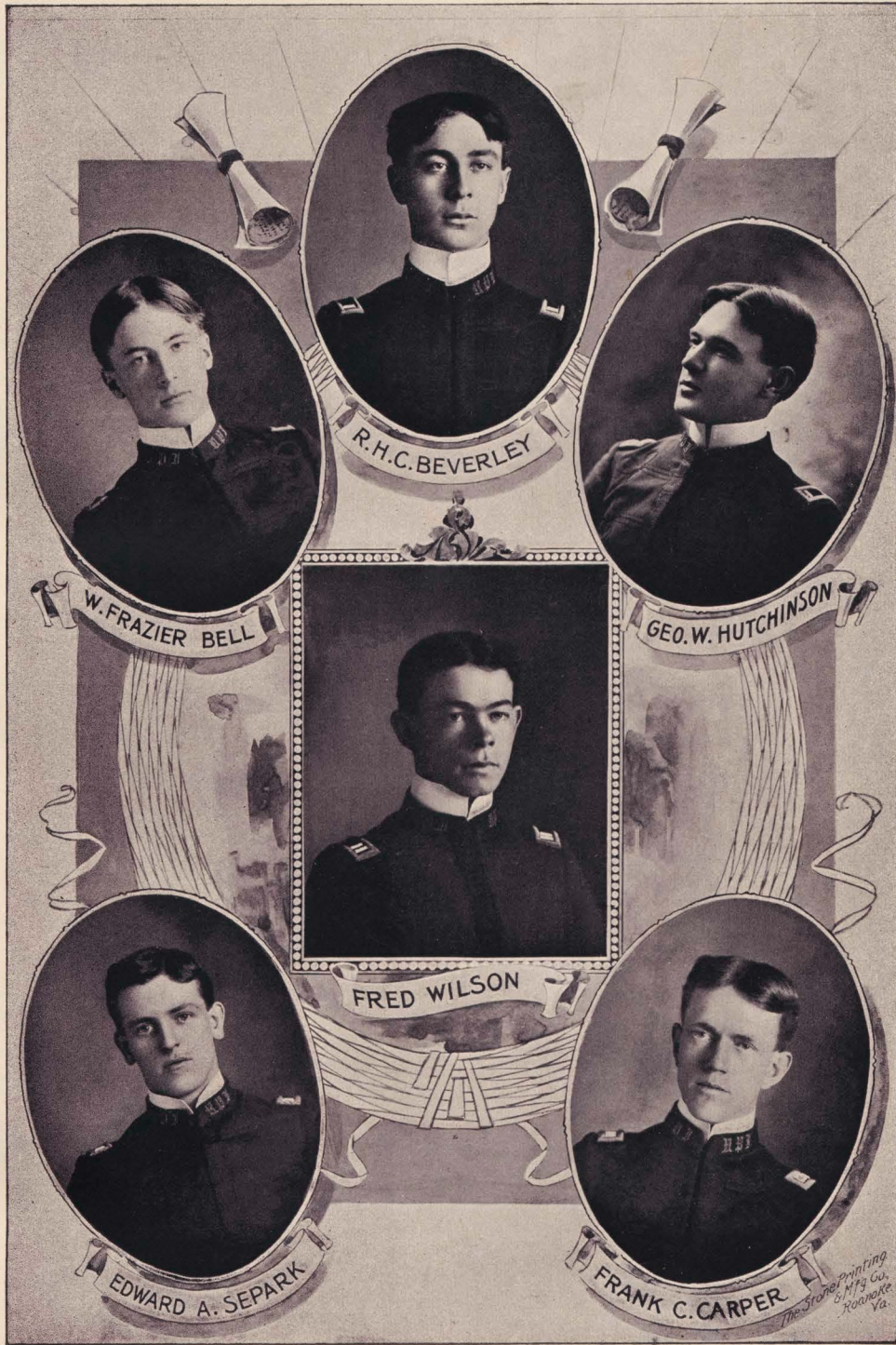
To all you that list to the tale that we tell
Of the sunshiny days and the shadows as well,
That over the way of our college life fell,
Our Bugle blows greeting.
And whether its notes sound rhythmic and clear,
Or whether as discords they jar on your ear,
The glad hearty welcome that they to you bear,
Will hold through the years that are fleeting.





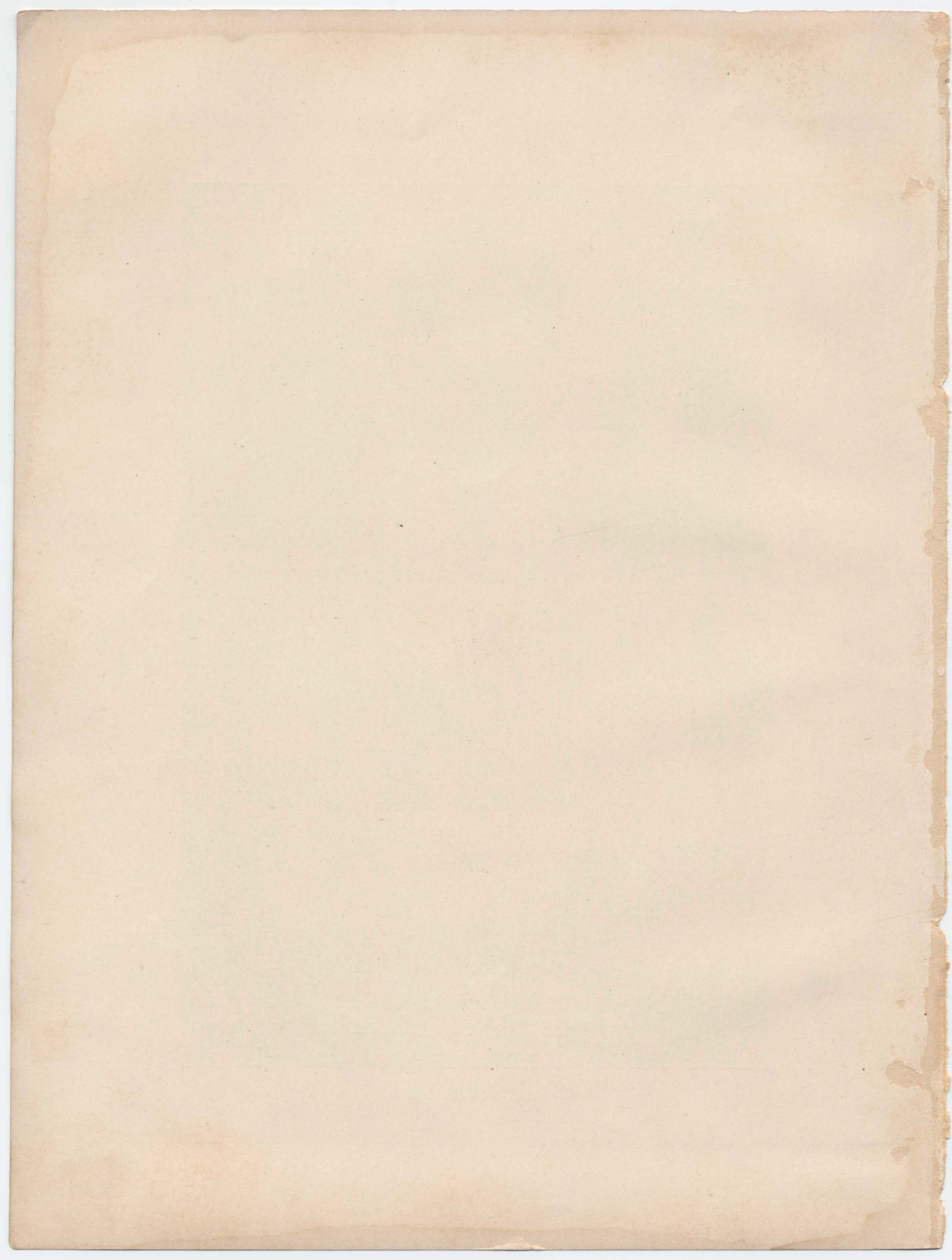
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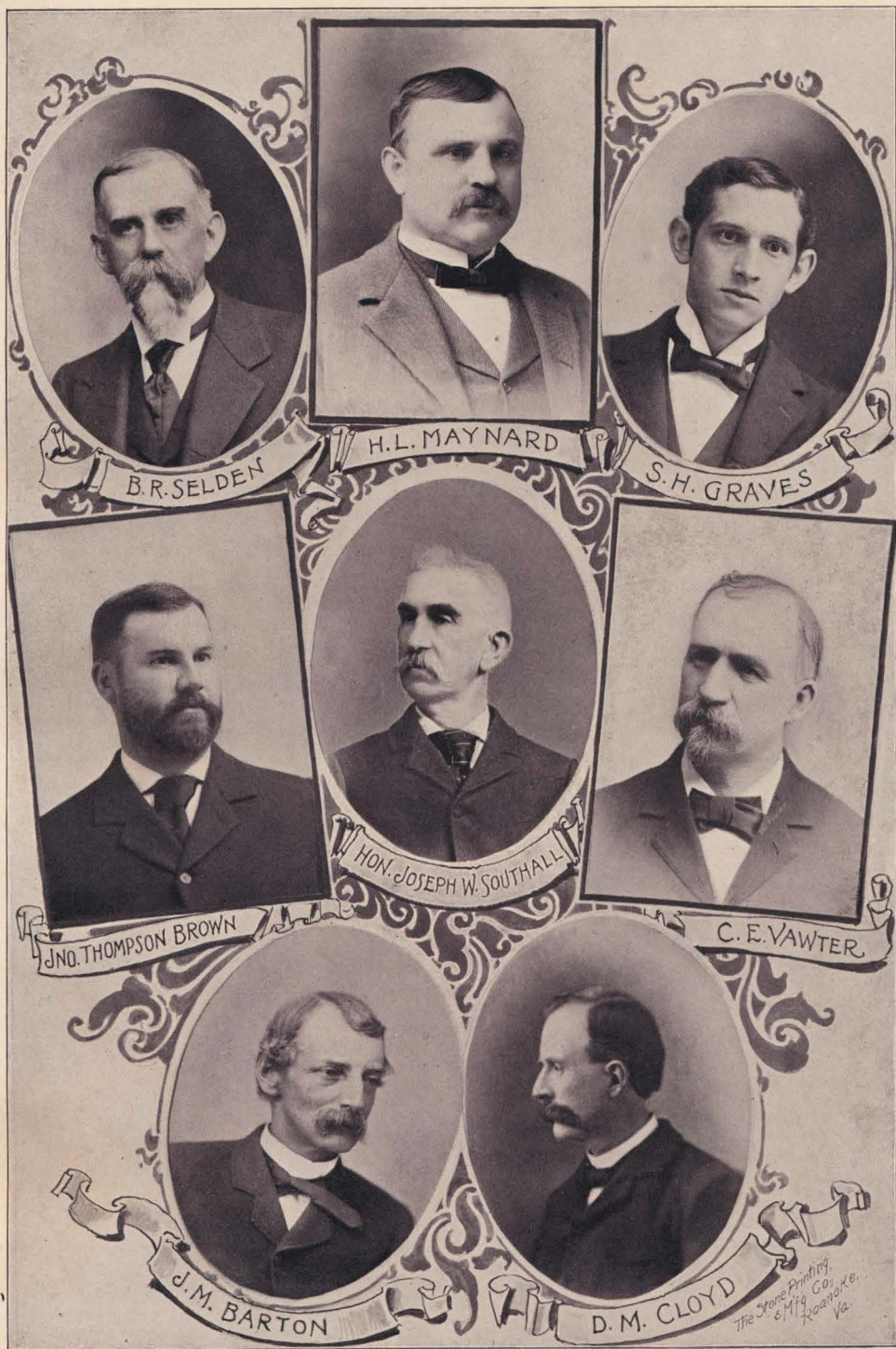
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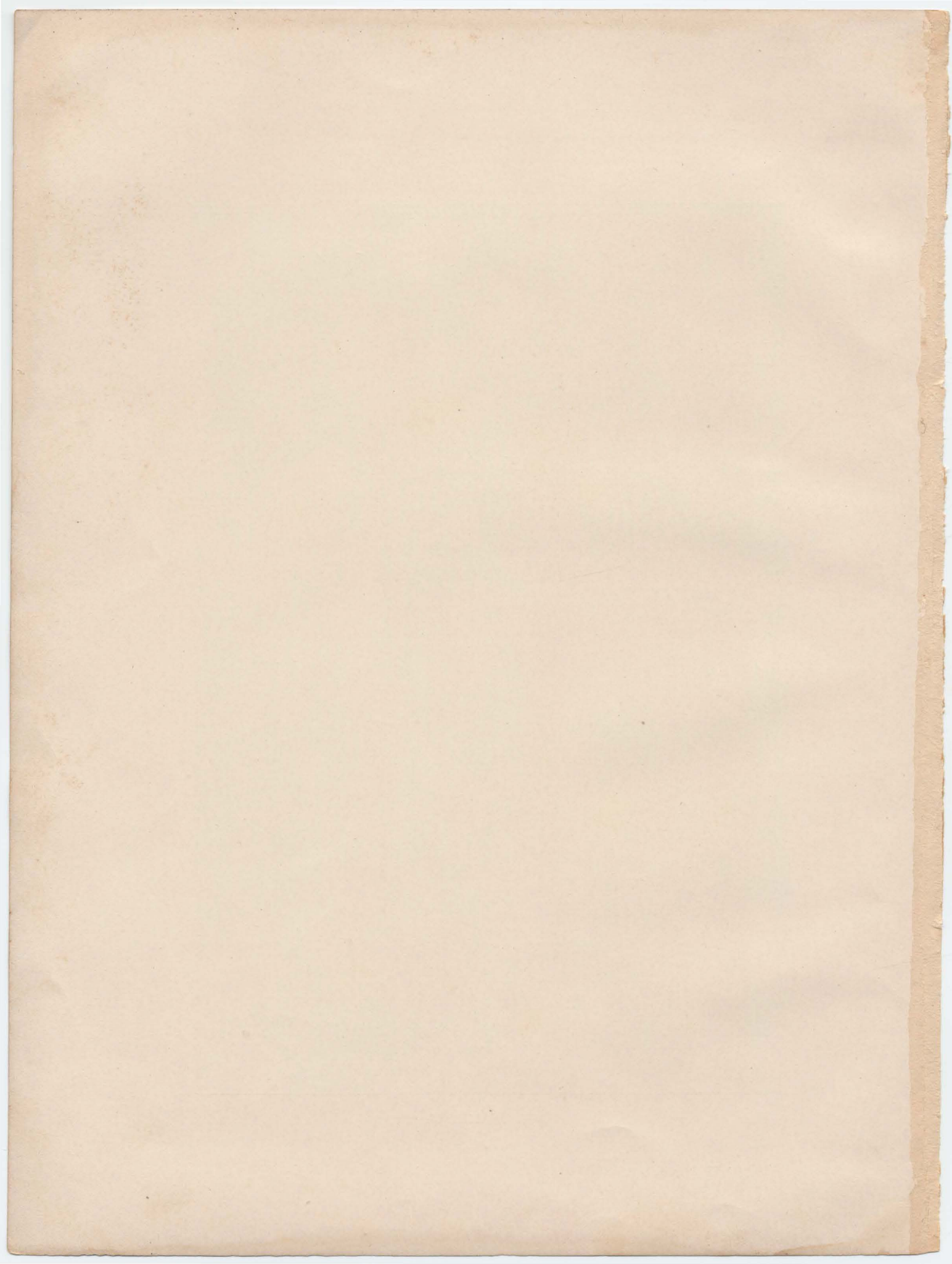
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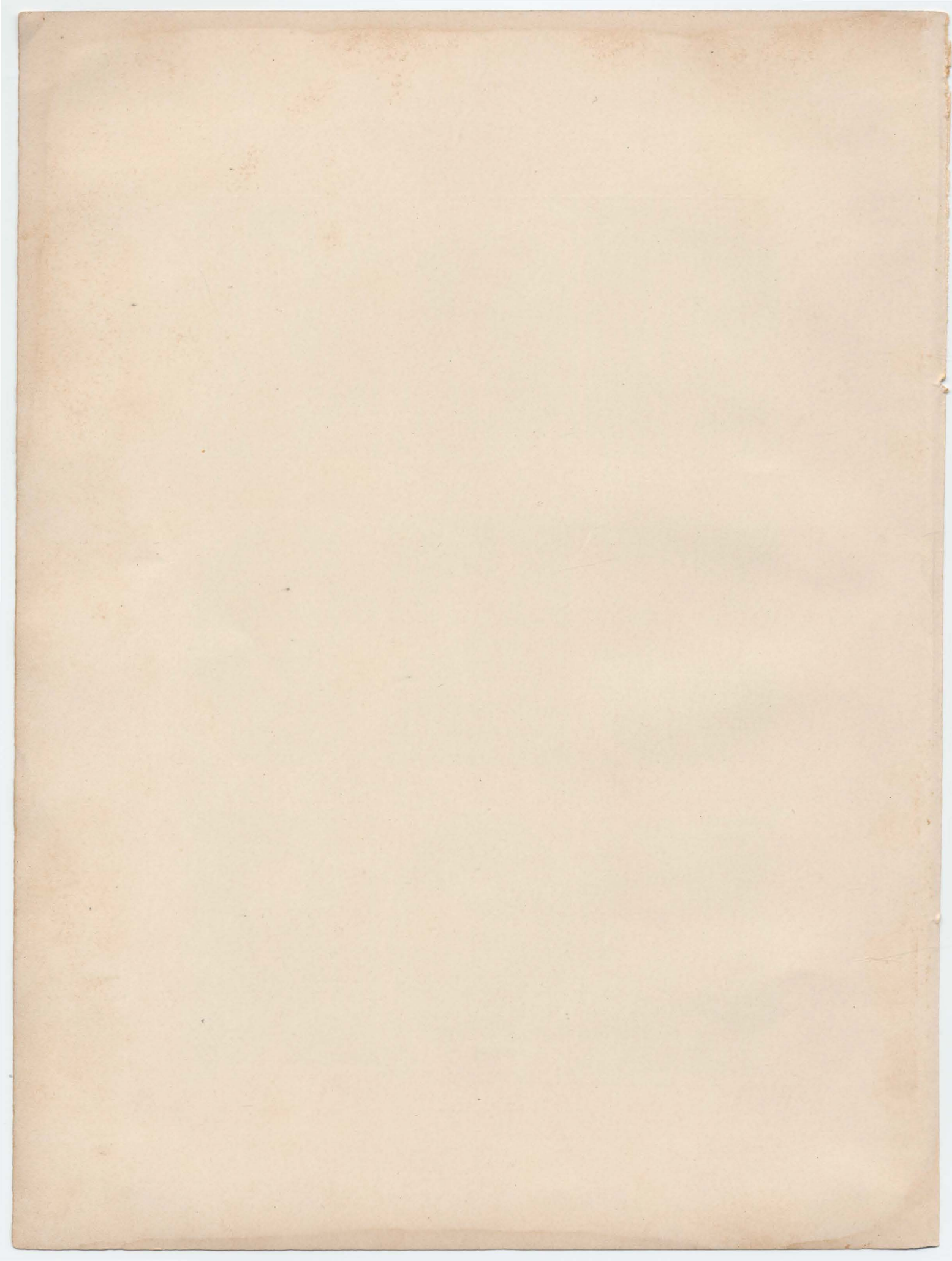
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- W. A. MURRILL, '86, Assistant in Botany, Cornell University.
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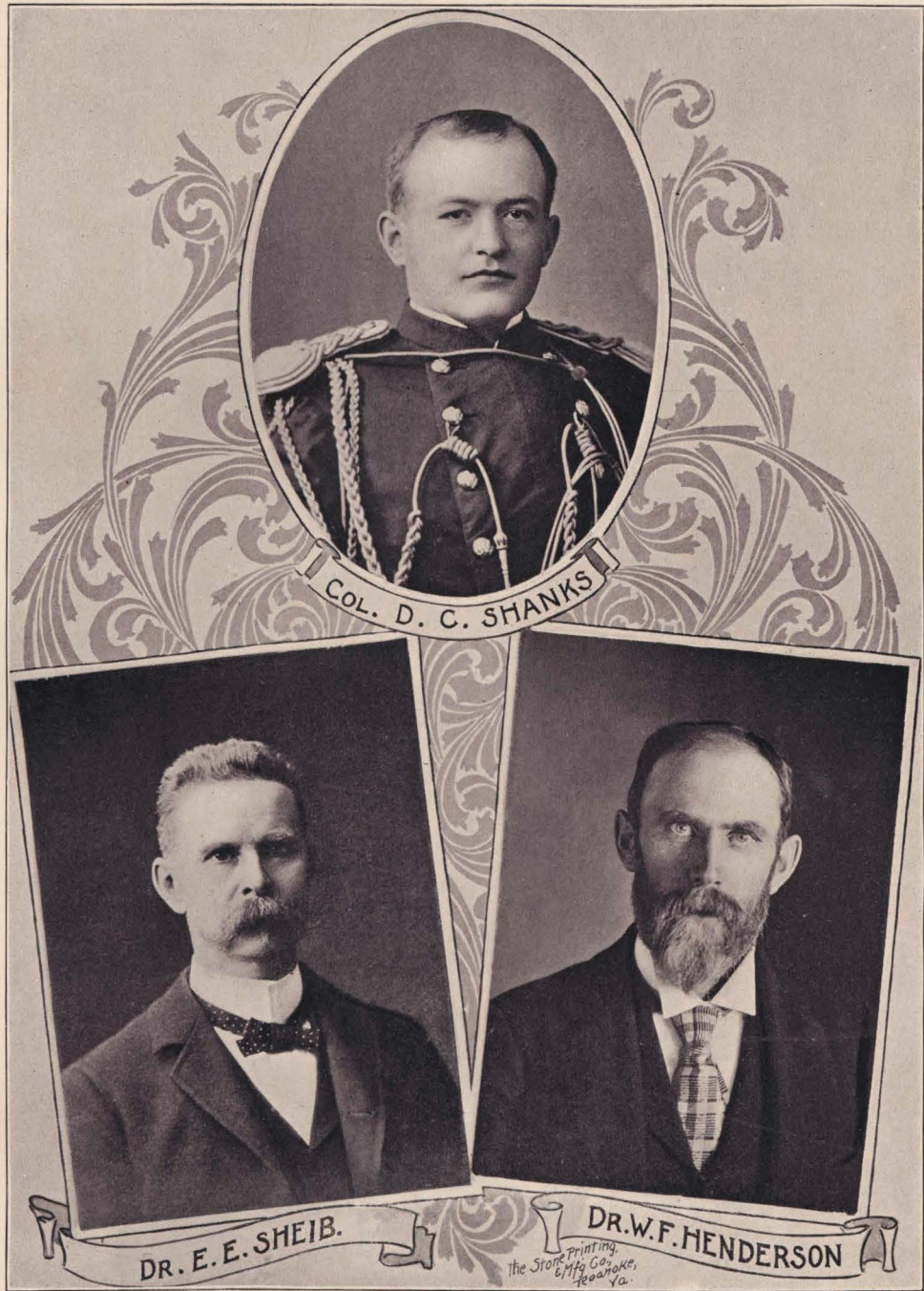
F. D. WILSON, '94, Graduate Scholarship, Johns Hopkins University.
G. T. SURFACE, '94, Graduate Scholarship, Cornell University.
C. E. HARDY, '95, Graduate Scholarship, Cornell University.
F. SAUNDERS, '96, Graduate Scholarship, Cornell University.
W. R. KARR, '96, Graduate Scholarship, Vanderbilt University.

IN UNCLE SAM'S SERVICE.

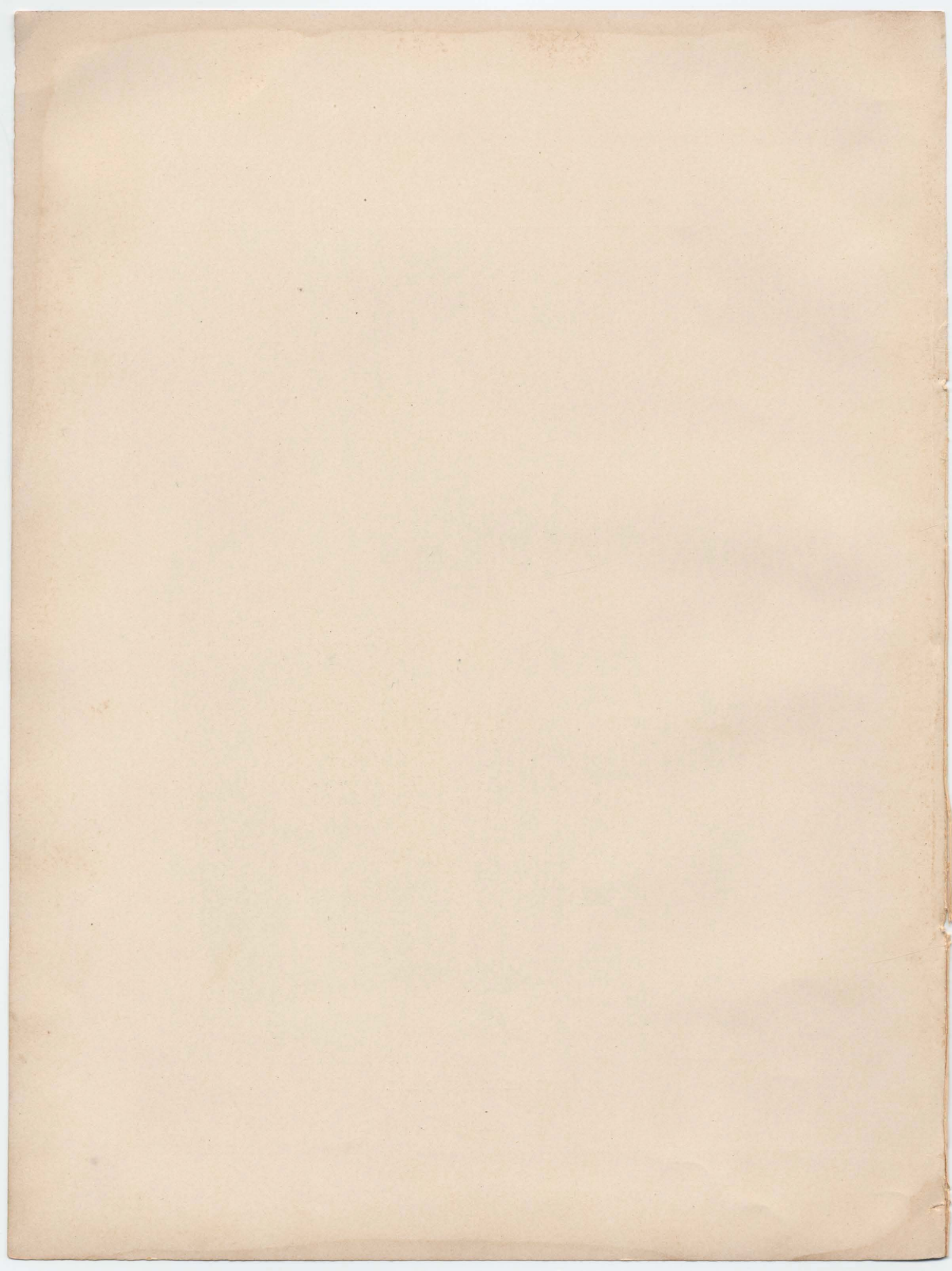
H. S. WATSON, '83, Major United States Volunteers.
J. HOGE TYLER, JR., '92, Major United States Volunteers.
E. A. ANDERSON, '83, Captain United States Army.
KENT SPILLER, '95, Lieutenant United States Volunteers.
C. G. PORCHER, '92, Assistant Engineer United States Cutter Service.
R. E. WRIGHT, '93, Assistant Engineer United States Cutter Service.
URBAN HARVEY, '94, Assistant Engineer United States Cutter Service.
T. G. LEWTON, '94, Assistant Engineer United States Cutter Service.
C. A. WHEELER, '95, Assistant Engineer United States Cutter Service.
C. W. COCHRAN, '98, Lieutenant United States Volunteers.
W. J. WHEELER, '97, Third Lieutenant United States Cutter Service.
S. S. FRAZIER, '96, Cadet Engineer United States Navy.
J. B. LYBROOK, '80, Secretary Interstate Commerce Commission.
R. TURNBULL, '96, Machinist United States Navy.
T. L. WATSON, '90, Assistant Geologist, Georgia.
J. G. HEAVENER, '95, Assistant Chemist, Virginia.
R. M. SCOTT, '97, State Horticulturist, Georgia.

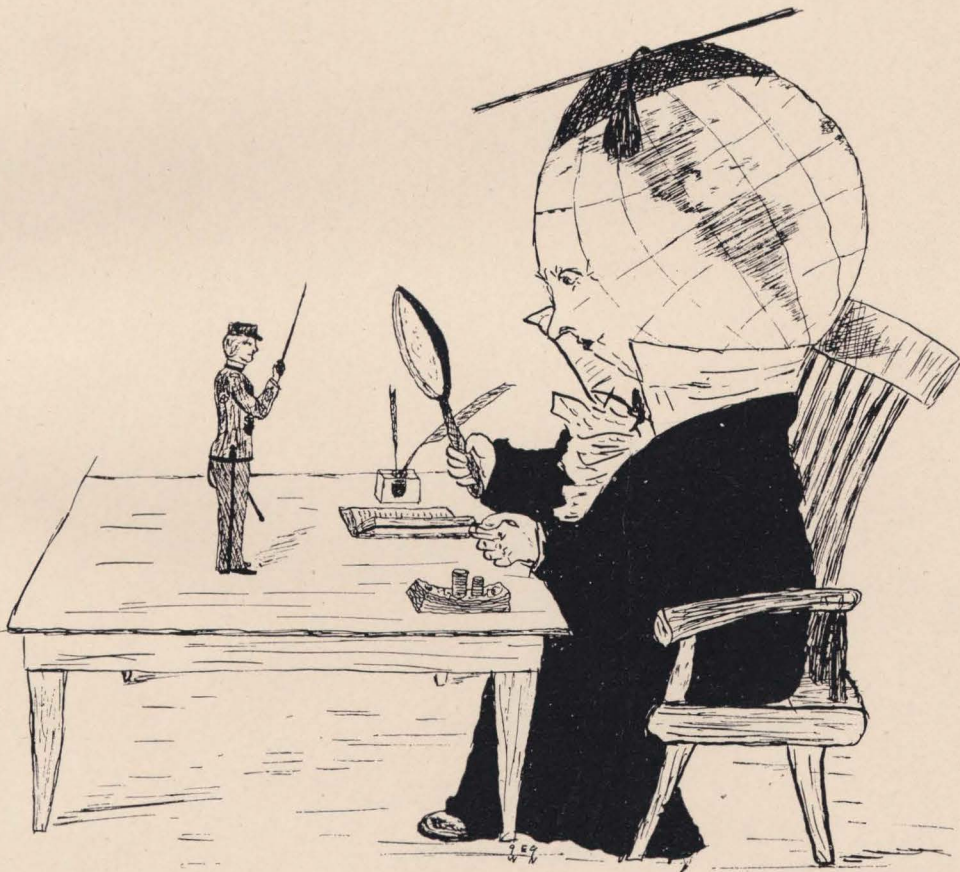
CONNECTED WITH OUR OWN INSTITUTION.

S. H. GRAVES, '98, Member Board of Visitors.
H. L. MAYNARD, '80, Member Board of Visitors.
J. R. PARROTT, '80, Adjunct Professor of Wood Work and Director of Shops.
A. T. FINCH, B. S., M. D., '93, Professor Military Science and Tactics, Commandant of Cadets, and Instructor in Physiology and Materia Medica.
W. G. CONNER, M. E., '92, Instructor in Machine Work.
A. T. ESKRIDGE, M. S., '94, Instructor in Geology, German and Chemistry.
A. W. DRINKARD, M. S., '93, Instructor in English and History, and Secretary of Faculty.
J. W. STULL, C. E., '93, Instructor in Mathematics and Civil Engineering.
W. B. ELLETT, M. S., '94, Instructor in Chemistry.
CLAUDIUS LEE, B. S., '96, Assistant in Electrical Engineering, and Superintendent of Electric Light Plant.
MEADE FERGUSON, M. S., '96, Assistant in Mathematics and Mechanical Engineering.
J. S. A. JOHNSON, B. S., '98, Assistant in Drawing, and Assistant Commandant of Cadets.

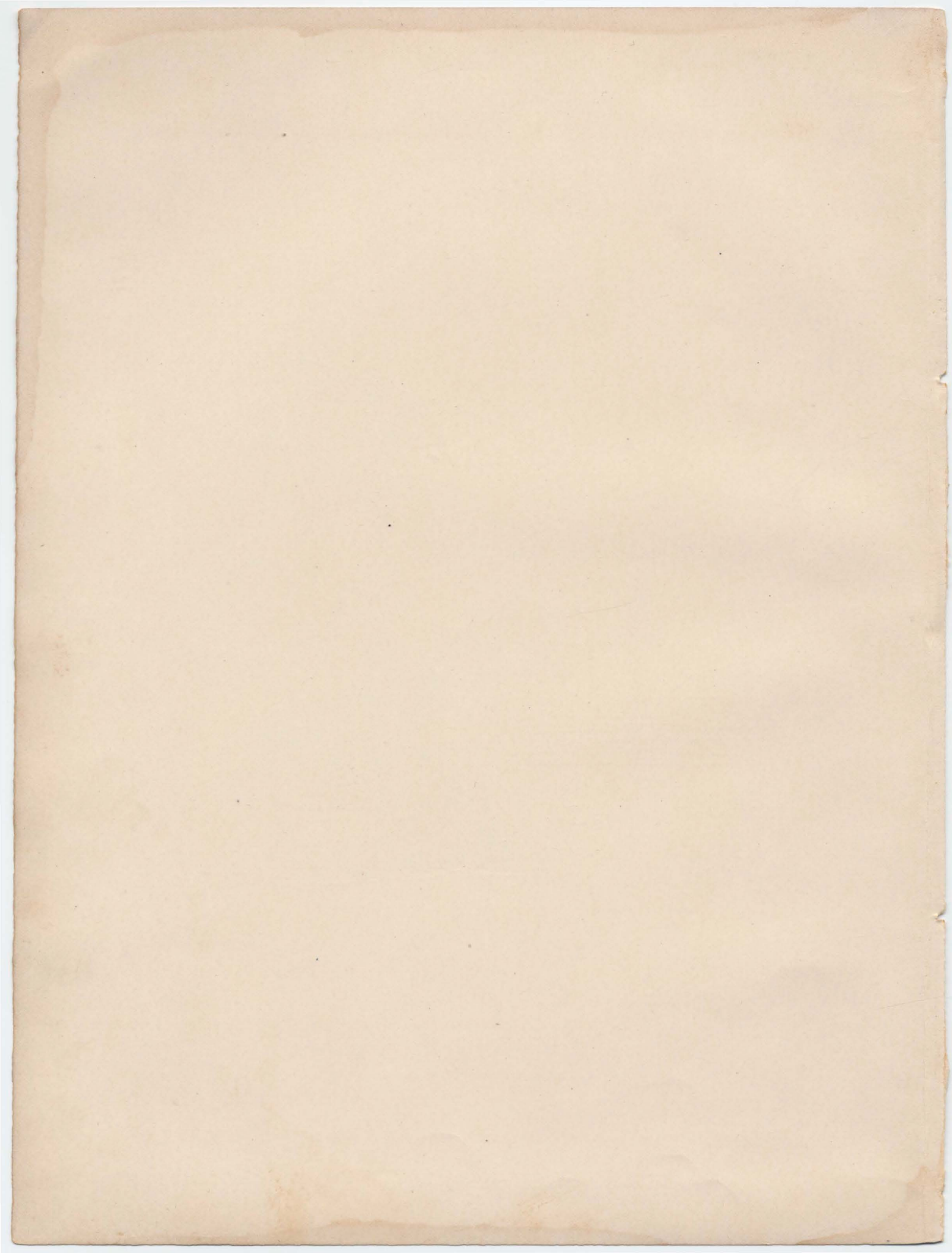


THREE WHOM WE LOVE.





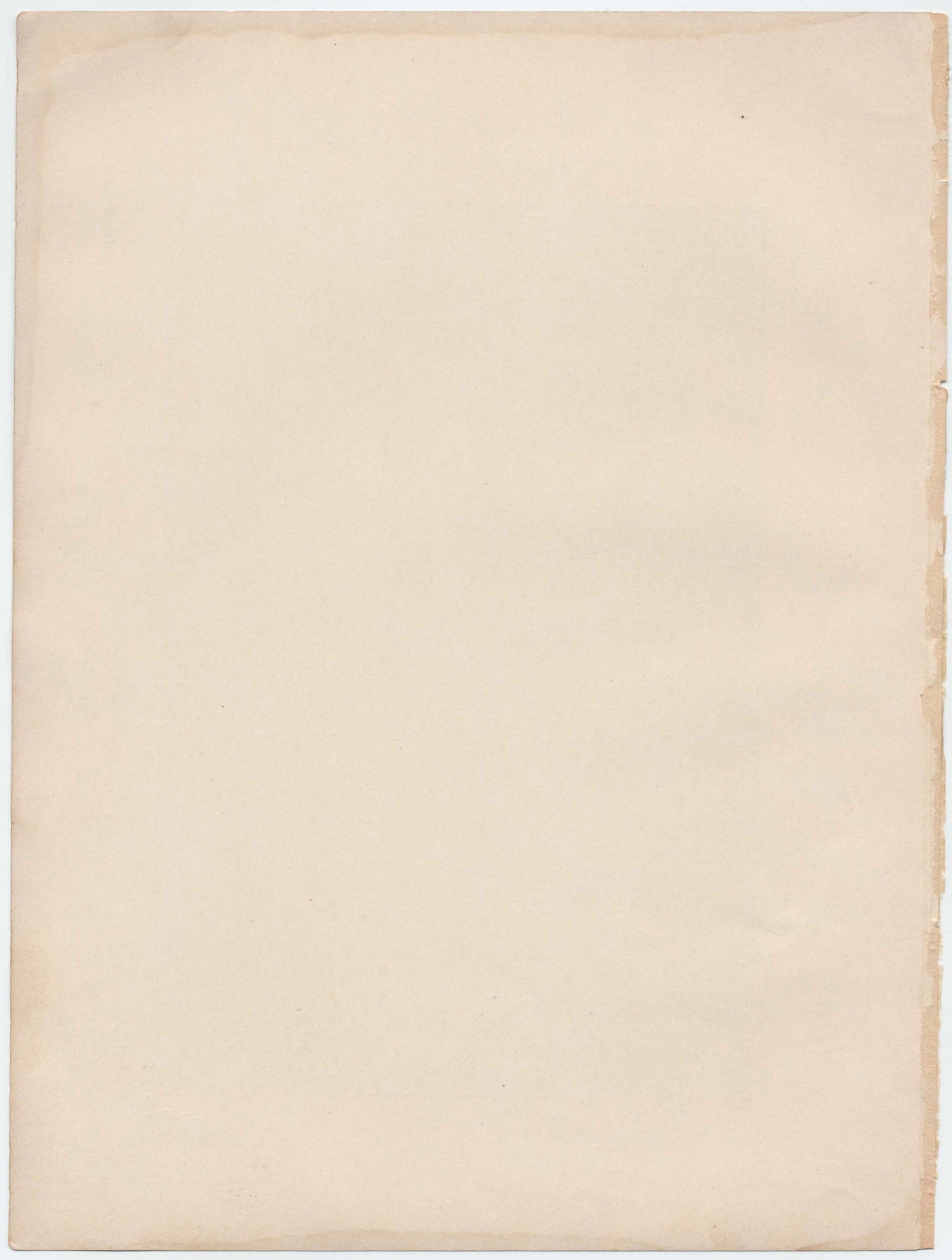
THE SENIOR.





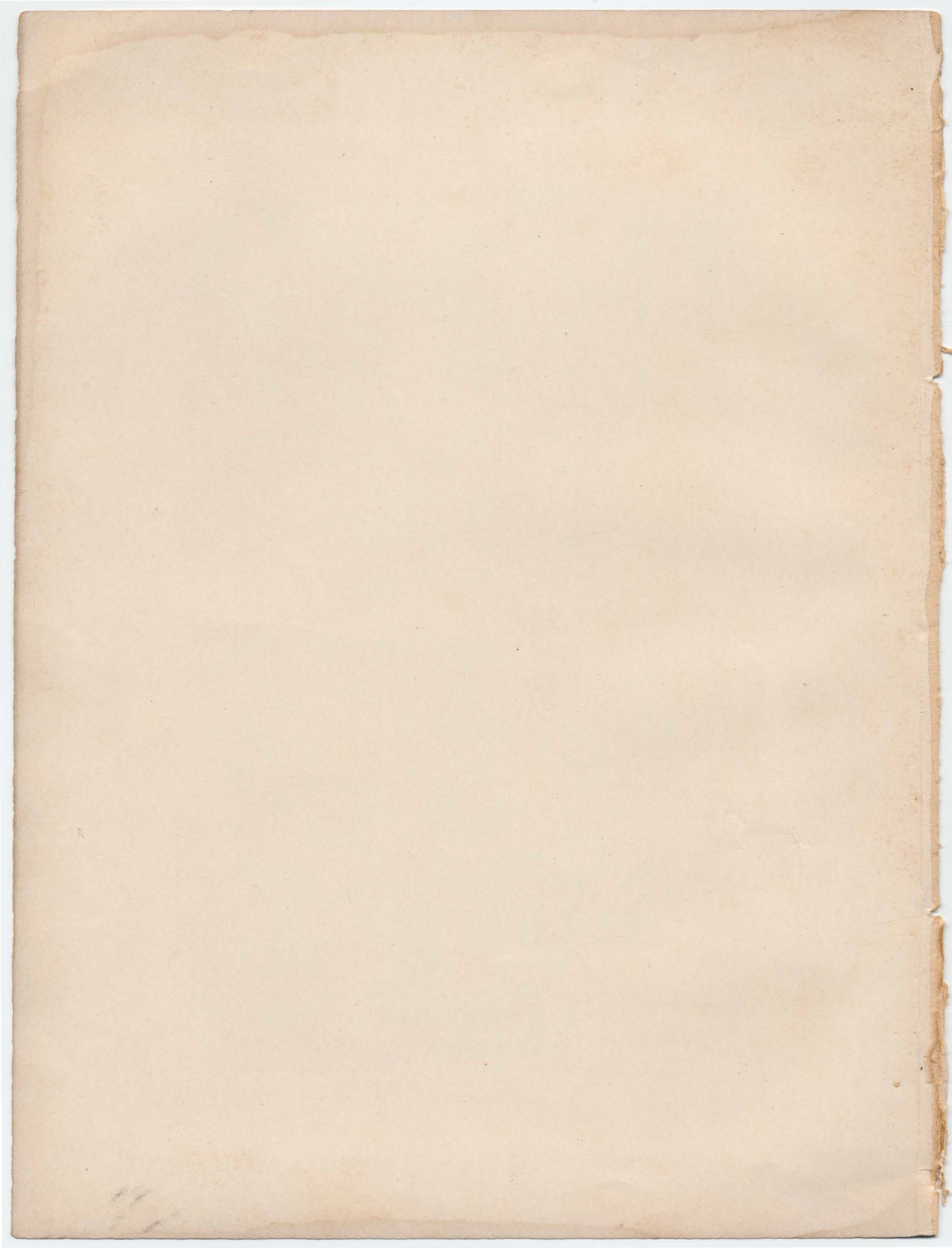
The Stone Printing
& Photo Co.
Roanoke, Va.

SENIOR CLASS.





SENIOR CLASS



CLASS OF '99.

OFFICERS.

ARCHIBALD BLAIR HUBARD PRESIDENT
GEORGE W. HUTCHINSON VICE-PRESIDENT
EDWARD AUGUSTUS SEPAK SECRETARY AND TREASURER
WILLIAM FRANKLIN COX SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
WILLIAM FRAZIER BELL HISTORIAN

YELL.

Ninety-nine, Ninety-nine,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ninety-nine!!
S-I-S-S-S-
Boom!!! Coo-Coo!

COLORS.

MAROON AND BLUE.

MOTTO.

Sapere Aude.

MEMBERS.

NAME.	COURSE.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Allen, Charles Lyle	Civil Engineering	Buchanan, Botetourt
Begg, Robert Burns Haldane	Civil Engineering	Bedford Springs, Campbell
Bell, William Frazier	Mechanical Engineering	Staunton, Augusta
Beverley, Richard Harry Carter	Mechanical Engineering	Broad Run, Fauquier
Bonsack, John Evans	Applied Chemistry	Roanoke, Roanoke
Boswell, Garland	Mechanical Engineering	Richmond, Henrico
Carter, Percy Hutchings	Applied Chemistry	Chatham, Pittsylvania
Carper, Frank Clifton	Electrical Engineering	Salem, Roanoke
Connely, Charles Broadwell	Electrical Engineering	Winston, Forsyth, North Carolina
Cox, William Franklin	Civil Engineering	Cascade, Pittsylvania
Hubard, Archibald Blair	Mechanical Engineering	Colleen, Nelson
Hutchinson, George W.	Mechanical Engineering	Staunton, Augusta
Johnson, Bradley Smithson	Mechanical Engineering	North View, Mecklenburg
Kinckle, James Grammer	Electrical Engineering	Lynchburg, Campbell
Ligon, William Daniel, Jr.	Mechanical Engineering	Montreal, Nelson
Lewis, Harold Benjamin	Electrical Engineering	Lynnwood, Rockingham
Myers, Archer Ellis	Mechanical Engineering	Cambria, Montgomery
Neely, Robert Johnson	Mechanical Engineering	Portsmouth, Norfolk
Rorebeck, Curtis Grant	General Science	Falls Church, Fairfax
Sale, Matthew Alvin	Civil Engineering	Radford, Montgomery
Separk, Edward Augustus	Applied Chemistry	Richmond, Henrico
Sheib, Edward Sexton	General Science	Baltimore, Baltimore, Maryland
Weisiger, Kendall	Electrical Engineering	Richmond, Henrico
Wilson, Frederick	Applied Chemistry	Harrisonburg, Rockingham

SENIOR HISTORY.

MY INSTRUCTIONS when I was told to write a history of the class of ninety-nine were "be brief, and above all be original." This advice I shall endeavor to follow, but should my originality fail me, remember, reader, that Byron said,

"And history with all her volumes vast
Hath but one page."

Whether he referred to V. P. I. class histories I know not, but I can well believe it.

First we are Freshmen, green, persecuted, homesick "Rats." For nine months we spend our time dodging Sophomores, snowballs, and pillows, carrying water, and picturing to ourselves the kindness with which we shall treat next year's "Rats." Yet even this period is not without its pleasures. We take a delight in seeing just how fresh we can be, how little we can study, and how many reveilles we can "cut" without bringing down on our heads the wrath of the Faculty, thus losing all chance of getting a corp. And then we are permitted, yes, even expected to laugh at the jokes which the professors tell,—jokes which they have told to all former Freshmen and which they will continue to tell long after we have graduated.

A year rolls around and what a transformation! We have forgotten our scruples of the previous session, the good resolutions which we then made, and feel that it is our duty to relieve the "Rats" of the awful pangs of homesickness by administering to them doses of the counter-irritation treatment. We now realize how much more bearable it made life to us, feel unbounded gratitude to the Juniors, but never ask ourselves why we did not see it in this light while we were the patients and others were occupying the position of doctors. Without care or anxiety, satisfied with all the world in general and ourselves in particular, mischievous and good-natured—in short, we are Sophomores.

Time flies by, another session has come and gone and we stand on the third round of the ladder of college life. What the distinctive characteristics of the Junior are we ourselves are unable to say. We begin to realize that our school career is not altogether a frolic, but that our pleasures are to be interfered with to some extent by such nightmares as hydraulics, geodesy, and calculus. The professors don't seem to believe that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and consequently we now, possibly for the first time, find out the delights of burning midnight oil. Long after taps we sit pondering over some knotty integration, our eyes on the book, our ears intently strained to catch the first sound of the sergeant of the guard's approach, while our thoughts are a strange conglomeration of what we have done during the day, baseball, germans, bed, the length of our

lessons, and conjectures as to whether we shall finally graduate or go crazy. We fear the latter, and go to bed, and the next day decide that we are not capable of learning anything, and that we may as well stop trying. Don't imagine, reader, that we are despondent or melancholy. If we have not time for pleasure, we take it, and then the vision of ourselves arrayed in blue uniforms, resplendent in gold braid and shoulder straps, the thought of how extravagantly *she* will admire us as Seniors, and the voluminous blue epistles which we receive regularly from her, are not these more than enough to make up for the awful examinations and other worries of a Junior? We work on, overcoming many difficulties and then almost before we realize it, the time comes for us to hear once more the familiar words, "I officially announce that the session is at an end," and we are Seniors. The goal for which we have so long striven is in sight, and can you wonder that we walk about with an air which much resembles that of a young father whose child has cut a tooth, or that it never occurs to us that people are looking at our new blue uniforms and not at us?

Our delusion lasts for only a little time, for at the expiration of three short months, we are again brought face to face with the cold hard fact that, although we have crossed the Rubicon, there are more hard battles to be fought and won. But we persist, and another commencement day arrives—the last day of our undergraduate life; armed with a sheepskin, and confident that the world is standing with open arms ready to receive us, we start for home, feeling that in our alma mater we are leaving behind us an old friend who has been weighed in the balances and has not been found wanting.

This is to a great extent, the life of every V. P. I. student, and it is this beaten path which I have been warned not to follow.

On a bright September day four years ago some hundred or more boys, with scared, haunted expressions, could be seen standing about the entrance of the first academic building, each patiently awaiting his turn to pass through the door of the "Holy of Holies," there to enroll himself as a student of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College. Who would imagine that of this gathering only twenty would fight their way along the rough, rugged road of three years of college life, to return in September, 1898, as the Senior Class of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute? Such, however, was the case, but this score of men had, for three years, shared with one another their joys and sorrows, drilled shoulder to shoulder, and stood next each other on the athletic field and in the lecture-room until they were firmly bound together by class spirit and friendship.

Were I to pause to chronicle all the events of our underclass life, I would have reason to fear not only for my originality, but also for the brevity of this history. They were many, but some deserve at least mention.

No member of our class will soon forget the baseball team which we as Juniors put in the field under the leadership of Jim Kinckle, and which presented to us, at the close of the season, a maroon and blue pennant, bearing the words "Champions, Class League." Nor will we ever cease to remember with a feeling of pride the german which we last year tendered to the Seniors. We

understand that our action has established a precedent, and that on the Friday night before we graduate Library Hall will again be the scene of such an event. If the Class of 1900 succeeds as well in this as in all of their other undertakings we feel justified in assuring our hosts that we shall enjoy ourselves thoroughly.

One event of our Junior year went to prove that "Bill" Cox has chosen the wrong profession for his life's work. Even if he reaches the goal of his ambition, and some day becomes surveyor of Pittsylvania County, those of his classmates who heard that memorable speech made before the judicial body which assembled last spring in the fifth division—a speech combining the eloquence of Patrick Henry and the arguments of Webster—when the chevrons of a wrongdoer were cut off and then replaced amidst the laughter of the judge and jury and the sighs of relief of the prisoner at the bar, feel that he would do best as a lawyer.

From the date of our matriculation as Seniors my real task begins. The three all too short months of vacation had wrought many changes. Dr. Sheib and Professor Hurt had resigned their positions at college, and had left Blacksburg, the former for Louisiana, and the latter for his home in Chatham. Both gentlemen, by their ready sympathy and willingness to lend, at all times, a helping hand, had so endeared themselves, not only to the members of our class, but to every man whose privilege it had been to know them, that it was indeed a disappointment to us not to receive their warm welcome. Our first class meeting showed that quite a number of last year's Juniors had not returned.

We had little time, however, to spend in useless regrets, so we tried to console ourselves with our new shoulder straps, the looks of almost reverence which we received on all sides from verdant "Rats," and last, but by no means least, with the numerous blue letters which we received, and which, owing entirely to the fickleness of the weaker sex, bore a different chirography than those that made our lives as Juniors bearable. That we succeeded to a great extent in driving away the clouds of despondency no one can doubt who had the pleasure of listening to our open-air concerts, with which we treated the people of Blacksburg, for the first two weeks of the session. Our programme, consisting of a few such choice gems as "The Old Cow Crossed the Road" and "When I'm Gone," rendered by the company, and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," by "Senator" was much appreciated. Finally the commandant advised us against open-air vocalisms, and we, realizing that he did so simply from his love of music and musicians, discontinued our performances.

The first few months of the session passed rapidly. We saw our football team add fresh laurels to our already enviable reputation, heard Snooks make night after night hideous with "Taps," and almost before we knew it, our trunks were packed and we had started home for the Christmas holidays, making the trip from Blacksburg to Christiansburg over a new road, eighteen inches below the old one. In most respects the old route is the better, but strange to say, we have, since that time, stuck to—or rather in—the new one.

We returned with nothing to look forward to but storms and dangerous reefs, consisting of almost every substance known to technical and scientific men, drift-

ing all the time nearer and nearer to them, and for two weeks were almost hourly in danger of shipwreck. But by hard work and long night-watches, most of us passed safely through into the still, clear water of the second term. From this time we have had plain sailing. For some months we were annoyed by such plagues as mumps, chicken-pox, the grip, and rheumatism, but "Cat" Beverley, while suffering with the last malady, found the fountain of perpetual youth in the Quaker Oil of Life, and the remainder of the year promises to roll serenely by.

Once more we can see our campus clothed in its beautiful green garments, the sun shines brightly, the frogs croak their nightly serenade, and everything points to the coming of commencement and the final girls. Soon we shall hear the final address to the Class of Ninety-nine, and the familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home," but as we drive away, filled with the joyful anticipations of seeing the beloved ones, from whom we have been so long separated, let us not forget the simple old Scotch ballad,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Or the days of auld lang syne."



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF '99.

WE, THE Seniors of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, recognizing the fact that our exceptionally bright career as students of the Institute is about to come to an end, and being remarkably sound in mind and memory, and at the height of our glory, and considering the great loss the Faculty and students of this Institute will sustain by our departure, do make and publish this our last will and testament in the manner and form following:

We recognize the looks of inordinate desire and longing cast upon us by the Juniors, the appreciative awe which the Sophs. show, and the untranslatable looks of admiration and wonder with which the verdant Freshmen follow our every move.

We appreciate the respect that our worthy Faculty has shown us. While we recognize in a sympathetic way the heartache, sorrow and gloom the absence of the Class of '99 will bring upon the institution, yet we fully realize the impossibility of giving comfort or relief. We think this fully justifies us in bequeathing a few of our valuable earthly gifts to suffering humanity left behind on the campus, under the tender mercies of those who have labored with might and main—alas in vain—to keep us down to the level of ordinary graduates.

First: To the Junior Class we bequeath the most precious of our jewels, viz., the Blacksburg girls. We beg you to treat them kindly, and while you can never hope to gain the affections or hearts of the fair ones, yet out of kindness and consideration, try to be as tender to them as we were.

We also advise the Juniors to fasten their aspirations to a star, or, in other words, to aim at the mark the Class of '99 has left, although they will never attain it. We agree with the poet, "You should aim high."

Second: To the Sophomores we leave a few of our deep thoughts, which, if planted and properly tended in cerebral tissue, we have no doubt will grow and bloom profusely. We desire them to aim higher than the Juniors; have ambitions to be some day a Senior. We regret that they may never be such as we are.

Third: Our great sympathy, caution and deliberation we leave to the Freshmen, as we have observed them to be sadly lacking in all things but *freshness*. We also advise them to study the following books which we individually bequeath

to the great library of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, for the special use of the Freshmen. These volumes are the result of our extensive experience and deepest thought. Handle them carefully, study them conscientiously, and digest them deliberately:

Military Fame and How to Obtain It,	Ligon.
Military Promotion and How to Obtain It,	Boswell.
Somnambulism in Class Room,	Carter.
Poultry Raising,	Cox.
Adventures of Me an' Sam,	Weisiger.
Pleasant Looks and How to Wear Them,	Hubard.
Pessimism,	Lewis.
Scientific Crap Shooting,	Rorebeck.
How to Become a Noted Civil Engineer,	Allen.
German Grammar,	Kinckle.
Parody on "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt,"	Beverley.
Am I My Brother's Keeper?	Bell.
Much Ado About Nothing,	Neely.
How to Get Married,	Begg.
Elements of Violin-screeching,	Carper.
Living in Hope,	Hutchinson.
The Anvil Serenade,	Myers.
The Defense of Ananias,	Bonsack.
How to Grow Tall,	Wilson.
Hysteresis,	Connely.
The Vicissitudes of Love,	Separk.
Hayseed Hits,	Johnson.
Voice Culture,	Sale.

Fourth: We desire that all our unpaid bills for hack fare, soda water, cigarettes, and many other things, which will come in at the end of the session, be paid by the audacious "Rats." We have often observed their deficiencies in business matters, also that they did not have enough work to occupy their time, and desiring them to be more mindful of the dignity imparted to them by our shining example, we bequeath as above.

Fifth: To the student body we leave our places in the mess, and the tough steak, growley-pie, delightful sausage and sweet (?), rich (?) milk on which we have thrived so long; from experience we can advise you to eat sparingly, as a large meal of mess grub is good for repeated visits to the physician.

Sixth: To the College we bequeath the President and the Faculty, and desire that the students will render them the valuable assistance that we have during the past four years.

Seventh: We appoint our esteemed friends, the Faculty, joint executors of this our last will and testament, and desire them to carry it out as nearly right as possible.

(Signed)

CLASS OF '99.

Codicil: We give and bequeath to the Juniors, our shoulder straps and military honors. We have used these articles faithfully for a year and have gained an unapproachable reputation on the drill-ground, and in our rooms—serving confinement. We advise you to be cautious in the use of these straps as the responsibilities are great and the punishment severe.



FAREWELL, '99!

MARCH—THE SENIORS.

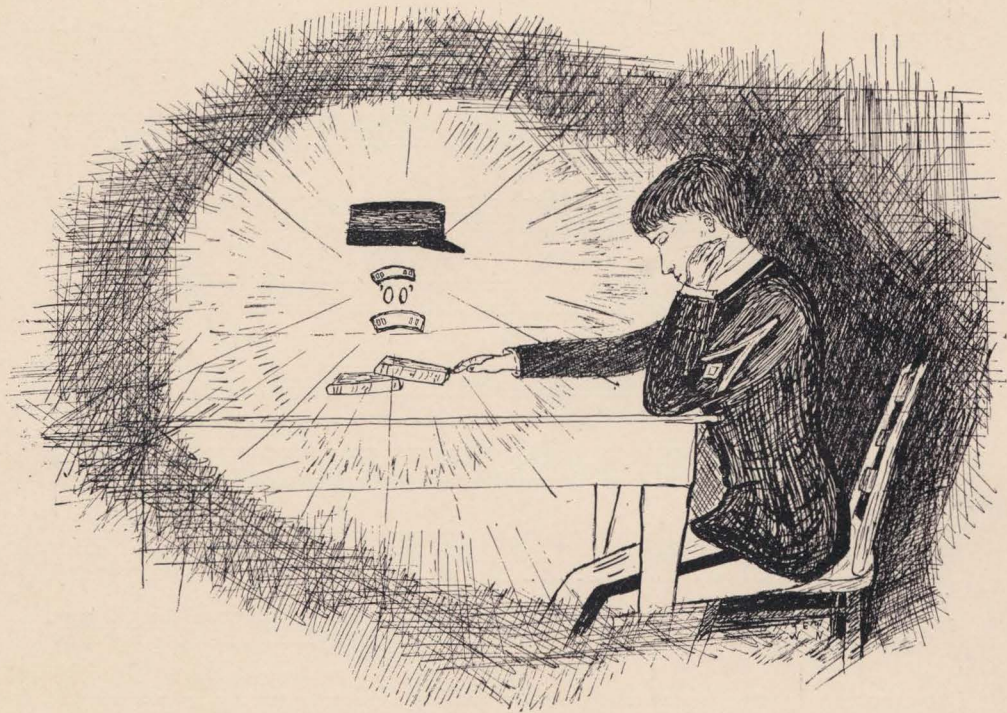
Cordially Inscribed to the Class of 1899 of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

Frank Clifton Carper, '99.

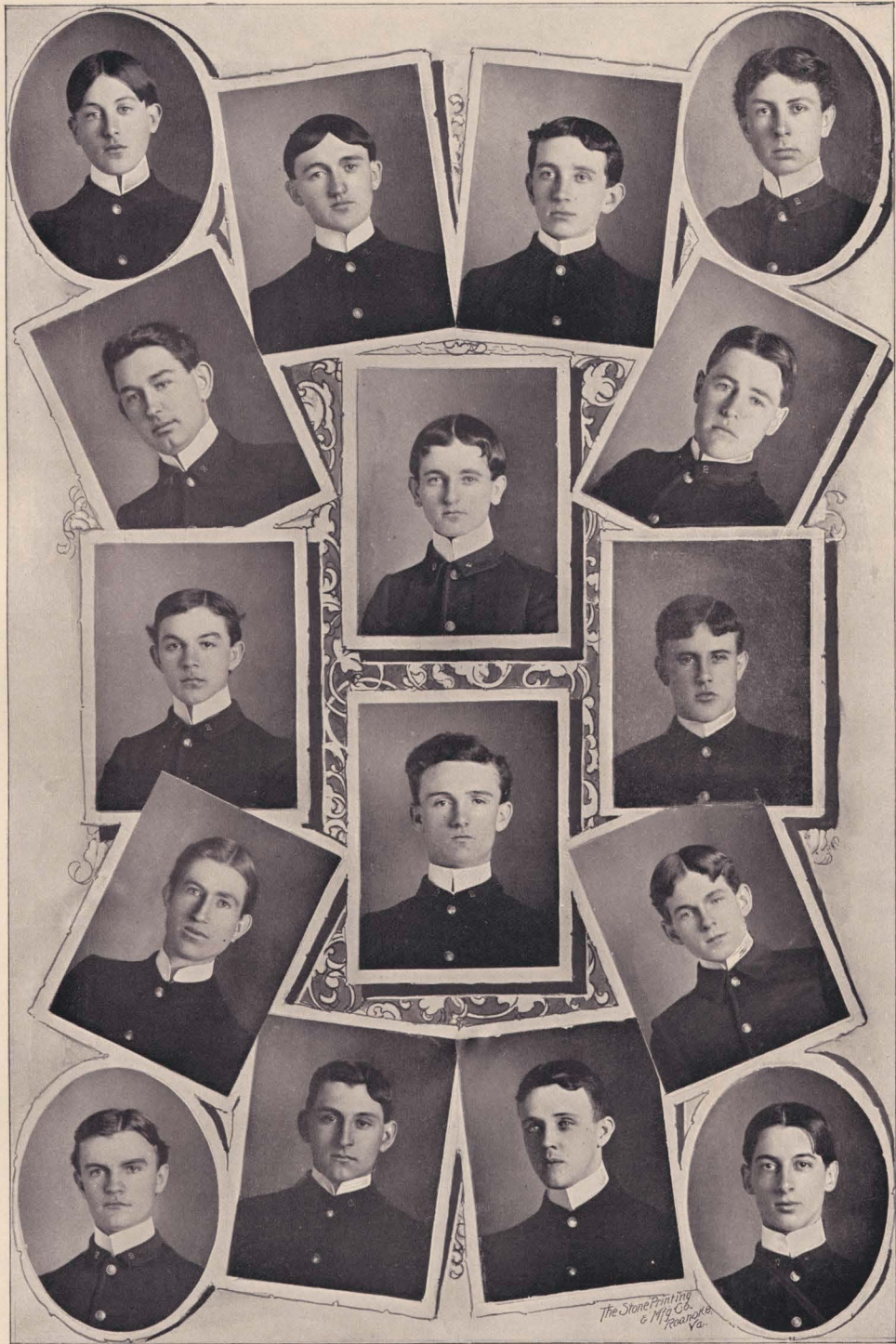
The musical score is arranged in two systems, each containing four staves. The top staff of each system is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The second and third staves are for the right and left hands of a piano, respectively. The bottom staff of each system is a single bass clef staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'Ped' and '*'. There are also first and second endings indicated by '1' and '2' above the notes in the final system.

This page contains a handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of eight systems of staves. The notation includes notes, rests, and various performance markings.

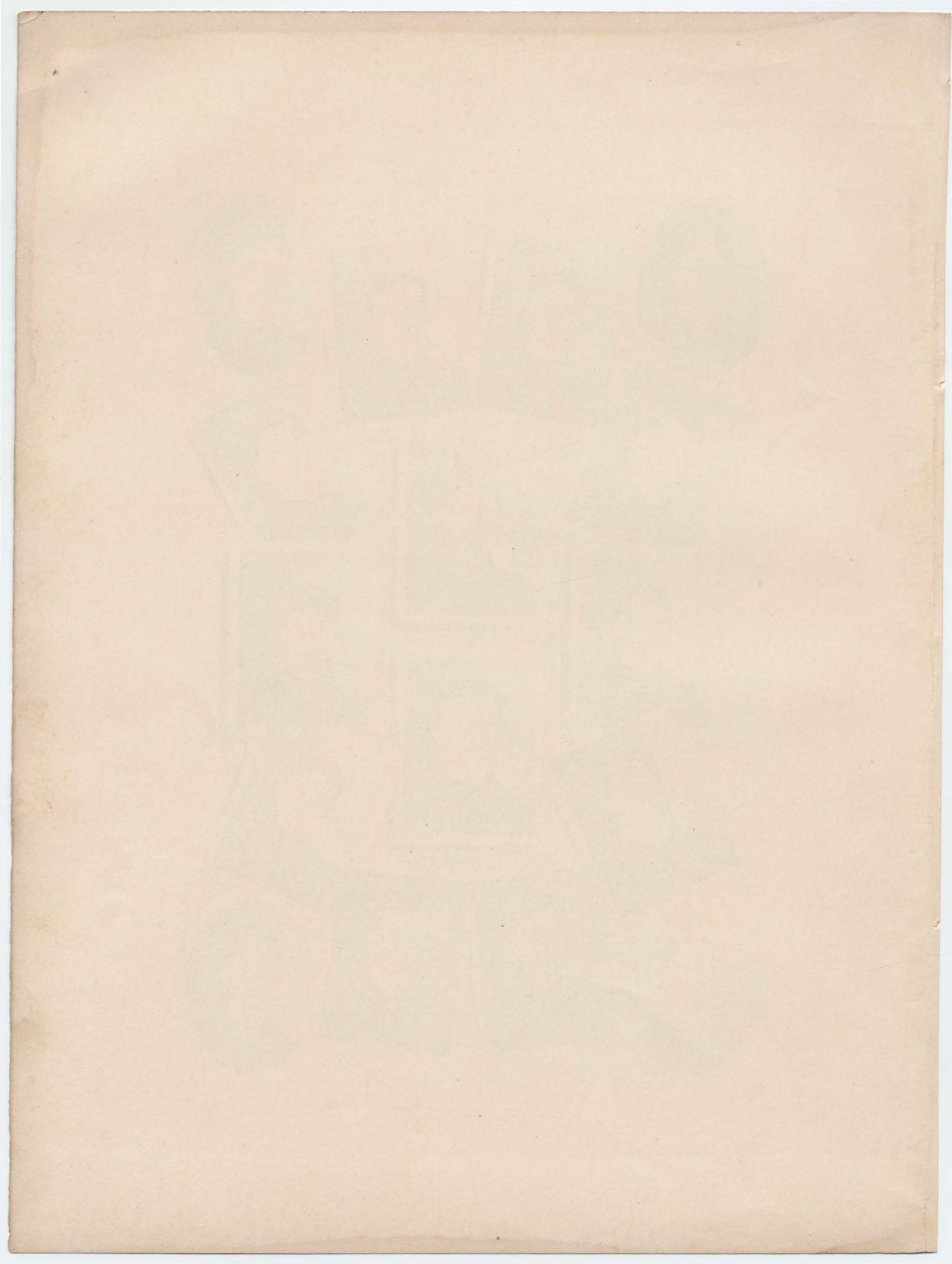
- System 1:** Starts with a piano marking *p*. Includes an asterisk *** and a dynamic marking *ff*.
- System 2:** Continues the musical notation.
- System 3:** Continues the musical notation.
- System 4:** Includes a piano marking *p* and an asterisk ***.
- System 5:** Features the instruction *tra bassa* above the staff and *tra bassa* below the staff, with a dashed line indicating a section. Includes a piano marking *p* and an asterisk ***.
- System 6:** Includes the instruction *Loo* below the staff and a piano marking *p*.
- System 7:** Continues the musical notation.
- System 8:** Ends with a dynamic marking *ff*.



THE JUNIOR.

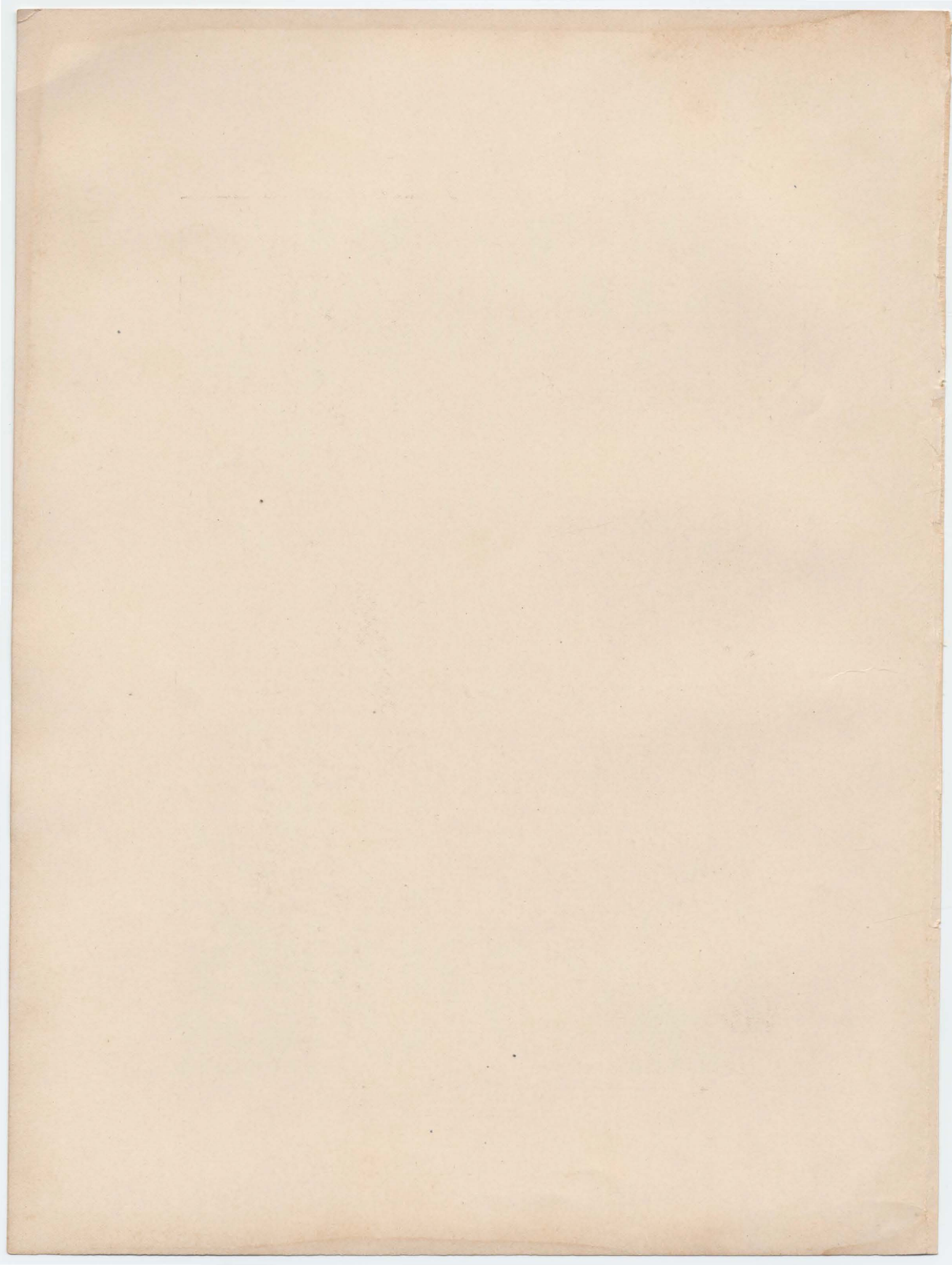


CLASS OF 1900.





CLASS OF 1900.



CLASS OF 1900.

OFFICERS.

JAMES ALBERT JACKSON PRESIDENT
EDWIN WOOD ALLEN VICE-PRESIDENT
WALLACE CLAYPOLE BURNETT SECRETARY AND TREASURER
RICHARD CARTER BEVERLEY SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
JAMES ROBERT HARDESTY HISTORIAN

YELL.

Razzle, Dazzle, Hobble, Gobble,
Sis, Boom, Bah !
1900 ! 1900 !
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

COLORS.

OLD GOLD AND BROWN.

MOTTO.

"Mondum deleti sumus."

MEMBERS.

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Allen, Edwin Wood	Buchanan, Botetourt
Baker, George Francis	Graham's Forge, Wythe
Bean, Robert Bennett	Gala, Botetourt
Beverley, Richard Carter	Champlain, Essex
Boorman, James Albert	Catlett's, Fauquier
Bralley, Samuel Guy	Walton's Furnace, Wythe
Brown, Charles Francisco	Greeneville, Greene County, Tennessee
Brown, Joseph Ramsay	Greeneville, Greene County, Tennessee
Burnett, Wallace Claypole	Norfolk, Norfolk
Chapman, Samuel Forrer	Gordonsville, Orange
Cory, William Harrison	Norfolk, Norfolk
Ellett, Andrew Symington	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Faulkner, Hugh Nicholas	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Hardesty, James Robert	Berryville, Clarke
Hoffman, Joseph David	Flint Hill, Rappahannock
Hortensine, Henry Roberts	Montgomery, Washington
Jackson, James Albert	Richmond, Henrico
Jacocks, Henry Morgan	Berkley, Norfolk
Jacocks, Jonathan Wilbur	Berkley, Norfolk
Jamieson, William Jordan	Buffalo Junction, Mecklenburg
Jewel, Lindsay Louin	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Jones, William Catesby	Iron Gate, Alleghany
Keister, John Taylor	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Latané, John William	Oak Grove, Westmoreland
MacGregor, Scott Hutton	Avon, Nelson
McGavock, James Hamilton	Graham's Forge, Wythe
Pack, Henry Broderick	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Pack, Leon Early	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Page, James Robert	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Phlegar, Archer Allen, Jr.	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Price, Lawrence Taylor	Gala, Botetourt
Randolph, Benjamin Franklin	Colleen, Nelson
Reid, James T. S., Jr.	Norfolk, Norfolk
Reynolds, Charles Luther	Fall Creek, Pittsylvania
Robinson, Samuel Rice	Embreeville, Washington Co., Tennessee
Waddell, Joseph Addison	Garth's, Albemarle
Waller, Edwin Putzell	Martinsville, Henry
Walters, George Derry	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Wood, Charles Morton	Glen Wilton, Botetourt

JUNIOR HISTORY.

TO EVERYONE there is an all-important day each year, but, in the case of the Junior Class, I venture to say that, in the last year, there have been several such days. Of course the most important was commencement day, when after nine months of hard (?) work, we would soon be speeding on our way home, where for three months more there would be no "Reveille" nor "Long Roll," and where we could retire before "Taps." Add to this the innumerable picnics, hayrides, camping-outs, fishing parties, and last, but not least, the *tête-à-têtes* on moonlight nights, with a representative of the fair sex, with no one to eavesdrop but the legendary "man in the moon," and it will be readily understood why commencement day was so important.

Another important day, that meant quite as much as did commencement day, was the twenty-first of September, but how different was its meaning. Commencement day was the sunrise, the beautiful Virginia sunrise, with the sun sending its bright, warm rays into every soul, penetrating every nook and cranny, waking the birds that "shook from their little throats such floods of delicious music" that every living creature was intoxicated with happiness. Opening day, on the other hand, was the sunset. The birds had ceased to pour forth their happy songs; night was coming on, and the shadows were deepening. We were doomed to nine months of work and study, separation from our homes and dear ones, and it seemed all the harder after the past three short months of brightness and pleasure.

Still the night was not so black after all. "Behind the clouds the sun still shines." As we looked around us, we saw lights, trying with all their power to drive away the deep gloom settling upon us; we noticed one especially bright—Christmas vacation; then for a short time we would be released from our tasks and enjoy a needed rest.

But there was one that seemed to be both dim and bright—dim because it was not capable of removing the pangs of homesickness, bright because it appealed to our ambition. We realized that we were not Freshmen, not Sophomores, but *Juniors*. Ah, did we not feel important? Did not that word strike awe into the souls of all the "Rats"? All but one; he had the audacity to come into the midst of us, into our very sanctuary, and to call himself a Junior. His name is Hortenstine. His very impudence seemed to disconcert us, but we managed to accord him a welcome, which he seemed to appreciate with all his *feeling*.

We also saw some faces which had been missing for some time. Among these were those of "Splinter" Wood and L. T. Price; later on these were joined by "Calf" Jones and "Big Juicy" Bralley. But some whom we had told good-bye

at commencement, failed to appear. "Mike" Carr and Carter were absent; Kent Harrison did not return; Givens and Wysor remained away; but we had the pleasure of seeing "Chis" Dabney's face for a few days, and he too left us.

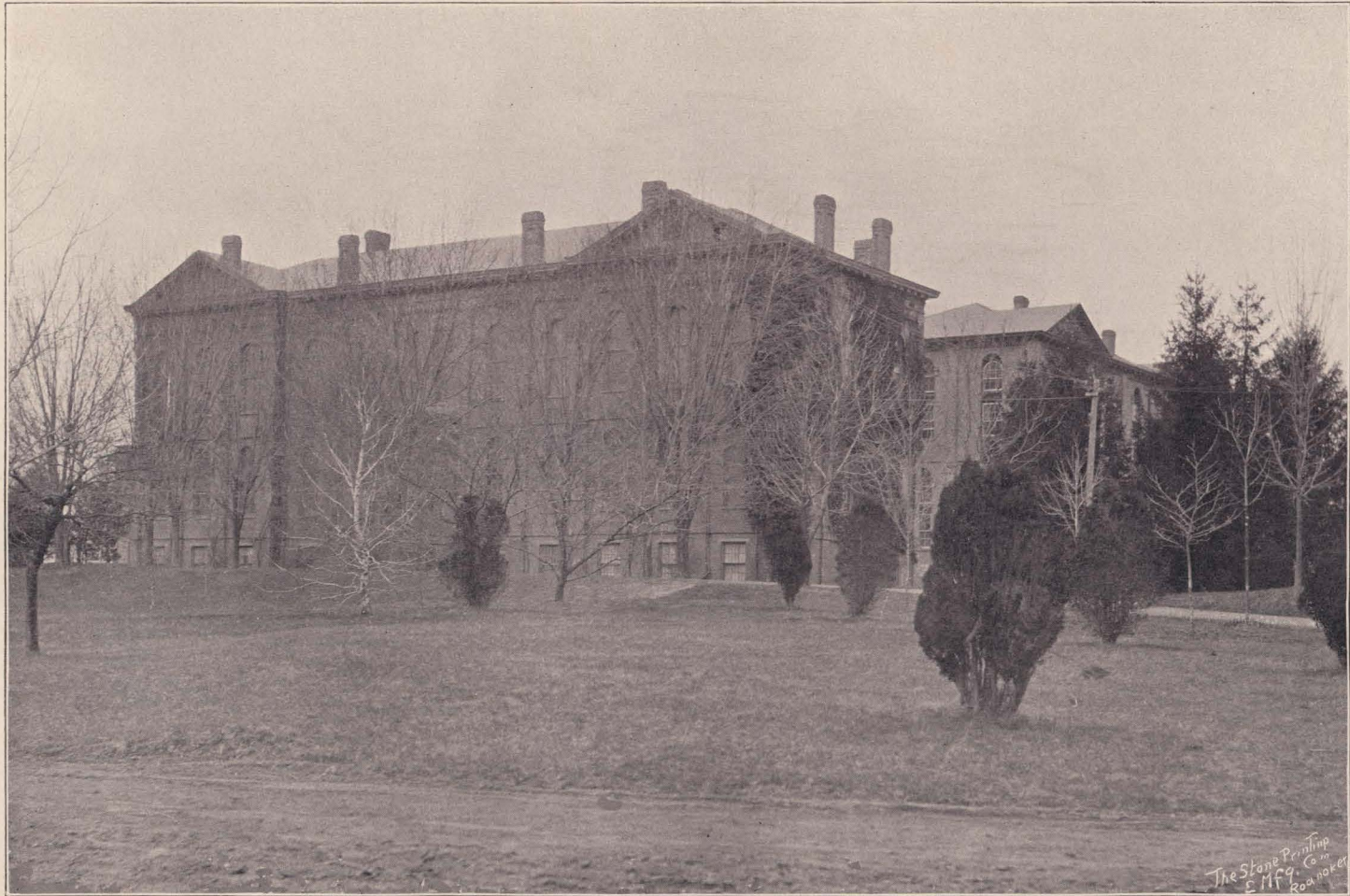
One night, about the last of November, the class silently met in Wood's room, each one inwardly determining to give Wood a "good-bye," which would leave that gentleman of the opinion that we all regretted very much his having to leave us. As we all gathered together, each so overcome that he could hardly speak, some one managed to ask, "How many licks apiece?" Three were decided upon, and we immediately showed our fellow classman how much we appreciated him and how we regretted his departure.

I had almost forgotten Page. Poor Page! We all felt very sorry for him, as most of us know what it is to have a girl go back on us. Some time before Christmas we had heard that he was going to marry, and when we left for home, it was with the expectation of coming back to find "Juicy" "spliced;" but we were doomed to disappointment. Some other fellow stepped in just ahead of "Juicy," and carried off the girl, and "Juicy" never smiled again—that is, at the girl. He smiled once, but that was because he couldn't help it. If you look him squarely in the left eye and wink your right ear, he is compelled to smile. "Juicy" resigned college on the strength of his disappointment, and the only way by which he can be persuaded to come back to see us, is to give him a chance to blow the bass horn once or twice.

For a month or so after Christmas there was nothing of interest, everyone was studying for examinations, that time of the year that we all like to see—past. But this year the examinations brought something entirely unexpected, and what do you think it was? "Mayflower" got a "Serg.," as did also Hortenstine, Price, and Bralley.

It was soon after examinations that the climax was reached. Maybe we weren't proud then, as most of us, perhaps, will say, but you know better. And what was the occasion for all this proudness? Why, we thought we were near enough Seniors to consider the style of uniform which we should wear when we had really become Seniors. That was an important thing, because the uniform must be so fine that it should be irresistible; that it would catch all the girls' eyes, and attract all the attention possible. Well, after a long meeting of the class and many changes and modifications, we finally decided upon what it would be, and now we sit and think about the many hearts that we are going to break next summer.

But boys, the year is nearly past now, and we have but one more year of the four we had before us when we first came here. Let us remember, that when it is over the time has come for us to go out into the world, independent of others, but depending upon ourselves for the necessaries of life. As our class will be the first to graduate from the Virginia Polytechnic Institute after 1899 has rolled into eternity, let the influence and example of each one of us be such as to command the esteem and emulation of all our successors in the dawning twentieth century.



FIRST ACADEMIC BUILDING.

NEW BARRACKS.

The Stone Printing Co.
E. M. F. R. A. R. O. K. E. L.

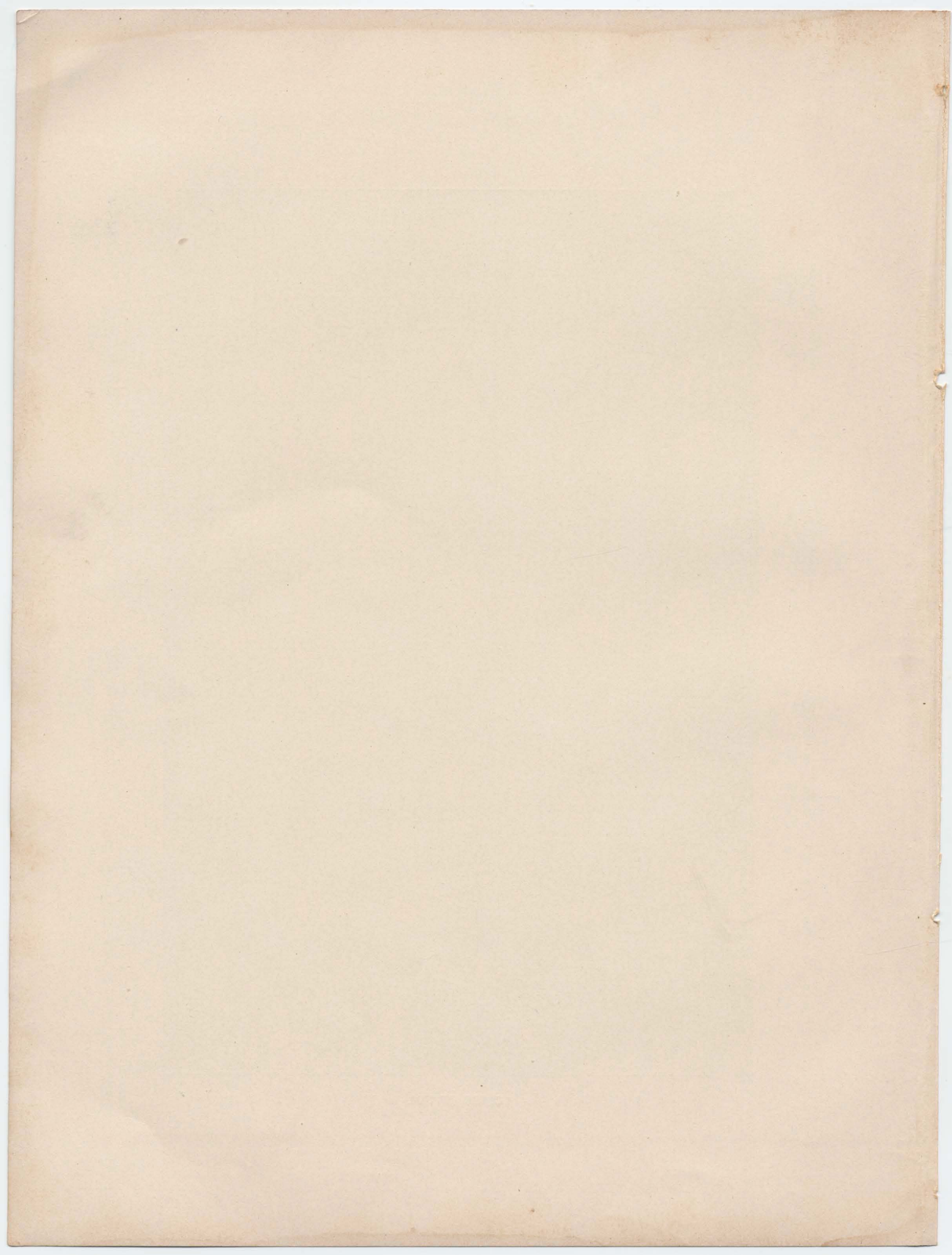


THE SOPHOMORE.



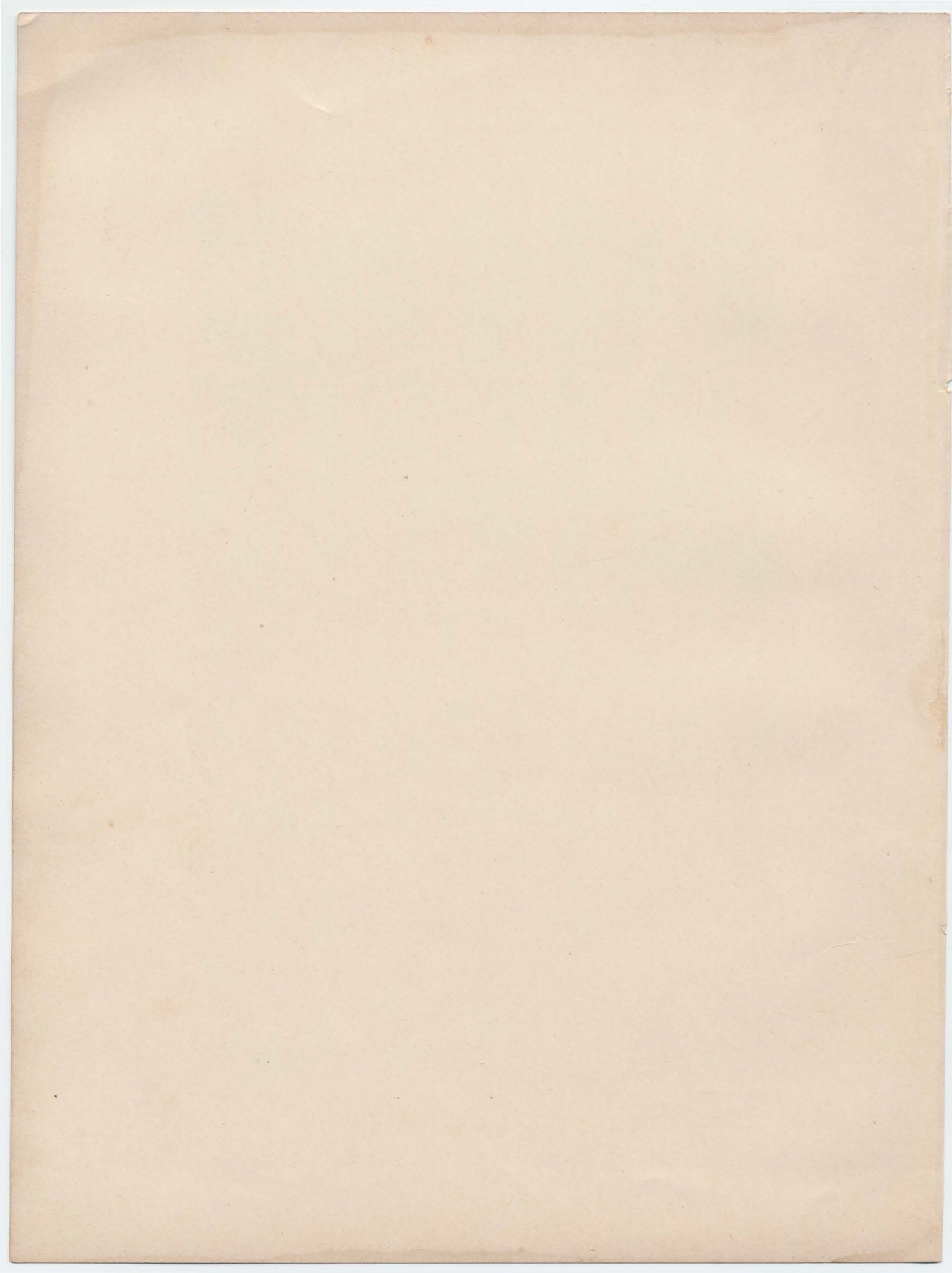
*The Stone-Printing
Co.
Roanoke
Va.*

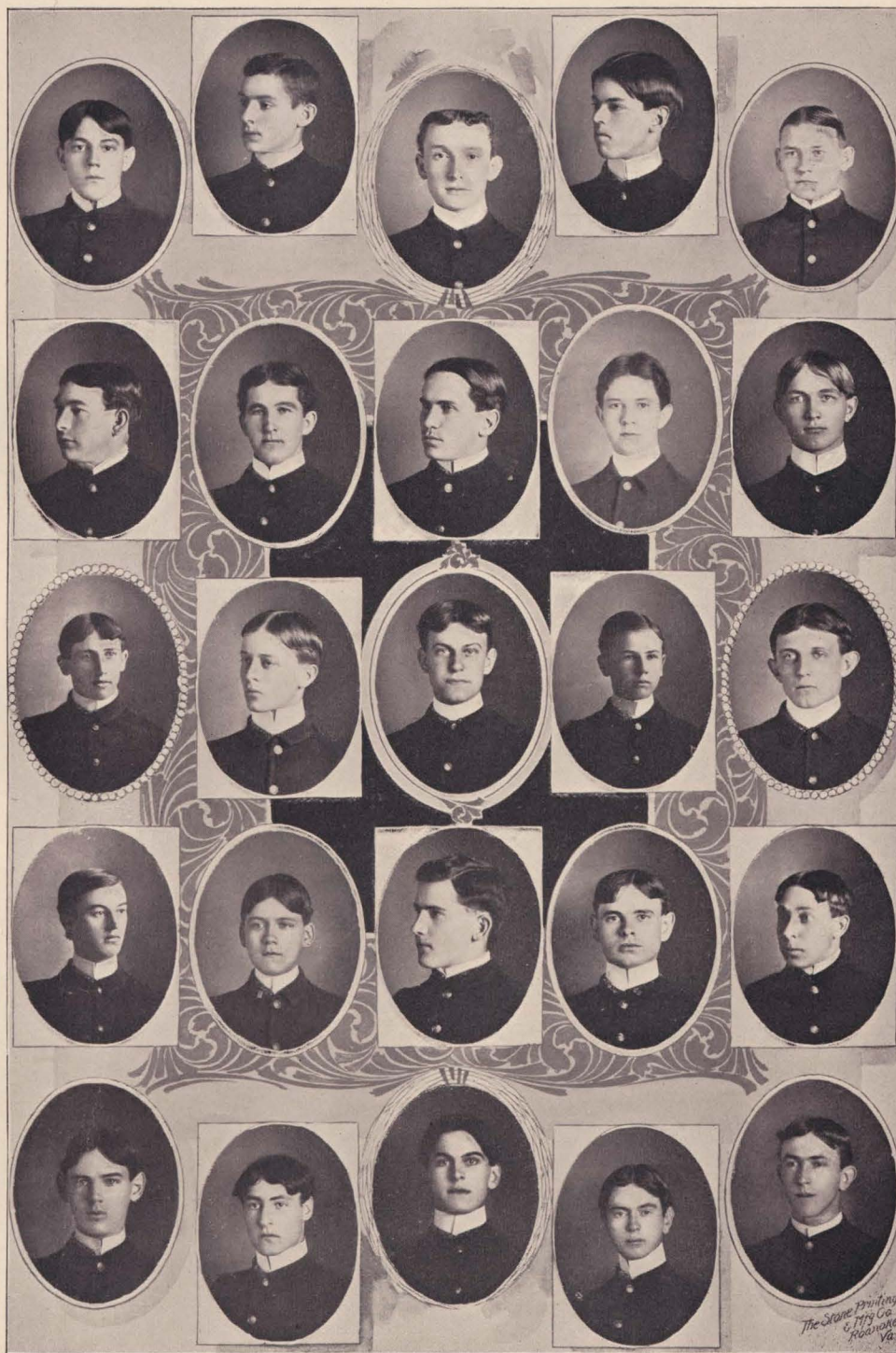
CLASS OF 1901.





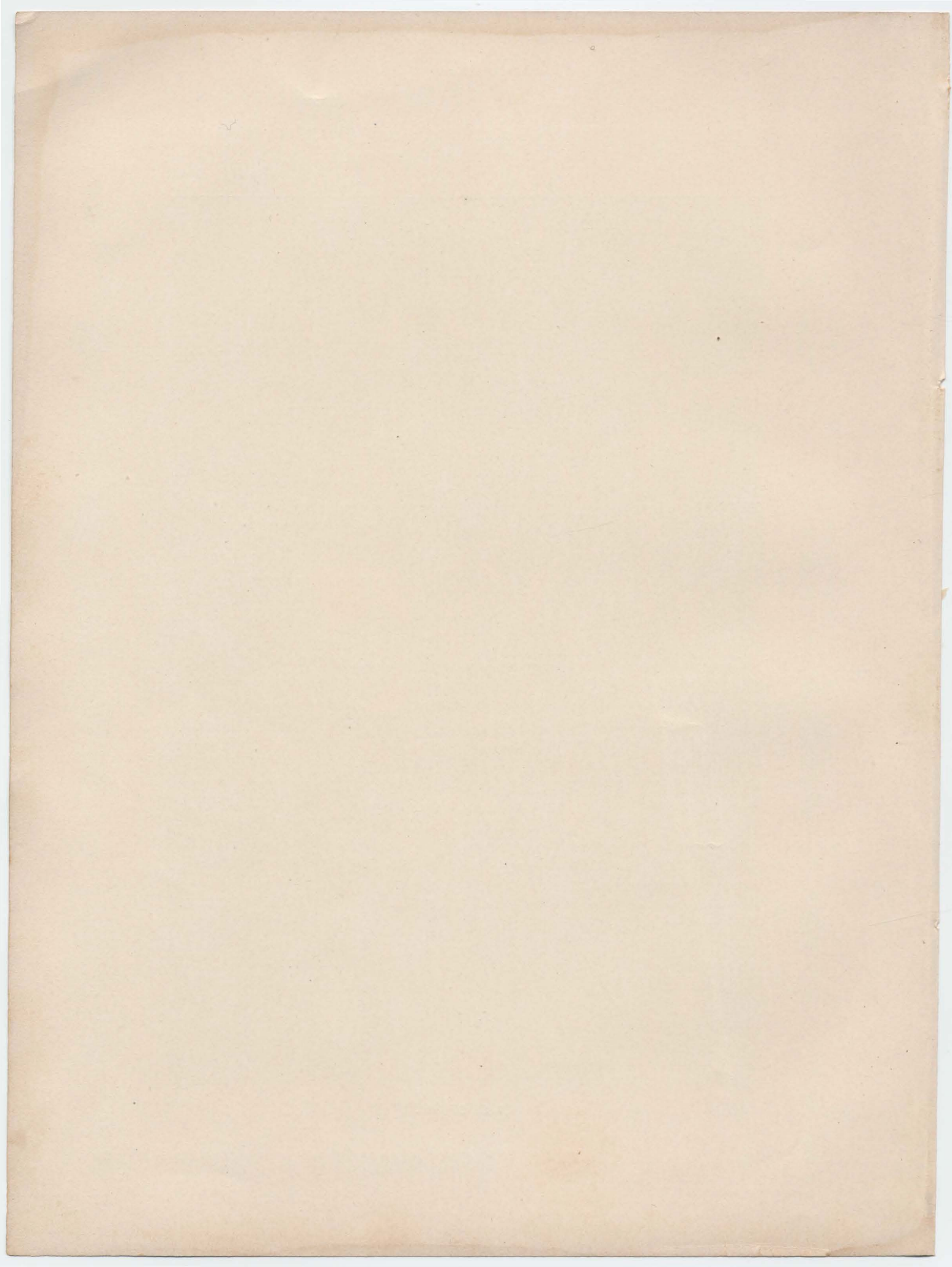
CLASS OF 1901.





The Stone Printing
& Engraving Co.
Roanoke Va.

CLASS OF 1901.



CLASS OF 1901.

OFFICERS.

HICKS, JAMES MORRIS.	PRESIDENT.
Bedford Springs, Campbell.	
SAMPLE, JOHN McCOY.	VICE-PRESIDENT.
Hopewell, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina.	
POWELL, FERDINAND.	SECRETARY AND TREASURER.
Wytheville, Wythe.	
HUFFARD, JOHN BRABSON.	SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.
Wytheville, Wythe.	
DAVIDSON, MORGAN WOODSWORTH.	HISTORIAN.
Blacksburg, Montgomery.	

COLORS.

OLD GOLD AND BLUE.

MOTTO.

DUTY DONE IS HONOR WON.

YELL.

RAE ! RA ! RICKETY ! RUM !
HURRAH ! HURRAH !
CLASS '01.

MEMBERS.

NAME	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Allen, Clayton Edmonds.	Covington, Alleghany
Ashton, John Newton	Portsmouth, Norfolk
Brodie, William Mayo	Coleman's Falls, Bedford
Brooke, John Cook	Culpeper, Culpeper
Brooke, Edgar Stapleton	Roanoke, Roanoke
Bromm, Charles Henry	Richmond, Henrico
Baylis, Leonard Maitland	Staunton, Augusta
Bowley, Howard Worgman	Winchester, Frederick
Bralley, Walter Suvier	Walton Furnace, Wythe
Belches, Peter Berkley	Hay Market, Fauquier
Bassett, Clarence Burrell	Norfolk, Norfolk
Crowgey, Robert Verron	Wytheville, Wythe
Cecil, Robert Earnest	Brookewood, Augusta
Carper, Robert William	Gala Water, Botetourt
Chrisman, William George	Chrisman, Rockingham
Carneal, Charles Boynham	Lloyds, Essex
Crockett, David Bowie	Wytheville, Wythe
Cuthbert, Robert McKenney	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Craig, Albert Sidney Johnston.	Craigsville, Augusta
DuPriest, John Randolph, Jr	Lynchburg, Campbell
Durphey, Joseph Emerson	Lynchburg, Campbell
Davidson, Morgan Woodworth	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Derrick, Clarence	Houston, Halifax
Dawson, Arthur Manley	Baltimore, Baltimore County, Maryland
Dollman, Mazarin Clarence	New Castle, Craig
Earle, Paul Bayard	Milldale, Warren
Eoff, Beverly McKill	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Fernald, Dana	Danville, Pittsylvania
Ford, George Burette	Irwin, Goochland
Fleet, Arthur Harrison	Lynchburg, Campbell
Gatlin, Frank Porter	Tarboro, Edgecomb, North Carolina
Gibboney, James Haller	Wytheville, Wythe

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Gwathmey, Joseph Hardin	Beulahville, King William
Gunst, Albert Marks	Richmond, Henrico
Gray, Rufus Irby	Vontay, Hanover
Hall, William Duane	Pulaski City, Pulaski
Hicks, James Morris	Bedford Springs, Campbell
Hundley, George Tyler	Richmond, Henrico
Huffard, John Brabson	Wytheville, Wythe
Hanger, David Franklin	Fishersville, Augusta
Jackson, Charles Arthur	Austinville, Wythe
Jacobs, David	Richmond, Henrico
Jacobs, Irwin Taylor	Nasons, Orange
Johnson, Richard Sylvester	Homeland, Culpeper
Kinney, Alexander Waddell	Staunton, Augusta
Kabrigh, Benjamin Franklin	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Kennedy, Frank Austin	Herman County, Tennessee
Lear, John Emory	Manchester, Chesterfield
Lyon, Joseph Wilson	Greeneville, Greene County, Tennessee
Morton, Woodridge Brown	Memphis, Tennessee
Moffett, William Stuart	Brookewood, Augusta
Marshall, John Thomas	Kadesh, Pittsylvania
Miles, Clarence Paul	Richmond, Henrico
Mann, William Lowry	Cobham, Albemarle
Moore, Harry Talman	Richmond, Henrico
Moncure, Wm. Anderson Patterson	Williamsburg, James City
McClintic, Emmett Winfree	Fort Lewis, Bath
Moore, Edgar Ackley	Castleman Ferry, Clarke
McGhee, Walter Boyne	Bedford City, Bedford
Morris, Phillips Cæsar	Paces, Halifax
Obenshain, Schuyler Anthony	Fincastle, Botetourt
Owell, Henry John	Wytheville, Wythe
Pack, William French	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Percivall, Richard Reynold	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Powell, Ferdinand	Wytheville, Wythe
Preston, Stuart	Abingdon, Washington
Pryor, Theoderick Bland	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Ricamore, Wilfred Pulliam	Berryville, Clarke
Robinson, Eugene Claiborne	Rexburg, Essex
Roop, Archer Hamilton	Childress, Montgomery
Royer, Henry Howard	Roanoke, Roanoke
Ridley, Fenton Garnett	Cortland, Southampton
Rudd, Frederick Jett	Hampton, Elizabeth City
Ruff, Robert Roseberry	Lexington, Rockbridge

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Sample, John McCoy	Hopewell, Mecklenburg County, North Carolina
Scott, Robert Mayo	Childress, Montgomery
Smith, Norfleet Saunders	Scotland Neck, Halifax County, North Carolina
Strauss, Anthony John	Pulaski City, Pulaski
Slusser, Judson Brown	Slusser, Montgomery
Slusser, Arthur Herbert	Slusser, Montgomery
Snyder, Gilbert Haven	Price's Fork, Montgomery
Snyder, Cecil	Price's Fork, Montgomery
Sloan, Robert Beverley	Columbia, Richland County, South Carolina
Treverton, Stephen	Ivanhoe, Wythe
Terry, John Coles, Jr.	Bent Mountain, Roanoke
Umberger, John Crittenden	Wytheville, Wythe
Van Dyke, John Henry	West End, Fauquier
Werner, Edgar	Atlanta, Fulton County, Georgia
Wilson, Samuel White	Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, West Virginia
Williams, Robert Walker	Wytheville, Wythe
Winston, James Sutton	Hanover C. H., Hanover
Wood, Thomas Gilbert	Priddy's, Albemarle
Woltz, Roscoe	Gala Water, Botetourt
Waddey, Albert Yancey	Richmond, Henrico
Webb, Frank D.	Staunton, Augusta
Wootten, Albert Y.	Wilmington, North Carolina
Young, Mercer G.	Richmond, Henrico

SOPHOMORE HISTORY.

WITH the commencement exercises of last June the Freshman Class of 1897-98 resolved itself into its original elements and disappeared. But like the indestructible matter, they were not annihilated; many of them in combination with others reappeared in the new and exalted form of the Sophomores of 1898-99. That the prospects of their new situation were appreciated and their exemptions from Freshman life enjoyed goes without saying. Our intentions were well defined, and our visions were inspiring, but visions are not always realized.

Our history proper began with September 21st, 1898,—a date long to be carried among our college recollections. Many of us came to this antique mountain village because of the operations of uncontrollable forces, and some for the reason that they had tasted of the fruit of knowledge and found it good.

The complacent expression upon the countenances of our bright phalanx was an unmistakable index to our realization that we had arrived at a sphere where bayonets and bedslats produce no trepidation and where pillowings disturb no more our peaceful slumbers. On the contrary, the change in our station has made the bane of our lives last year the cherished privilege of this. And what a contrast is there in our reception to that of last year; not so vigorous, perhaps, but more agreeable. We were welcomed in a civilized style, and in turn prepared to welcome the "Rats" in the good old V. P. I. fashion, in order that they might be properly adjusted to the constitution and by-laws of our college community.

The most highly prized of the joys we realized was that in finding something on which we could look down, inasmuch as heretofore we were compelled to look in the opposite direction, to all wearing uniforms. The "Rats" were our special charges, and we considered it highly important that we should bring them through their first year in the way they should go. However, our administration in these regards may not have been in sweetest accord with the plans and specifications of the "powers that be," and therefore it was not deemed advisable to let them into our inscrutable councils. Besides, these high powers seem to fail in appreciation of the excellency of Sophomore wisdom as sometimes displayed, and there-

fore, in order to prevent the strong probability of a clash of authorities, like Uncle Sam, we prudently refused to divulge state secrets.

We did not feel that it ministered to our new sense of self-esteem to find that we must have in our class some who were not our fellows in the new emancipation; we considered them interlopers, as it were, but after lining up this faction along the wall in the most approved style, in the presence of the assembled class and carrying them through the prescribed initiatory rites, they were soon brought in touch with the prevailing sentiments and sympathies of the second-year section.

In the early part of the session, our president, Mr. R. B. Bean, resigned and Mr. J. M. Hicks, the vice-president, was elected to fill the vacancy thus made. Mr. J. M. Sample was chosen vice-president, and Mr. J. B. Huffard sergeant-at-arms; long may they serve.

A number of our class were promoted to the influential rank of corporal, and to each of these were given a small number of "raw recruits" to hammer into shape and teach the human art of war; which, after many trials and tribulations, was finally accomplished, much to the satisfaction of both parties.

When the reports of the first month were bulletined we discovered that we had among our new members those who were capable of making "Very goods" and adding luster to the shining reputation of the class. Some of the successful ones soon developed symptoms of swell head, which was promptly remedied by a vigorous application of strap and bayonet liniment, which was kept constantly on hand for cases of emergency.

Whatever might have escaped our attention in the text-books, there was one thing that never failed to be detected in due time, namely, the approach of a holiday. We believed in holidays as one of the best parts of school life and always gave them a rousing welcome. The approach of the Christmas holidays we could feel in our bones, until we fairly howled our greetings from afar. When at last the day arrived, with a rush we gathered our belongings and made a break for freedom and "home, sweet home," where we soon renewed our happy old associations.

On the fourth of January we reappeared on the campus of old V. P. I., bringing with us pleasant memories and a renewed purpose to accomplish our object in coming to the college. The subject which excited more than ordinary interest after our return, was the approaching intermediate examination, and when the time came we wrestled with the intricacies of French, the mysteries of chemistry, the perplexities of mathematics, etc., until we were about "played out" with the "whole business." Most of the class pulled through, though we are sorry to record that a few failed to reach the passing notch. Quite a military air was discernible in the bearing of some when the question of their having passed well was finally settled; and some suspicious cadets seemed to think this air was like unto the wiles of a fisherman casting a hook, not for carp, but for the "corps." to be found in these waters.

Six privates were elevated to the dignity of corporals, four of whom were of the old and tried set, and two new men, who had done creditable work on their studies.

The winter was long and severe, and prevented much out-door recreation, but as spring approached, baseball became the absorbing theme. We organized our class team with Mr. Huffard, captain, and Mr. Powell, manager, with a fair prospect that the contest with the other class teams would be interesting.

The results of the final examinations close our history. May our record grow better as the years go by.



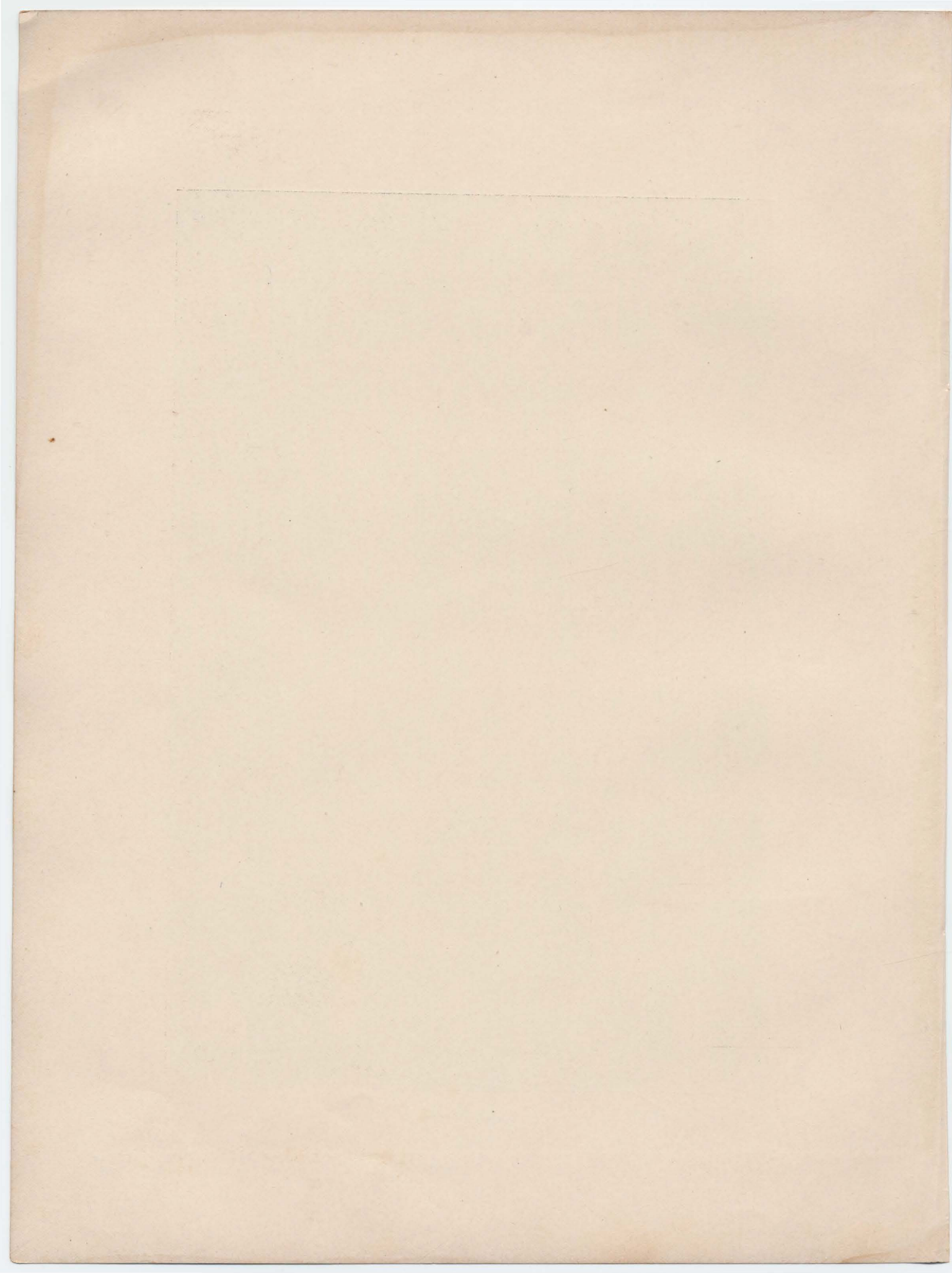
A BATTALION OF "RATS."



FRESHMAN.

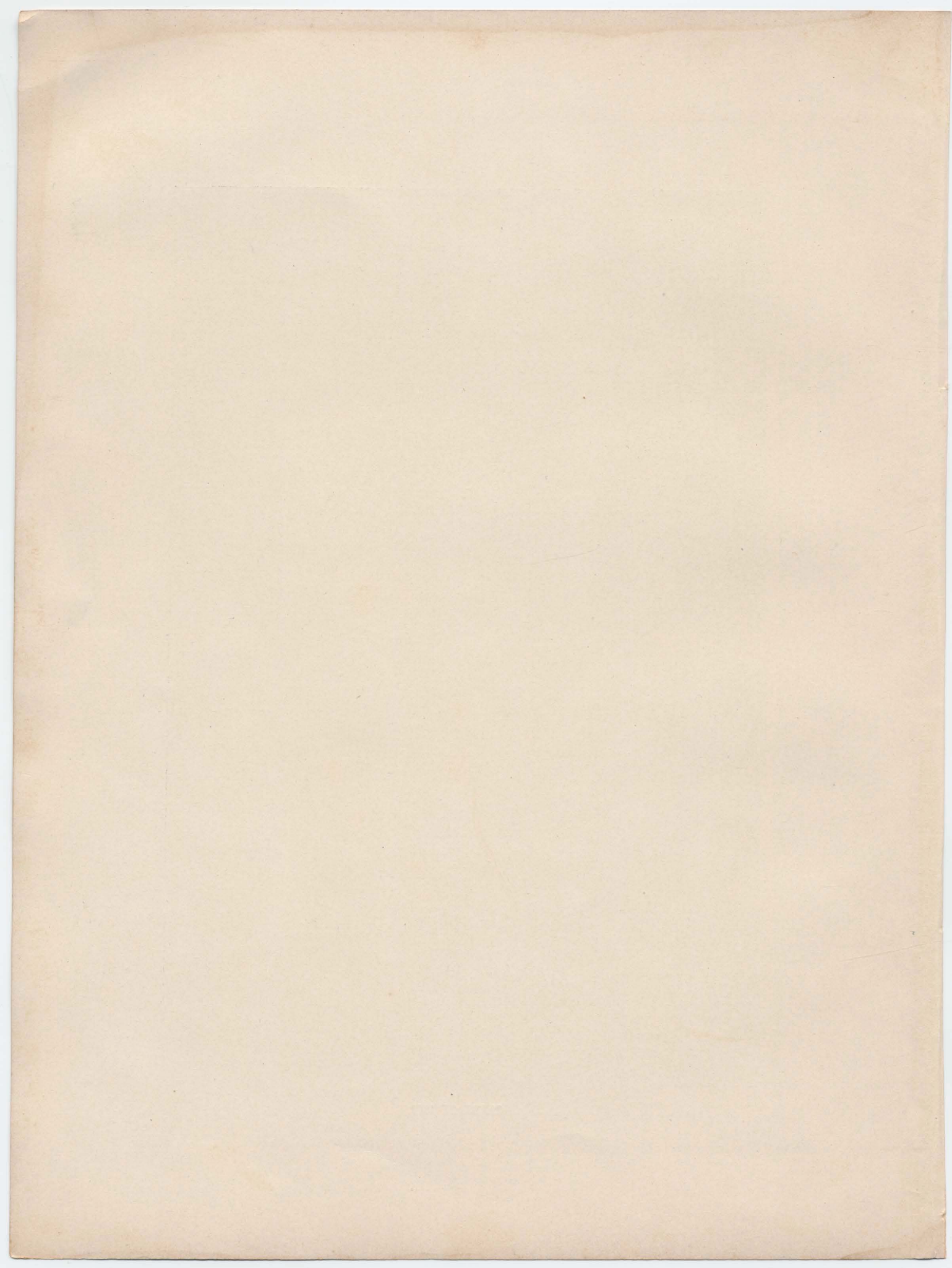


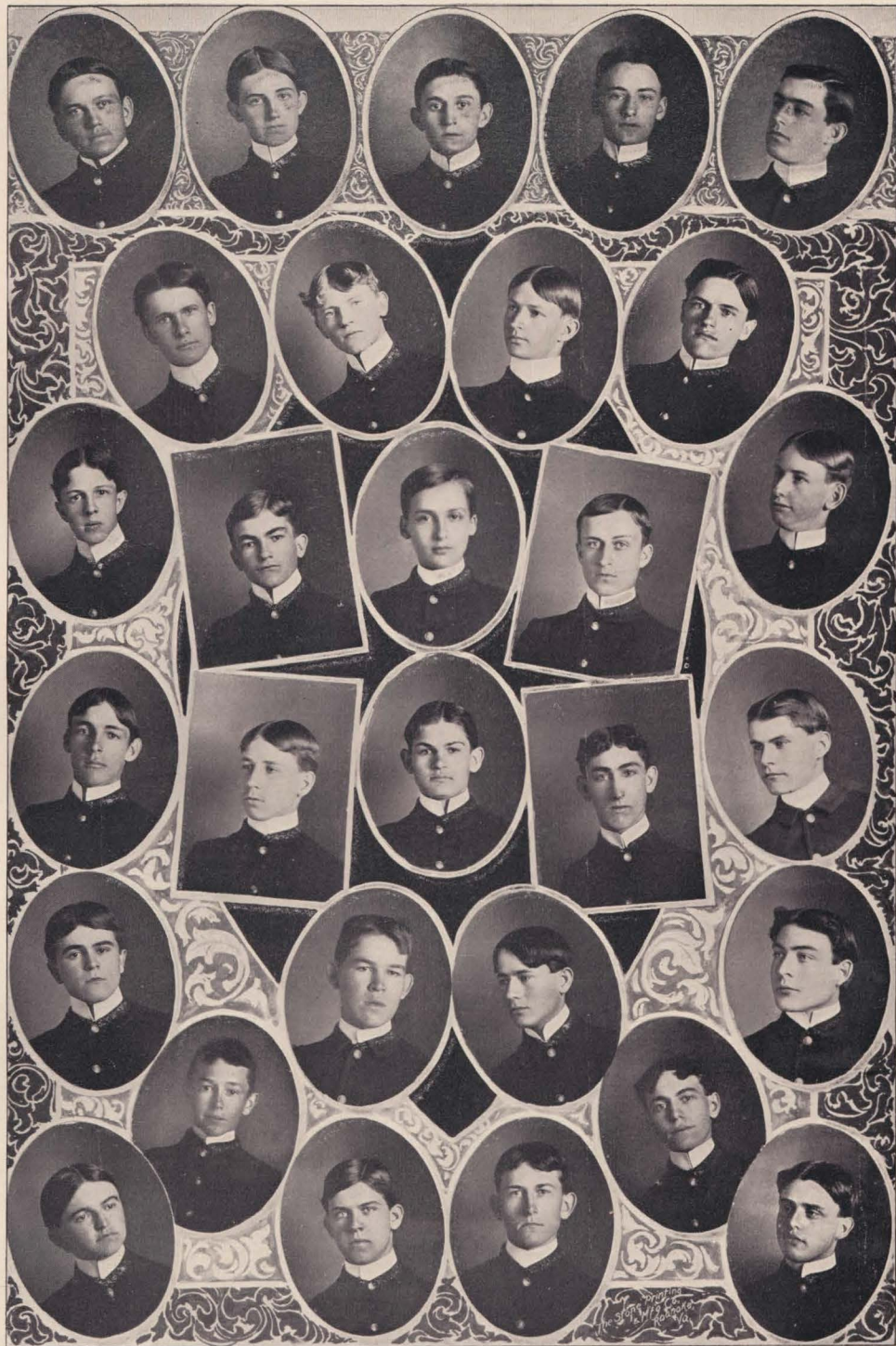
CLASS OF 1902.



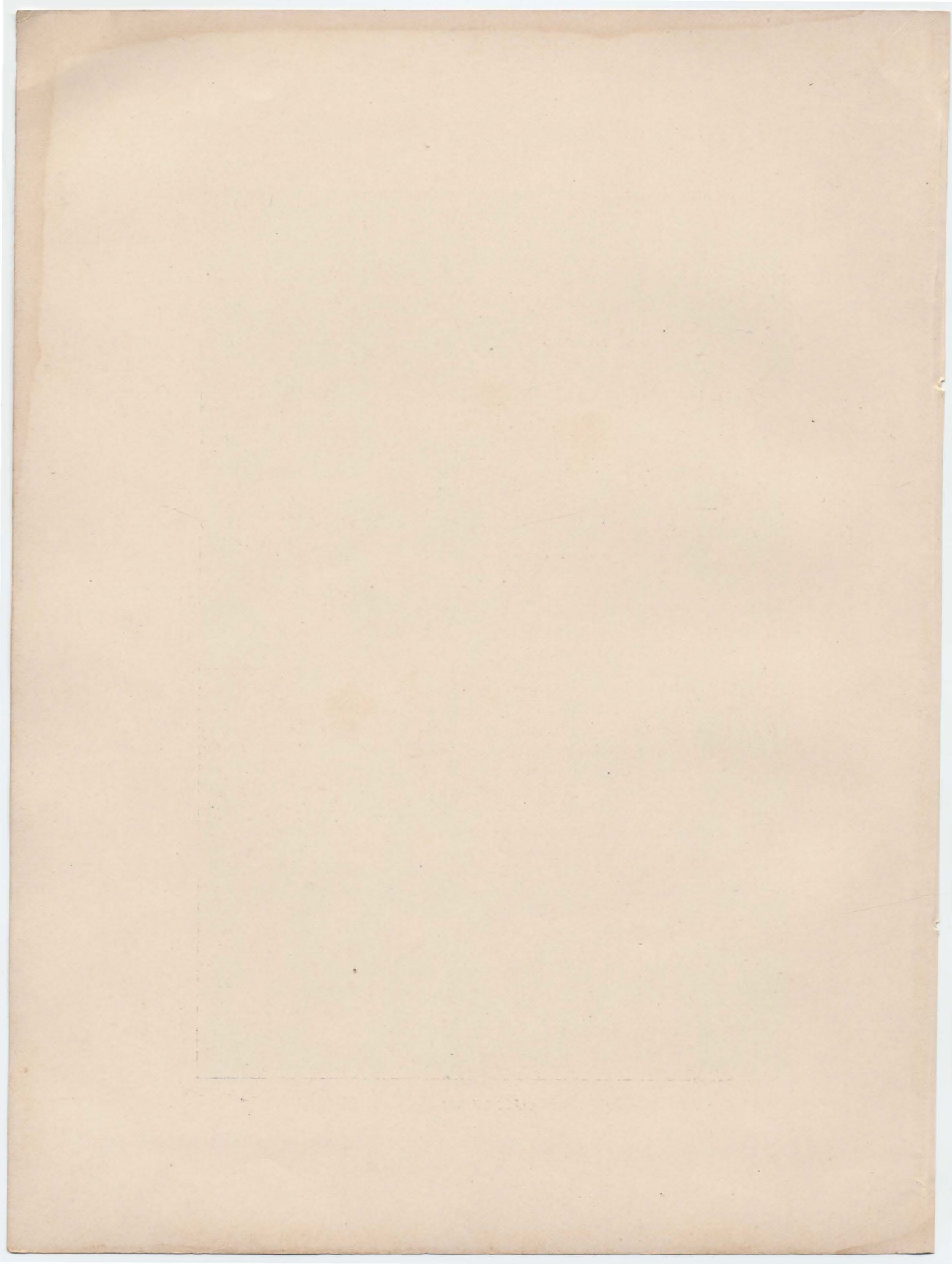


CLASS OF 1902.





CLASS OF 1902.



CLASS OF 1902.

OFFICERS.

EDWARD GAINES THURMAN PRESIDENT
FREDERICK RICHMOND CHADWICK VICE-PRESIDENT
WYNDHAM RANDOLPH BEAN SECRETARY AND TREASURER
COURTNEY WILLIAMS HISTORIAN

COLORS.

GARNET AND BLACK.

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!

MOTTO.

"Rats of '98-99 conquer all things in time."

MEMBERS.

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Arvin, Otis Adrian	Drakes Branch, Charlotte
Atkinson, Homer	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Ayre, Clayton Emmett	Kerfoot, Fauquier
Ballard, Hiram	West End, Fairfax
Baum, Theron Cecil	Norfolk, Norfolk
Bean, Wyndham Randolph	Gala, Botetourt
Belote, Harry LeRoy	Norfolk, Norfolk
Beuchler, Charles Henry	Leesburg, Loudoun
Beverley, Robert Bland	Champlain, Essex
Blackmore, Edward Chiles	Hampton, Elizabeth City
Bland, James Moncure	Shackleford's, King and Queen
Borden, Wade Hampton	Cambria, Montgomery
Bowles, Thomas Price	Oilville, Goochland
Brooke, Robert Thomas	Sutherlin, Pittsylvania
Brown, Fairfax	Wytheville, Wythe
Brown, Frank Donaldson	Baltimore, Baltimore County, Maryland
Brown, John Thompson	Baltimore, Baltimore County, Maryland
Burrall, John Dickinson	Richmond, Henrico
Carpenter, Caias Hunter	Clifton Forge, Alleghany
Carper, Walter Kessler	Waskey Mills, Botetourt
Carter, Richard Daniel	Amelia Court-house, Amelia
Chadwick, Frederick Richmond	Charlotte, Mecklenburg County, N. C.
Chamblin, Henry Baker	White Post, Clarke
Chapman, Manilus Montgomery	Ripplemead, Giles
Chappelear, Lyle Lee	Delaplane, Fauquier
Charlton, John Henry	Vickers Switch, Montgomery
Childress, Thomas Tibbs	Childress, Montgomery
Churchman, Frank Nelson	Philadelphia
Clinton, Henry Rathbone	Baltimore, Baltimore County, Maryland
Collier, Charles Lochier	Hampton, Elizabeth City
Compton, Thompson Machen	Meeker, Rapides Parish, Louisiana
Cooke, Clarence Le Far	Bon Air, Chesterfield
Cromwell, Randolph Stuart	Norfolk, Norfolk
Cuthbert, Jr., Charles Henry	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Davidson, Harry Lemuel	Blacksburg, Montgomery

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Davison, William Watson	Middletown, Frederick
Dantzler, Julius Clarence	Greenville, Greenville County, South Carolina
Dewey, Jr., Franklin Haylender	Portsmouth, Norfolk
Dunklee, Carl Marcellus	Christiansburg, Montgomery
Durphey, William Clements	Lynchburg, Campbell
Eddins Iverson Thornton	Erald, Greene
Edwards, Aubrey Chester	Richmond, Henrico
Elam, Charles Reginald	North View, Mecklenburg
Farmer, Raymond Lucas	East Radford, Montgomery
Favrer, Jr., John Alexander	Staunton, Augusta
Field, John Charles	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
French, K. S.	Narrows, Giles
Friend, Edwin Ruthren	Roanoke, Roanoke
Gardner, Arthur Charles	Blacksburg, Montgomery
George, Samuel Henry	George's Mills, Loudoun
Gill, Jr., Thomas Handy	Avalon, Northumberland
Hack, John Van Meter	Stephens City, Frederick
Hale, Daniel Thomas	Francisco, Craig
Hardaway, Jr., Edward Ward	Lynchburg, Campbell
Harrison, Channing Williams	Cartersville, Cumberland
Hill, Wylie Pope	Newnan, Coweta County, Georgia
Hollister, Reginald Earl	Hillburn, Rockland County, New York
Hopkins, Glen Duvall	Bedford City, Bedford
Howard, Hiram	Rosssdale, Russell
Howdershell, Cecil Field	Alexandria, Alexandria
Irving, Oley Anderson	Cartersville, Cumberland
Jackson, Frederick Hollister	Norfolk, Norfolk
Kitchen, Julian Percivall	Portsmouth, Norfolk
Key, James Francis	Leonardtown, St. Marys County, Maryland
Lee, Francis Robert	Salem, Roanoke
Lee, Jr., James Isaac	Lynchburg, Campbell
Logan, George William	Salem, Roanoke
Mason, Frank Allen	Janettsville, Harvard, Maryland
McAnge, Jr., William Norman	Suffolk, Nansemond
McCormick, Herbert Gilmore	Fairfield, Rockbridge
McCracken, Austin A.	Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania
Mish, Harry Bell	Middlebrook, Augusta
Moffett, Lyle Moore	Brookewood, Augusta
Montgomery, Rodes McClung	Deerfield, Augusta
Moore, Edgar Starke	Onville, Stafford
Morris, James Deane	Fork Union, Fluvanna
Neale, William Wirt	Bowlers Wharf, Essex
Nelson, James Richard	Olive, Culpeper
Newman, Clarence Deerborn	Magruder, York

NAME.	POST-OFFICE AND COUNTY.
Osterbind, Carter Clark	Richmond, Henrico
Painter, Charles Whitfield	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Painter, Lewis Temple	Blacksburg, Montgomery
Palmore, Julian Ivanhoe	Cartersville, Cumberland
Patterson, Charles Stephen	Wytheville
Perry, Walter Smith	Fluman, Rockbridge
Phillips, William Jeter	Massey, Accomac
Poe, Nelson Carter	Greenville, Greenville County, South Carolina
Powers, Emory Byran	White Post, Clarke
Proctor, Clarence Leigh	Drakes Branch, Charlotte
Ricamore, Edgar Clifford	Berryville, Clarke
Rangely, John James	Rangely, Henry
Richardson, Alfred Aldrich	Columbia, Richland County, South Carolina
Riddle, Edmund Hunter	Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania
Rosser, William Ernest	Venner, Prince Edward
Rowe, Peyton	Fredericksburg, Spottsylvania
Ruff, John Alexander	Lexington, Rockbridge
Sanford, Harry Estill	Madison Run, Orange
Sanford, Walker Wallace	Madison Run, Orange
Seagle, Curtis Brown	Wytheville, Wythe
Seymour, John Christopher	Key West, Monroe County, Florida
Shurick, Adam Thomas	Rutherford, Bergen County, New Jersey
Smith, William Taylor	Dogue, King George
Snooks, Henry William	Lewinsville, Fairfax
Spiller, Frank Markham	Wytheville, Wythe
Sowers, John Thompson	Stone Bridge, Clarke
Strother, Paul Morgan	Lynchburg, Campbell
Strother, William Alexander	Lynchburg, Campbell
Talcott, George Russell	Bon Air, Chesterfield
Tarry, Hamilton Baskerville	Tarry's Mills, Mecklenburg
Tinsley, Ashton Maupin	Salem, Roanoke
Thurman, Edward Gaines	Lynchburg, Campbell
Underwood, Charles Thomas	Richmond, Henrico
Wall, Guy Floyd	Price's Fork, Montgomery
Watson, Joseph Powell	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Waudby, Earle	Loudon, Madison County, Ohio
Williams, Courtney	Lynchburg, Campbell
Williams, John Chauncey	Casanova, Fauquier
Wilson, William Thomas	Williams Mills, Lunenburg
Worth, Joseph Barzillai	Petersburg, Dinwiddie
Wysor, Henry	Dublin, Pulaski
Yancey, Thornton McDuffey	Buffalo Junction, Mecklenburg
Young, William Russell	Hebron, Dinwiddie
Yowell, William Andrew	Culpeper, Culpeper

FRESHMAN HISTORY.

“**B**UT mice and Rats, and such small deer” that Shakespeare speaks of are really food—for thought and reflection. We are an interesting little set, because so innocent, cunning, playful, and—fresh. Our history is in part a story of adventure, in part a tale of woe. It had its beginning on September 21st.

The day of our arrival we shall never forget, especially the warm welcome tendered us by “The Board of Reception.” How vivid, too, are the recollections of our first night, or better known as “A Rat’s First Night.” None of us can forget how our friends, the old students, visited us—or rather *upon* us—during all hours of the night, thus showing that they felt a great interest in our welfare.

Some, thinking perhaps that we had forgotten to bring our pillows, brought theirs with them on one of these visits and gently (?) piled them upon us. Unfortunately, however, they also brought a dark lantern to enable them to see us; the light from it being so intense in our sleepless eyes, and the rapidity with which the pillows descended upon us made it impossible for us to comprehend that they were doing us an act of kindness (?)—but we all “comprehend” such visits now. After many more visits the long-wished-for morning of our matriculation day dawned, the sorrows of the night vanished. But we were really “New Students” and welcomed as Rats.

The first three weeks we were the center of attraction. The singing, running, and other good qualities of the Freshmen were noted. Some of our members took a special delight in running errands for the old students and on many occasions we were sent on strange journeys, for “strange” articles—especially were we forced to go in quest of “strap oil” and other like supplies calculated to make a “New Student” feel warm and at home. About two weeks after our arrival we were cordially invited to attend a reception given by the Young Men’s Christian Association. An interesting talk by Professor Campbell was enjoyed by all, after which we were ushered down into the Mess Hall where pleasant games were indulged in; delicious refreshments added strength and variety to pleasure. The evening passed only too rapidly; had it not been for the fair sex, the enjoyable event, I dare say, would have lost much of its merit and pleasure.

The football season came, and great preparations were made. Our class made a fine showing and many of its men were chosen for the field. Our representatives on the first team were Hardaway and McCracken, while on the second were

Thurman, Carpenter, Ricamore, and Montgomery. Both teams did excellent work, and we are glad to record what daring games were won.

Before the close of the football season we assembled in the chapel to elect our president. "Nig" Thurman was unanimously chosen. After the close of the football season peace reigned and all were thinking of the Christmas holidays, which were not far off. Our holiday was to begin on the twenty-second but some of our members left a few days before that date thinking, perhaps, that these added to their holidays would greatly improve their worn-out condition, caused by hard and incessant study (?). But at last the twenty-second came. Only a few attended sick-call on that day as all knew well that home was soon to be reached. But "Weary" Waudby, as usual, attended.

After twelve short days of pleasure we returned to our duties, more homesick than ever, and to add to our sorrow we found absent from roll-call Collier who, we are grieved to say, could not return to college on account of illness. The examinations, as some great writer has noted, follow the Christmas holidays as surely as night follows day. The wings of the Intermediates hovered round about us and directed our eyes toward the beloved (?) text-books. The amount of hard study done by us that month, will never be estimated; however, when the examination results were posted we found that a large number were Highly Distinguished and Distinguished while many of the rest were Proficient. What a glowing record! But Rats of '99 conquer all things—even "Exams." The intermediate examinations over, the second term began and our rolls were increased by Messrs. Friend, Logan, Underwood, Sowers, P. M. Strother, F. Brown, McCormick, and Tinsley. As usual with Freshmen, these studious students proved themselves worthy of the name of Rats.

And now, as a general history has been given, we must not forget to record some personal items. Glancing back to the first we find Jackson, F. H., ever ready to be "Fresh," and by his side our vice-president, Chadwick; we must not omit the names of "Bill" Durphey, Hardaway, and Belches; these are the freshest Rats on record but their freshness has been tempered each night by the "Knights of the Pillow and Dark Lantern." Many of our members are known as "military men." The names of Rangle and "Solomon" Wysor will long be remembered. These Rats after drilling several times in the squad thought they were "military men" and applied for a corporalship—but their applications still remain under consideration.

"Drowsy" Dantzer, or the "Sleeping Beauty," never suffers from insomnia; if we were asked to pen his epitaph, it would be "Asleep as usual."

Ayre and Kitchen (the truthful students): Ayre, while at home Christmas, stated that large and magnificent steamers pass Blacksburg daily. Kitchen says that the "New Barracks" is heated by "cold" heat which is brought from the North Pole and kept in the tank.

Compton tells us that the fourth floor has "warm" inhabitants and in McAnge's room, on account of an extra supply of heat, the thermometer often

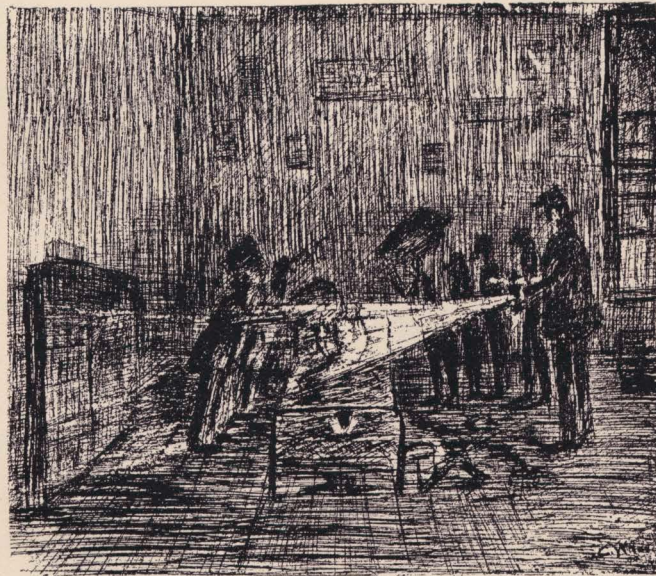
registers 212°. Another tropical region is the abode of the F. F. H. C.'s—Rex Hollister, Dunklee, and Jack Williams are in that region, and all know what Jack says about them.

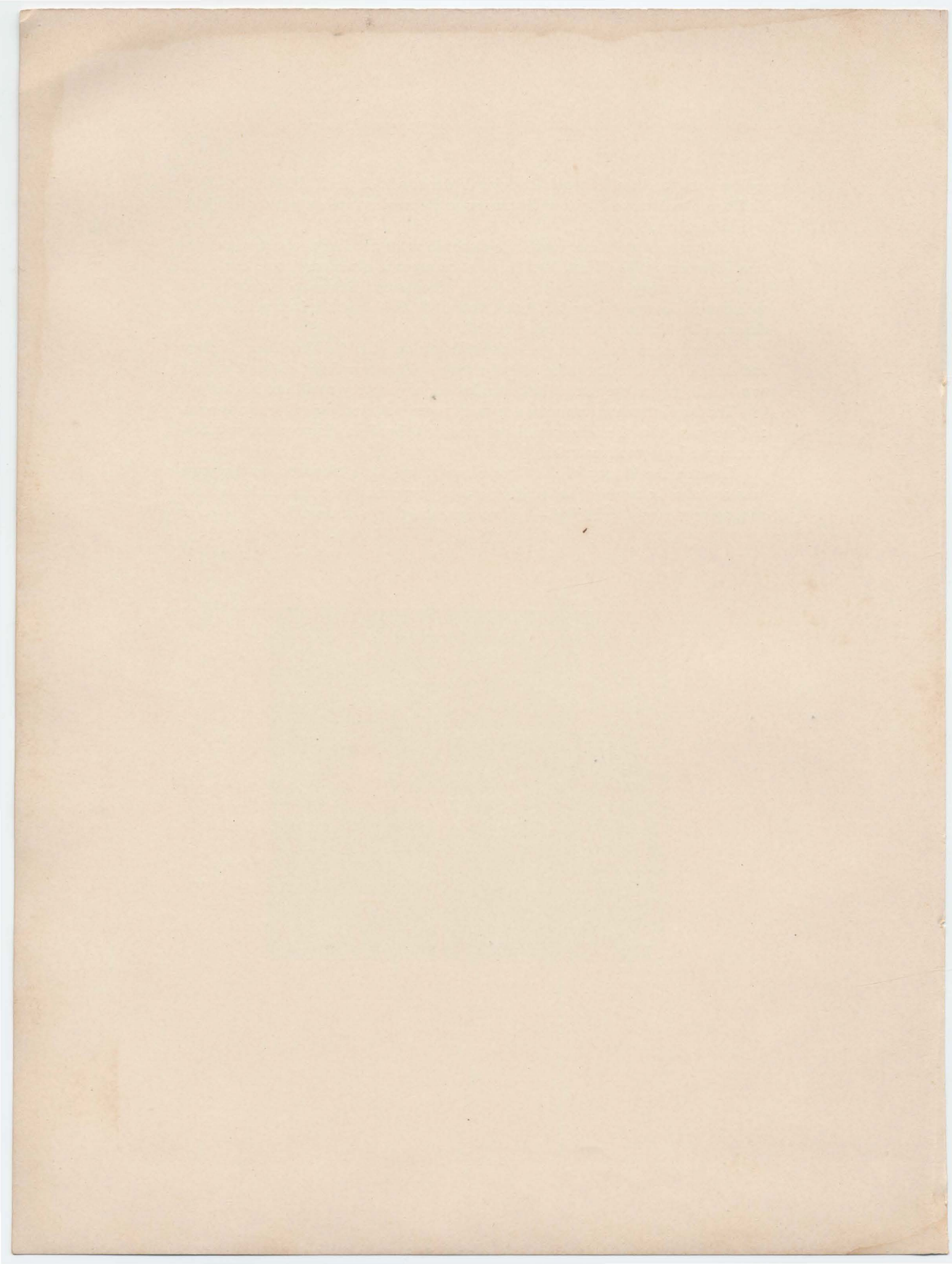
And now as our history nears its close we must not forget our fellow classman Seymour, of Key West, Florida, who, on account of serious illness could not be with us in many of our trials and daring adventures. But as the warm days of spring came he departed for his distant home. With him go the best wishes of his classmen for his return to college next fall.

An interesting event was the snowball battle between the New Barracks Rats and those of the Old Barracks. After a long fight, a close hand-to-hand conflict was brewing when the retreat bell sounded and the victory could not be decided.

The baseball season now soon to open promises to eclipse all previous ones, and we know that the manager of our team will do all in his power to win success, as we have good material.

So ends the history of the Class of 1902, and, dear classmen, as the years pass on let us be more active, improving every opportunity so that in the end our shining motto may be fulfilled—"We conquer all things in time."



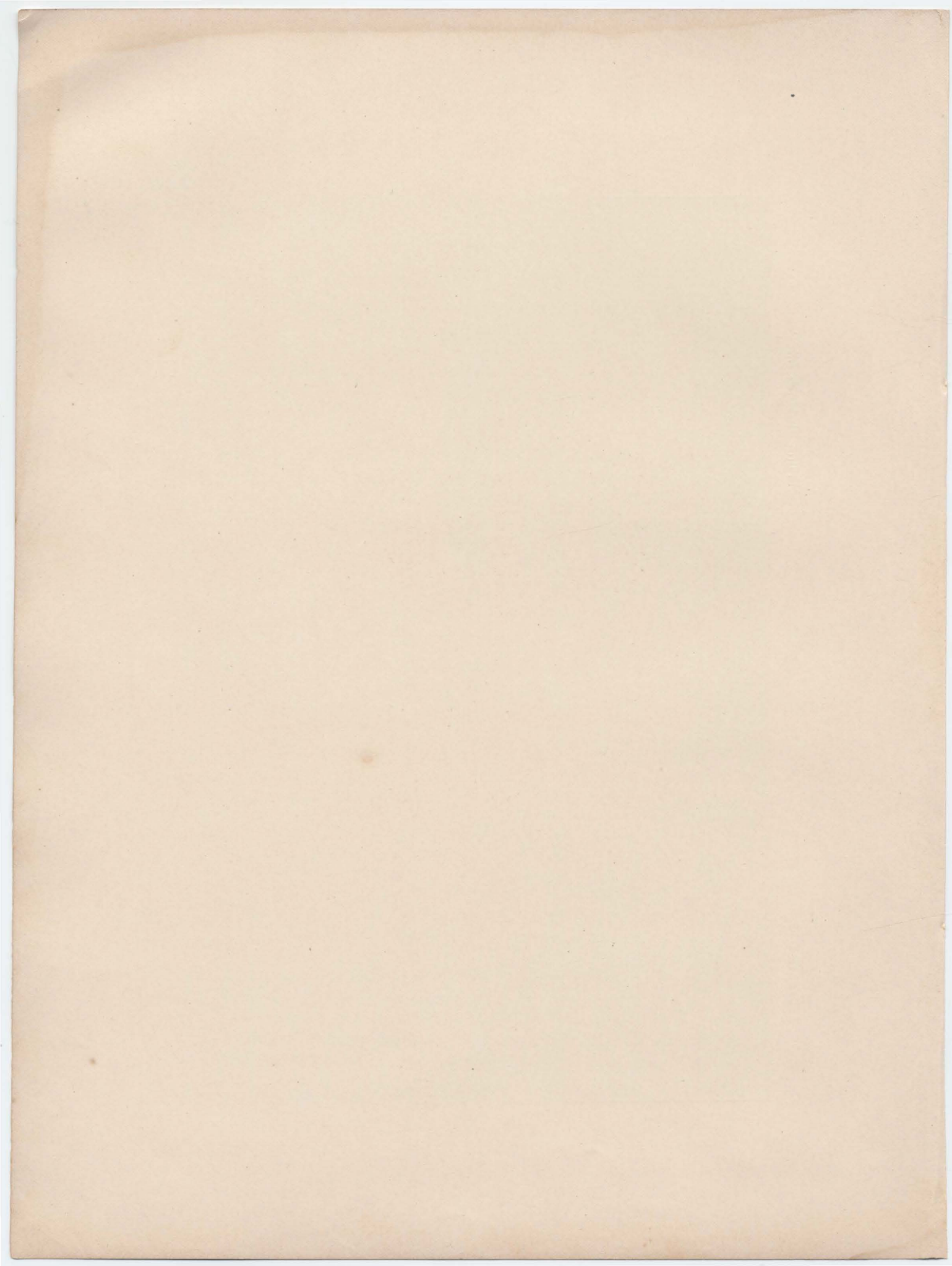


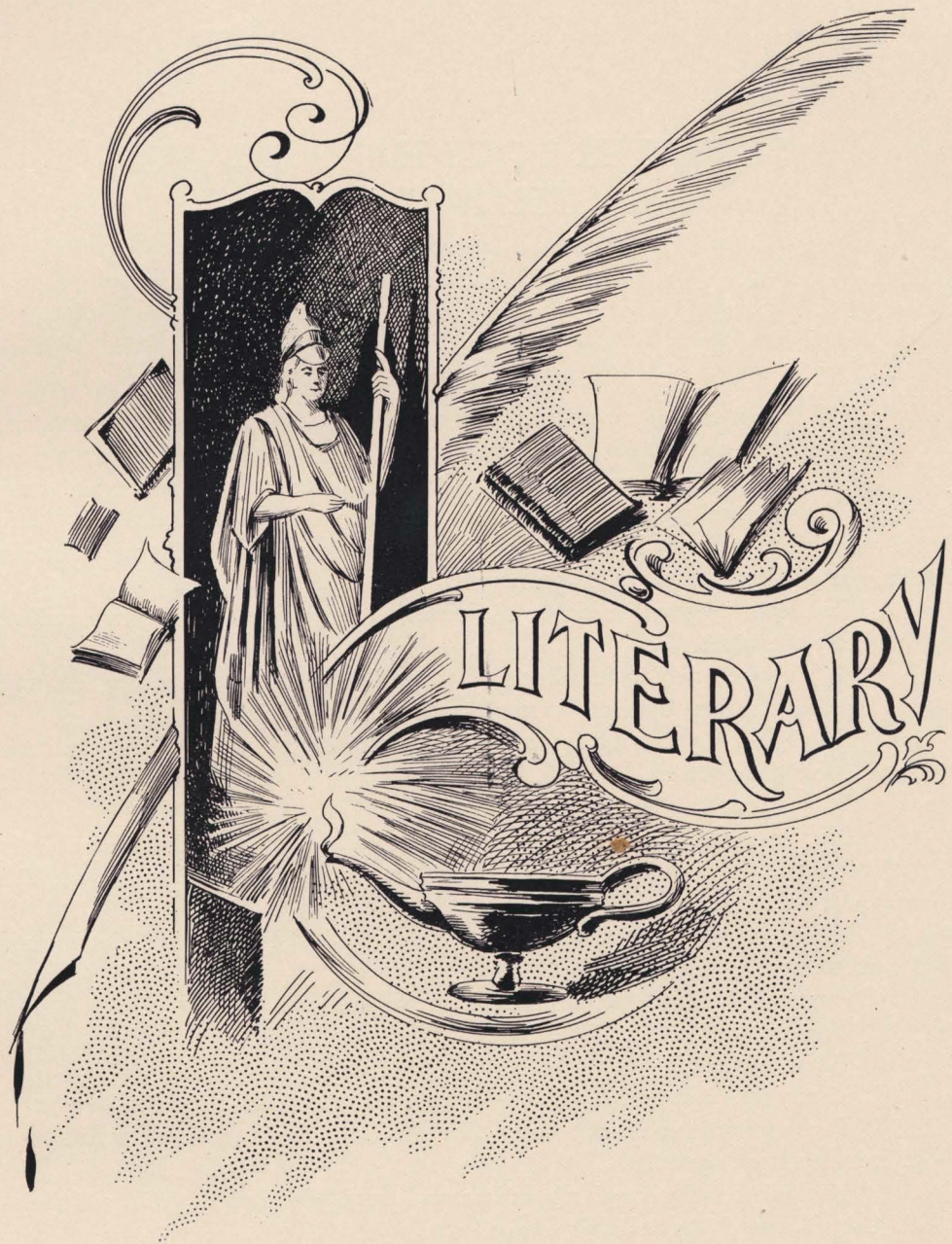


SECOND ACADEMIC BUILDING.

OLD BARRACKS.

The Stone Printing Co.
100 N. 1st St.
St. Paul, Minn.





"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS."

I.

"YES, your mother wrote me all about your rejection of Mr. Allen's suit, and I was so mad that I felt just like sitting down and writing you a piece of my mind," and Mrs. Lunn tried to summon to her face and voice some of the severity she had felt when she contemplated so dreadful a thing. "I think you perfectly horrid, Barbara. I mean it, every word!" which meant that she didn't mean it. What paradoxes women are, to be sure!

Miss Beverley gave the violets she wore an affectionate caress or two, smiling tolerantly the while.

"What would you have wished me to do, Blanche?" she asked, with a mild uplift of her soft gray eyes. "To marry a man I couldn't love?"

"Surely not, dear; but," regretfully, "it would have been so nice if you could have loved him a little."

"Why? Because he is rich?"

"No; not exactly. Why, Mr. Allen isn't bad looking, Barbara," evasively. "There are times when he is positively handsome, and he is certainly clever. You can't deny that, dear."

"Clever or not, I could never love him, and this I consider sufficient reason for not marrying him," said Miss Beverley, spiritedly.

It was a full minute before Mrs. Lunn spoke.

"You know what I believe, Barbara?" she then said.

"What, Blanche?"

"That you still love that—that—fellow,—oh, what's his name?"

"Barbara made no effort to help enlighten her. She knew her cousin's lapse of memory was feigned.

"You know well enough whom I mean," cried Mrs. Lunn. "Cary Waller—old Cary Waller," she spitefully jerked out.

Barbara colored. It was hard not to conceal the irritation she felt.

"There now! I knew you loved him," exclaimed Mrs. Lunn, triumphantly. "Oh, Barbara Beverley! Barbara Beverley! What is the matter with you that

you could throw away such a splendid chance as you have just done for a fellow like Waller—a man poor as Job's turkey hen—a man who will never amount to anything—an absolute failure!"

"An absolute failure!" repeated Miss Beverley, a touch of exasperation in her voice. "That depends upon one's definition of failure. If honesty, purity, unselfishness, integrity, count for nothing, then of course, Cary is undoubtedly a failure, for all the wealth he has is that of character. He has always lived for others; he gave himself a sacrifice for his mother and brothers. Is all this nothing? To me it is *everything*. I am that queer I love him because he is *good*."

Mrs. Lunn laughed patronizingly. With all her beauty and loveliness, Barbara would persist in being "peculiar," and it was a hopeless task to quarrel with her about it; but, really, the conventional Mrs. Lunn couldn't help it sometimes, Barbara was so provoking.

"Where is he now?" asked Mrs. Lunn, after a moment's silence.

Barbara flushed. There was a good deal back of her cousin's apparent nonchalance of tone.

"Candidly, I don't know. It has been six years since I heard from him."

"I guess he's married somewhere, with two or three children round him, and has forgotten you ever lived."

Barbara winced before the cruel thrust.

"No, I am confident he is not married, and I *know* he has not forgotten me," she said, sadly. "He is having a hard time of it, I imagine, and he is too proud to let old friends know it. Either this, or—he is dead!"

"Oh, I guess not. He'll turn up some day," and Mrs. Lunn mentally added, "like a bad penny."

"By the way, he had a good position on the *Bulletin* at one time, didn't he?"

"Yes; but his opinions on public questions were at variance with those of the men in control of the paper, and rather than prostitute himself, as so many journalists do, he gave up his position."

"I see. He is one of those unfortunate men in advance of their time."

Here Miss Beverley, not wishing to pursue further a topic of conversation painful to her, deliberately changed the subject by saying:

"It's about time that Will was here, isn't it?"

"Not exactly; but if they aren't here by four o'clock, they will not come until nine. I believe that's the hour the next train from Madison is due in Chicago." Mrs. Lunn looked at her watch. "Ten minutes of four," she remarked. "My! Won't Will be delighted to see you? Darling fellow! You have no idea how he has grown, Barbara. He is huge, Will is, and so handsome. You won't know the child; I'm positive you won't. And he's getting on beautifully at the University. Why, his progress is something wonderful, *marvelous*. But I want you to meet his chum, Alfred D'Aubigne. Alfred is perfectly lovely. He comes of an old aristocratic family, and he is rich—very rich. His father, they say, was a millionaire, and Alfred was his only child. He is handsome, too, Alfred is, and perfectly

devoted to Will, and Will to him. I never saw such devotion between two boys. It is so touching."

II.

"Why, Barbara! You dear, dear old girl!" and Will Lunn, one of the athletic prides of the University of Wisconsin, took his pretty Virginia cousin in his arms, and taking full advantage of his cousinly license, kissed her again and again; while his mother regarded the scene with a stupidly fond smile.

Will's chum, Alfred D'Aubigne, stood beside him, awaiting an introduction to Miss Beverley. Young D'Aubigne was not the superb athlete that Will Lunn was, but Barbara thought his face the more refined of the two, and his smile won her at once by its warmth and sweetness.

"And you are one of Professor Ely's boys?" she said to him, when they were all seated.

"Yes, I am one of the Doctor's boys!"

"What a privilege!"

"Yes, it is—a great privilege! It is wonderful to see how Doctor Ely is adored by the boys who have sat under his instructions. It is the same with them all, whether they claim the University of Wisconsin or Johns Hopkins as their alma mater. And you will find these adorers in every State in the Union. The fact that they imbibed wisdom of him at one time or another, is a sufficient bond to draw two men together wherever they run against each other. You are from Virginia, Will tells me," he said, changing the subject, after a lapse in the conversation.

"Yes, I am a Virginian."

"How interesting! Do you know I have always been a great admirer of Virginia and Virginians? Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Mason, were all statesmen—Jefferson the greatest, of course; and yet, with all his wisdom, he didn't know it all. He was not prepared, nor did he make any such claim, to speak for generations to come. General Lee, too, was a man worthy of the greatest admiration, notwithstanding the fact that he took up arms against the Union. But there is another reason, and far stronger reason, why I love Virginia and Virginians."

He paused, as if to master some emotion that threatened to unsettle his voice; then he said, looking from Barbara to Mrs. Lunn and from Mrs. Lunn back to Barbara:

"Do you know I owe my life to a Virginian? That I was saved from a horrible death by a young Virginian about five years ago!"

"Why, no!" cried Mrs. Lunn. "How very romantic!"

"Tell them about it, Alf," said Will. "It's a deucedly pretty story, I think," and the lad crossed his legs and settled himself to listen with as much interest as if he had never heard the story.

"Yes, do tell us," chimed in Barbara, her face all eagerness. "I love to hear stories of heroism and self-sacrifice. They make me better."

D'Aubigne ran his fingers through his wealth of dark hair; then, looking full into Mrs. Lunn's face, said:

"You never turn a tramp away unfed, do you? Of course not."

"Yes, I do—every one of them. The lazy, filthy bums!"

The young man winced before his hostess's unblushing acknowledgment of the fact.

"Some of them are, Mrs. Lunn, but not all, not all," he said. "I knew one who was not, and I believe there are others—thousands of them—who are not bums."

Barbara's eyes were fixed on the refined young face, beautiful with tenderness. How like the face of the handsome young altruist she had loved for years! Verily, Alfred D'Aubigne might have passed for a younger brother of Cary Waller.

"Well," said Mrs. Lunn, who had little of the altruist in her make-up and who was brusquely matter-of-fact in her way of getting at things, "what's all this talk about tramps got to do with your life being saved by a Virginian?"

"It has everything to do with it, mother," exclaimed Will, magnanimously coming to his chum's rescue. "The Virginian who saved Alf's life was a hobo. That's why he feels so kindly toward the hobo contingent. See? But pardon me, my dear boy," laying his hand on D'Aubigne's arm. "It is you who have the floor, not I."

D'Aubigne smiled.

"Yes, the man who saved my life was both a tramp and a Virginian," he began. "I found him on the lakeshore at Winnetka one November afternoon. He was a young man, about twenty-four."

Barbara started, causing the speaker to pause. "I was fourteen at the time," he resumed, "but, boy as I was, he impressed me at once as an unusual being. His face was one of the most refined I have ever seen—a rare combination of strength and sweetness—and the weariness, the pallor of it served only to intensify its refinement. His voice was most musical, with the charming accent of the cultured Southerner. Having won my confidence, he told me he was out of work and was then on his way to Chicago in hopes of getting something to do. He was hungry—so hungry, he said, hesitatingly, blushing. He had not tasted anything for a day and a night, it was so repugnant to him to beg, but he could keep from it no longer, he was so weak from hunger; and then it wasn't so hard to ask food of a child. The young were more generous, less suspicious, than the old. Stirred to my depths with sympathy for the poor fellow, I conducted him to the house, confident that mother would give him all he wanted, and more, for my sake, if not for humanity's, as she never denied me anything. But imagine my astonishment, my chagrin, when she turned him away without the least compunction. She didn't encourage laziness, she declared, and when she had closed the door upon him she gave me a lecture on my 'absurd conduct,' calling me more than once a 'ridiculous infant.' But she failed to convince me that I was

any such creature and when she turned and went up to her room, I stole to the kitchen and coaxed the cook to stuff my pockets with the best things to eat within her reach, and off I darted in search of the young man, resolved to find him if I had to follow him to Chicago. After an hour I came upon him in the oaks between Sheridan Drive and the lakeshore. I never saw anybody so moved as he was. He wept outright, and putting his arms around me, hugged me to his heart. We walked back to the lakeshore and sat on the sands in the sunshine. 'Never let them kill the Christ in you, son,' he said, 'for if they should, you would become a dead soul, and the world is full of dead souls!' With this speech, strange to me at the time, he leaned forward and traced the word 'Love' on the sands, but had hardly done it when a big wave came and wiped the letters out. Awe, reverence, came upon me, inspiring strange, beautiful thoughts. I thought of the Master who had not where to lay His head, and of His deep, wise sayings, and looking out over the blue waters of the great lake, stretching away in seeming endlessness, like the ocean, I thought of the Sea of Galilee, beside which He had loved to walk."

Barbara sat oblivious of everybody and everything save the speaker and his story. She had eyes only for his face, ears only for his words. She felt all that he felt, she was so exquisitely refined, so acutely altruistic.

"That night, making confederates of John, our coachman, and Annie, our chambermaid," resumed D'Aubigne after a minute's pause, "I got the poor fellow snugly to bed on the hay in the barn; John having given him the key, and Annie, dear girl, having smuggled for his use sheets, blankets and a pillow when mother's eyes were not upon her. And knowing that he was warm for the night, I went into the house and shortly after went to bed myself; but in spite of all, I felt mean to think of his lying out there, that fine soul, in the same building with the horses, as if he were not human, while I lay like a young lord in my luxurious bed. But what could I do? I would have gladly shared my room, even my bed, with him, if I could have done it."

Again D'Aubigne stopped, looking into the wet eyes of the girl before him.

"A little after midnight," he went on, "I was awakened by the violent sensation of being seized and lifted out of bed, and, opening my eyes, I saw it was he—my tramp friend—who held me in his arms. The house was afire, and he had rushed to my rescue. This much I realized, but I was so dazed by the suddenness, the excitement of it all, that I could do nothing but lie passive in his arms, while with a strength I should not have dreamed he possessed, he bore me as if I were an infant, along the hall and down the stairs through clouds of stifling smoke and masses of roaring flames. Mother, surrounded by a crowd, stood on the lawn calling frantically for me, and when I was set down, safe and whole, before her, her joy was indescribable. It was then that, looking upon my rescuer, who was modestly slipping away, she recognized the tramp she had turned away unfed from the door. Overwhelmed with remorse as much as gratitude, she sprang toward him and started to throw her arms about him, when he closed his eyes

and would have fallen but that she and I caught him. The strain had proved too much for the poor fellow, and, worse, it was found he had been fatally burned. From that moment until he died, a week later, he was the hero of the household, indeed of Winnetka. Mother hovered over him day and night, the most tender and devoted of nurses. I was with him all the time; I didn't want to be anywhere else, I loved the brave, sweet fellow so; and he loved to have me near him and would lie for hours, holding my hand and looking at me. Once—it was the night before he died—he said I reminded him so much of his little brother who had died when he was about my age."

Barbara was sobbing as if her heart would break. Big, strong, Will, too, had tears in his eyes, and he wasn't ashamed of them, either. Mrs. Lunn alone was unmoved. She was one of your "practical" women, you know, and hence "took no stock in sentimentalism"—a term she indiscriminately applied to everything beyond her comprehension or appreciation. All talk that departed from conventional chat and gossip she dubbed "sentimental," and the spitefulness with which she could do it almost made one's hair stand erect.

"Ah! you have no idea of the grief that was ours when he left us," sighed D'Aubigne, going on with his story. "Poor mother! It put into her a new heart, a new spirit. And as for myself, I can not tell you the ennobling, hallowing effect his life and death have had, and will always have, upon me. I dwell in the perfume of his memory. I have but one ambition in life, and that is to be good and do good."

"And this from the son of a millionaire!" Mrs. Lunn shuddered, alarmed for the sanity of the youth. "To be good and to do good" his only ambition in life! Really, that was no ambition at all, or a backboneless one at least. She was surely disappointed, she had to confess, in Alfred D'Aubigne. She sincerely hoped and prayed that he wouldn't influence Will to any serious degree. She wanted her son to be "progressive," "to make a mark in the world," and all that. But, she supposed, Alfred was excusable in a measure for being "sentimental;" his father had made a fortune for him. But she couldn't help thinking it was a pity the boy wasn't more "practical." The idea of his going crazy over an old tramp like that and worshipping his memory just like he was some lord or king, and his mother was just as bad, from all accounts, as he was—every bit. She had no patience with such "sentimentalism"—not a bit. But maybe Alfred would outgrow it all in time. He was young, poor boy, and needed contact with the world to bring him to his senses.

"Some day, Miss Beverley, before you return home," said Alfred, "I'll take you and Mrs. Lunn up to Rose Hill to see his grave."

"Thank you very much, Mr. D'Aubigne," replied Barbara. "We would love to go." Then seeing the indifference on her cousin's face, she added: "At least, I would. It would make me better but to tread where the dust of such a man rests. Compared with a life like his, how vulgar and debasing is the one spent in the pursuit of mere money-getting!"

"Oh, isn't it? Isn't it?" he returned, nauseated by the comparison.

"I never saw such a lot of sentimentalists in my life," declared Mrs. Lunn, breaking in at this juncture with her pet word. "You shan't run down money like that, and its perfectly horrid of you, Alfred, I think, much as you've got. It looks just like railing at the bridge that carries you across."

"Mother, I am ashamed of you!" exclaimed Will, noting the pain visible on the faces of Alfred and Barbara. It was evident that the huge-limbed youngster, with his "mop of football hair," was of finer fibre than his mother, despite her delicate face and figure.

She took his rebuke good-naturedly. In fact, she thought he was shamming horror, and smiled to think how well he could do it. She always did believe that Will would be a great actor if he were to turn his attention to the stage. But she was glad he hadn't, and sincerely hoped and prayed he would do no such fool thing. The principal objection was there wasn't money enough in it, and then actors led such roving, irreligious lives. They didn't believe in the Church or the Bible or the devil or anything of the sort. It was just horrible to think of men and women living so impiously.

Coming out of these reflections, she asked:

"Why didn't you take the fellow to Virginia to bury him, Alfred?"

Poor Will moved uneasily in his chair, there was something so grating in his mother's question and the manner in which it was put. "Hang it!" he ejaculated mentally. This seemed to give him a little relief, and he looked toward his chum as he proceeded to answer his mother:

"Well, he had expressed no wish to be buried in Virginia, Mrs. Lunn. And as he had no near kindred living, mother declared he should rest among our dead, and so we buried him in our section at Rose Hill."

"I guess you've got a grand monument over him," pursued Mrs. Lunn.

Will squirmed, groaning inwardly.

"It is a very nice one, bearing his name, with the dates of his birth and death and an appropriate scriptural quotation—those words of Christ, Miss Beverley?" here D'Aubigne turned instinctively to Barbara, knowing that they would appeal more strongly to her than to Mrs. Lunn: "'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.'"

"They are beautiful," she said, softly; "and words more fitting could not have been found to inscribe on the tomb of such a man."

She leaned toward him with a strange look. "Mr. D'Aubigne," she began, in a semi-whisper, and then she stopped with an unasked question in her eyes.

"What is it, Miss Beverley?"

She did not answer at once.

"What was his—you—haven't told us—his—name?"

She had got the question out at last, and she flinched as one anticipating a physical blow.

"His—name—was—Waller," said the young man, slowly, hushedly, as if it were a name too sacred to take in vain.

The color ran from her face. Even Mrs. Lunn felt sorry for her.

"Cary Waller?" she asked, in an unsteady voice.

"Edmund Cary Waller," he said. "You knew him, then?"

"Yes, I knew him—and—loved—him."

And she sank back, closing her eyes. And the hush of the sepulchre fell upon all in the room.

WALTER MARION RAYMOND.



AN INCIDENT.

Her eyes were brown as houri's eyes,
Her dimples the dearest I knew ;
I was a Senior, learned and wise,
She was my sweetheart true.

Once when the midnight hour was past,
And we stood by the open door,
Saying a good-night, sweet and last,
In the moonlight upon the floor,

I heard a step on the stairs above,
And looking up the landing,
With a ghostly candle in his hand,
I saw the professor standing.

And he spoke to the moonlight on the floor,
In a voice that froze my blood :
" Will somebody kindly close that door ? "
Then I knew that my name was " Mud. "

I simply made a grab for my hat,
And never a word replied ;
Oh, I shut the door, be sure of that,
But I was on the outside.

RECONCILIATION.

Estrangement, pausing in my life's pathway
One June, uncaring I had passed
In wearied revelry and mirth, the day
By Memory harassed —

There seemed no sweetness in the Great God's world,—
Nor music. Sudden parted
From the content of Love, Pride's flag unfurled,
Unto Despair I started.

The skies grew sombre, and one brave, lone star
Looked down, depressed ;
While, weeping the night through, I gazed afar,
In sad unrest.

At length the dawn announced a new-born day ;—
The gray sky crimsoned fast ;
While still I wept, as Time dragged on his way,
Love scorned—out-cast.

But, hark ! There came a footstep, quick and near !
Ah, God ! *Dear* God—'t was *he* !
And as I sprang to meet him, I could hear
My heart's wild ecstasy.

Close in his tender arms, all else forgot,
Forgiven all, upon his breast,
For all those bitter tears, I then cared not—
I was at rest.

—IMOGEN AVIS BROSIUS.

“ RUSTY.”

A Story of College Life.

ON THE very summit of the blue-capped mountains of Virginia, where the breezes blow soft and cool in summer and the frost king reigns in all his splendor in winter, there stands a most imposing structure, to which the dwellers in the rural town where it is situated point with pride as the principal object of interest in that section. It was nothing less than the State School, where hundreds of young men in their trousers of gray and jackets of blue are yearly being trained for usefulness and service. No lovelier spot could have been chosen on which to plant such an institution, for nature has here lavishly scattered her beauties of landscape and vegetation and coloring. And her lessons alone, if heeded, would go far toward imparting to the minds of these men of the future thoughts and aspirations which could come from no other source. The many stately buildings, the wide expanse of softly rolling lawn, the grandeur of mountain scenery, the sound of martial music, the rhythmic tread of many feet, as they march in time to their national airs, and the glitter of sabres and brass buttons, all contribute to the beauty of the scene. It was here on a bitter cold afternoon not many years ago, that a crowd of boys stood in a squad, as boys will, whooping and chattering, as only boys can, while the snow fell thick and fast about them, carpeting the already frozen ground with a covering as soft and white as eiderdown. Tasks for the day were all done, and the boys, fairly bubbling over with animal spirits, buttoned close in their great coats, ready for any fun which might present itself. Just then they caught the sound of a merry whistle, and the next instant around the corner of one of the buildings near by came Jack Conrad, the shabbiest dressed boy in the school. The boys called him “ Rusty ” and “ Stingy ” and many other names quite as descriptive, yet, while none of them acknowledged to liking him, there were many who cherished in their hearts a positive fancy for the genial, good-tempered boy whom no amount of teasing ever seemed to ruffle or provoke. However, they all bore him a grudge for the shabbiness of his attire, especially the members of his class, and never left an opportunity unimproved of twitting him on the scantiness of his wardrobe. He always bore their taunts and teasing with a manly indifference and good humor

which was exasperating, and many times they felt themselves vanquished by his dignity of bearing under their rude criticisms, a dignity which seemed to say,

“ Who can judge men by their dress ?

Peasants may be fit for princes, princes fit for something else.”

He was by far the brightest boy of his class. His classmates all laughingly said that “ you would never guess from the old house he lived in, what fine furnishings were within.” It was well known that he employed every moment of his time out of school-hours at odd jobs here and there, and being a deft, swift workman, his services were always in demand. That this work was a source of revenue to him the boys well knew. Then why should he dress so shabbily and make his classmates ashamed of him, when they felt sure he could do better? This was the question they asked one another, and no one being able to give a satisfactory answer, they unanimously agreed that he was “ stingy ” and indifferent to his “ rusty ” appearance. And feeling aggrieved that he should thus disgrace his class, they all set themselves to work to snub and persecute him on every occasion. It had been noted for many days that his shoes had “ sprung another leak ” and were now hopelessly beyond repair. This discovery had given rise to many taunting remarks and significant side-glances toward the boy who wore them with as much ease and grace as he would have worn a pair of finest kid, never seeming conscious that his personal appearance offered amusement to his classmates. As he came in sight on this crisp afternoon, the boys hailed him in their usual jeering style. “ Say, here, Rusty, rather cool weather to go barefooted, isn’t it? If you can’t do any better, I ’ll lend you my bedroom slippers until the snow storm is over,” cried Tom Harper, the son of a wealthy father and the acknowledged “ fashion plate ” of the school. The boy accosted, lifted his head and, while his cheeks took on perhaps a brighter hue than was due to the stinging atmosphere, replied jocularly enough, “ Many thanks, Tom, but I couldn’t think of depriving you of your comforts.”

“ Say, Rusty,” exclaimed Claude Freeman, another well dressed boy of the class, “ if you ’ll come to my room, I ’ll pin my blanket around your shoulders, and it will serve two purposes : keep you warm and also hide a multitude of faults. I use it only at night, you can have it during the day.” “ Ah, boys, you are all too kindly considerate. I can not accept such generosity for it would overwhelm me,” replied Jack Conrad, with a touch of irony. And with a cheery smile and much grace of manner he lifted his cap and disappeared within the barracks doorway.

Ah! things are not always what they seem, and the group of boys outside would have had a genuine surprise could they have lifted the curtain of Jack’s lonely chamber and beheld the dejected attitude and despondent expression of their classmate, as, seated at his study table, he drew from his pocket his scanty hoard and counted it over again to make sure that he had made no mistake or

that he had not undervalued his "cash in hand." After repeating the count several times, he resolutely divided the coins and laying by far the largest heap to one side said: "This must go to mother. In this freezing weather, she needs it far more than I do. As to the shoes, they are out of the question for the present. I'll have to try again to patch up these old ones." Then he added, with a rueful glance at the sadly worn articles, "If it were not for the boys, I shouldn't mind my discomfort so much. But, pshaw! why should I care for their rude jests? It is for mother's sake that I must thus deny myself and, dear heart, she has done more than this for her boy. Am I a coward that I can not endure their taunts? No, the day will come when they shall proudly acknowledge that Jack Conrad was once their classmate." And bringing his fist down on the table as if to give emphasis to his prediction, he turned with a resolute light in his eyes, and catching up pen and paper, began a cheery, hearty, loving letter to the little mother whose stay and support and pride he was. And the mother, as she read not many days thereafter the loving lines, glowing with the bright hopes of her boy that at no distant day he would be able to give her every comfort, and regretted that for the present he had such a paltry amount to send her, dreamed not of the pinching poverty, the many sacrifices, the unkind criticisms, her boy was bearing in order that he might, by educating himself, be better prepared to care for that widowed mother as his heart yearned to. He could never forget the day of his father's death, when, calling him to his bedside, he had placed his mother's hand in his saying, "Jack, you will have to comfort and care for mother when I am gone, for you are the only one on earth she has to lean on." Through blinding tears Jack replied: "Father, you can trust me to do all that you would have me do." And the father, with a happy light in his eyes, said, "I know I can, my boy." Had he ever been unfaithful to his promise? No, never!

For several days since our story opened the snow had been falling without intermission. It now measured several feet, above which the tops of the fences peeped from beneath their downy covering. The chapel exercise was over. The last notes of the morning hymn had died away. The boys had sung with unusual warmth this bitter cold morning, "Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness," and as their boyish voices blended in the song, they had quite forgotten the freezing atmosphere outside and the fact that the mercury stood this morning many degrees below zero. In the pause which always followed the singing, the president stepped to the front of the platform and with evident emotion said: "Boys, I regret to inform you that Jack Conrad, a member of the Senior Class, has to-day been pronounced critically ill with pneumonia. I am sure you will all hear with sorrow that our physician fears it to be a hopeless case. We all recognize him to be a bright pupil, and a manly boy. And I want to say that in his delirium, he has disclosed the fact that a widowed mother in a distant city looks to him for support. At times he begs to see her, calling only for 'mother.' Then again he will plead with those around him not to let her know, for she has no money to come to him and it would only grieve her heart. By looking over

some private papers we have found her address, and I thought perhaps some of you boys would like to contribute to a fund to bring Jack's mother to his bedside, especially, the members of the Senior Class. I would say that the physician assures me that her care and touch may do much toward quieting the sick boy. All who wish to contribute can hand your amounts to Professor Curtis as you pass out. You are now dismissed." It seemed as though a shadow had fallen on all faces, and many cheeks had taken on a flush of shame. But it was a fact that as the boys filed slowly and silently out, their hands sought their pockets and there was a suggestive jingle of silver coin.

Once outside, they gathered in groups, discussing the illness of their comrade. They had missed him from the classroom for several days, and at the remark of one of their number that "Rusty had found the weather too gusty," they had all enjoyed a hearty laugh. But miss him they had in more ways than one. First, as a target for their rude jests; then they had missed his ready help, for all agreed that he was "rustier in looks than books," and his kind aid had made a place for him in many hearts which the owners had never really admitted until to-day.

Boys are more often thoughtless than maliciously unkind, and their hearts are usually quick to respond to better impulses when once aroused. This was evidenced to-day by the genuine shadow which rested on all faces and their disinclination for all boyish sports. Besides, conscience was at work, and they all felt so guilty of having made poor Jack's school days so horribly bitter by their foolish taunts and jeers, that now that the mystery was solved and they understood that he had denied himself in order that he might support his widowed mother and at the same time educate himself, they felt mean beyond expression, and sincerely regretted their unkind words and deeds.

"Boys," exclaimed Tom Harper as he bolted into the classroom a few days later, "I have good news. Dr. Stuart has just told me that he hopes the crisis is over and Jack Conrad will live. He says the change after his mother reached him was truly marvelous. He was tossing in wild delirium and calling 'mother, oh, mother,' and although he did not recognize her, yet when she knelt by his side, and, drawing his curly head to her shoulder, began to sing softly, 'Hush, my child, lie still and slumber,' all the while stroking his brow with her soft, cool hand, the effect was truly magical, and the boy was soon resting as calmly as a babe under the soothing melody of the lullaby he had listened to when as a child he was rocked to sleep on that mother's breast."

"Now, boys," added the speaker, as he cleared a suspicious huskiness from his throat and drew his hand hastily across his eyes, while his listeners all found it necessary to look in another direction, "I have a proposition to make to the boys of the Senior Class. We have all acted mean, and I for one hate myself for it, and am man enough to acknowledge it." There was general assent to this, and the speaker proceeded, "What I want to propose now is this: We all spend

enough money in 'trash' to dress Jack Conrad at least in comfort, and I am willing to deny myself these trifles, if the rest of you will, and give a certain amount of my monthly allowance toward helping our classmate out of a hard place. Now how many will do likewise?" "I," "I," "I," sounded from every corner of the room, and the amounts were hastily written opposite the names, as the boys crowded around the spokesman. "Now then," continued Tom Harper, "the thing to do, is to take the first month's money and buy Jack a complete outfit—overcoat, uniform, shoes, underwear, cap and all, complete, because if we should send the money, in his own unselfishness he might appropriate it to other purposes, and we want first to see him comfortable. After this is done we can then send the money."

"Of course we understand that this affair is to be kept a profound secret among us, for if Jack should ever guess who was befriending him, I'm sure his pride would refuse the gift." "But how can you keep Jack from finding this out?" asked Claude Freeman. "Why, I have studied the matter over and think I can arrange it very nicely," responded Tom Harper. "I have a friend in Richmond through whom we can send the money, and the outfit we can order straight from the clothing house." "Three cheers for Tom Harper's plan, boys," cried one of the number, at which a lusty shout rang out, while many caps went high in the air.

Not many weeks after this, when Jack Conrad was considered convalescent, as he sat one day in the glow of the firelight, looking wan and weak, the little mother he loved so well knitting quietly by his side, the expressman dumped into his room a huge box containing a complete outfit, with no name or clue as to whom the donors might be. Only a card on which was written:

"From friends who honor your manly courage, and desire to lend a helping hand."

Nor was this all. To the end of the session he received monthly, a money order which, with his own earnings, he found amply sufficient for his modest needs. And at commencement when he bore off the laurels of his class, there was general satisfaction and a feeling that it was fairly won. Years have passed since then, and the prophecy made on that dismal snowy afternoon, has been fulfilled; for as a brilliant lawyer in a Western city, Jack Conrad has won both fame and fortune, and his classmates say with pride, "Why yes, I know Jack Conrad; he was a classmate of mine, and a bright fellow he is."

A SENIOR'S REFLECTIONS.

School for me will soon be o'er,
Books will all be laid aside,
And from these dear walls of learning
I will go in boyish pride.

"Mustered out" of school-day duty,
To true service "mustered in,"
Leaving boyhood's days behind me,
Manly prove amid life's din.

"Every sweet must have its bitter,"
"Such is life," the sages say ;
We must take thorns with our roses,
As we tread life's fitful way.

I'm not grieving o'er the prospect
That I books must lay away ;
No more to the morning "roll-call"
I'll be roused at break of day.

But it's this that sore perplexes :
Will I be as "killing," "cute,"
When I lay aside brass buttons
And put on a business suit ?

For the fact is most apparent,
That our buttons have a charm ;
And that I may lose bright glances,
Fills me full of dread alarm.

I've a moustache soft and silky,
And am "regulation height,"
And I've heard the girls oft whisper :
"Oh, he's just a killing sight."

If I thought I'd be less charming
When I enter business strife,
I'd just join our grand old army,
Wear brass buttons all my life.

A DREAM.

A dream—
Of happiness, of trusting, of content !
A dream—
Of hours, of days, of years with thee—Love-spent !

A dream—
A tender, warm, enthralling dream !
A dream—
Since which, all things most empty seem !

A dream—
Of you, your eyes, your voice, your smile !
A dream—
As wildly sweet as Egypt's on the Nile.

A dream—
Of love, of passion—naught of pain !
A dream—
Of kisses, soft and warm as summer rain.

A dream—
Ah, sweetheart—dearest—think of me !
A dream—
Still I must live, and act, and be !

A dream—
Of how I watch, and pray,
And dream—
And *love* you after woman's helpless way.

A dream—
So sweet, so wild, so bitter, yet so true !
A dream—
This is my dream of you !

A dream—
'T is shattered, gone ! Still I am here !
A dream—
Ah, God ! That dreams should be so dear !

—IMOGEN AVIS BROSIUS.



MY CHUM, GEORGE.

MOST young men are conceited; in fact our lady friends say *all* men are. Be that as it may, George Hamilton had just finished his college course with credit, and believing that he stood, in a great many respects, head and shoulders above the average man, he now considered himself on an easy road to success in his profession. George and I were chums—we ate together, slept together, thought the same thoughts, and confided to each other our most secret aspirations. So I was in a position to know that my friend was proud of himself. He was not a handsome fellow, with his irregular features and abrupt manners, but, as many of his girl friends often said, “his winning ways made amends for lack of beauty.” To-day he sat at the window of the office looking out across the rough undeveloped topography of a portion of West Virginia. He was nursing a sprained ankle which he had twisted the day before.

A short while ago he had accepted a position on an engineering corps engaged in constructing a railroad through a rich coal region. The rest of the boys were in the field and he was left alone to muse over the past, about which clustered so many dear faces, and also to meditate upon his own manly virtues. Perhaps he remembered a certain little girl named “Betsey” who lived near the college campus and wondered what Rat had been elected to fill his vacant seat on her doorstep. No doubt she would find it hard to forget him, for how faithfully did he keep her front door knob polished—for four long years. To drive away the gloom which such thoughts will bring, he took his guitar and began to sing one of the old sweet songs his mother often sang. The office was situated on the second floor of a store belonging to John Bloss, Esq., a fat, jolly old soul with an eagle eye for the dross of this world. But the song was interrupted by the

clatter of a horse galloping to the block and George looked out just in time to see a girl about eighteen spring lightly to the ground and throw the reins over the rack near by. Her long golden hair hung in profusion down to her waist and the light zephyr gently waved the curly ringlets to and fro. The bloom on her cheek had deepened to a rosy red, and her eyes sparkled like so many gems. Her form was as light and graceful as a fawn's, and the beautiful was present in her very being. "Why, I did not expect to see anything like this in this wild place," thought George. The girl went into the store and George resumed his singing with a dreamy air: "But fame called the youth to the field, his banner waved over his head; He gave his guitar for a shield and soon he lay low with the dead—and soon he lay low with the dead."

Suddenly the door opened and the beaming face of Mr. Bloss appeared and he said: "I told Sallie it would never do to disturb you, Mr. Hamilton, but women folks will have their way, and Sallie is just like the rest, so I came up to ask if you wouldn't come down and play her a tune."

"Well, Mr. Bloss," said George, "you see I'm not busy but this ankle is rather bad and I don't think I should use it more than I can help. So please explain to the young lady and say I am very sorry. But probably you might bring her up if it is agreeable to her," and my chum smiled to think of the fame his talents had already won.

Presently up she came with John Bloss in the rear, and to judge from the bow she made as he said, "Miss Sallie McGintis, Mr. Hamilton,"—which, by the way, would have done credit to a drawing-room belle—you would not have thought her timid. Sallie perched herself on a high stool and with one elbow on the drawing board rested her chin in her hand.

"Now I know you think I am frisky," she said, "but I heard you playing and wanted to come up so very much that I could not help asking. Won't you sing that song again for me?" And after George had repeated in his most pathetic strain the fate of the young hero who died for his country's sake, the fair girl sighed and wished she had been the one to love him so well.

"But, Miss McGintis," said George, "she was left all alone and broken-hearted; you would not like that, surely, and then there are no real cases of this kind in real life."

"I do not know," she said, "but it seems to me there would be pleasure in loving the brave and true even in death. But you should not call me Miss McGintis, I am only Sallie to my friends. And now I must go, but I am coming again and you will sing another song for me; I have enjoyed hearing you very much. Oh, you have a sprained ankle, I know how painful it is—bandage with vinegar and brown paper," and she nodded and smiled as she went down the steps.

When I came in that night George said, "Dick, old boy, I met a hummer to-day," and told me all about what had happened.

After he had finished I said, "You should be careful not to fall in love, my dear fellow, for it would be very sad if she refused your hand and chose rather the wood-cutter's brawny paw. Or probably she might have a dislike for the aristocratic society which you 'swim' in."

"Bosh! Dick," he said, "you are always giving advice. Do you think I am soft? Why, if I should get so crazy as to do as you say, I am sure she would gobble me up at once. Why, do you remember little Betsey at school, with her big brown eyes and independent air: how when I first wanted to take her to some place, she replied that she would go if she felt inclined when I came for her? But it was not long before she was cured of that, ha! ha!"

Two years later, in the month of June, on a balmy Sunday afternoon George and I sat under the shade of a big beech tree, listening to the soft rippling of the river at our feet and drinking in the freshness of all nature. We had been talking of home and how soon we would be there. Every college fellow can appreciate the pleasure of contemplating seeing those we love. The work we were engaged in was nearly completed and soon two gleaming lines of steel rails would wind their way in graceful curves about the everlasting hills, like some huge serpent and then the whistle of the locomotive would herald to the sleepy world the coming of progress, development, and a more intimate relation to the busy outside world.

"George," said I, "do you know that we should be classed among the missionaries who visit heathen China, for is it not a fact that the builder of railroads does more towards civilizing a country than any one else? Just think of these people, for instance, two years ago when we came here; they were cut off entirely from the outside world and hardly knew what was going on about them; but if we should visit this place a few years from now, we would hardly recognize it as the same place." I looked at George, he was apparently not listening to my philosophy. I lapsed into silence which was presently broken by George. "Dick, I heard to-day that Sallie McGintis was coming home in a short while; you know she has been attending some school at Huntington. Do you remember the visit she paid me when I first met her? That seems a long time ago. I thought that day she was the most extraordinary growth I had ever discovered; and later, I found her to be so delightfully simple and unaffected by the taints of society and the world that I—well I was *sorry* when she left, and to tell the truth I am glad she is coming home."

"But, my dear boy," I said, "do you remember something else you told me when I related a little sad tale about a moth and a candle?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "of course I took your advice, but there was not the least danger you see. I think entirely too much of myself to fall in love with a plain, unlettered girl like Sallie who would of course be delighted at the chance to elevate herself, to be sure. But I wonder whether the contact with the world has not taken away that peculiar charm—her natural simplicity—a rare fragrant rose

amid the rough thorny thistle of her native heath." George had not recovered from his oratorical habit contracted at college.

"I do believe, old sport, you are in love with her now," I said, "and don't know it," and I got away just in time to escape a punch in the ribs.

George was right. Sallie was a charming girl and I found that she was not much changed by her city life, excepting perhaps the fact that she had become a little dignified. We often spent a pleasant evening at her humble home tucked away so snugly among the wooded hills and I noticed George often took the little path which led to the log house.

It was a beautiful afternoon some weeks later that the hero of this story found himself strolling along the banks of a little mountain stream that laughed and murmured in merry ripples as it rushed down the steep glade. He was looking for ferns and wild flowers, and had gone some distance into the hills, when he came to an abrupt wall of rugged rocks that stood directly in his way. As he glanced about to find a convenient path to get to the top, he was surprised to see the graceful form of Sallie standing above. She recognized him at once, and playfully called to him to come up. After some moments of hard work he stood by her side breathless, and red in the face. She held out both hands and gaily remarked that the young engineer could span the deep rivers and cast the stubborn hills out of the way in order that the steam horse might have a smooth roadway, but she noticed that he was not yet a skillful climber. Her face was glowing with the bloom of youthful springtide like the wild flowers and fragrant blossoms that grew about them, and as George Hamilton looked into the depths of her large blue eyes, he thought he had never seen a more lovely creature in all his life. He forgot all about his proud claims to superiority, his heart gave a great bound, and as he took her hands in his he felt a new love come into his life which seemed to consume his every emotion. He told her how he had been drawn by a resistless magnetism, how he had felt a strange depression when she was away, and how happy he had been since she came back. And now that the time had come for him to say good-bye, he knew that without her love life would be devoid of all interest. As he was talking her eyes had sought the ground and she had gently drawn her hands away. But when he paused, she looked up and he saw two big tear drops glistening on her long eyelashes. "And have I led you to believe that I loved you?" she said. "Why I never dreamed that you, with all your fine ways, with so many beautiful city ladies to admire, would choose me, a plain country girl."

"But stop!" he said, "there is not one among them all who has a heart so true or a face so fair; why my beautiful wild rose can not be compared to the sickly hothouse plants."

"It can not be," she said sadly, "I know that you would be ashamed of me among your society friends and would grow to regret the tie. I have seen some of their cool contempt, and I can not bear it. And then," she continued hurriedly, "I never thought to tell you before, but there is Walter. I love him and we are

to be married next fall. Now don't say a word for I am very sorry and it is all my fault, but truly I never thought you regarded me in this way."

That night my chum told me as of old of his sad downfall. "And to think," he said, "of being refused by a country lass; why there are half a dozen in old Kentucky who would be glad of the chance. I will never look at a girl again!"

"But my dear fellow," I said, "you should go slowly; it is not wise to suppose that every girl, however situated, is going to love you just because you love her. It is best to see before you fall in love whether she has any sentiment toward you. Next time you will be wiser."

My dear reader, pardon me for having to report the sad climax of this story, but sometimes experience does not prove that the novelist is correct. I am happy to add that my friend was cured of his one great fault and is now a model young man.

G. H. D.



EYES.

Black eyes and brown eyes,
Gray eyes and blue !
Which are the dearest—
I can't tell, can you ?

Black eyes are roguish ;
They sparkle and gleam,
They sometimes are solemn,
And oft seem to dream ;
With long jetty lashes.
In joy or despair
One strives to look further
Into the depths there.

Brown eyes are tender,
Brown eyes are divine ;
So bright, soft and witching
They look into thine,
Sometimes in thoughtful vein,
Ofttimes in glee—
How could *any* eyes
Prettier be ?

Gray eyes are sad eyes
With thoughts unrevealed ;
Gray eyes are dear eyes
With mystery sealed.
Gray eyes are shrewd eyes—
They look straight at you,
And looking unfalteringly,
Such mischief they do !

Blue eyes are "true eyes,"
'Tho' blue eyes will flirt ;
Still blue eyes are sad eyes
If blue eyes are hurt.
Blue eyes, like violets,
Seem made for love—
Blue eyes so tender
That 'neath your gaze rove !
Drooping blue eyes,
With a wistfulness rare ;
Bright, bonnie blue eyes,
To what deeds they will dare !

O, light eyes and dark eyes,
O, sad eyes and bright!—
You shine out so glorious
As stars through the night!
The soul's own wide windows
Through which glimpses rare
Are seen of one's real self,
'Tho' hidden with care.

O, eyes that speak volumes!
O, eyes that hide tears,
Your strange, haunting influence
Lasts through long years!
Poor, sad eyes that ne'er weep;
O, dear eyes that rain
Down the tears of some bitter woe,
Look! Smile again!

O, cold eyes that chill us!
O, bold eyes that stare!
There is nothing more lovely
Than tender eyes, rare;
The eyes that speak to us,
The eyes that forget
To hide their life's longing—
That show their regret;
Those eyes that plead to us,
Beseeching our aid—
Those eyes that thrill through us
As their love is betrayed.

Pray tell what is sweeter
Than loved eyes meeting eyes,
Save a dear one's close kiss,
Or love's first glad surprise?

There are large eyes and small eyes,
But best loved of all
Are the sweet eyes that for us
Shyly rise, softly fall;
The eyes that look at us
With love-light divine—
The eyes, dear, that look up
As thine into mine.

—IMOGEN AVIS BROSIUS.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

Eden's fair garden was a wild,
Lonesome and sad till woman smil'd.
In vain the birds their songs began,
Trying to soothe the heart of man.

By turns they try their sweetest notes,
Through all the air the music floats—
How cheerless still each passing hour!
Echo exerts her magic power.

But when fair woman graced the scene,
Unconscious beauty in her mien;
The trees grow green, the rivers bright,
Then, through Eden a blissful sight,

Opened blooming, fragrant flowers—
No sorrow marred the happy hours.
But later on these fair ones marry,
And some of them will catch "Old Harry."

—PAULINE MARSTELLER.

OBLIVION.

While men dream of mirth and music,
Of wit, revelry and wine,
Steals a vision, dear, alluring,
Through this restless heart of mine ;
I am wearied with earth's pleasures,
With ambition's rise and fall,
And there comes to me this dream of peace,
Of rest I 'd fain recall.

It is when the lengthening shadows
Have died away in gray ;
When the glorious sun has sunk to rest,
That o'er the mead I 'd stray.
'T is then, beneath the bending bough,
Beside some rippling river,
I 'd rest upon the soft, sweet sward,
And dream, and dream forever.

Upon my senses lulled to sleep
By music from the waves,
Would come the sounds from Nature's heart,
That Nature's lone child craves ;
While sweet perfumes float on the air
From bursting blossoms blending,
And soft the sound of night-birds' call,
Their mournful cadence lending.

The pitying zephyrs touch my brow
With wonderful caresses,
Just as a mother kisses soft
The child that most distresses.
'T is here, with eyelids closing down
In night's great solitude,
A mystic potion I would drink,
And find the peace I wooed.

And, lo! Wild longings fill my breast ;—
My soul's desire is stirred ;
And I would sing a wild, weird strain,
Unlike songs men have heard.
Aye! I would touch their inmost hearts ;
I 'd frenzied passions raise ;
And I would fill them with unrest,
And hold them in amaze !

Slow dreaming still, the visions change ;—
A languor creeps anon
Upon the erstwhile reeling brain—
The potion's work is done.

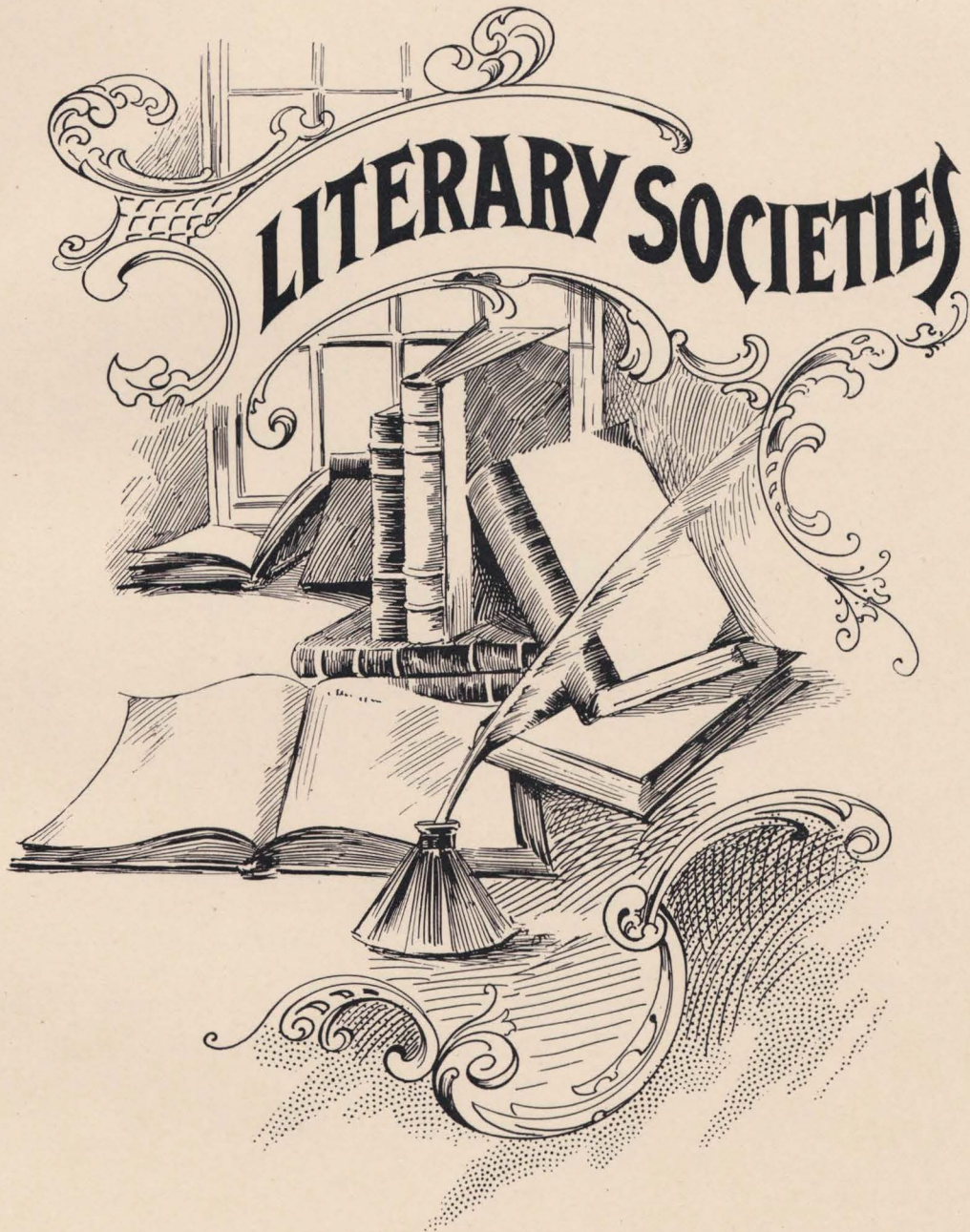
As slowly, in majestic might,
O'er rippling river-waves,
The lustre of the queen of night
In magic beauty laves ;
There comes a-stealing through closed lids
A glimpse of her pure splendor ;
And wreathed upon my lips she finds
A smile, serene and tender.—

She mounts the sky a-lit with stars ;
She spreads her silvery treasure
Of light upon me, as I dream
In peace earth can not measure.

My soul seems free, a thing apart ;
I feel not joy nor sorrow ;
I only know I am removed
Above life's dross and horror.
I seem to float upon the air,
There is no space nor time,
There is no fear, no doubt, no care,
Naught sordid nor sublime.

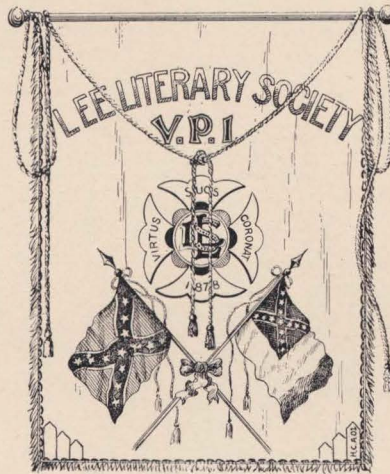
Oblivion on her throne is reigning !
Kind God—I have ceased to feel
The pain of love, of death, of being—
O, Lethe! Thou can'st heal !

—IMOGEN AVIS BROSIUS.



LEE LITERARY SOCIETY.

COLORS :
Blue and White.



MOTTO :
" Virtus Suos Coronat."

OFFICERS, '98-99.

	FIRST TERM.	SECOND TERM.
<i>President</i>	R. JOHNSON NEELY, '99.	ARCHER E. MYERS, '99.
<i>Vice-President</i>	ARCHER A. PHLEGAR, JR., '00.	ARCHER A. PHLEGAR, JR., '00.
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<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	A. AUSTIN McCRACKEN, '01.	JOHN C. BROOKE, '01.

JUDGES OF THE CONTESTS.

A. E. MYERS, '99.	R. J. NEELY, '99.	A. A. PHLEGAR, JR., '00.
G. D. WALTERS, '00.		F. R. LEE, '02.

COMMENCEMENT CELEBRATION JUNE 20TH, 1899.

LEE LITERARY SOCIETY.

ONCE more, after two years of lethargy and inactivity, has the Lee Literary Society been revived. This announcement will touch with pride the heart of every loyal professor and student who deemed it an honor to be identified in interest and sympathy with this grand organization. These old members are the ones who can look back in yonder times and tell the story of the glorious days of supremacy, when the walls of our old Society resounded to eloquent orations, thrilling speeches and strong debates. The last few years, be it noted with regret, have been marked by a retrograde movement, the period of decline was destined, however, to be brief, for this year marks a new era in our history. The very name of our true, brave, grand and noble chieftain, General Robert Edward Lee, seems to have inspired each member with new zeal, with a personal interest and lively faith in promoting the welfare and prosperity of the Society.

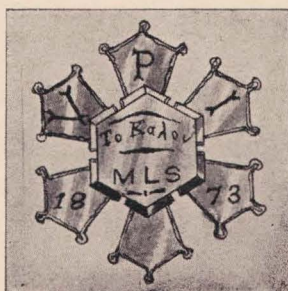
The Lee Society was reorganized on the memorable night of November 13th, with but three old members present, but before the meeting was over the names of twenty-three new members were inscribed upon the roll-book. That night seems to have been an auspicious one, for the Society has constantly gained in strength and numbers until now our roll shows a total membership of sixty.

The work of the individual members during the past year has been in every detail hearty and complete. Each one, with a fraternal feeling for one another, has labored steadily and progressively with the sole aim in view—to ensure the success of our honored and beloved society. If our Father in Heaven so prospers our Society in years to come as in the past year, many things that now seem impossible will be made possible.

ROLL-CALL :

Allen, C. E.	Eskridge, A. T.	McCormick, H. G.	Ricamore, E. C.
Barton, R. M.	Ford, G. B.	McClintic, E. W.	Robinson, E. C.
Baylis, L. M.	Friend, E. R.	Moncure, W. A. P.	Rowe, P.
Bean, W. R.	Hall, W. D.	Montgomery, R. M.	Royer, H. H.
Brooke, J. C.	Harrison C. W.	Mish, H. B.	Seagle, C. B.
Brooke, R. T.	Hollister, R. E.	Myers, A. E.	Shurick, A. T.
Chapman, S. F.	Irving, O. A.	Neely, R. J.	Smith, N. S.
Clinton, H. R.	Jackson, J. A.	Newman, C. D.	Snook, H. W.
Compton, E. M.	Johnson, R. S.	Nelson, J.	Spiller, F. M.
Craig, A. S. J.	Jewel, L. L.	Palmer, J. I.	Torry, H. B.
Crockett, D. B.	Key, J. F.	Page, J. R.	Tinsley, A. N.
Dawson, A. M.	Logan, G. W.	Phlegar, A. A., Jr.	Trevelton, S.
Dewey, F. H.	Lee, F. R.	Proctor, C. L.	Underwood, C. P.
Dunklee, C. M.	McCracken, A. A.	Philips, W. J.	Walters, G. D.
Eoff, B. M.	McAnge, W. N., Jr.	Philips, J. L.	Waller, E. P.

MAURY LITERARY SOCIETY.



OFFICERS FOR SESSION 1898-99.

	FIRST TERM.	SECOND TERM.	THIRD TERM.
<i>President</i>	WILSON, '99	BOSWELL, '99	C. L. ALLEN, '99
<i>Vice-President</i>	SEPAK, '99	C. L. ALLEN, '99	WEISIGER, '99
<i>Critic</i>	JACOBS, '00	JOHNSON, '99	SEPAK, '99
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	C. L. ALLEN, '99	E. W. ALLEN, '00	HARDESTY, '00
<i>Treasurer</i>	WEISIGER, '99	WEISIGER, '99	GWATHMEY, '01
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	BOSWELL, '99	R. B. BEAN, '00	BEGG, '99
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	HOFFMAN, '00	HICKS, '01	BOSWELL, '99

FINAL CELEBRATION, JUNE 13TH, 1898.

President: JOHN BUCHANAN DANFORTH, '98.

Orator: EDWARD AUGUSTUS SEPAK, '99.

Debaters: WILLIAM MONTGOMERY PERRY, '98. JULIAN ASHBY BURRUSS, '98.

Chief Marshal: CHARLES LYLE ALLEN, '99.

MEDAL WINNERS.

Debater: WILLIAM MONTGOMERY PERRY, '98.

Improvement in Declamation: BRADLEY SMITHSON JOHNSON, '99.

MAURY LITERARY SOCIETY.

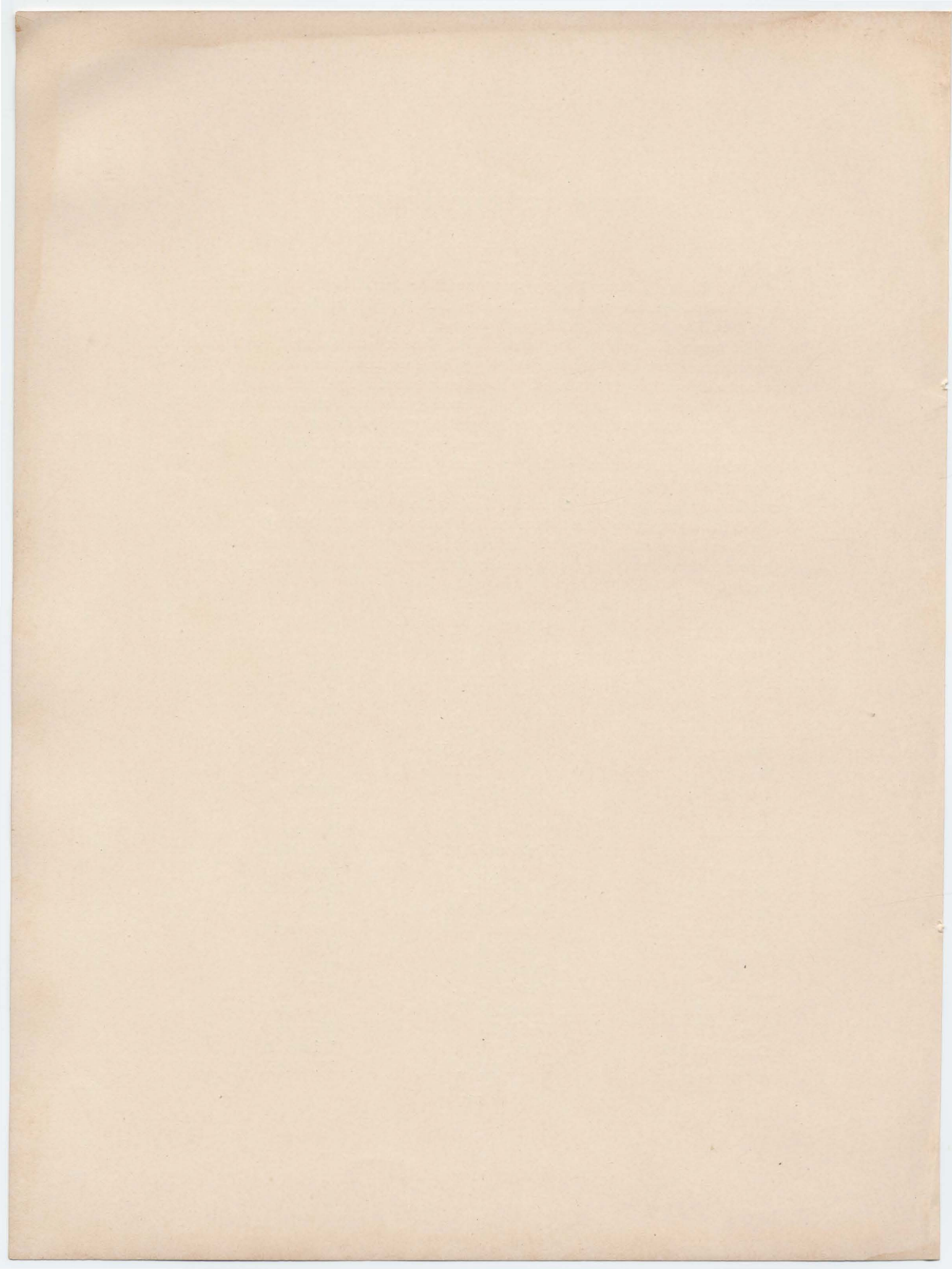
THE Maury Literary Society was founded in the fall of 1872. It was first called the Virginia Literary Society, then the Philomathean Society, and in May, 1873, received its present name.

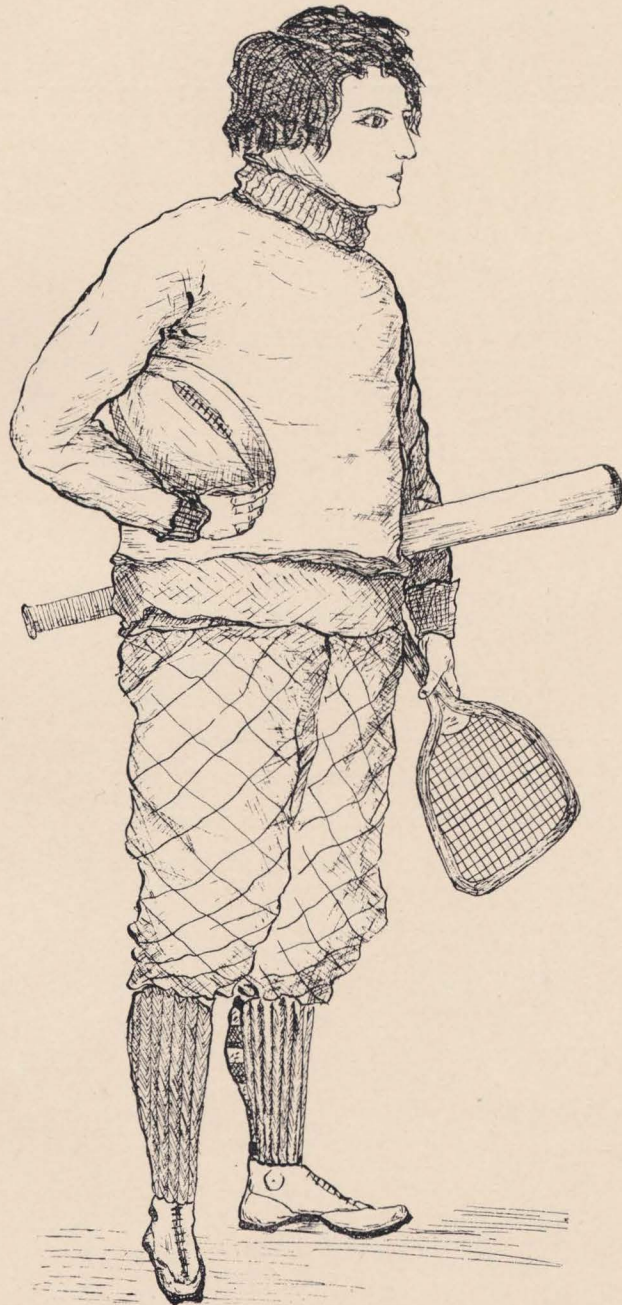
It began this session, the twenty-sixth since it was founded, with great promise of success, which we are glad to say, has been more than realized. When we assembled at the beginning of the session we found that, while many good men had been lost, there were many promising new men ready to take their places. The work of the society has progressed steadily throughout the session, and now we can look back, with pride, upon a good year's work, and look forward with pleasant anticipations to still better work in the future. Our society is doing a great deal of good to its members by enabling them to express themselves clearly and fluently, and by giving them confidence in themselves.

It is only right to add a tribute to the memory of John C. Dabney, Leslie W. Jerrell and Warren A. Perry, who have passed away since last session, and who, during their stay at college, were such faithful supporters of the Maury Literary Society.

The following is the roll of members :

Allen, C. L.	Durphey, J. E.	Mason, F. A.
Allen, E. W.	Earle, P. B.	Moffett, L. M.
Baum, T. C.	Edwards, A. C.	Moffett, W. S.
Bean, R. B.	Fernald, D.	Moore, E. A.
Begg, R. B. H.	Gray, R. I.	Moore, E. S.
Belote, H. L.	Gunst, A. M.	Neale, W. W.
Beverley, R. C.	Gwathmey, J. H.	Obenshain, S. A.
Boswell, G.	Hardesty, J. R.	Reynolds, C. L.
Bralley, W. S.	Hicks, J. M.	Ricamore, W. P.
Brodie, W. M.	Hill, W. P.	Roop, A. H.
Bromm, C. H.	Hoffman, J. D.	Rudd, F. J.
Brown, C. F.	Howdershell, C. F.	Sale, M. A.
Brown, F. D.	Jackson, C. A.	Sample, J. M.
Brown, J. R.	Jacobs, I. T.	Separck, E. A.
Brown, J. T.	Jacocks, H. M.	Sloan, R. B.
Carpenter, C. H.	Jamieson, W. J.	Umberger, J. C.
Carper, R. W.	Jerdone, F.	Waddell, J. A.
Carper, F. C.	Johnson, B. S.	Waddey, A. Y.
Carter, P. H.	Kitchen, J. P.	Webb, F. D.
Cecil, R. E.	Latané, J. W.	Weisiger, K.
Cox, W. F.	Lee, J. I.	Werner, E.
Davison, W. W.	Ligon, W. D.	Wilson, F.
DuPriest, J. R.	Mann, W. L.	Winston, J. S.





V. P. I. ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS.

WILLIAM FRAZIER BELL, President.
WILLIAM FRANKLIN COX, Vice-President.
FRED WILSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Prof. C. E. Vawter, from the Faculty.
J. W. Stull, from the Post-Graduates.
George W. Hutchinson, from the Senior Class.
James A. Jackson, from the Junior Class.
Ferdinand Powell, from the Sophomore Class.

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES.

C. E. VAWTER, Tennis.
J. W. STULL, Baseball.
G. W. HUTCHINSON, Field Sports.
J. A. JACKSON, Gymnasium.
F. POWELL, Football.



TENNIS.

WINNERS OF CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES.

MAY, 1898.

Singles—C. F. BROWN.

Doubles—C. F. BROWN, FRED WILSON.

MAY, 1896.

Singles—J. R. CRAIGHILL.

Doubles—J. M. MCBRYDE, JR., F. SAUNDERS.

MAY, 1895.

Singles—U. HARVEY.

Doubles—U. HARVEY, A. T. ESKRIDGE.

FOOTBALL DEPARTMENT.

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

F. POWELL, '01, Chairman.

J. M. SAMPLE, '01.

J. B. HUFFARD, '01.

OFFICERS.

C. M. WOOD, Captain.

J. L. INGLES, Coach.

G. W. HUTCHINSON, Manager.

W. F. HENDERSON, Medical Adviser.

TEAM OF 1898.

Left End, HUBARD.

Right Tackle, WOOD.

Left Tackle, COX.

Right End, JEWEL.

Left Guard, CARPER.

Quarter-back, BELL.

Center, STULL.

Right Half-back, INGLES.

Right Guard, THOMAS.

Left Half-back, ROREBECK.

Full-back, PAINTER.

SUBSTITUTES.

HARDAWAY,

HUFFARD,

MCGAVOCK,

MCCRACKEN.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES PLAYED.

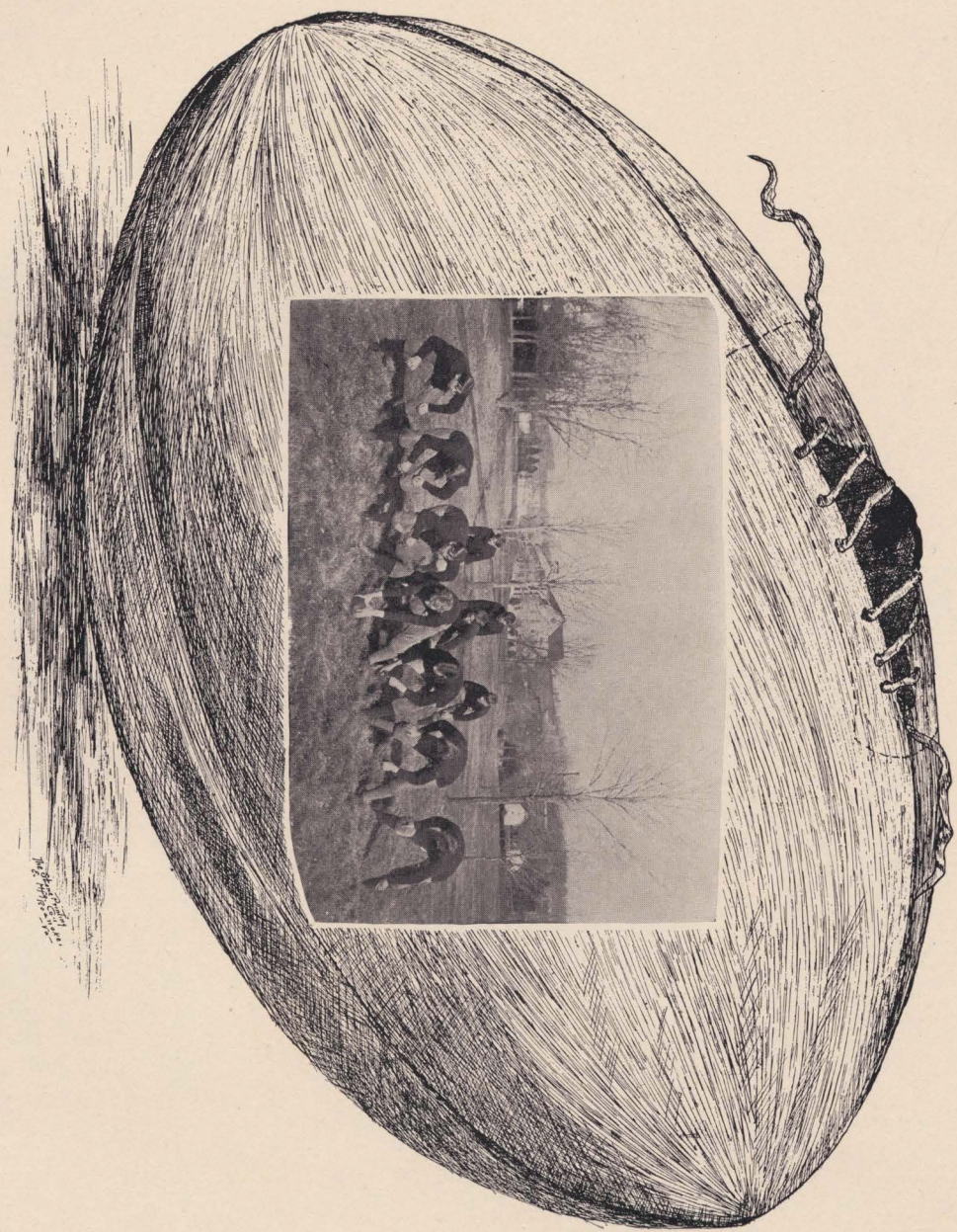
November 3, at Winston, N. C.—University of North Carolina, 28 ; V. P. I., 6.

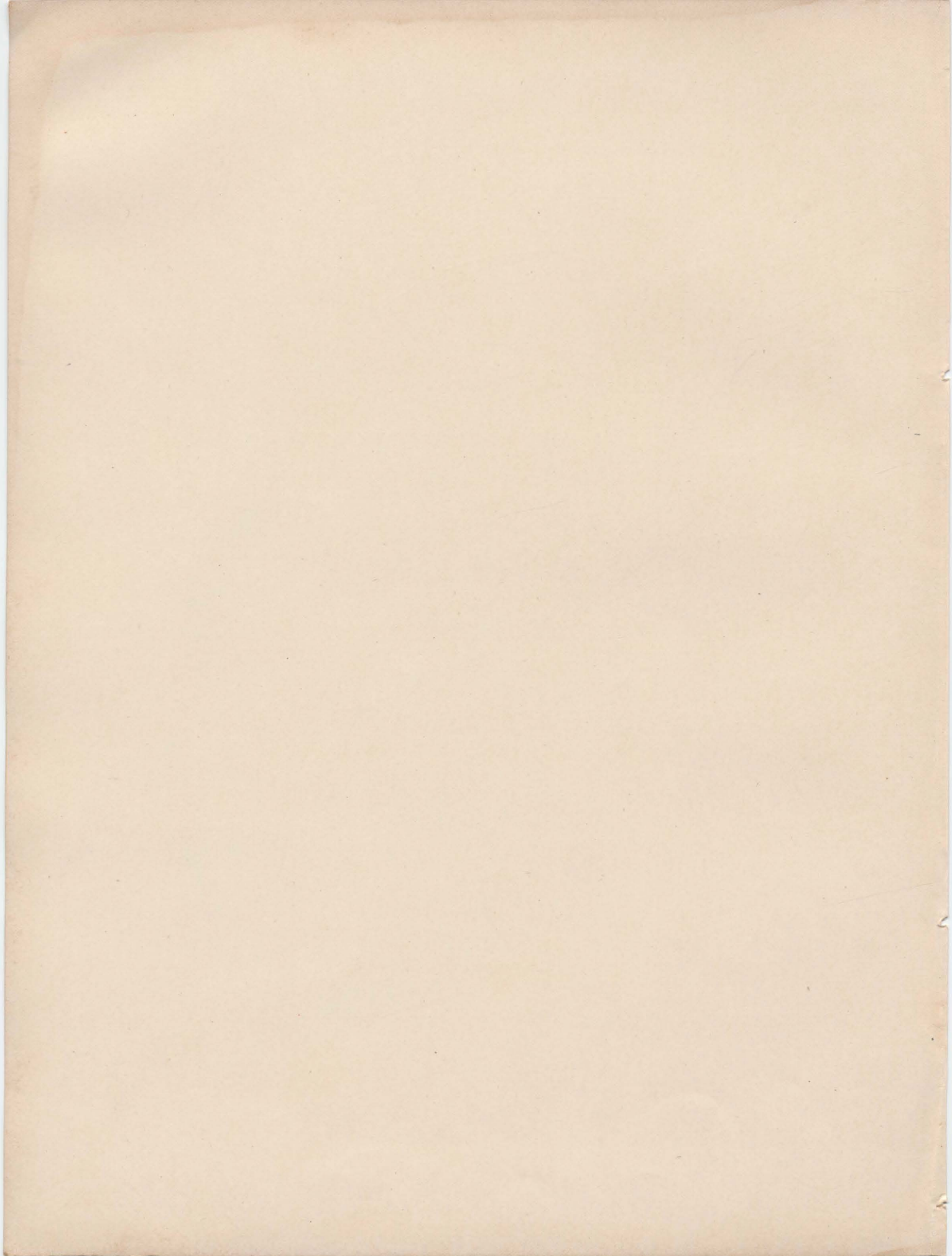
November 5, at Guilford, N. C.—Guilford College, 0 ; V. P. I., 17.

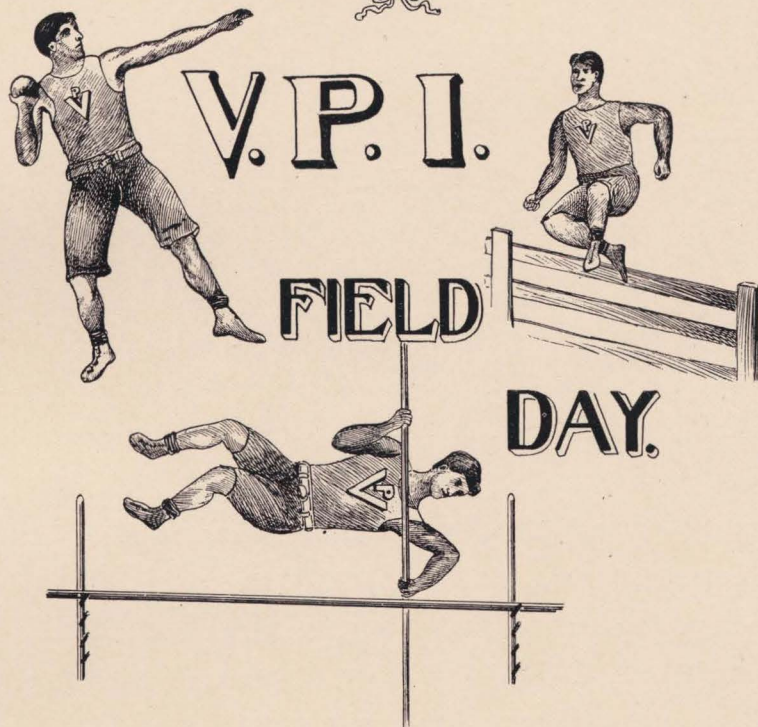
November 7, at Lynchburg.—University of Maryland, 23 ; V. P. I., 0.

November 11, at Blacksburg.—King College, 0 ; V. P. I., 58.

November 12, at Blacksburg.—Bellevue, 0 ; V. P. I., 29.







FIELD SPORTS DEPARTMENT.

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

G. W. HUTCHINSON, '99, *Chairman.*

C. G. ROREBECK, '99.

P. B. BELCHES, '01.

FIELD-DAY HELD IN MAY OF EACH SESSION.

GYMNASIUM DEPARTMENT.

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

J. A. JACKSON, '00, *Chairman.*

R. C. BEVERLEY, '00.

D. B. CROCKETT, '01.

BASEBALL DEPARTMENT.

COMMITTEE IN CHARGE.

J. W. STULL, Chairman.

FRED WILSON.

J. R. HARDESTY.

OFFICERS.

W. F. BELL, Manager.

L. L. JEWEL, Captain.

TEAM, 1899.

J. M. JOHNSON, Pitcher and Right Field. E. W. HARDAWAY, Jr., Center Field.

J. R. DUPRIEST, Pitcher and Right Field. H. G. MCCORMICK, Second Base.

J. G. KINCKLE, Catcher. J. D. BURRALL, Third Base.

L. L. JEWEL, First Base. J. E. DURPHEY, Short Stop.

W. F. BELL, Left Field.

SUBSTITUTES.

C. M. McCULLOUGH.

J. H. GWATHMEY.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES, 1898.

April 1, at Blacksburg.—Oak Ridge, 18; V. P. I., 5.

April 8, at Blacksburg.—McCabes, 5; V. P. I., 4.

April 9, at Blacksburg.—M. A. C., 3; V. P. I., 11.

April 23, at Blacksburg.—Roanoke College, 11; V. P. I., 8.

April 29, at Blacksburg.—St. John's, 1, V. P. I., 16.

April 30, at Blacksburg.—Emory and Henry, 4; V. P. I., 13.



*The Stone Printing
& Engraving Co.
Rockford, Ill.*

BASEBALL TEAM OF 1899.

V. P. I. CLASS LEAGUE.

PROFESSOR C. E. VAWTER,	PRESIDENT
C. L. ALLEN,	GENERAL MANAGER
F. POWELL,	TREASURER

MANAGERS.

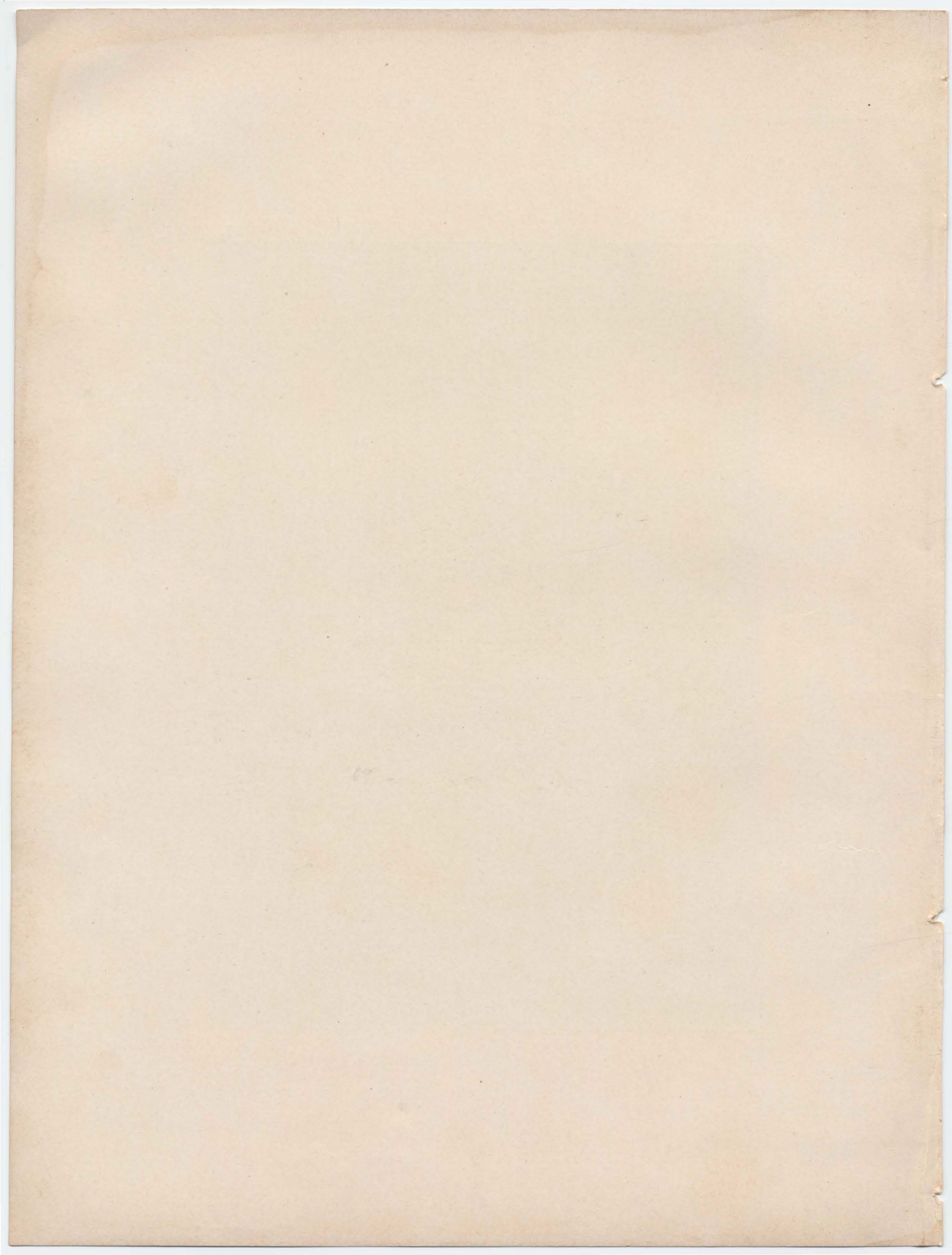
C. L. ALLEN, '99		L. POWELL, '01
E. P. WALLER, '00		E. G. THURMAN, '02
C. E. VAWTER, <i>Faculty</i>		

TEAMS.

SENIOR.		JUNIOR.
J. G. KINCKLE	CATCHER	A. A. PHLEGAR, JR.
C. L. ALLEN, }	PITCHERS	{ G. D. WALTERS.
W. F. COX, }		{ J. A. JACKSON.
H. B. LEWIS,	FIRST BASE	E. W. ALLEN.
C. G. ROREBECK,	SECOND BASE	{ G. D. WALTERS.
F. C. CARPER,	THIRD BASE	{ J. A. JACKSON.
F. WILSON,	SHORT STOP	C. F. BROWN.
G. W. HUTCHINSON, }	RIGHT FIELD	J. R. BROWN.
A. B. HUBARD, }		W. C. JONES.
B. S. JOHNSON,	CENTER FIELD	H. M. JACOCKS.
A. E. MYERS.	LEFT FIELD	J. W. LATANÉ.
SOPHOMORE.		FRESHMAN.
J. S. WINSTON,	CATCHER	R. S. CROMWELL.
D. JACOBS, }	PITCHERS	{ E. G. THURMAN.
R. R. PERCIVALL, }		{ W. C. DURPHEY.
J. B. HUFFARD,	FIRST BASE	R. M. MONTGOMERY.
E. S. BROOKE,	SECOND BASE	C. H. CARPENTER.
C. P. MILES,	THIRD BASE	E. G. THURMAN.
F. G. RIDLEY,	SHORT STOP	H. B. MISH.
C. DERRICK,	RIGHT FIELD	N. C. POE.
R. WILLIAMS,	CENTER FIELD	J. C. FIELD.
D. JACOBS, }		{ C. C. OSTERBIND.
R. R. PERCIVALL, }	LEFT FIELD	{ F. H. JACKSON.

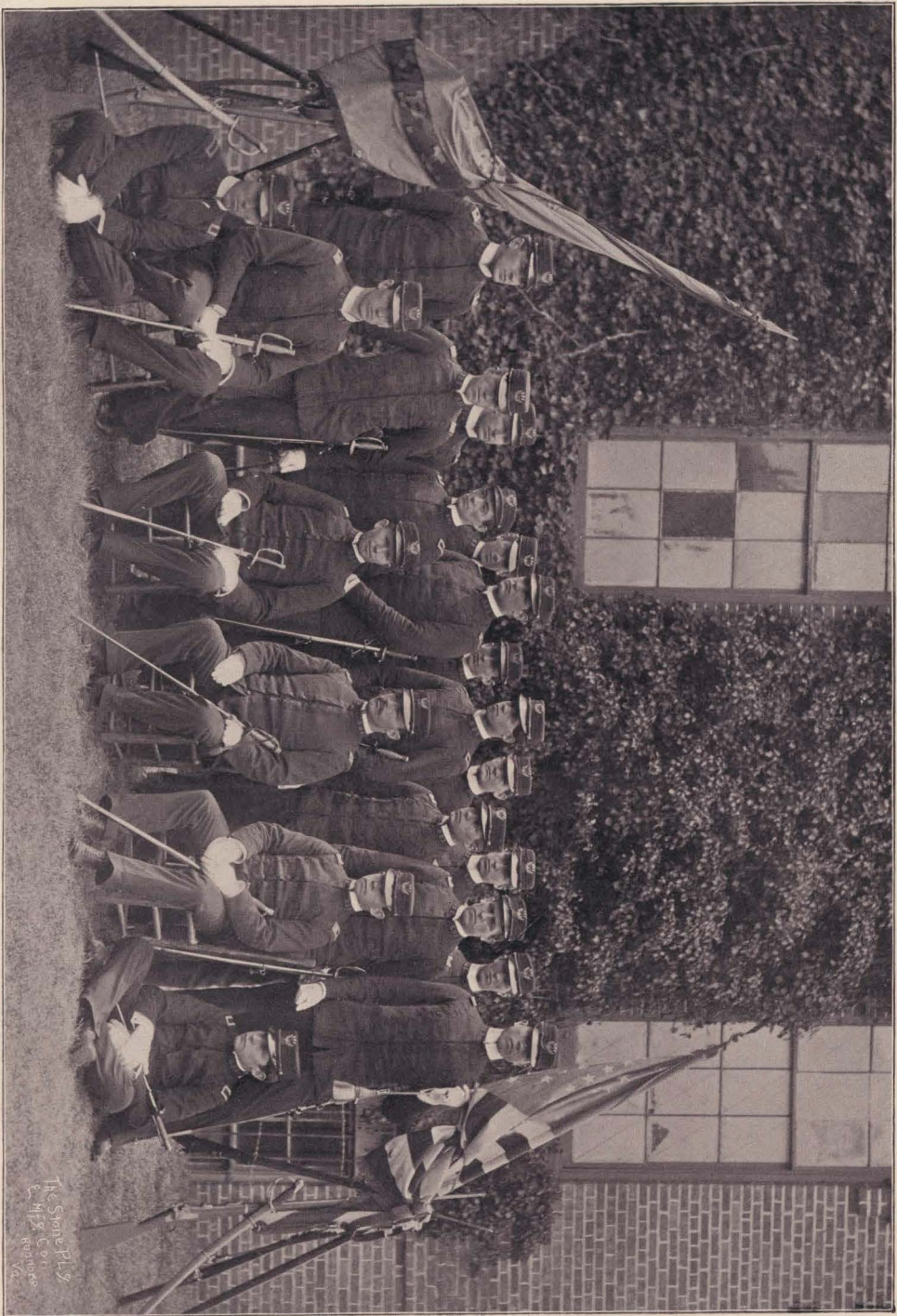


PENNANT WINNERS 1898.



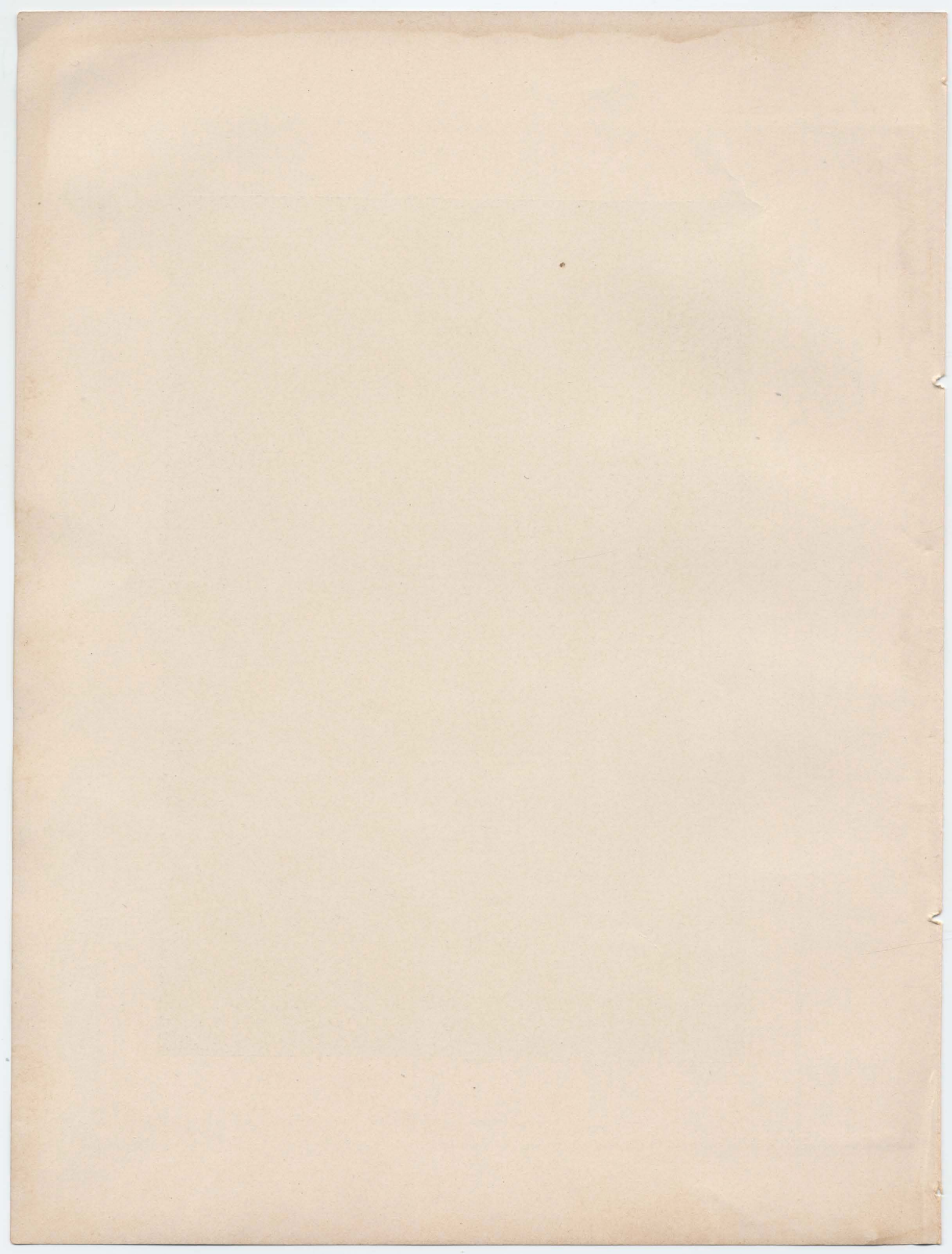
Militaries





COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

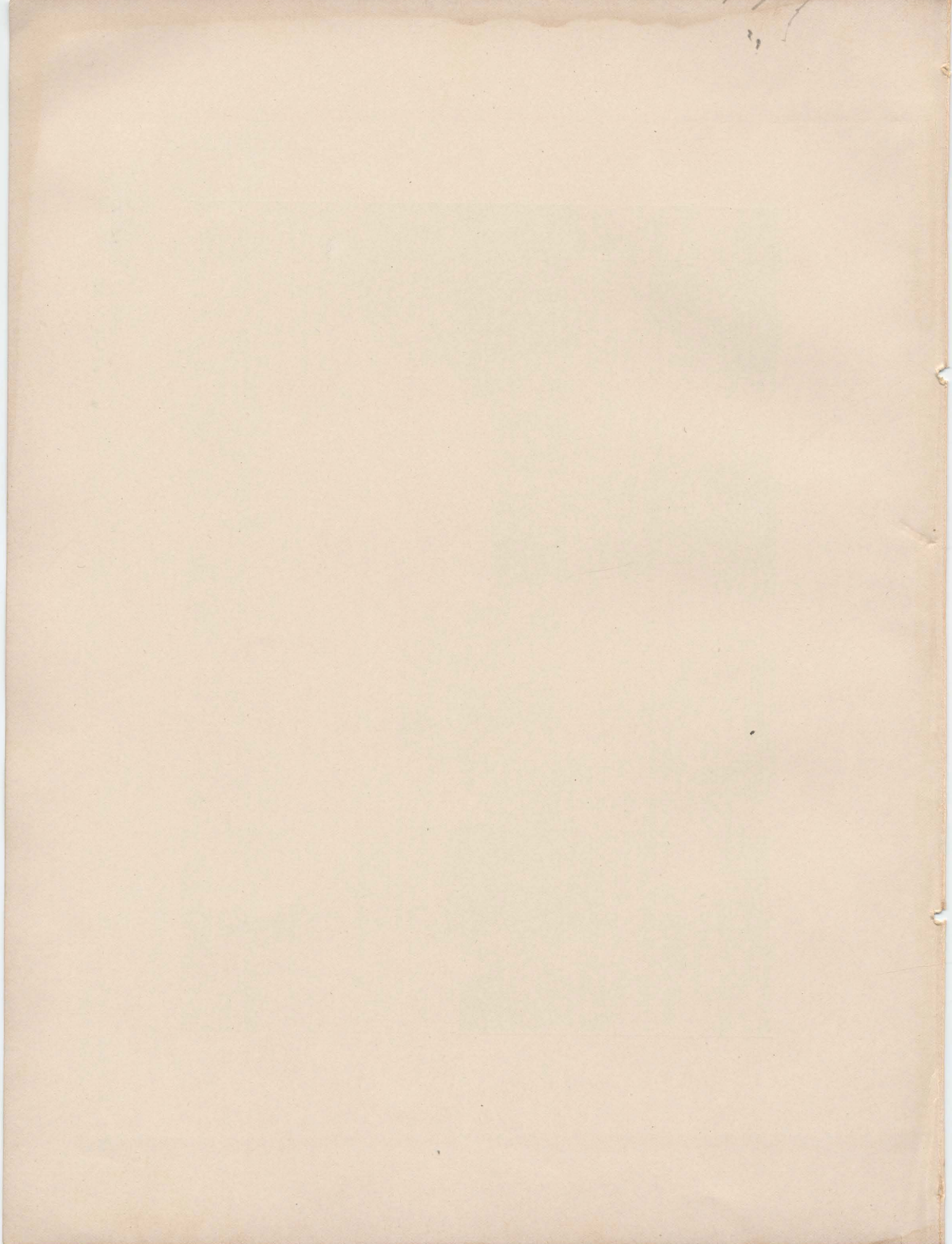
The Spence Photo
Co. 117 1/2 E. 10th
Richmond, Va.





THE BATTALION.

*Historical Photo Co.
1890*





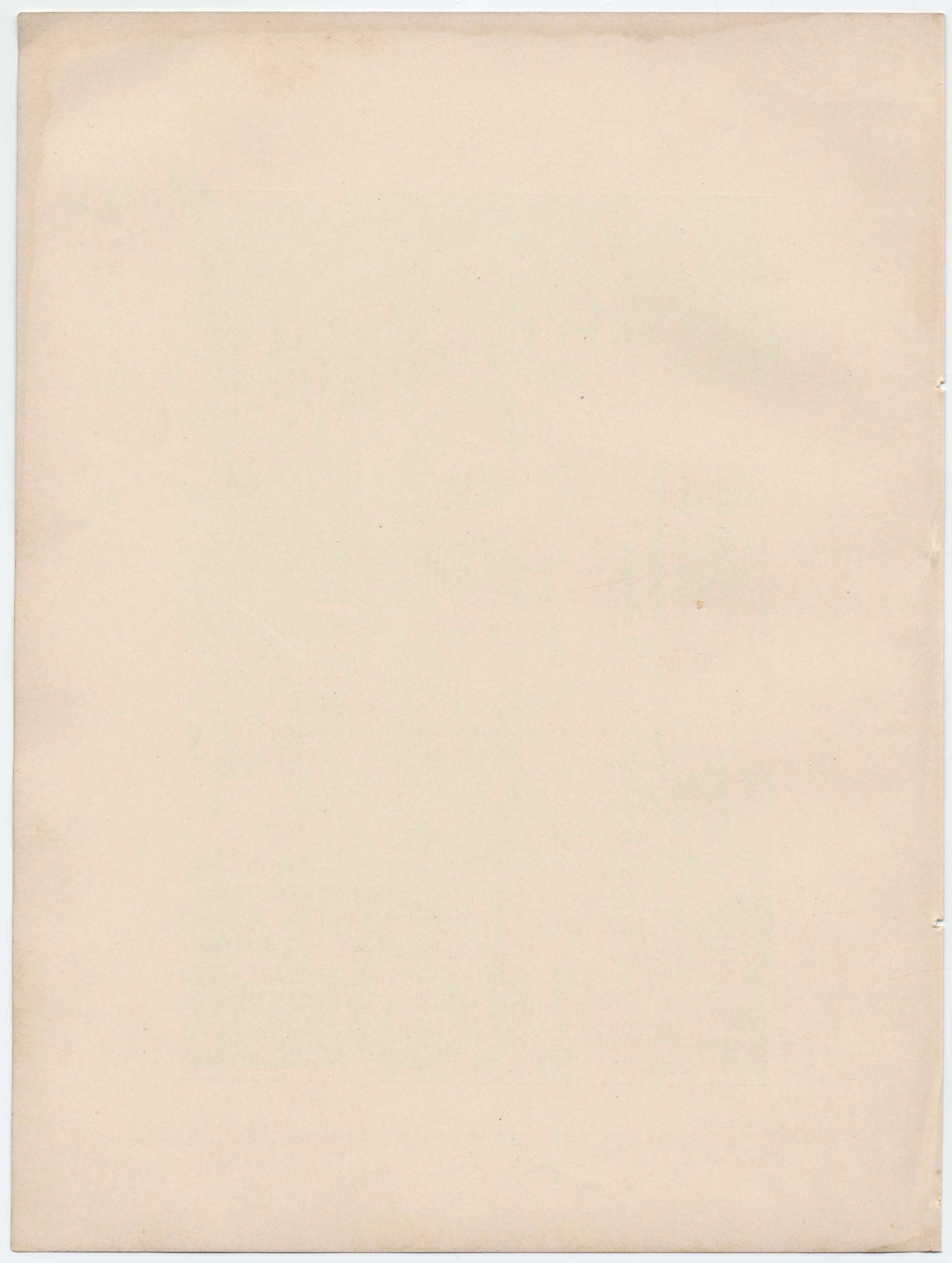
MESS AND COMMENCEMENT HALL.

CADET BAND.

CAPTAIN FRANK C. CARPER, SOLO B FLAT CORNET, *Director.*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. A. SMYTH,	. . .	Solo B Flat Clarinet
LIEUTENANT W. F. COX,	E Flat Bass
FIRST SERGEANT J. A. JACKSON,	Snare Drum
SERGEANT C. F. BROWN,	Solo Alto
SERGEANT L. L. JEWEL,	Trombone
SERGEANT J. R. BROWN,	Solo B Flat Cornet
SERGEANT G. D. WALTERS,	Euphonium
SERGEANT J. D. HOFFMAN,	Second Alto
J. C. DANTZLER,	Tenor
D. T. HALE,	Third Alto
E. C. RICAMORE,	Second Cornet
R. S. JOHNSON,	Bass Drum
C. T. UNDERWOOD,	Second Cornet
W. H. SNOOK,	Drum Major





DRAGS AND GAGS



APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

Boswell, }
Gardner, } Oh, the difference of man and man!

Williams, J. C.—I want to be tough.

Durphey, W. C.—Chapter of accidents.

Bromm.—It would talk and talk and talk.

Cox, }
Weisiger, } Feet like sunny gems on an English green.

Ligon—There is no fettering of authority.

The Seniors.—The bed has become a place of luxury to me!

I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world.

Brown, F. D.—Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

Johnson, B. S.—He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

The Freshmen.—By industry we thrive.

Ford.—A face like a stormy night's dream.

Gunst.—I see in thy face the map of Jerusalem.

Moffett, L. M.—I might rehearse very many delights of country life.

Ballard.—Oh, what a laugh!

Baum.—He smiles and ever smiles.

Wootten.—Far from the sacred truth I do not swerve.

Wilson, F.—I sleep—wake me not.

Clinton.—A gentle riddance.

Mason, Snook.—Well matched!

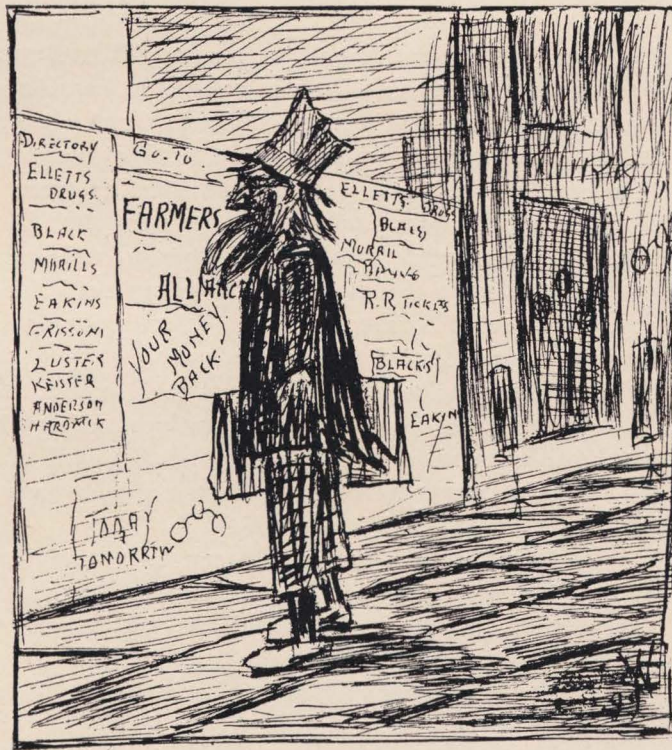
Snook.—If his face is his fortune, then he is doomed.

Grit Hitters.—The way of the transgressor is hard.

Allen, C. L.—If it is not disagreeable, I wish to ask a few questions.

Royer.—Yourself, who are your greatest foe.

Rorebeck.—The rattle of dice is sweet to me.



VISITED US IN NOVEMBER.

THE BUGLE ELECTION.

IT IS with great pleasure that we chronicle the results of THE BUGLE election. The campaign was placed into the hands of honest and capable judges who gave to no candidate more than his popularity merited and who denied to no candidate all that his most admirable qualities and charming personality brought to him. As a matter of course the successful candidates feel elated over their victory, while their less fortunate companions are bemoaning their luck and saying that some fellows never get what their accomplishments justly merit.

Well, it is strange that some of these good fellows can not induce others to see through their eye-glasses! However, take your defeat kindly and go to your best friend and she will atone for all that you have lost.

Every man desires, but few deserve, to be popular. It can not be said that popularity is an index to success, yet the popular man possesses qualities which are appreciated by those who know him best.

The contest for this honor was spirited, with Captain Fred Wilson in the lead and Lieutenant R. H. C. Beverley a close second.

Promotions in our army and navy are made according to merit. The careless, inefficient officer stands poor chance with such men as Dewey and Fitz Lee. So it is with cadet officers. Promotions are made strictly upon merit, and the wisdom of our efficient Commandant is attested by the vote of the cadets. Captain A. B. Hubbard justly deserves the honor of best officer and Captain Fred Wilson holds second place.

When we speak of "college spirit" we ought to touch a warm and responsive feeling in the breast of every college man; yet how sadly true it is that some seem to manifest so little interest in the things which are a vital force in the prosperity of every college. In our own institution "college spirit" among the students is cordial and liberal, and when led by men like Fred Wilson, who holds first place, and G. W. Hutchinson with high honors for second position, we are at no loss to account for the rapid progress we have made in athletics during the last few years.

Captain A. B. Hubbard receives, almost unanimously, the distinction of being the handsomest cadet among us. We sincerely hope he will wear the honor nobly and ever remember that "handsome is who handsome does."

Ugliness is no crime, but girls say that it is *mighty* hard to love an ugly man. However, here are the heroes in this contest, and we leave our reader to judge whether or not the honor is meritorious: H. William Snook, with G. B. Ford a few votes behind and A. M. Gunst a formidable rival.

If the "Darndest Man" has a well defined meaning and is any credit to its owner it, by virtue of the suffrage of their fellow students, belongs to Lieutenant W. D. Ligon and Captain G. Boswell.

We might enlarge on our next subject—Greatest Sorehead—but time and space call a halt, and we respond by saying that Captain G. Boswell and Henry Wysor are the—

Our most "Conceited" cadets are D. B. Crockett and C. A. Jackson. We do not know why they are conceited and we doubt very much if they themselves know. Scrutinize yourselves, fellows, and see if you are not mistaken.

College etiquette forbids dealing with "fresh rats" as they were dealt with in the days of our fathers, and so when the vote was being polled candidates were numerous. But the shame and disgrace fell upon such meritorious fellows as Hardaway, Belches, and W. C. Durphey and we have no power of changing the results.

Those who know Cadet J. H. McGavock are not surprised that he has been voted, by a very large majority, to be the greatest "ladies' man." Jim is coming! give him room!

We can not waste time discussing the "lazy man." He has been admonished by the President and Faculty until he reminds us of Rip Van Winkle's dog. Unfortunately we have, among us this session, quite a number of fellows who are not fond of work, but J. C. Field, P. B. Belches and A. M. Gunst are so lazy they can not sit through a lecture without resting their feet on their neighbor's bench.

Greatest Bore.—The die has been cast and it has fallen upon Cadets F. G. Ridley and H. L. Belote. Some people are slow to see how their company is appreciated by others. Take warning, fellows, and mend your ways, or you will be read out of your poetry.

Lieutenant R. J. Neely and Captain M. A. Sale pose as models of sentimentalism; while L. L. Jewel and E. Y. Wootten are undoubtedly the "biggest liars" in college.

When we took our leave of home for college we thought that we left our "sissy" behind, but the verdict reads "that A. N. McAnge, Jr., F. R. Webb, and A. A. McCracken have been found guilty of the charge set forth in the indictment," and the court pronounces them the "biggest sissies" on the top side of earth.

"Biggest sport" by large odds belongs to G. D. Walters and F. P. Gatlin. These young men are essential to college society, and their counsel is sought by the fellows, from the "backwoods," who see for the first time the advantage to be

derived from appearing well in company. They make no charge for consultation, are easily approachable, and may be seen at all hours, day or night.

Thus far we have expressed no surprise at the results of THE BUGLE election, but we must confess we feel some humiliation to learn that a Senior leads a class of students known as the "greatest growlers." He is followed by A. M. Dawson and H. Ballard. This will never do, Lewis! You are capable of leading a more worthy cause.

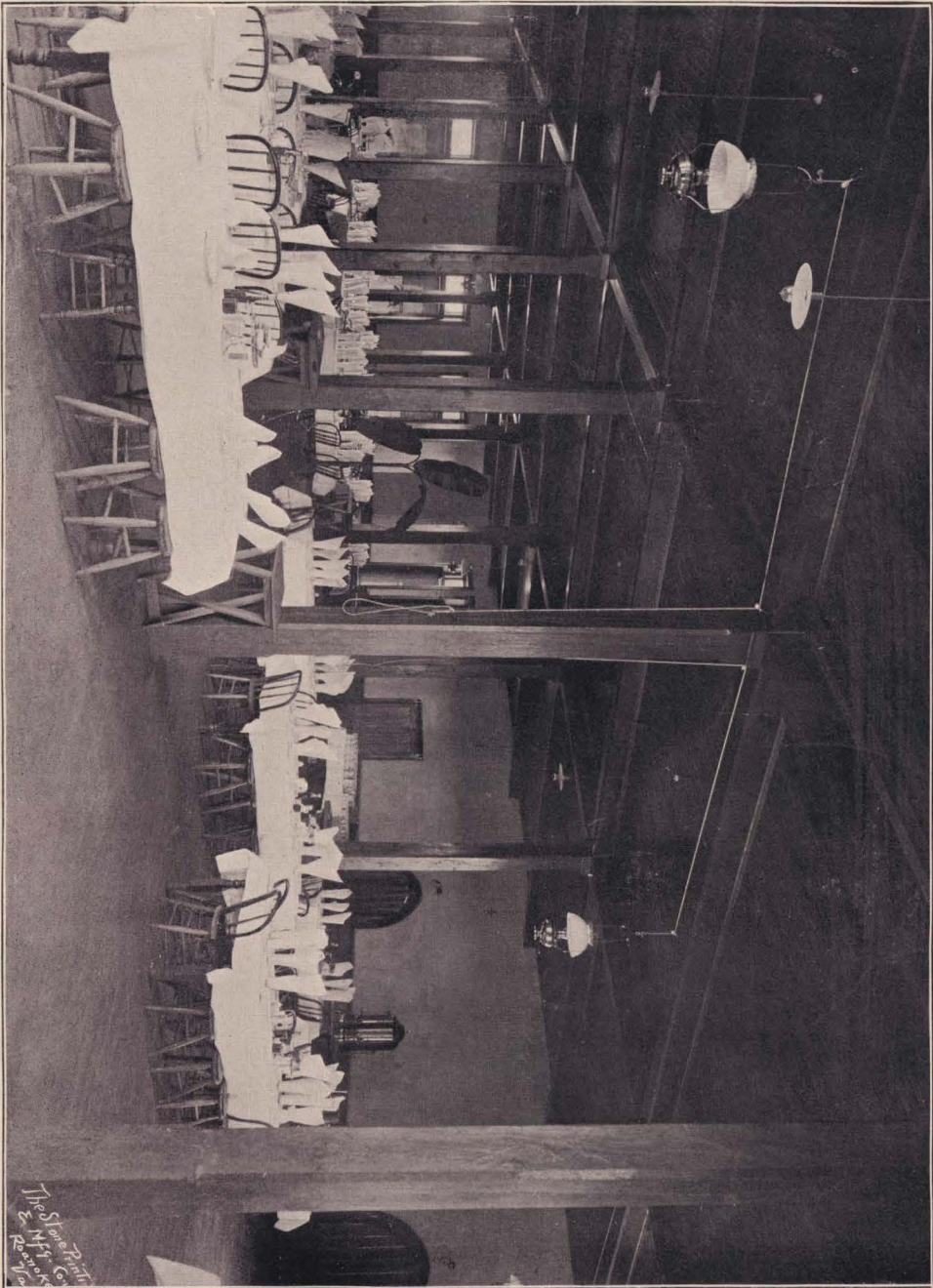
What is the trouble, Brother Neely? Your fellow students vote, unanimously, that you are the most "crabbed" man in college.

Intelligence is the moving element in the world's progress; and we have a right to expect great things from J. R. Hardesty and W. F. Bell, since they are regarded as the "most intellectual" cadets. The vote voices the sentiments of a body of as fine students as can be found in the Old Dominion.

No man achieves success without work. And every man who does his duty honestly and cheerfully may be regarded as on the road to success. We, therefore, predict for R. C. Beverley and J. M. Hicks the amount of prosperity that their honest and laborious efforts justly merit. Success to you, boys, for you have been voted to be the "hardest students" among three hundred and five fellows, all of sound minds and sound bodies.

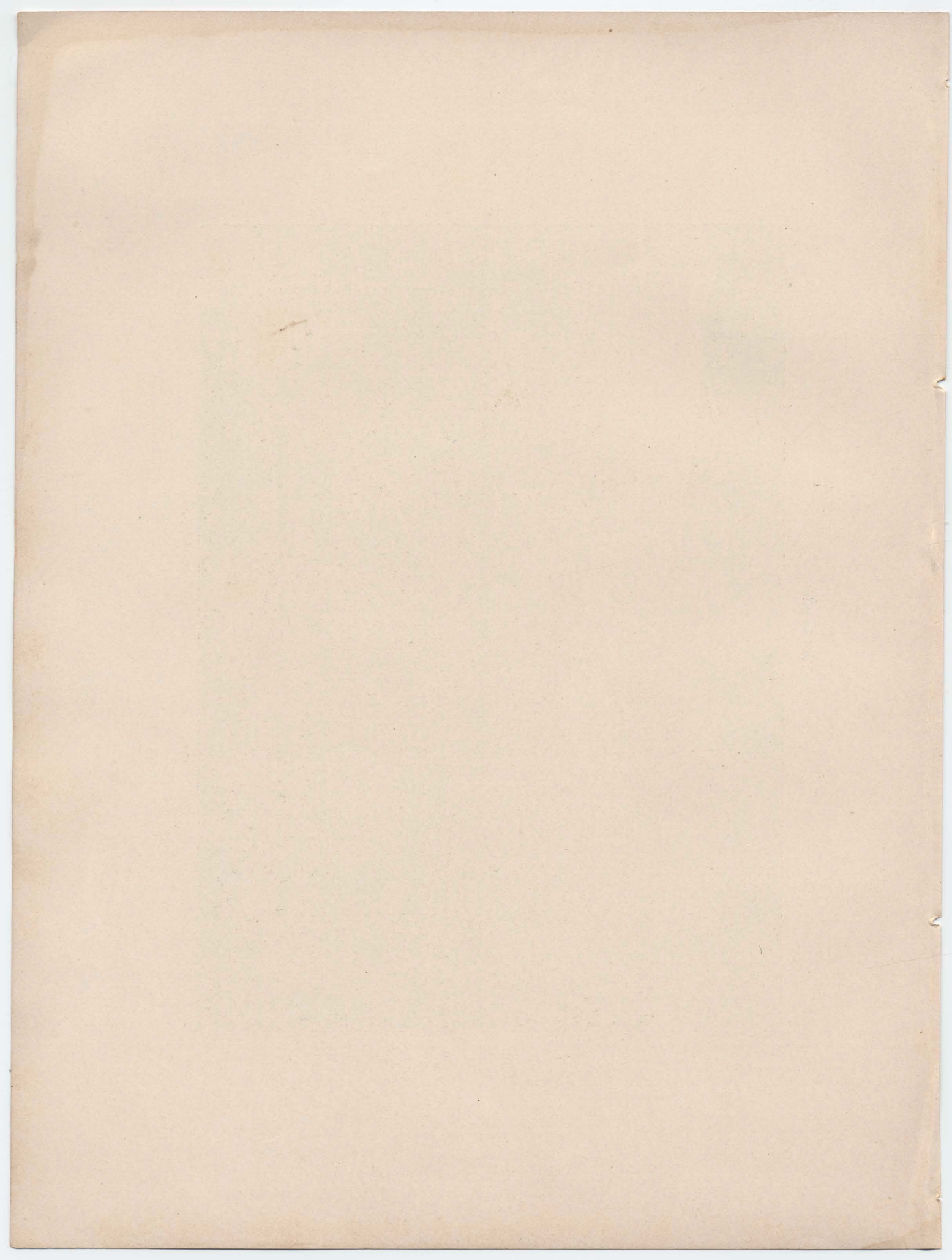
The most "popular professor," in our much beloved and highly accomplished Faculty, is Charles E. Vawter, Jr. He is a boy himself and knows how to sympathize with the fellows and, what is far better, how to teach them mathematics and physics.

Our task is done, and we have no apology to make for the result of THE BUGLE election.



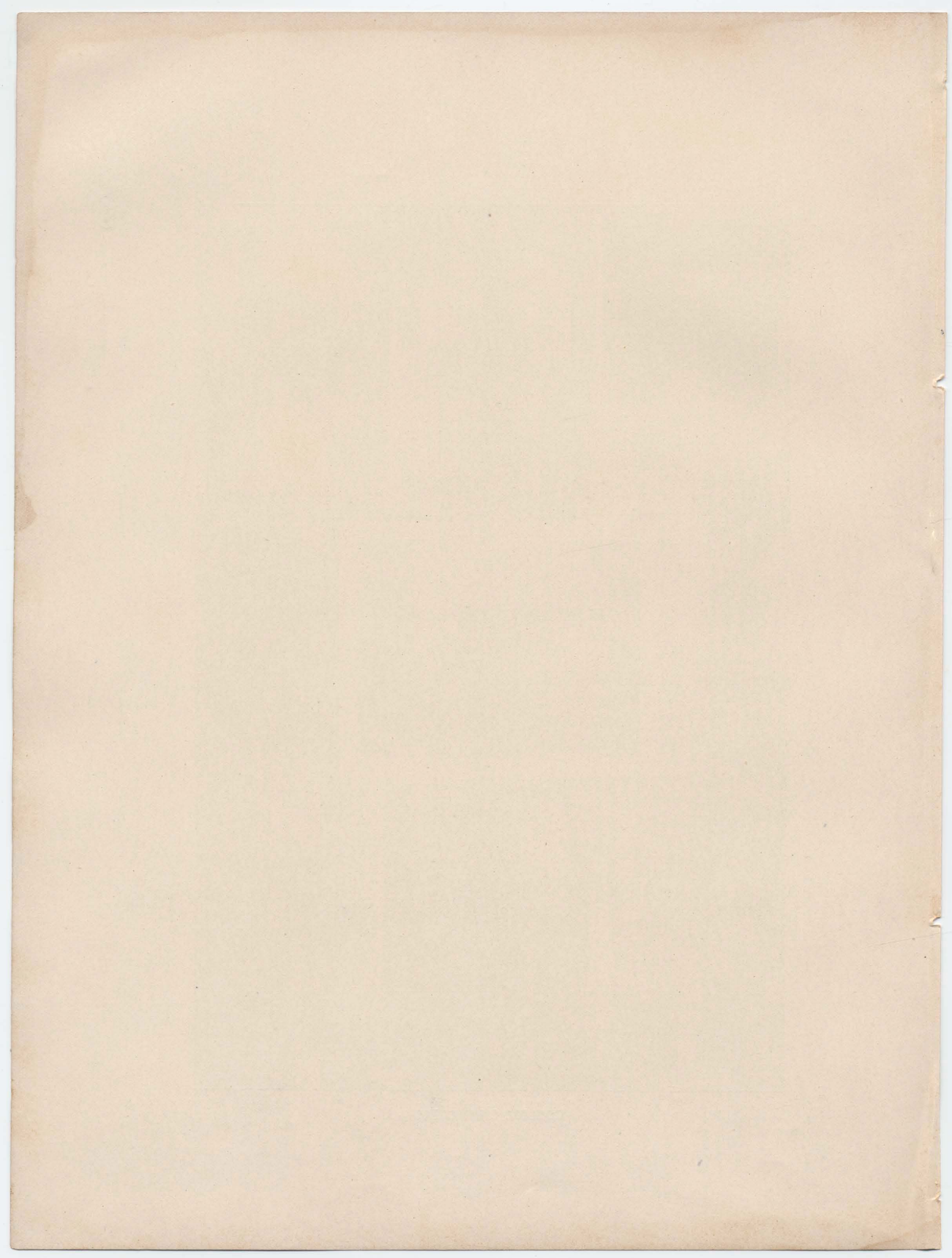
DINING HALL.

The State Dining
Co. Newark
N. J.





COLLEGE CHARACTERS.





&
Organizations.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Organized in 1873.

Officers elected every March.

OFFICERS 1898-99.

‡ WILLIAM M. PERRY, '98,	PRESIDENT.
* SCOTT H. MACGREGOR, '00,	PRESIDENT.
‡ WHITFIELD S. BURNER, '99,	VICE-PRESIDENT.
* FRED WILSON, '98	VICE-PRESIDENT.
SCOTT H. MACGREGOR, '00,	TREASURER.
ROBERT B. BEAN, '00,	TREASURER.
JOSEPH A. WADDELL, '00,	RECORDING SECRETARY.
ROBERT B. BEAN, '00,	CORRESPONDING SEC'Y.
EDWIN P. WALLER, '00,	CORRESPONDING SEC'Y.

COMMITTEES.

Devotional, FRED WILSON, Chairman.
Bible Study, J. A. WADDELL, Chairman.
Missions, R. B. BEAN, Chairman.
Finance, R. B. BEAN, Chairman.
Membership, M. A. SALE, Chairman.
Handbook, FRED WILSON, Literary Ed.
E. A. SEPAK, Bus. Man.



OBJECT.

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, 1899.

MEMBERSHIP :—ACTIVE, 68	ASSOCIATE, 30
BIBLE CLASSES, 2	REGULAR MEETINGS HELD, 60
MEMBERS OF CLASSES, 44	AVERAGE ATTENDANCE, 35
AMOUNT SUBSCRIBED TO BUILDING FUND,	\$19,500

DELEGATES TO CONVENTIONS.

SUMMER SCHOOL, KNOXVILLE, TENN., 3

Two delegates were appointed to attend the Convention at Hampton, Virginia, but the Convention was indefinitely postponed.

‡ Did not return to College.

* Elected October, 1898.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

Chartered April 18th, 1893

OFFICERS.

REV. UPTON B. THOMAS, Rector.
EDWARD A. SEPARK, '99, Director.
JOHN W. LATANE, '00, Vice-Director.
SAMUEL F. CHAPMAN, '00, Sec. and Treas.

FORMER DIRECTORS.

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F. W. SIMPSON, 1894-95.
E. V. JONES, JR., 1895-97.

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C. WILLIAMS, '02.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.—November 28th.

PERIODICAL.—*St. Andrew's Cross*.

CONVENES.—Sunday afternoon.

HYMN.—“Jesus calls us o'er the tumult.”

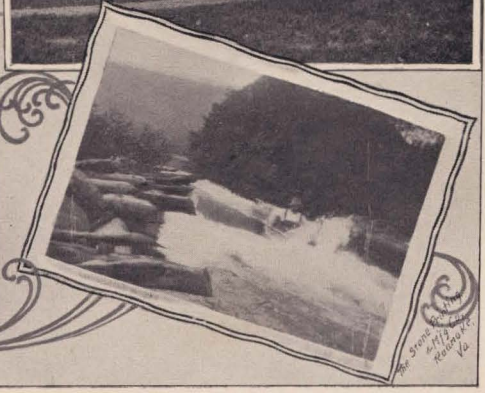
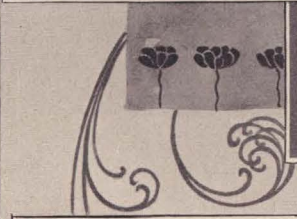
Object:—The sole object of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men, and to this end, every man desiring to become a member thereof, must pledge himself to obey the rules of the Brotherhood so long as he shall be a member. These rules are two: The Rule of Prayer and the Rule of Service. The Rule of Prayer is to pray daily for the spread of Christ's kingdom among young men and for God's blessing upon the labors of the Brotherhood. The Rule of Service is to make an earnest effort each week to bring at least one young man within hearing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as set forth in the services of the Church and in young men's Bible classes.

CAMERA CLUB.

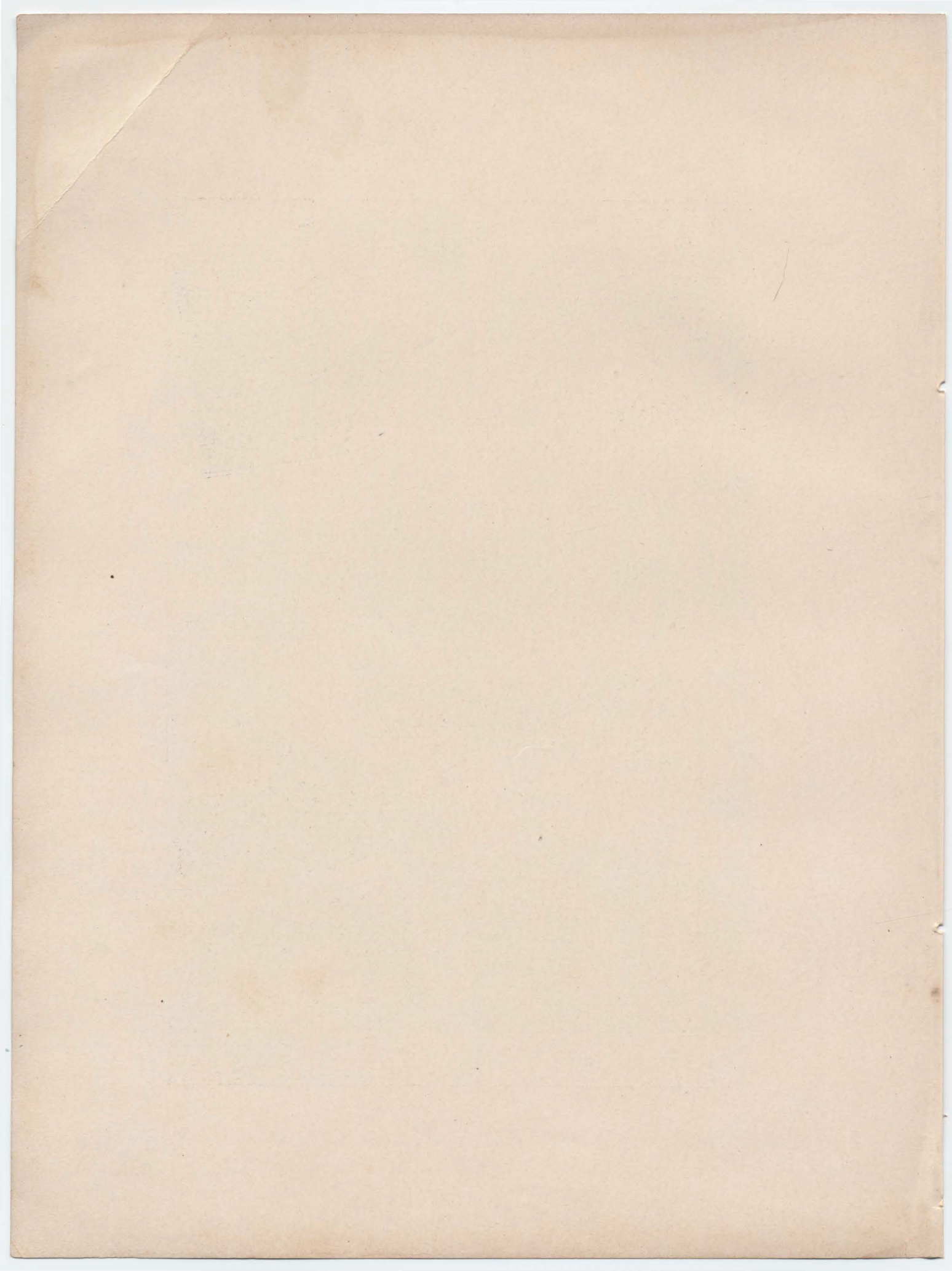
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E. P. WALLER, Vice-President.
J. R. HARDESTY, Secretary and Treasurer.

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J. C. DANTZLER,	C. F. HOWDERSHELL,
R. E. HOLLISTER,	D. JACOBS,
C. P. MILES,	W. B. MORTON,
H. H. ROYER,	A. A. RICHARDSON,
R. B. SLOAN,	E. A. SEPARK,
F. D. WEBB,	E. WAUDBY,
M. G. YOUNG.	



Shenandoah River
at Mill
Hollow, Va.





The Stone Printing
Co. My. Co. Va.
Roanoke

THESPIAN CLUB.

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E. A. SEPARK,
VICE-PRESIDENT.

A. B. HUBARD,
SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

MEMBERS.

Professor E. A. Smyth.

G. D. Walters.

C. F. Brown.

Professor J. W. Stull.

W. A. P. Moncure.

J. R. Brown.



THE SPIAN CLUB

MOUSE CLUB OF '98-99.

MOTTO : Freshness.

COLORS : Black and Blue.

FAVORITE DRINK : Condensed Milk.

YELL : Rah ! Rah !! Rah !!!

We 'll make " Rats " shine

Next year ! Next year !!

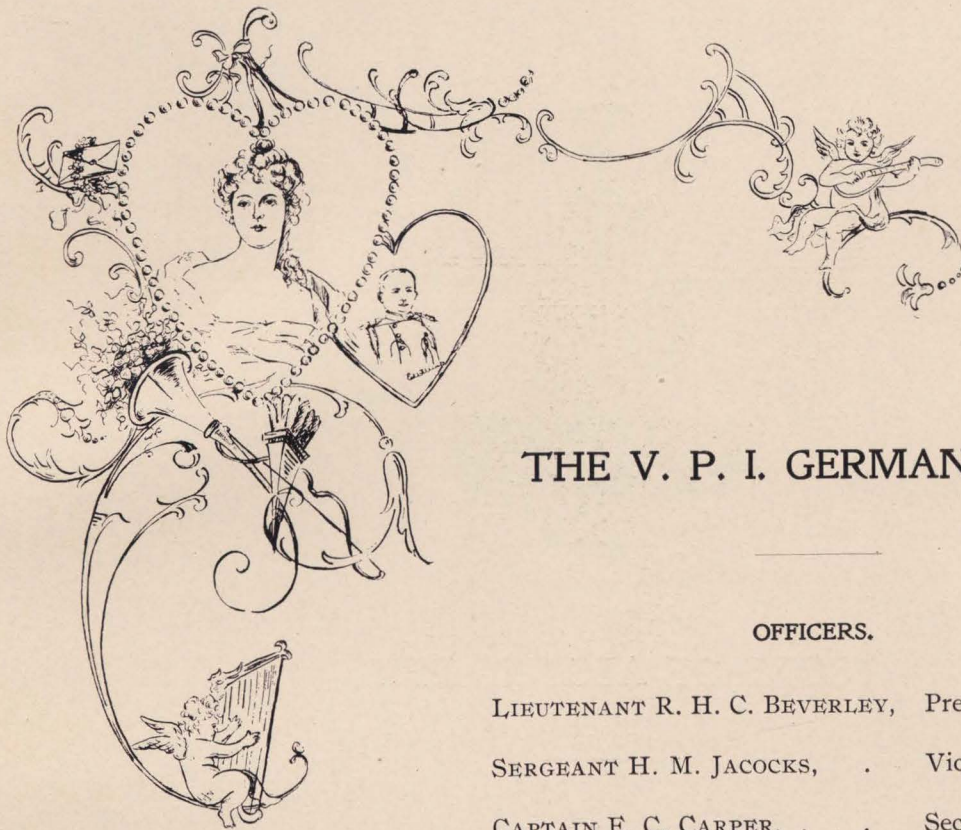
Mouse Club, '99.

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Vice-President,	A. Y. WADDEY
Secretary and Treasurer,	G. R. TALCOTT
Sergeant-at-Arms,	D. BROWN

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 CAPTAIN F. C. CARPER, . . Secretary and Treasurer.
 CAPTAIN A. B. HUBARD, . . Leader.

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W. F. Cox.	A. A. McCracken.	B. F. Randolph.	F. D. Webb.
F. Wilson.			



SONS OF AESCULAPIUS.

OBJECT: Advancement in the Knowledge of Medical Science.

MOTTO: Servimus ut Conservamus.

Organized February, 1899.

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R. B. BEAN, Gala Water, Va.,	Vice-President.
G. D. WALTERS, Christiansburg, Va.,	Secretary, Treasurer and Business Manager.
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James Gibboney.	H. M. Jacobs.	L. T. Price.	G. D. Walters.

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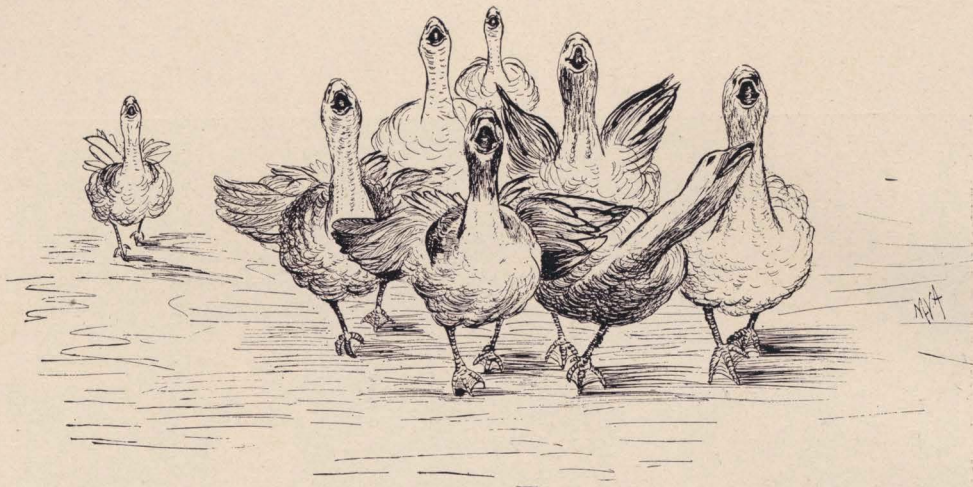
J. E. Durphey,	M. C. Dollman.	W. B. Morton.
H. B. Pack.	B. F. Randolph.	A. H. Roop.

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Professor E. A. Smyth.	Dr. W. F. Henderson.	Dr. Elliott.	Dr. Black.
			Professor R. J. Davidson.



BROWN HUTCHINSON SEPAK CARPER BROWN



ROOTERS.

MOTTO: Yell! Yell!! Yell!!! Yell like hell!

OFFICERS.

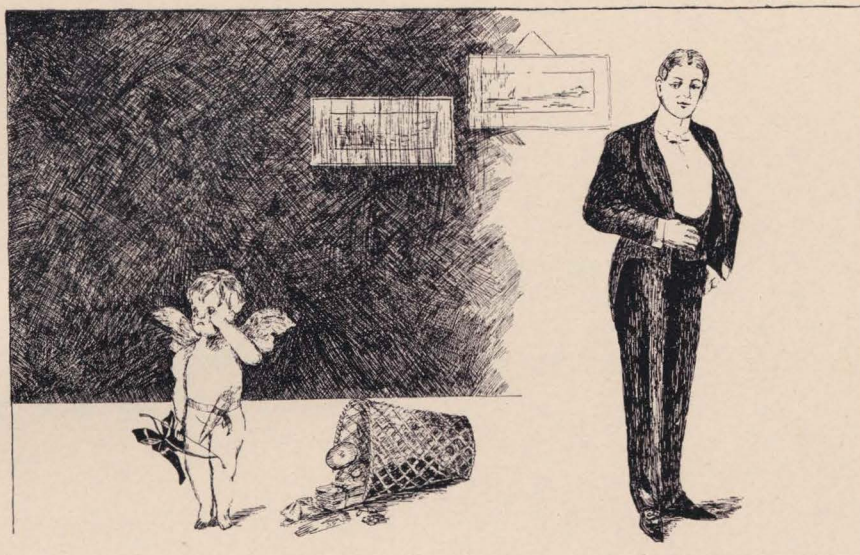
W. F. Cox,	Great Hog.
J. H. McGAVOCK,	Great Sow.
R. H. C. BEVERLEY,	Recording Hog.
E. P. WALLER,	Hog of Finance.

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J. H. GIBBONEY.	S. G. BRALLEY.	B. S. JOHNSON.	R. B. BEAN.
-----------------	----------------	----------------	-------------

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THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

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Chief Cook	F. WILSON.
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W. F. Bell.	A. B. Hubard.	
C. E. Vawter.	C. M. McCulloch.	

Ah, Cupid, thy arrows count for naught,
 Why waste ye more upon these
 Whose hearts are impermeable to love
 And inclined to the "do as you please"?

“ THE GRAY JACKET.”

Published Monthly by the Maury and Lee Literary Societies.

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The Staff of the
Gray Jacket Staff
of the
K. K. K.

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YELL.

Rip! Rip! Rip!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Petersburg! Petersburg!
Vir-gin-i-a!

COLORS—Purple and Gold.

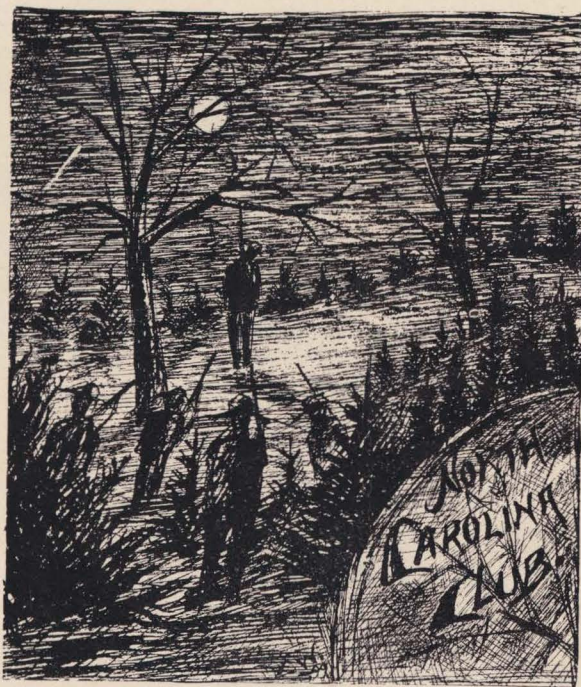
SONG—"We Can't Give Up Our Rough and Rowdy Ways."

MOTTO—Down with Newport! Bring forth good *booze*!

FAVORITE DRINK—Gin Phiz.



THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER



MEMBERS.

Gatlin,

Sample,

Smith,

Chadwick,

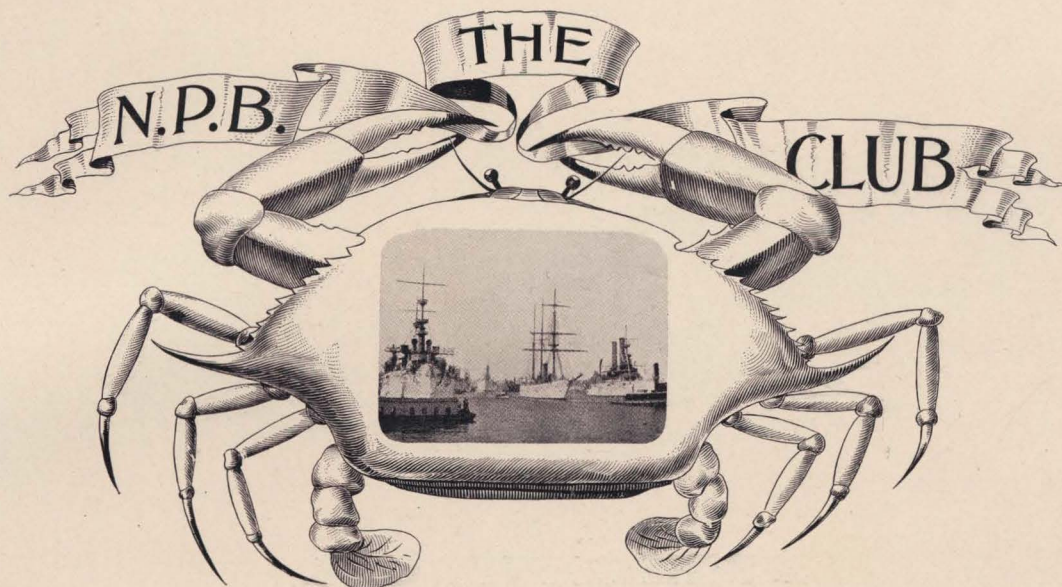
Wootten,

Connely.

FAVORITE DRINK—One more Glass of Scuppernong Wine.

FAVORITE DISH—Corn Bread and Cat Fish.

FAVORITE OCCUPATION—Living (?) in Blacksburg.



COLORS : Orange, Green and Blue. MOTTO : "A Regular Snap."

FAVORITE DISH : Deviled Crabs.

FAVORITE EXPRESSION : "I want my Lulu."

YELL : Boom-a-lacker, Boom-a-lacker

Bow, Wow, Wow !

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. B. !!!

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Norfolk-Portsmouth-Berkley Club.



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Organized February, 1899.

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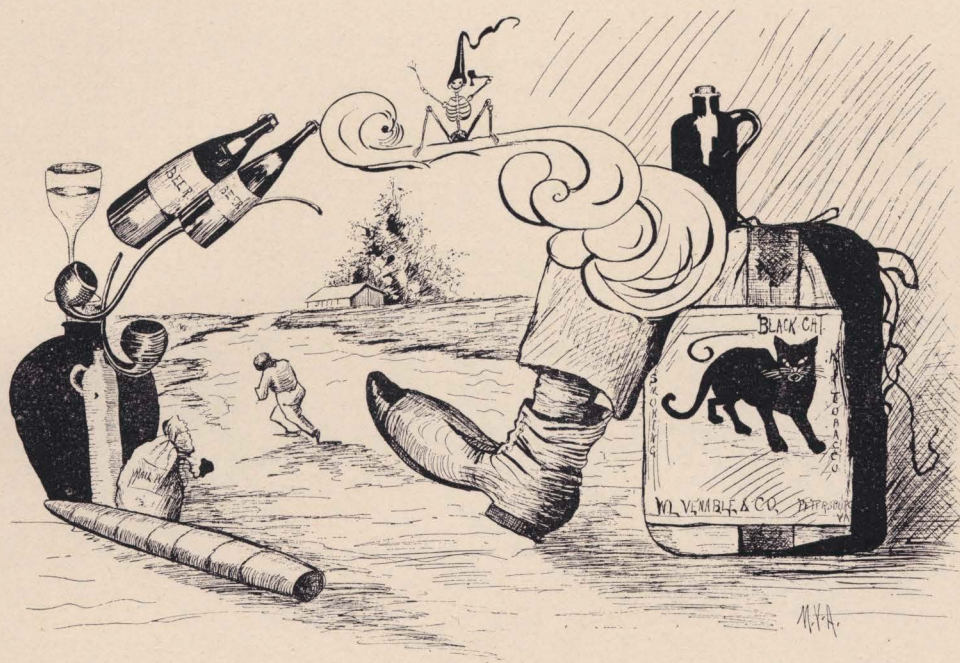
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BROWN, F., '02,	CROCKETT, D. B., '01,	CROWGEY, R. V., '01,
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C. S. PATTERSON, '02.



PITTSYLVANIA CLUB.

First Degree : Imps.
 Second Degree : Devils.
 Third Degree : Demons.
 Motto : Keep Dry.

FAVORITES.

Amusement : Shocking.
 Drink : (Well Dry).
 Food : Burnt Pig.

OFFICERS.

W. F. COX,	High Arch Fiend.
C. L. REYNOLDS,	Junior Arch Fiend.
P. H. CARTER,	Recording Angel.
D. Fernald,	Judas, the Watch-dog of the Treasury.

IMPS.

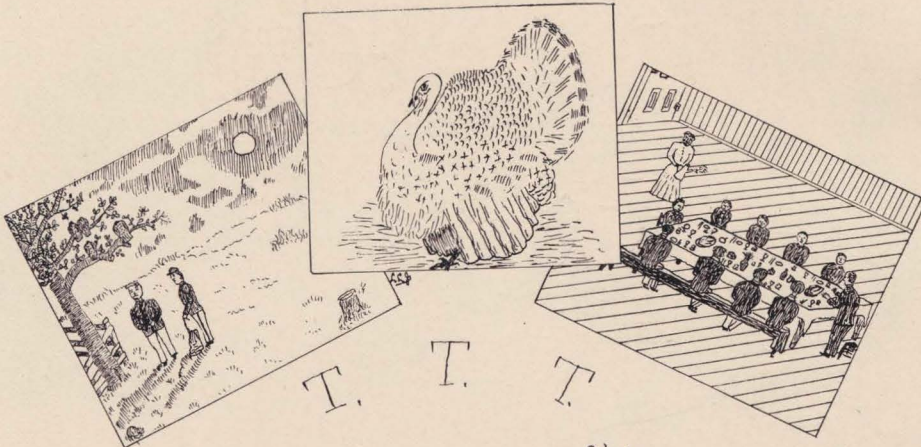
D. Fernald.	R. T. Brooke.	J. T. Marshall.
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DEVILS.

P. H. Carter.	W. F. Cox.	C. L. Reynolds.
---------------	------------	-----------------

DEMON.

C. LEE.



T. T. T

Officers-

- J. G. Kinckle - Pres.
- W. F. Cox Vice Pres.
- L. L. Jewel - Sec. & Tres.
- J. B. Huffard - Sergt. at Arms.

Members-

- J. E. Durphey,
- L. T. Price
- E. W. Hardaway

- W. C. Durphey
- J. C. Field
- H. G. McCormick.

Colors-
Turkey Red & Celery Green.

Song-
Who dat say chicken in dis crowd.

Motto-
You'll be mine in a minute.

Object-
To diminish danger of gout from
mess grub

Yell- One, two, three
Who are we
Gobble, gobble gobble,
T. T. T.

Meeting Place-

?

"whence they cometh and whither they goeth, no man knoweth."



THE FAU.-FRE.-CLA.

COLORS: Red, Old Gold and Black.

FAVORITE SPORT: The Chase.

YELL: Hippity rip, kerzip, kerzip!
 Hoorae! Hoorah!
 Fau.-Fre. ! Fre -Cla. !
 V-i-r, Vir! g-i-n, gin! i-a, ia!

OUR DRINK: Apple Jack.

FAVORITE DISH: Wind Pudding.

MOTTO: "Care is an enemy to Life."

SONG: Hang John Brown on a sour apple tree.

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W. W. DAVISON,	Historian.

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C. W. Cochran.	E. J. Kerfoot.	L. D. Kline.	E. Price.
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BOTETOURT CLUB.

YELL.

Sis, boom, bah ! Hullabaloo ha !
Botetourt ! Botetourt ! Rah, rah, rah!

MOTTO—Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow.

WATCHWORD—"Come on June."

President,	C. L. ALLEN
Vice-President,	L. T. PRICE
Treasurer,	E. W. ALLEN
Sergeant-at-Arms,	R. W. CARPER

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Bean, R. B.	Obenshain, S. A.
Bean, W. R.	Price, L. T.
Carper, R. W.	Woltz, R.

Wood, C. M.



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W. BELL
J. K. HARRISON
B. HARRISON
D. TAYLOR
H. G. EVERLEY
E. GRAHAM
W. HUTCHINSON

Finals



COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, 1898.

FRIDAY, JUNE 10TH.

10:00 P. M.—German given to Graduating Class by Junior Class.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11TH.

8:30 P. M.—“Charley's Aunt,” by Puffs and Queues.

SUNDAY, JUNE 12TH.

11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Rev. Nelson P. Dame, Winchester, Va.

8:30 P. M.—Sermon before Institute Y. M. C. A., Rev. William H. Woods, Baltimore, Md.

MONDAY, JUNE 13TH.

11:00 A. M.—Address before Literary Societies, Hon. R. S. Parks, Luray, Va.

3:00 P. M.—Competitive Company Drill.

5:30 P. M.—Battalion Drill.

8:30 P. M.—“All on Account of a Sandwich,” by Puffs and Queues.

10:00 P. M.—President's Reception to Graduating Class.

TUESDAY, JUNE 14TH.

8:00 A. M.—German by V. P. I. German Club. Admission by Invitation.

11:00 A. M.—Alumni Address, H. T. Hall, Esq., Roanoke, Va.

3:00 P. M.—Review of Battalion by Board of Visitors, followed by Sham Battle.

8:30 P. M.—Celebration of Maury Literary Society.

10:00 P. M.—German by V. P. I. German Club. Admission by Invitation.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15TH.

10:30 A. M.—Essays by Members of Graduating Class.

12:00 M.—Conferring Degrees.

12:30 P. M.—Address before Graduating Class, Hon. W. P. Barksdale, Houston, Va.

9:00 P. M.—Final Ball.

TAPS.

*Over the silent camping-ground,
Soft in the waning light,
In a sorrowing melody on the wind,
Our "Bugle" blows good-night;
Echoing through the whispering trees,
Faintly ringing adown the hills,
Fading out on the twilight breeze,
Dying slow till the night is still—
Lights out! Good-night!*

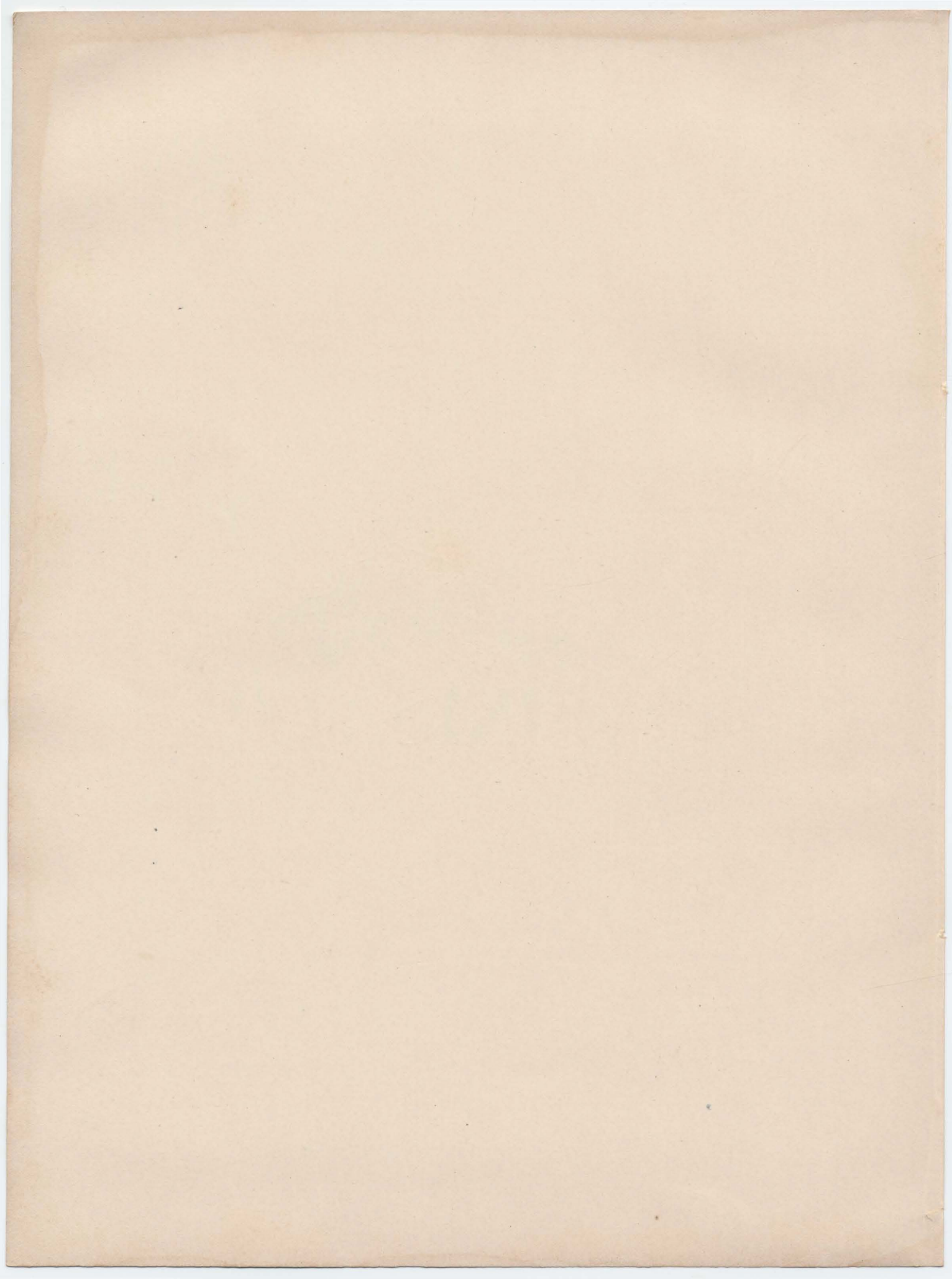
—Elizabeth D. Lee.



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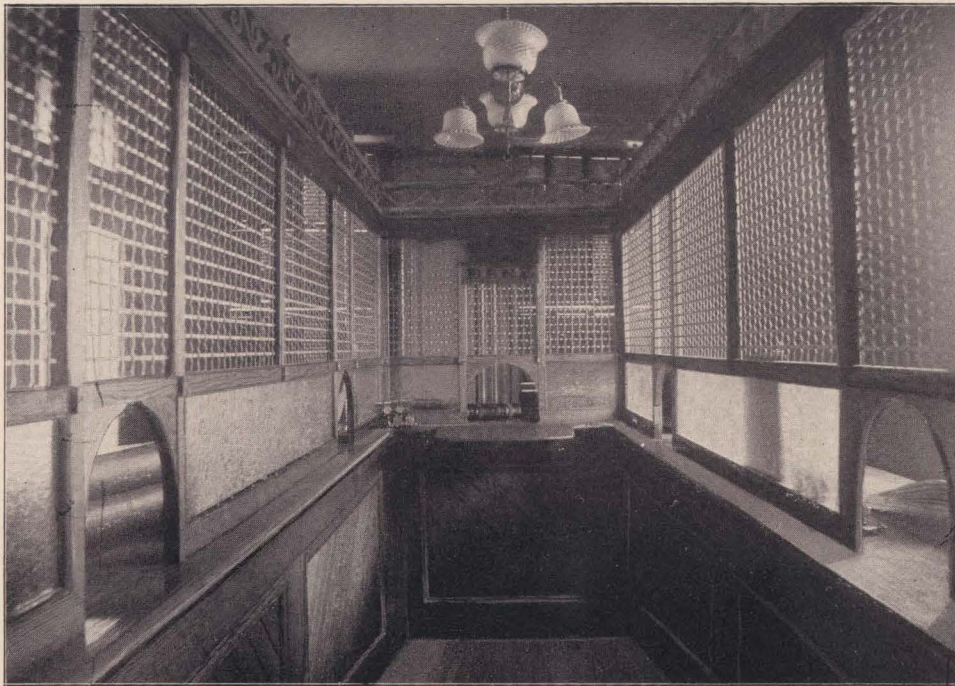
TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.

The Southern Shorthand and Business University of Norfolk, Va.

WAKE UP, YOUNG MEN!

THE WORLD WANTS YOU, BUT YOU MUST BE COMPETENT.

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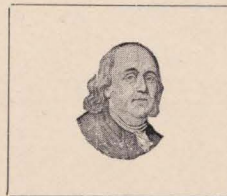
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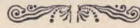
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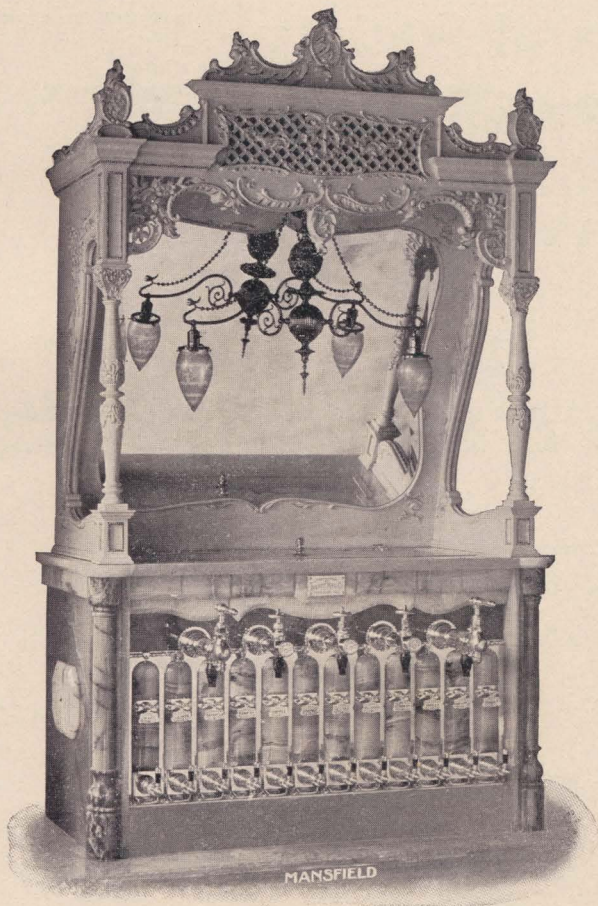
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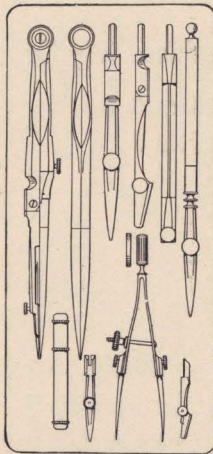
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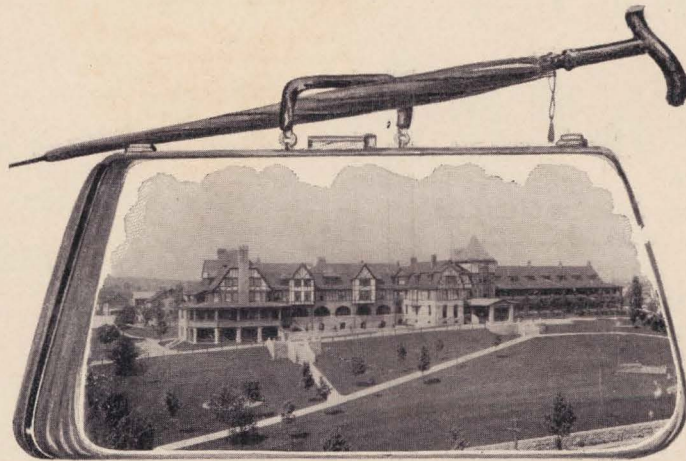
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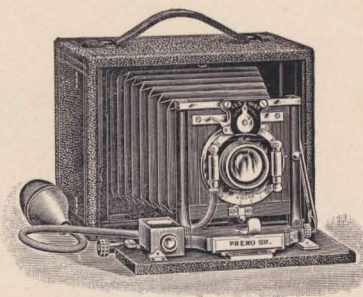
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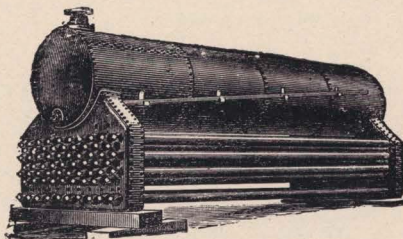


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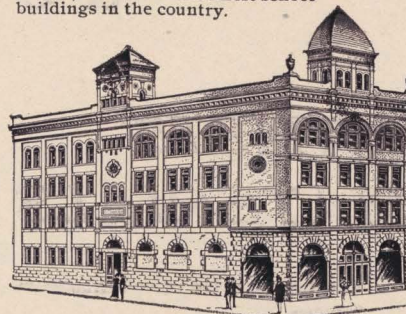
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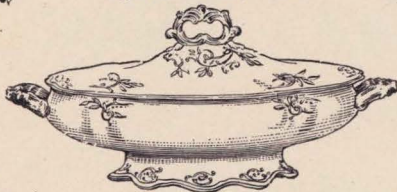
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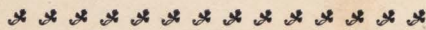
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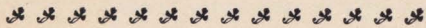
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