Volume XV

The Bugle

MCMIX

Published annually by the Corps of Cadets of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute
Blackburg, Virginia
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dedication</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Board of Editors</td>
<td>9-11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Board of Visitors</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FACULTY</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corps Organization</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senior Class</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Officers</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sponsor</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26-26</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>History</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell, Peace</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Junior Class</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Group</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Officers and Sponsor</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roll</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell to Seniors, Peace</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sophomore Class</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Group</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Officers and Sponsor</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roll</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apprentices</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEE LITERARY SOCIETY</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tech Staff</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gray Jacket Staff</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bengal Election</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doctor Reed</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Professor Brainerd</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Professor Buckhart</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. S. Martin, Memorial</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Association Officers</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Team Managers</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Football Department</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. P. Men</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scrubs</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baseball</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basketball</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Track Team</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tennis</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MILITARY DEPARTMENT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battalion Officers</td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cadet Staff</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Company A</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Company B</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Company C</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Company D</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Company E</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Company F</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Band</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rifle Team</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS—CONTINUED</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CLUBS</strong></td>
<td><strong>PAGE</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agricultural Club</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cosmopolitan Club</td>
<td>207</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Electrical Engineers</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fraternity Club</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>German Club</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry and Franklin County Club</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kodak and Camera Club</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. F. C. Club</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGuire's University School Club</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montgomery County Club</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norfolk Club</td>
<td>229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orange and Alleghany Club</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsylvania County Club</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portsmouth Club</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pulaski County Club</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Randolph-Macon Club</td>
<td>228</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richmond Club</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roanoke Club</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shenandoah Valley Club</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Carolina Club</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Southwest Virginia Club</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wythe County Club</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y. M. C. A.</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>STORIES</strong></th>
<th><strong>PAGE</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A THREE-CORNERED AFFAIR</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DESTINY, Poem</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOWN ON THE CONGO, Poem</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EASTERN NIGHT, Poem</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EMANCIPATION, Poem</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOW SOLOMON BEAT THE BAND, Story</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IMMORTALITY, Poem</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOHN SIMPKINS, Poem</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LOVE'S PLAINT, Poem</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ORIGIN OF THE RACE, Story</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMAN, Story</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>SONGS</strong></th>
<th><strong>PAGE</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE SHIP, Poem</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE SHIP, Poem</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TO MY RADIATOR, Poem</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>YELLS</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>ADVERTISEMENTS</strong></th>
<th><strong>PAGE</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
To
Dr. Francis D. Wilson, M. S., Ph. D.
as a tribute to the faithful service he has rendered
our Alma Mater
and as a token of our respect, gratitude and love,
we dedicate this the fifteenth volume of the
Bugle
Yours truly,

J. B. Wilson.
Editorial Staff

W. B. MARTIN, '09
EDITOR IN CHIEF

C. L. WATKINS, '09
R. C. KENT, '09
O. M. BISHOP, '10
EUBANKS, '11
LITERARY EDITORS

W. A. BOWLES, JR., '09
L. C. ISAAC, '09
ART EDITORS

A. HARRIS, '09
BUSINESS MANAGER

F. E. SAUNDERS, '09
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

R. A. CALVERT, '09
R. W. LAPRADE, '09
ADVERTISING EDITORS

H. M. G. KING, '09
HISTORIAN

F. O. CUDLIPP, '09
SECRETARY
Editor's Note

It is customary, we believe, when a class of men have conceived, executed, and foisted upon a helpless though expectant student body the publication known as the Beak, to make what they consider suitable apologies for their daring in perpetrating such a deed. It is usual to point out that the volume just submitted contains nothing of any literary or artistic merit whatsoever, and that the sole excuse for its existence is that they have faithfully striven to present for you a true picture of our college life and to perpetuate with pen and brush the four cycles through which their class has passed.

But we refuse, O Reader, to make such apologies. Our appreciation of the work of those whose contributions have made this book, whose labors have added stones to this monument, forbids us. So we present the fruit of a year's struggle to you, O Critic, in simple faith, believing that it will appeal to you and please you. We pity you if it don't. It is not for us to understand the workings of those minds that cannot rise to an appreciation of the merits of this volume, but to them we will say, that in days to come, when fleeting years have cast a haze over the past, when time has mellowed their perception, they will awake to a realization of their blindness and pay the tribute they now refuse.

With a mingled feeling of regret and joy we now lay aside this work, a work that has held much of pleasure and much of pain for us, and present it for the consideration of the men for whom it has been wrought.

To all of those who have aided us so generously with contributions of various kinds, we wish to express our sincere appreciation and to assure them that this book is theirs, not ours. We have simply presented what they have created.

To many others who have helped us in numerous ways we are deeply indebted. We especially wish to acknowledge the kindnesses of Mr. Ellett, Mrs. Shultz, Misses Hannas and Garrison, and Mr. McBurney.

We regret that some excellent contributions had to be rejected, not on account of any lack of merit, but due to the late date at which they were handed in.
Faculty

(In the order of seniority of appointment)

PAUL BRANDON BARRINGER, M. D., LL. D.
President

JOHN McLAREN McBRIDE, Ph. D., Sc. D., LL. D.
President Emeritus

ELLISON AIGER SMYTH, JR., A. M., LL. D.
Professor of Biology

THEODOREK PRYOR CAMPBELL, A. M.
Professor of Modern Languages

ROBERT JAMES DAVIDSON, A. M.
Professor of Chemistry and Dean of Scientific Department

LINNIAK NINTH RANDOLPH, M. E.
Professor of Mechanical Engineering

SAMUEL REYNOLDS PRITCHARD, A. M.
Professor of Electrical Engineering

RICHARD HENRY HUDNALL, M. A., Ph. D.,
Professor of English

CHARLES ERASTUS VAWTER, B. S.
Professor of Physics

JOHN ROBERT PARROTT
Professor of Mechanic Arts and Director of Shops

JOHN SPENCER, V. S.
Professor of Veterinary Science

GEORGE WILLIAM WALKER, A. M.
Professor of Latin and Headmaster of School of Apprentices

FRANCIS DANIEL WILSON, M. S., Ph. D.
Professor of Chemistry

JOHN EDWARD WILLIAMS, M. A., Ph. D.
Professor of Mathematics

HARVEY LEE PRICE, M. S.
Professor of Horticulture and Dean of Agricultural Department

ROBERT ATHELSTANE MARR, C. E.
Professor of Civil Engineering and Dean of Engineering Department

GEORGE HAIRSTON JAMERSON
(Captain 29th U. S. Infantry)
Professor of Military Science and Tactics, and Commandant of Cadets

WILLIAM DARNEY SAUNDERS
Director of Creamery
Board of Visitors

J. C. CARRINGTON, Lexington, ... Charlotte, Charlotte County
(Term Expires July 1, 1912)
C. G. KIZER, Norfolk, Norfolk County
J. S. MUSGRAVE, Pocohontas, Southampton County
M. H. SMITH, Jr., Richmond, Henrico County
P. F. ST. CLAIR, Bang, Giles County

(Later page continues...)

SECRETARY OF THE BOARD
C. L. WADE, Christiansburg, Montgomery County

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
J. C. CARRINGTON, Chairman
P. F. ST. CLAIR, C. G. KIZER, H. M. SMITH, J.R.
P. D. ARRINGER, President of the Institute, ex officio.
WILLIAM GEORGE CONNER, M. E.
PROFESSOR OF MECHANIC ARTS

WILLIAM HENRY RASCH
PROFESSOR OF GRAPHICS

JOHN SAMUEL ADOLPHUS JOHNSON, M. E.
PROFESSOR OF EXPERIMENTAL ENGINEERING

CAROL MONTGOMERY NEWMAN, M. A., Ph. D.
PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC

JAMES BOLTON MCBRYDE, A. B., C. E.
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

WILLIAM EDWARD BARLOW, M. A., Ph. D.
PROFESSOR OF METALLURGY AND METALLOGraphy AND DEAN OF THE GRADUATE DEPARTMENT

WALTER JACOB QUICK, M. S., Ph. D.
PROFESSOR OF ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

STEPHEN WHITCOMB FLETCHER, M. S., Ph. D.
PROFESSOR OF EXPERIMENTAL AGRICULTURE AND DIRECTOR OF STATION

LYMAN E. CARRIER, B. S.
PROFESSOR OF AGRONOMY

OTTO CORNELIUS BURKHART, F. M., C. E.
PROFESSOR OF MINING ENGINEERING

ROY JAY HOLDEN, B. S.
PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY

HOWARD S. REED, A. B., Ph. D.
PROFESSOR OF PLANT PATHOLOGY

WALTON KIRK BRAINEED, B. S.
PROFESSOR OF DAIRY HUSBANDRY

ALFRED WASHINGTON DRINKAED, M. S.
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND ECONOMICS

FRANCIS HARRIS ABDOET, M. A.
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC

HUGH SKIPWORTH WORTHINGTON, M. A.
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES

ARTHUR PERCIVAL SPENCER, B. S.
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ANIMAL HUSBANDRY

CLARENCE PAUL MILES, M. S.
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF MODERN LANGUAGES

CLAUDIUS LEE, M. E.
ASSOCIATE AND MECHANICIAN IN THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING LABORATORY

WILLIAM MAYO BRODIE, M. E.
ASSOCIATE IN MATHEMATICS AND FIRST ASSISTANT COMMANDANT OF CADETS.
INSTRUCTORS AND ASSISTANTS

CLARENCE SIMPSON MAST, B. S.
INSTRUCTOR IN PHYSICS

JOHN JAMES DAVIS, B. S.
INSTRUCTOR IN MODERN LANGUAGES

WILLIAM PIPER ANGEL, M. A.
INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS

HARRY GUDHEIM, M. E.
INSTRUCTOR IN GRAPHICS

CHARLES WILLIAM HOLDAWAY
INSTRUCTOR IN HAVING

THOMAS BARKSDALE HUTCHESON, B. S.
INSTRUCTOR IN AGRONOMY

EDWIN BROWN FRED, B. S.
INSTRUCTOR IN MYCOLOGY

JAMES MASSIE JOHNSON
INSTRUCTOR IN FOUNDRY WORK

CHARLES HERBERT MOOREFIELD
INSTRUCTOR IN CIVIL ENGINEERING

JOHN WILLIAM TEANLEY
ASSISTANT IN FORGE WORK
ASSISTANTS

H. S. STAHL
INSTRUCTOR IN BIOLOGY

H. G. McCORMIC
ASSISTANT IN SURVEYING

J. E. BUCH
ASSISTANT IN HORTICULTURE

J. S. COOLIEY
ASSISTANT IN ENGLISH

J. H. HARVILL
ASSISTANT IN DRAWING

F. S. HOLMES
SECOND ASSISTANT COMMANDANT

G. C. STONE
THIRD ASSISTANT COMMANDANT

L. O. DAY
FOURTH ASSISTANT COMMANDANT

E. A. PAINE
ASSISTANT IN PHYSICS

J. C. MITCHELL
ASSISTANT IN MATHEMATICS

A. M. MOYDE
ASSISTANT IN SURVEYING

W. B. LIVESEY
ASSISTANT IN DRAWING

C. B. WALKER
ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

R. McBURNEY
ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

W. A. BOWLES
STUDENT-ASSISTANT IN DRAWING

G. S. EVANS
STUDENT-ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

F. P. HUFFARD
STUDENT-ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

W. R. MARTIN
STUDENT ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY

*Resigned.
OTHER OFFICERS

CHARLES I. WADE
TREASURER

MARY G. LACY
LIBRARIAN

WILLIAM F. HENDERSON, M. D.
SURGEON

DANIEL O. MATTHEWS
SUPERINTENDENT OF GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS

JOHN L. PHILLIPS, M. S.
STATE ENTOMOLOGIST

JOHN H. SCHULTZ
STEWARD OF DUNING HALL

LORENZO M. HALE
SUPERINTENDENT OF LAUNDRY

ANNA G. HANNAS
SUPERINTENDENT OF INFIRMARY

JOHN B. KELSEY
SUPERINTENDENT OF TAILORING DEPARTMENT

HENRY S. PEYTON
SUPERINTENDENT OF FARM

HUGH DOUGLAS MCtier
MUSICAL DIRECTOR

ROBERT THADDEUS ELLETT
ASSISTANT TO TREASURER AND SECRETARY OF FACULTY

CORAL JAMES CRAWFORD
SECRETARY TO PRESIDENT

LOUISE A. NEILSON
EXECUTIVE CLERK

VIRGINIA M. PATTON
CLERK TO COMMANDANT

REVS. D. J. WOODS, E. B. JACKSON, J. M. KILLIAN, W. H. H. JOYCE,
R. B. NELSON, AND E. B. MOTLEY
CHAPLAINS
In Memoriam

W. S. Martin

Died February 18, 1909

Rec. from Mrs. Susie Manges
Corps Organization

OFFICERS

W. B. MARTIN, '03.......................... President
P. P. HUFFARD, '00.......................... First Vice President
H. A. DAVIES, '10.......................... Second Vice President
H. A. WOMACK, '10.......................... Secretary
J. P. RICHTER, '11.......................... Treasurer
G. W. LAND, '11.......................... Sergeant-at-Arms
H. C. KENT, JR.......................... Prosecuting Attorney
J. M. JEWETT, '09.......................... Defending Attorney

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

V. V. KELSEY, '09
H. W. LAPRADE, '09
H. A. TILLETTE, '09
J. D. HAMILTON, '10
C. W. C. MACKAN, '10
J. O. BEARD, '11
Senior's Farewell

Good-bye to you fellows we're leaving,
It's hard as the mischief to go,
And it makes a man feel just like crying
To leave all you fellows, you know.

Of a sudden we all have grown lonesome,
And something just gnaws at the heart,
When we know that our four years are over—
Oh, say, but it is hard to part.

We've heard there's a war in the distance,
And are off to get into the fight;
Come over next year and get with us,
You'll do for our comrades, all right.

Come over and give us a handshake;
We'll be watching out there 'mid the strife,
Come over and let us be comrades,
For four years again—and for life.

P., '07.
Senior Class

OFFICERS
P. P. HUFFARD
PRESIDENT
J. T. LUTTRELL
VICE-PRESIDENT
H. H. HUTCHINSON
SECRETARY
T. P. HICKS
TREASURER
E. T. HEALY
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
Edward Cone Ainslie
Richmond, Virginia
Private, Company C
APPLIED CHEMISTRY
Variety is the very spice of life.
Athletic Editor Tock, '08; Editor-in-Chief Tock, '08-'09; Member Athletic Council, '08-'09.

Joseph Mason Anderson
Gaines Cross Roads, Virginia
Private, Company B
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
He who, secure within, can say,
"Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day."
SIDNEY BLOCKSHIDGE
Pulaski, Virginia
Private, Company E

For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny.

Master of Ceremonies Pulaski County Club, '06-97; Vice-President Pulaski County Club, '97-98; President Pulaski County Club, '98-99; Class Baseball Team, '97-98; All Class Team, '97-98; Vice-President Kodak and Camera Club, '97-98; Vice-President Kodak and Camera Club, '98-99.

EDWARD WITHERS BOWEN
Danville, Virginia
First Lieutenant, Company E

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.

Treasurer Pittsylvania Club, '06-07; Vice-President Pittsylvania Club, '07-08; Manager Class Baseball Team, '08; President Pittsylvania Club, '09-09.
RAYMOND ARTHUR CALVERT
Bloomfield, New York
Captain, Band
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
He pursues the even tenor of his way.
Captain Class Football Team, '08-'09;
Advertising Editor Boole.

THEODORICK PRYOR CAMPBELL, JR.
Blacksburg, Virginia
Private, Company A
METALLURGY
"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"
Tennis Team, '06-'07; Tennis Team, '07-'08; Class Football Team, '06-'07;
Manager Tennis, '08-'09; President German Club, '08-'09.
JERRY CARPENTER
Lynchburg, Virginia
First Lieutenant, Company A
AGRICULTURE

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt, And my grin, so merry, doves our out.

Class Football Team, '07-'08; President Lynchburg Club, '08-'09; President Agricultural Club, '08-'09; Manager Track Team, '08-'09; Treasurer Monte Carlo Club, '08-'09; Member Athletic Council, '08-'09.

JOHN WADDY CARTER, JR.
Martinsville, Virginia
Second Lieutenant, Band
GENERAL SCIENCE

I will make thee famous by my pen.

Captain Y. M. C. A. Basket-ball Team, '05-'06; Class Football Team, '08-'09; All Class Team, '08-'09; President Henry and Franklin Counties Club, '08-'09.
JOHN WALKER CARTER CATLETT
Bridges, Virginia
Private, Company A
AGRICULTURE
Pity me not, but lead thy curious
hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Sergeant-at-Arms ’09 Class, ’06-’07; 
Class Football Team, ’06-’07; Business 
Manager V. P. I. Agricultural Journal, 
’07-’08; Vice-President McGuire’s School 
Club, ’07-’08; Vice-President Lee Lit-
erary Society, ’07-’08; Assistant Business 
Manager Gray Jacket, ’07-’08. Second 
Half; President McGuire’s School Club, 
’08-’09; President Lee Literary Society, 
’08-’09; Business Manager Gray Jacket, 
’08-’09; Manager Class Baseball Team, 
’08-’09.

THOMAS VERNON CHALKLEY
Richmond, Virginia
Private, Company C
CIVIL ENGINEERING
The race is not to the swift nor the bat-
tle to the strong.
Mouse Baseball Team, ’06-’07; Class 
Baseball Team, ’07-’08; Treasurer Maury 
Literary Society, ’07-’08.
Frederick Olof Cudlipp
Richmond, Virginia
Third Lieutenant, Company C
Electrical Engineering
'Tis with our judgments as our watches;
more
So just alike, yet each believes his own.
Mouse Baseball Team, '04-'05; Secretary BaseBoard.

Richard Adams DuVal
Lynchburg, Virginia
Private, Company C
Civil Engineering
His looks do argue him replete with modesty.
ALEXANDER HARRIS
Alexandria, Virginia
Captain, Company B
CIVIL ENGINEERING
He dares do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Y. M. C. A. Editor Gray Jacket, '06-'07; Manager Class Track Team, '06-'07; Treasurer Maury Literary Society, '07-'08; Exchange Editor Gray Jacket, '07-'08; Class Football Team, '07-'08; Captain Class Baseball Team, '07-'08; Assistant Manager Varsity Track Team, '07-'08; President Maury Literary Society, '08-'09; Literary Editor Gray Jacket, '08-'09; President Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; Business Manager Bulle.

EVELYN TURNER HEALY
Matthews, Virginia
Third Lieutenant, Company B
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
The man who by his labor gets
His bread in independent state,
Who never heps, and seldom cuts,
Himself can fix or change his fate.
THOMAS PARET HICKS
Montgomery, Virginia
Second Lieutenant, Company F
CIVIL ENGINEERING
Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.
Class Football Team, '06-'07; Class Baseball Team, '06-'07; Secretary-Treasurer Cosmopolitan Club, '07-'08; Varsity Baseball Team, '07-'08; President Cosmopolitan Club, '08-'09; Varsity Football Team, '08-'09; Class Treasurer, '08-'09; Assistant Treasurer Athletic Association, '08-'09; President Episcopal Club, '08-'09.

WILLIAM THOMAS WITHERS-HOFNAGLE
Ashland, Virginia
Third Lieutenant, Company F
CIVIL, ENGINEERING
On their own merits modest men are duch.
Mouse Baseball Team, '06-'07; Class Baseball Team, '07-'08; Secretary Maury Literary Society, '07-'08; President Ashland Club, '07-'08; Class Football Team, '08-'09; Assistant Business Manager Grey Jacket, '08-'09; Vice-President Ashland Club, '08-'09; President Maury Literary Society, '08-'09.
Thomas Clyde Howard
Woodlawn, Virginia
Private, Company D
Civil Engineering

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will.

Paul Phillippe Huffman
Wytheville, Virginia
Quartermaster Captain, Staff
Applied Chemistry

Love to one, friendship to a few, good will to all.

Class Football Team, '05-'06; Treasurer Wythe County Club, '05-'06; Varsity Track Team, '05-'06; Class Treasurer, '06-'07; Varsity Football Team, '07-'08; Vice-President Class, '07-'08; Vice-President Athletic Association, '07-'08; President Junior-Senior German, '07-'08; Captain Track Team, '07-'08; Varsity Football Team, '08-'09; President Class, '08-'09; President Athletic Association, '08-'09; Vice-President Corps, '08-'09; Vice-President Wythe County Club; President Final Ball, '08-'09.
HENRY HOGE HUTCHINSON
Staunton, Virginia
Assistant Quartermaster, Staff
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
The tongue which never reveals.
Vice-President Augusta Club, '07-'08;
Secretary Kodak Club, '07-'08; Manager
Varsity Football Team, '08-'09; Secretary
and Treasurer German Club, '08-
'09; Secretary Senior Class, '08-
'09; President Shenandoah Valley Club, '08-
'09.

LOUIS CHARLES ISAAC
Norfolk, Virginia
First Lieutenant, Company D
CIVIL ENGINEERING
He is a scholar and a soldier, too.
Vice-President Norfolk Club, '07-'08;
Art Editor BLEE.
JOHN MOTLEY JEWETT
Ivanhoe, Virginia
Private, Company D
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

Jay rises in me like a summer snow.

President Wythe County Club, '07-'08; Critic Lee Literary Society, '07-'08; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, '07-'08; Defending Attorney Corps, '08-'09; President Lee Literary Society, '08-'09; Class Football, '08-'09; All Class Football Team, '08-'09.

REEF MURRAY JOHNSTON
Charlotte, North Carolina
Second Lieutenant, Company A
AGRICULTURE

His hearing is so exactly delicate.

Secretary and Treasurer North Carolina Club, '07-'08; Secretary Agricultural Club, '07-'08; President North Carolina Club, '08-'09; Vice-President Agricultural Club, '08-'09.
John Porter Jones  
Culpeper, Virginia  
Private, Company B  

True as the needle to the pole  
Or as the dial to the sun.

Class Baseball Team, '05-'06; Class Baseball Team, '06-'07; Class Football Team, '07-'08; Secretary-Treasurer Preparatory Medicine Club, '06-'07; Vice-President Preparatory Medicine Club, '07-'08; President Culpeper Club, '07-'08; Vice-President German Club, '07-'08; Varsity Football Team, '08-'09; Leader German Club, '08-'09; Leader Final Ball, '09.

Wesley Tilley Jones  
Berkeley, Virginia  
Private, Company A  
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING  

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature.

Class Football Team, '07-'08; President Norfolk Club, '08-'09.
HENRY GRADY JORDAN
Greenville, South Carolina
Private, Band
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
Who mixed reason with pleasure,
And wisdom with mirth.

JOHN WALTER KELSEY
Blacksburg, Virginia
Private, Company A
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
The world knows nothing of its genius,!
Class Baseball Team, '97-'98; Class
Football Team, '98-'99.
Victor Vivian Kelsey  
Blacksburg, Virginia  
Captain, Company A  
APPLIED CHEMISTRY  
I look upon the world with approval.  
Class Football Team, '07-'08; Assistant Business Manager The Tech, '07-'08; Secretary Class, '07-'08; President Montgomery County Club, '08-'09.

Robert Craig Kent  
Wytheville, Virginia  
First Lieutenant, Company F  
APPLIED CHEMISTRY  
Whereas is thy learning? Haste thy skill  
Her books consumed the midnight till.  
Class Historian, '06-'07; Vice-President Wythe County Club, '06-'07; Y. M. C. A. Editor Gray Jacket, '06-'07; Vice-President Lee Literary Society, '06-'07; Business Manager Gray Jacket, '07-'08; Class Historian, '07-'08; President Lee Literary Society, '07-'08, First Term; Class Representative on Bixler Board, '07-'08; Literary Editor Bugle, '08-'09; Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; President Wythe County Club, '08-'09; Y. M. C. A. Editor Gray Jacket, First Half Session, '08-'09; President Presbyterian Brotherhood, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief Gray Jacket, Second Half Session, '08-'09; Corps Prosecuting Attorney, '08-'09.
HERBERT McGOWAN KING  
Richmond, Virginia  
Private, Company C  
CIVIL ENGINEERING  
Hail-fellow, well met.  
Secretary Lee Literary Society, ’07-’08; Treasurer Lee Literary Society, ’07-’08, Second Term; Literary Editor Gray Jacket, ’07-’08; Critic Lee Literary Society, ’08-’09, First Term; Society Editor Tuck, ’08-’09; Class Historian.

FRANK KLEPPER  
Norfolk, Virginia  
Private, Company D  
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING  
Stern was his look, and dignified.
Benjamin Watkins LaPrade
Moseley's Junction, Virginia
First Lieutenant, Company B
Electrical Engineering
I have learned, in whatever state
I am, therewith to be content.
Class Baseball Team, '07; Manager
Class Football Team, '08; Class Football
Team, '08; Secretary Chesterfield and
Dinwiddie Club, '06-'07; Advertising
Editor Rough Board; Executive Com-
mittee of Corps, '08-'09; German Club.

Arthur Lloyd LeStourgeon
Farmville, Virginia
Private, Company E
Electrical Engineering
Work is my recreation.
JOSEPH TALMAGE LUTTRELL  
Falls Church, Virginia  
Private, Company A  
CIVIL ENGINEERING  
Oh, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength!
Varity Football Team, '07-'08; Captain Varsity Football Team, '08-'09; Vice-President Class, '08-'09; Manager Class Baseball Team, '06-'07; Varsity Track Team, '06-'07; Varsity Track Team, '07-'08.

WILLIAM SHACKLEFORD McCRAVEY  
Charleston, South Carolina  
Private, Company B  
CIVIL ENGINEERING  
When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I was married.
WILLIAM SOMMERS McGRaw
Richmond, Virginia
Second Lieutenant, Company E
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
They laugh that win.
Mouse Baseball Team, '06-'07; Class
Baseball Team, '07-'08; Treasurer Kodak
and Camera Club, '07-'08; President
Kodak and Camera Club, '08-'09.

DOUGLAS DICKINSON MARTIN
Gordonsville, Virginia
Adjutant Captain, Staff
SPECIAL
The grace of fashion, the model of form,
The observed of all observers.
Treasurer Orange-Albemarle Club, '06-
'07; Vice-President Medical Club, '06-
'07; President Orange-Albemarle Club,
'07-'08; Class Football Team, '07-'08;
All Class Football Team '07-'08; Presi-
dent Medical Club, '07-'08; Exchange
Editor Toek, '08-'09; Assistant Treas-
urer Athletic Association, '08-'09; Asso-
ciate Editor Agricultural Journal, '07-
'09; Manager Class Football Team, '08-
'09.
WALTER BRAMBLETT MARTIN
Glade Springs, Virginia
Private, Company C
APPLIED CHEMISTRY

Short of stature, long of head.

President: Lee Literary Society, '06-'07, Third Term; Secretary Class, '06-'07; Assistant Business Manager Gray Jacket, '06-'07, Second Half; Athletic Editor Gray Jacket, '07-'08, First Half; Editor-in-Chief Gray Jacket, '07-'08, Second Half; Assistant Editor-in-Chief Tech, '07-'08; President Class, '07-'08; Class Football Team, '07-'08; Secretary Xiets Club, '08-'09; President South-west Virginia Club, '08-'09; Associate Editor Tech, '08-'09; President Corps, '08-'09; Editor-in-Chief Beale; Member German Club.

HOORAH MEADE
Amelia, Virginia
Private, Company B
CIVIL ENGINEERING

A man of few words, who spends half his time in minding his own business and the other half in letting other people's alone.
Frederick Miller
Forest Depot, Virginia
Captain, Company F
Electrical Engineering
Replete with modesty;
The wisest man is he who thinks himself least so.
German Club.

William Dallas Moss
Huguenot, Virginia
Third Lieutenant, Company A
Mechanical Engineering
We are such stuff.
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.
Jacob Long Palmer
Harrisonburg, Virginia
Captain, Company D
Electrical Engineering
The laborer is worthy of his reward.

Flournoy Petty Pool
Naruna, Virginia
Second Lieutenant, Company D
Mechanical Engineering
Trust him, you'll find a heart of truth within this rough outside.
Edward Poe Rogers
Florence, South Carolina
Third Lieutenant, Company D
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
The secret of success is constancy of purpose.
Secretary South Carolina Club, '96-'97; President South Carolina Club, '98-99.

Frank Edward Saunders
Leesburg, Virginia
Assistant Adjutant, Staff
Agriculture
He seemed
All perfect finished to the finger nails.
Chaplain Lee Literary Society, '97; Assistant Editor Agricultural Journal, '96-'97; Vice-President Class, '96-'97; Vice-President L. F. C. Club, '97-99; President Agricultural Club, '97-99; Editor-in-Chief Agricultural Journal, '97-98; Treasurer Agricultural Club, '98-99; Vice-President L. F. C. Club, '98-99; Assistant Business Manager Bugle.
Charles Lockey Sinclair
Tabb, Virginia
Private, Company A
Electrical Engineering
Strong of his hands, and strong on his
legs, but still of his tongue.
Class Football Team, ’05-’06; Sergeant-at-Arms Class, ’07-’08; Varsity
Football Team, ’08-’09.

John Jacob Snidow
Pembroke, Virginia
Third Lieutenant, Company C
Electrical Engineering
He is short and round and somewhat fat,
But a man's a man for a' that.
Class Football Team, ’08-’09.
Atwell Somerville, Jr.
Mitchell, Virginia
Third Lieutenant, Company B
Civil Engineering
E'er gentle, and so gracious,
With all his learning.

Charles Stebbins, Jr.
Ashland, Virginia
Private, Company F
Electrical Engineering
Eternal sunshine settlin' on his head.
LANDON CUTLER STICKLEY
Woodstock, Virginia
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
He counts that they but whose low descending son.
Versus from his hand no worthy action done.

WILLIAM LYNCH TERRY
Leesburg, Virginia
Private Company F
CIVIL ENGINEERING
Like a statue solid set
And moulded in colossal calm.
JAMES STEEDMAN THORP
Buckland, Virginia
Private, Band
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING
I have learned, in whatever state I am,
herewith to be content.
Class Football Team, '06-'09; Vice-
President 1910 Class, '07-'08.

HUGH ALBERT TILLEY
Pocahontas Springs, Virginia
Captain, Company E
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
Man’s most priceless lesson is within—
his greatest legacy to posterity, a noble
character.
Treasurer L. F. C. Club, '06-'07; Class
Football Team, '07-'08; Secretary and
Treasurer L. F. C. Club, '07-'08; Vice-
President Y. M. C. A., '08-'09; President
L. F. C. Club, '08-'09.
Howard Irving Teck
Cluster Springs, Virginia
Private, Company D
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
The sunshine came along with him.

Walter Augustus Vaught
Newport, Virginia
Private, Company D
CIVIL ENGINEERING
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.
Alvan Grason Walker
Montvale, Virginia
First Lieutenant, Company C
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
In every rank, great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

Louis Ernest Walker
Richmond, Virginia
Third Lieutenant, Company A
I'll be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nobody.

Secretary and Treasurer Richmond Club, '06-'07; Vice-President Richmond Club, '07-'08; President Richmond Club, '08-'09.
Louis Washner, Jr.
Richmond, Virginia
Private, Company D
Civil Engineering
My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.

Clarence Luckett Watkins
Alexandria, Virginia
Captain, Company C
Civil Engineering
Of all the griefs that harass the dis-
tressed,
Sure the most bitter is a senseless jest.

Literary Editor Grey Jacket, '07-'08,
First Term; Business Manager Grey
Jacket, '07-'08, Second Term; Vice-Presi-
dent Maury Literary Society, '08-'09,
First and Second Terms; President, '09-
'09, Third Term; Literary Editor Bugle;
Class Baseball, '08-'09.
Otto Herman Weiss
Portsmouth, Virginia
Private Company C
Mechanical Engineering
Covered with a flaming aureole.
Class Football Team, '08-'09; President Truckers Club, '08-'09.

Ellison Augustus Williams
Charleston, South Carolina
Second Lieutenant, Company C
Applied Chemistry
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere.

Mouse Football Team, '05-'06; Mouse Baseball Team, '05-'06; Mouse Football Team, '06-'07; Mouse Baseball Team, '06-'07; Class Baseball Team, '07-'08; President South Carolina Club, '07-'08.
WILLIAM THOMAS WOOD
Norfolk, Virginia
Third Lieutenant, Company E
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
Along the cool sequenter'd vale of life
He kept the noiseless tenor of his way,
Class Football Team, '98-'99.
The Journey of '09 Through V. P. I.

HANDLE that time-worn manuscript with care, my son. It is priceless in that it throws remarkable light upon a bit of history and the customs of the times many, many years ago. Upon my death you will be the thirty-seventh generation to which it has descended. At the time of "The Journey of Naught-Nine Through V. P. I.", your first ancestor, of whom we have even the remotest records, was a Mogul at that renowned institution. What has my encyclopedia here to say of the Moguls?

"The order of Moguls at the ancient institute of Veepeci was in a large measure the foundation for the radical change history has taken in the last thousand years. The fundamental principles advanced by these independent, chivalric, young adventurers—histories of the time speak of them as "Cadets"—are practically those that have given the great Jupiterist party the power it is wielding today. Historians claim that it was the very spirit of independence that first brought the Moguls into existence, and that their first rise against authority was when they attacked at midnight a stronghold of the Facultites, Fortress Creamery, and carried away eighty pounds of cheese as booty. It can be said that the Moguls lived in advance of their age, for while they were independent and democratic in spirit, the Facultites constituted the tail-end of the Inquisition.

"It is thought that in after years every Mogul but one, who at the last minute "picked a few dills" (the meaning of this phrase baffles all research), was banished to Jupiter on the World, Mars, Jupiter, Limited. Mars, first called Marr's Crossing, was perhaps named at this time from Colonel Marr, of Veepeci, who was the first to successfully span with plate girders the treacherous creek of other from the World to Mars, though this is very uncertain, as all records concerning the W. M. J., Ltd., were long since burned. At any rate, Jupiterists claim the Moguls as their progenitors, and assert that history was merely repeating itself when they captured the Moon from the World, after it had been converted into cheese by the successful experiments carried on by the "Profs" of the Veepeci. An eminent scholar of today advances the theory that by "Profs" were meant Cheese-heads.

"All the World's records, with one or two exceptions, were destroyed in the World-Jupiter War, and what has been said regarding the Moguls and other references is mostly conjecture, built on an occasional fact.'

"Now, my son, I have read you this that you can better understand this priceless history to follow. One of the few facts of
which we are certain is that the history of the 1909 Class of the ancient school, the Veepee, was closely, very closely, interwoven with the history of the Moguls."

I

It was on September 20, 1905, in the fifth year of our Commandant, Colonel J. S. A. Johnson, that it came to pass that, throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion of Virginia and even in far-distant territories, young swains did pack their trunks, bid farewell to all that was dear and sacred to them, and journey far into the recesses of the mountains of Virginia to the unknown town of Blacksburg. In the said town be it known that then, as now, was located the renowned institution of learning—V. P. I.

Be it also known that in the said institute there were four classes of inhabitants differing as widely from each other as the four seasons of the year. First in importance and dignity, coolness and dignity, and yet some more dignity, were those known as Seniors. Second to Seniors only were the Juniors, frequently a very disturbing and peace-killing element. Next the Sophomores, and then the Rats!! Verily the paddles of the third and fourth generations of Sophs descended to chastise them in body and spirit. It was under these conditions that the Class of 1909 launched upon its brief career of four years' college life.

What a nightmare those first few weeks! Bleak barracks and white-washed walls—few friends and many Sophomores! But those weeks slowly passed, and, with each successive day, we grew tougher and more thoroughly drilled in the domestic requirements of rats.

With the aid of A. D. Williams, President of the Senior Class, we organized and elected J. C. Walker as our first president. Walker was a sub on the famous '05 team, the team that impressed upon the North as well as the South that V. P. I. was no longer playing "prep school" football. They were the warriors who scalped the Army and Virginia, and left them a bunch of "sore-
heads," The sum and total of that season was—V. P. L., 359; opponents, 24. In class football that year, the material began developing that was in a few years to give the Varsity so many '09 men.

Our first regular track team was organized soon after Christmas, and, at the meet in Richmond, we did remarkably well considering the short space of time in which the team was gotten together.

And verily it was about this time that the rodent inhabitants grew daily fresher, yea, freshness; Old Sol arose one Sunday morn to disclose the sacrilege of a tempestuous night, and to drive the darkness of a wintry reveille into the souls of rats. Painted rat numerals blazed defiance at every turn. Black clouds rolling across Soph brows excluded the last ray of hope from "Les Misérables." The dull morn of the wind as the paddles descended was merely the echo of the dying spirits within the hapless. But we drop the curtain on this and similar reigns of terror. Several weeks after we rested occasionally by sitting down, and once again things moved in their usual rut.

The time for rooting at baseball games soon came—it was spring, and most of us found it necessary to rest from morning classes, evening work, and drill, and to patronize the sick call—just for that tired feeling.

Examinations came quickly, and many of us were forced to drown the sorrow of III's and IV's in the pleasures of Finals. And then we were rats no longer!

II

Scene: Desert Place (Quadrangle)
(Thunder and Lightning)
Enter Sophs:

"Rip! rah! ree!" 
"Rip! rah! roar!"
"Who roar?"
"We roar!"
"Soph-o-more!"

"Rat!!!" yelled the whole bunch.
"Who? Me?" squeaked the lean object of their wrath.
"Yes, you! Golly, rat, you're fresh. Wipe that smile off—that's right. Now yell 'Hog'."
“H—o—g,” weakly.
“Louder, rat! Yell, Hog! Piggie-hog!”
“Piggie-hog,” still not loud enough.
“Louder, ru-a-a-a-t!”
“Professor Abbot says I’m not to strain my voice. I’m going to be the Glee Club this year.”

A chorus of “Good’s” echo against the walls of old Number One. “Just the rodent we’re looking for. Warble this laundry list to the tune of ‘Home, Sweet Home.’ Shako it up!”

“Shirts, collars, cuffs, pajam—” but the rat got no farther—there had been a stampede of Sophs in search of more promising game.

Yes, you have recognized us—those last year’s rats you read about—and the above scene was merely one of those that hourly helped to idle away our Sophomore days.

But other things attracted our attention and occupied our time. When we were not engaged in “bearding Jamie in his office,” that is, getting numerous “sticks removed,” we were rooting chants to “Bovine,” our football guardian spirit, who that year gave us another team to be proud of. A literal translation of “Jamie” would be Colonel Jamerson, but it would be entirely impossible to convey in mere words, the real depth of feeling connected with that magic name when lisped by cadets. Colonel Jamerson, Captain, 29th Infantry, U. S. A., was our new Commandant, and successor to Col. J. S. A. Johnson.

In October the corps went to Richmond to see the V. P. L. Carolina game, and, as a side issue, to give to assembled Richmonders and Carolinians a demonstration of real rooting. Well—“‘twas a tie, a no-score game,” but that day the lusty “Hokies” and brass buttons made the capitol city a V. P. L. town.

It would take a volume to tell what we did and what we tried to do that year. Were we not the possessors of countless rat domestics, and did we not find that time was as hard as money was easy to spend? On rare occasions we studied, and, on rarer occasions, even went to reveille to break the monotony of “sleeping through.”

Those days passed swiftly and we enjoyed them. First and second terms had slipped by unconsciously, and we soon found ourselves face to face with the third term examinations. These passed, both successfully and unsuccessfully, brought us to the
realization of the cherished ideal and the hallowed precedent of Sophomores. We ate, drank, and made merry, but the rats took to the woods and to the farmers' hay-stacks—it was the night of the Sophomore Banquet!

But Finals did not end our college year. As soon as they were over, the corps went into camp at Jamestown, and for ten days we took in the sights of the Exposition. Nor was that all—an hour each day we went on exhibition for the world to admire, and to number us among the numerous wonders it had seen.

On the evening of June 12, Virginia Day, the corps was disbanded there at camp, and, after many handshakes and farewells, each of us "hiked" it home for the summer.

III

GRAND MOGUL: "When shall we Mognuls meet again, in thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

MOGULS. (allegedly): "When their anger its course has run at our deeds that must be done."

GRAND MOGUL: "Where the place?"

MOGULS: "Where the shadows darkest lay, Behind the Y. M. C. A."

On September 18, 1907, we entered upon what is considered the critical year in college life—the Junior year. And, as Juniors, we had the two elements, Senior dignity and Sophomore effusion, striving for supremacy. Quite naturally extremes both ways were frequent, but the vast majority of our class "stuck" at that blissful combination—the happy medium.

In the fall football dominated both thought and conversation, and it was with untold joy that we watched "Bob" Williams turn out a Varsity to be proud of. Only two games lost on a heavy schedule was their record. Perhaps the culmination of football enthusiasm was reached when the corps went to Roanoke on November 9 to the V. M. I. game. That was certainly a notable day! Not only did we put it all over V. M. I., but, as in Richmond the year before, we established the "Orange and Maroon firmly in the affections of 'Miss' Roanoke."
Well, if that day was memorable for victory and a "hail-fellow, well met" time, so was that night memorable for interrupted slumbers and ominous escape of steam and cuss words coming back on the "Huckleberry."

With a tremendous puff, the "Huckleberry," exhausted and panting after five trials and the loss of an hour's time, finally slipped over the hill at Christiansburg and slid down to Merrimac, where it rested fifteen or twenty minutes. Then again it pulled out on its mad race against time. What had been the engine became a hissing, shrieking monster, tearing over the rails. The reckless hilarity of the engineer traveled over the flying cinders and red-hot coals to mingle with the nasal intonations in the coaches, and, at a speed of four miles a week, dashed the "Huckleberry" on—on around the "forty-degree" curves.

There! The brakes—emergency brakes! And with the bumping and creaking of the cars was mingled the shriek of each of the snorers, who imagined that he had been tackled in the midst of a grand-stand play by the whole V. M. I. team. A red light was on the track! With infinite disgust the engineer climbed back to his seat—it had been a "put-up" job—a fake. And, alas! What scientific cussing when they had to back—back to get another start.

Around this curve again dashed the invincible "Huckleberry," and the hope of taking the long gradual rise ahead in one trial sprung high in the engineer's breast. But alas, again the engineer proposed, and Moguls disposed! The rails were greased! After wasting another hour, they finally rolled into that whitewashed box, the V. A. C. & Ry. Co, terminal, and the trip was over.

It can be said, whether truthfully or not, that our Junior year was more dramatic than the French Revolution, and all the students and the faculty at V. P. I. will certainly agree. Hardly had the greased rail episode become history before the minds of those fiends incarnate, the Moguls, were again busy. One thing was sure, and that was that there were not enough wild animals at V. P. I. Well, zebras were mighty pretty and attractive animals; why not get a zebra? "Good! Dauphine idea!"

The outrage that occurred one dark night in late November is now legendary, but tradition has it thus: One fine morning cadet inhabitants awoke to have the joyous excitement ring in their ears that over night a wonderful transformation had taken place. Oh, wonderful miracle! The Colonel's horse had taken unto himself the aspect of a zebra, and great was the rejoicing thereat.
That day a kind of bluish atmosphere hung over the Administration Building, and whether this was taken by Cadets as an evil omen or not is not quite certain, but that day few ventured down to have "sticks" removed.

"Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!"

In this manner the history of our class progressed. We will not dwell on all the incidents that make that period "romantic," but will hurry to that time when we ceased to be Juniors, donned the "toga," and became Seniors.

On Field Day we took eight first places, not counting the Consolation Race; eight second places, and carried off the championship honors of the day.

In baseball we were not so fortunate as to win the championship, but nevertheless had a good team, and showed up well in all of the games.

The third term flew by, and Finals, the most enjoyable to us so far, loomed up in all their glory. Instead of banqueting and chasing rats, as the preceding year, we "tripped the light fantastic toe," and "ecceo!"—it was the night of the Junior-Senior.

IV

In commencing the last chapter of the '09 history, it seems to me that, knowing the proverbial reputation of all Seniors, it might be wise to give one or two of the first great questions and perplexities that confronted us in our exalted state, and how we disposed of them.

Questions upon which depended the future welfare of the college could not be lightly passed, and while some of our guiding luminaries were taking from two to three weeks in pondering as to just what their attitude to under-classmen not favored by their personal attachment should be, others of us were taking from three weeks to a month, with daily trips to the tailor, to decide what color lining we should have in our caps, or whether we should get genuine or imitation pigskin puttees.

As usual, football soon came in for a "hog's" share of attention,
and left many vital questions to be taken up again at a later
date. Coach "Gus" Brown, of Princeton, gathered together a
bunch of braves, and soon had them whipped into such shape that
on October 4th they gave Princeton the scare of its life—4 to 0 in
V. P. I.'s favor at the end of the first half. But the Tigers came
back with fresh material in the second half, and proved to be too
much for us in the long run. On October 15th the corps went to
Lynchburg to see the team do up Washington and Lee to the
melody of 15 to 4. A bunch of loyal W. and L. rooters decorated
a hearse with V. P. I. colors and brought it on the field just as
our team made their first touch-down. This being too much for
them, they turned in hasty retreat, but not before "Sally" had
draped a W. and L. banner on the rear of the hearse.

After foot-ball, what? Usually exams, and then Xmas, but
this time another question—the emancipation of rats! Not now,
but in years to come, odes on this "bloodless revolution" by the
descendants of "'12" rats will enrich literature. In one night the
"big stick" of power was ruthlessly plucked from the unyielding
grip of Sophs, and "Recollections on Rat-hood" added another
volume to V. P. I.'s history. Then exams—then the holidays!

Following the same old routine of things after Xmas brings
us up to the present time—the time of the Brook going to press,
and, not being prophet as well as historian, this is the point at
which I must leave our '09 history incomplete.

Perhaps from our extreme fondness for our Alma Mater, or
perhaps due to a dismal-looking IV here and there, some of us will
not accept our diplomas in June, but will return again next year
and live the life of an independent "Post-(poned) Graduate." Others
will graduate and pass out into the world in pursuance of
their various vocations, and these we soon hope to place in the list
of our famous alumni.

Much more might be said of our exploits and experiences, but
we believe, like Irvine, that the lapse of time will allow our
memories to become just sufficiently indistinct for us to make ours-
elves the heroes of these various exploits, and, in years to come,
we will laugh with you over the gilded tales of life at V. P. I.
The Ship

Over the sands at even,
Plunging across the bar,
A ship rides into its haven,
Laden with spoils from afar.

Silks of the fairest texture
With warp and woof of gold,
Pearls from bright orient rivers,
All safe within its hold.

What if just off Gibraltar
A storm came battling down
And wrestled for its treasure,
Making its courage grow?

What if in narrow passes
Among the Arctic cliffs
The cruel ice-fangs whitened
From hungry, foam-decked lips?

She reeks not of the danger
Who with her white sails furled,
Sways now at anchor, laden
With the wealth of all the world.

Wherever gold was hidden
In the secret, distant mine,
Or the busy mart re-sold,
Or on hill-sides grew the vine.

She thrust her prow in harbor
And tarried at the port,
Filling her greedy coffers
With gems of every sort.

A Doge's robe from Venice,
A castle fair from Spain,
From Rome a crown of laurel
With a wine that deadens pain.

And stories of the Old World,
Of knight and damsel fair,
Of nightingales and roses
And moonlight calm and fair.

All gathered safe in her bosom,
All harbored deep in her breast.
While the ship sways now at anchor,
Her white sails furled "At Rest."

65
Farewell, Seniors?

Good-bye to you, Seniors, we'll miss you,
We've found you all decent-sized men;
We don't like this parting a little,
And some day we will see you again.

Out there at the front, where you're going
To mix in the battle of life,
We know you'll be busy as thunder
And up to your shoulders in strife.

But, say, don't forget us entirely,
Just drop us a line now and then.
We'll be glad to get news from you, fellows—
We like you—you're decent-sized men.

P. '97.
Junior Class

F. C. STONEBURNER
PRESIDENT

A. D. AUSTIN
VICE-PRESIDENT

L. A. PORTER
SECRETARY

C. H. SLAYTON
TREASURER

E. R. HODGSON
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

C. T. ADAMS
HISTORIAN
### Junior Class Roll

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>POSTOFFICE</th>
<th>COUNTY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ADAMS, Charles Taylor</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AUSTIN, Arthur Donald</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AYRE, Vivian Eastwood</td>
<td>Waterford</td>
<td>Loundoun, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BILLETTN, Harry Evans</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BISHOP, Oakley Maurice</td>
<td>Riner</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BROOKING, Grover Cleveland</td>
<td>Orange</td>
<td>Orange, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUXTON, James Arnold</td>
<td>Newport News</td>
<td>Warwick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CLEMMER, David Preston</td>
<td>Middlebrook</td>
<td>Augusta, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COLEMAN, Frederick Page</td>
<td>South Boston</td>
<td>Halifax, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COWART, William Slater</td>
<td>Cowart</td>
<td>Northumberland, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHWATER, Carl Giles</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDWARDS, John W.</td>
<td>Arvonia</td>
<td>Buckingham, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRANKENFIELD, Mason Wayne</td>
<td>Pugeon</td>
<td>West Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRY, David Warner</td>
<td>Ashsah</td>
<td>Madison, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GIBBS, Aubrey Gravatt</td>
<td>Port Royal</td>
<td>Caroline, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAMILTON, John Donald</td>
<td>Newport News</td>
<td>Warwick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HARDROVE, Nathan David, Jr.</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAWKINS, Herman Bruce</td>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>Nansemond, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HEATH, John Murphy</td>
<td>Naruna</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOBSON, Emory Riddling</td>
<td>East Falls Church</td>
<td>Alexandria, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOLMES, Henry Hart</td>
<td>Pulaski</td>
<td>Pulaski, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HOLT, Henry Daniel</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HUGH, John Letburn</td>
<td>Newport News</td>
<td>Warwick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HULTMAN, Edgar Joseph Waldemar</td>
<td>Sweet Hall</td>
<td>King William, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JACKSON, William Harrison</td>
<td>Jetersville</td>
<td>Amelia, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JINKS, William Yankey, Jr.</td>
<td>Ashland</td>
<td>Hanover, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOHNSON, Innes Randolph</td>
<td>Bostelb</td>
<td>Poughatan, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JONES, Harry Gilford</td>
<td>Doe Hill</td>
<td>Highland, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KERLIN, Jacob Harry</td>
<td>Newport News</td>
<td>Warwick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KILIAN, Leo Julius</td>
<td>Newport News</td>
<td>Warwick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LAM, Frank Beverley</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEIGH, Nathaniel, Bacon</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LEWIN, Edward Bathurst</td>
<td>Howardsville</td>
<td>Albemarle, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LUCAS, James Beresford</td>
<td>Riner</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MACKALL, Kenneth Walker</td>
<td>Baltimore</td>
<td>Maryland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MACKAN, Cras, Woodfolk Coleman</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MALM, Carl Paul Alfred</td>
<td>Newport News</td>
<td>Warwick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MASSIE, Casbar Pancratius</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MILLER, James Abair</td>
<td>Saltville</td>
<td>Smyth, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MONTGOMERY, Wallace McVee</td>
<td>Clare</td>
<td>Augusta, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUSSE, Harry Plain</td>
<td>Salem</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NERLETT, Sterling Rivers</td>
<td>McKenzie</td>
<td>Dincladie, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAINTER, Heath Campbell</td>
<td>Pulaski</td>
<td>Pulaski, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PITTS, David Marion</td>
<td>Elk Hill</td>
<td>Goochland, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PORTER, Lawrence Ashton</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QUANTZ, Karl Emil Edward</td>
<td>Hildesheim</td>
<td>Germany</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RAMET, Frederic</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RATHELL, Warren Carpenter</td>
<td>Wye Mills</td>
<td>Maryland</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

72
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Postoffice</th>
<th>County</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rogers, Mark Wilson</td>
<td>Monterey</td>
<td>Mexico</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shackleford, Randolph</td>
<td>Charleston</td>
<td>South Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shank, James Bernard</td>
<td>Crewe</td>
<td>Nottoway, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherrill, Thomas Cole</td>
<td>Marion</td>
<td>Smyth, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skrocky, Joseph Porter</td>
<td>Manuring</td>
<td>West Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skinner, James Benjamin</td>
<td>Halfway</td>
<td>Fauquier, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slayton, Clarence Harvey</td>
<td>St. Joseph</td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spinkler, Daniel Hoag</td>
<td>Christiansburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stoneburner, Frank Curtis</td>
<td>Edinburg</td>
<td>Shenandoah, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sutton, Louis Valvella</td>
<td>Petersburg</td>
<td>Dinwiddie, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trenor, Henry Milton</td>
<td>Newport</td>
<td>Craig, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaughan, Harry Bridges</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vawter, James Elliott</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wade, Robert Thos Mosby</td>
<td>Christiansburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walker, Luther Somers</td>
<td>Woodstock</td>
<td>Shenandoah, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Womack, Henry Archer</td>
<td>Amsterdam</td>
<td>Georgia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wright, William Leven</td>
<td>Keezletown</td>
<td>Rockingham, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wysoh, Davidson Charkton</td>
<td>Dublin</td>
<td>Pulaski, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yeaton, Harold Clark</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Sophomore Class

J. C. Chambers
President

J. A. Hale
Vice-President

R. C. Syfan
Secretary

G. I. Berkeley
Treasurer

W. E. Smith
Sergeant-at-Arms

E. E. Stafford
Historian
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Postoffice</th>
<th>County</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Alexander, Joseph</td>
<td>Pulaski</td>
<td>Pulaski, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambler, Philip St.</td>
<td>Lynchburg</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ashley, Bernard</td>
<td>Culpeper</td>
<td>Culpeper, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Austin, Dennis</td>
<td>Finecastle</td>
<td>Botetourt, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baughman, Cyrus</td>
<td>Rural Retreat</td>
<td>Wythe, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beard, Joseph Owen</td>
<td>Linville Depot</td>
<td>Rockingham, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bell, James Harelee</td>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>Nansemond, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benson, Frank Robert</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berkeley, John</td>
<td>Danville</td>
<td>Pittsylvania, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berkeley, George</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black, James Leslie</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackstock, James Marquis</td>
<td>Staunton</td>
<td>Augusta, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blankenship, Ray</td>
<td>Naruna</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowles, Joseph Otay</td>
<td>Chester</td>
<td>Chesterfield, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowman, John</td>
<td>Rochelle</td>
<td>Madison, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Briggs, Ralph</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Briggs, Charles N.</td>
<td>Emporia</td>
<td>Greensville, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bright, Graham Brunnard</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burgess, Herbert</td>
<td>Ridgeway</td>
<td>Henry, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chambers, Joseph</td>
<td>N. Bloomsfield</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chilton, Ralph</td>
<td>Lancaster C. H.</td>
<td>Lancaster, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Church, Guy Northrop</td>
<td>Falls Church</td>
<td>Fairfax, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleaton, Marvin</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corb, Henry Elyanx</td>
<td>Seymour</td>
<td>Indiana</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collier, Thomas R.</td>
<td>Hampton</td>
<td>Elizabeth City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connolly, Frederick</td>
<td>Scranton</td>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooper, Samuel</td>
<td>Prospect Dale</td>
<td>Giles, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connors, Russell</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Covington, John</td>
<td>Danville</td>
<td>Pittsylvania, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crabill, Charles</td>
<td>Galax</td>
<td>Carroll, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crowder, Frank</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cumming, Charles Bailey</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cunningham, Frank</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cunningham, Brant</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Darney, John Collins</td>
<td>Lynchburg</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Darney, William Taylor</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis, Adam Clarke Jr.</td>
<td>Goldsboro</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis, Martin Lee</td>
<td>Chincoteague Island</td>
<td>Accomac, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dundie, Grattan</td>
<td>Weyer's Cave</td>
<td>Augusta, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Early, Harry Edward</td>
<td>Galax</td>
<td>Carroll, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eifert, Charles Herbert</td>
<td>Rural Retreat</td>
<td>Wythe, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eubank, James Norvell</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Postoffice</td>
<td>County</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Evans, Andrew Browne</td>
<td>Lanesview</td>
<td>Essex, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harting, Fred Gardner</td>
<td>Lightfoot</td>
<td>James City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcher, Arthur Amos</td>
<td>Fredericksburg</td>
<td>Spotsylvania, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster, Charles Wesley</td>
<td>Culpeper</td>
<td>Culpeper, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster, Clifford Smith</td>
<td>Ocean View</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friedman, Thomas Henry</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fenston, William Pratt</td>
<td>Port Royal</td>
<td>Caroline, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gillespie, Berkeley Shelburne</td>
<td>Denver</td>
<td>Colorado</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goodwin, Elmer Grafton</td>
<td>Bybee</td>
<td>Fluvanna, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gravatt, George Flippo</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graves, Page McKinney</td>
<td>Holladay</td>
<td>Spotsylvania, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groes, James Sunday, Jr.</td>
<td>Virginia Beach</td>
<td>Princess Anne, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guthrie, William Crockett</td>
<td>Dublin</td>
<td>Pulaski, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guy, James Emmett, Jr.</td>
<td>Marion</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall, Jural Anderson</td>
<td>Rocky Mount</td>
<td>Franklin, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall, John Robert</td>
<td>Pulaski</td>
<td>Pulaski, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hankins, Cyrus</td>
<td>Williamsburg</td>
<td>James City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris, Walter Campbell</td>
<td>Bedford City</td>
<td>Bedford, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris, William Gibson</td>
<td>Alexandria</td>
<td>Alexandria, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrison, Thomas Randolph</td>
<td>Tallysville</td>
<td>New Kent, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hart, Joel Cecil</td>
<td>Meherrin</td>
<td>Lunenburg, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvey, William Thurmond</td>
<td>Minden</td>
<td>West Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heckman, Edward</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henley, Ern Kunkel</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herbin, William Monro</td>
<td>Zuni</td>
<td>Isle of Wight, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hodgeson, Asbury Nathaniel</td>
<td>E. Falls Church</td>
<td>Alexandria, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hodgeson, Vivian Burnett</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard, Warren Weston</td>
<td>Hampton</td>
<td>Elizabeth City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huskey, William Mackie</td>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James, Harry O'Neill</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeffery, Aldox George</td>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>Nansemond, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeffries, McClesney Hill</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kirkbridge, Paul</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Land, George William</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larew, John J.</td>
<td>Staunton</td>
<td>Augusta, Ga.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legge, Frederick Hughes</td>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lehrs, Harry Enkress</td>
<td>Lykens</td>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lockhart, Asie</td>
<td>Wadesboro</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucas, Frank Jerome</td>
<td>Delaplane</td>
<td>Fauquier, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarter, John Francis</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maloney, John Paul</td>
<td>Hosmer</td>
<td>Charlotte, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marchant, Earl Leywood</td>
<td>Cricket Hill</td>
<td>Mathews, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merry, Ora McKissick</td>
<td>Stillwater</td>
<td>Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minton, Hugh Chapman</td>
<td>Smithfield</td>
<td>Isle of Wight, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Post Office</td>
<td>County</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moomaw, John Clayton</td>
<td>Ben</td>
<td>Alleghany, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morris, James Maury</td>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
<td>Albemarle, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morton, D'Arcy Paul</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musgrave, Joseph Simmons, Jr.</td>
<td>Boykins</td>
<td>Southampton, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nelson, Charles George</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newhill, John Williams</td>
<td>Center Cross</td>
<td>Essex, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omoregindro, Floyd Alvin</td>
<td>Maple Grove</td>
<td>Westmoreland, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overman, William Joseph</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pendleton, Lewis Smith</td>
<td>Cuckoo</td>
<td>Louisa, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pierce, Edward Henry</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Porter, Stephen Lawson</td>
<td>Cripple Creek</td>
<td>Wythe, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pottage, John</td>
<td>News Ferry</td>
<td>Halifax, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Powell, Maynard Robert</td>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>Nansemond, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peitits, New bill Dickinson</td>
<td>Chase City</td>
<td>Mecklenburg, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prosser, Fred Keel</td>
<td>Ashland</td>
<td>Hanover, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reagan, Harry</td>
<td>Danville</td>
<td>Pittsylvania, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revilla, Carlos</td>
<td>Puebla</td>
<td>Mexico</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richardson, Lancelot Minor</td>
<td>Sonora Vista</td>
<td>Rockbridge, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richter, John Paul</td>
<td>Sarhur</td>
<td>Alleghany, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rison, William, Jr.</td>
<td>Chatham</td>
<td>Pittsfield, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roberts, William Saunders</td>
<td>Rocky Mount</td>
<td>Franklin, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rorison, Bartlett Todd</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Gloucester, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robinson, Lefter Moore, Jr.</td>
<td>Bowling Green</td>
<td>Caroline, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rogers, Frank Mandeville</td>
<td>Florence</td>
<td>South Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rogers, Holcomb</td>
<td>Lovingston</td>
<td>Nelson, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rudberg, Ernest</td>
<td>Acesme</td>
<td>Acesme, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Satterwhite, James Harrison</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saunders, Richard Ernest</td>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>Nansemond, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savage, William Warren</td>
<td>Mappeville</td>
<td>Acesme, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Evan William</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sierra, Ramon y del Calvo</td>
<td>Guanabasea</td>
<td>Cuba</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silverter, Willie Wilson</td>
<td>Berkeley</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, William Edwin</td>
<td>Kimball</td>
<td>West Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, William Henry, Jr.</td>
<td>Charlotte</td>
<td>Charlotte, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spangler, Byron Dement</td>
<td>Buena Vista</td>
<td>Rockbridge, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spittler, Bernard Hall</td>
<td>Luray</td>
<td>Page, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stafford, Edwin Earl</td>
<td>Eggleston</td>
<td>Giles, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Clair, Lynch</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stuart, Quin Worns</td>
<td>Christiansburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suttlemire, Philip Johnson</td>
<td>Granite Falls</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tanner, Paul Alexander</td>
<td>Brookhead</td>
<td>Campbell, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor, Rupert Gray</td>
<td>Stillwater</td>
<td>Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson, Percy Hutchinson</td>
<td>Keyesville</td>
<td>Charlotte, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waldrop, Alexander Atkinson</td>
<td>Clifton Forge</td>
<td>Alleghany, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watkins, John Benjamin, Jr.</td>
<td>Midlothian</td>
<td>Chesterfield, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waugh, Dan Blair</td>
<td>Galax</td>
<td>Grayson, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waugh, William Swift</td>
<td>Galax</td>
<td>Grayson, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weisnger, Carly</td>
<td>Ashland</td>
<td>Hanover, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, William Veale Herbert</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, James, Jr.</td>
<td>Newport News</td>
<td>Warwick, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, Montrey Osbourne</td>
<td>Keyesville</td>
<td>Charlotte, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winfield, Richard Marshall</td>
<td>Brunswick</td>
<td>Rappahannock, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winston, John Robinson</td>
<td>Hanover</td>
<td>Hanover, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood, Davis Miller</td>
<td>Baldwin Station</td>
<td>Botetourt, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wren, Joseph Robert</td>
<td>Chilhowie</td>
<td>Smyth, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wright, Royce Eastwood</td>
<td>Hughes Ferry</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyatt, Fred Tate</td>
<td>Buchanan</td>
<td>Botetourt, Va</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yancy, Frederick Holmes</td>
<td>South Boston</td>
<td>Halifax, Va</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Freshman Class

W. Simmons
President

G. G. Garrison
Vice-President

F. T. Wall
Secretary

W. J. Lippert
Treasurer

E. R. Norris
Sergeant-at-Arms
**Freshman Class Roll**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Postoffice</th>
<th>County</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Frank McDaniell</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atwellotte, Charles Carey</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barney, Hugh Sanders</td>
<td>Hampton</td>
<td>Elizabeth City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barton, Edward Thomas</td>
<td>Dublin</td>
<td>Pulaski, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baugham, Nelson</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peak, William Hill</td>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bell, Orville Clifton, Jr.</td>
<td>Bedford</td>
<td>Bedford, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Board, John Arnold</td>
<td>Lynch's</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brinkley, George Ernest</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bland, Manly, Jr.</td>
<td>Newton</td>
<td>King and Queen, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berton, Augustus Allen</td>
<td>Petersburg</td>
<td>Dinwiddle, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castro, Roselio Fernandez</td>
<td>Guanabaco</td>
<td>Cuba</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carrington, Mayo</td>
<td>Ashland</td>
<td>Hanover, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Child, Cyrus Harding</td>
<td>Lancaster</td>
<td>Lancaster, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clark, Roy Griffith</td>
<td>Vicksburg</td>
<td>Mississippi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coleman, Nathaniel Raindale</td>
<td>South Boston</td>
<td>Halifax, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connelly, Charles Watt</td>
<td>Gladys</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cooper, Frank Cullen</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curd, Jerome Moore</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Davis, William Gray</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deardel, Horace Theodore</td>
<td>Berryville</td>
<td>Clarke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Derry, Claude Palmer</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dickson, James Newton</td>
<td>Organ Cave</td>
<td>West Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drummond, Frank Carin</td>
<td>Amherst</td>
<td>Amherst, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dunn, Bennett Rivers</td>
<td>Wilmington</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echols, Oliver Patton</td>
<td>University of Virginia</td>
<td>Albemarle, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Enslow, Lewis Harrison</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epler, William Levi, Jr.</td>
<td>Baltimore</td>
<td>Maryland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferguson, John Thomas</td>
<td>Danville</td>
<td>Pittsylvania, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finck, Garnett Holstein</td>
<td>Saltville</td>
<td>Smyth, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flax, Olyne Lee</td>
<td>Jonesville</td>
<td>Lee, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garrison, George Glenn</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Givens, Harry Clarence</td>
<td>Sinking Creek</td>
<td>Craig, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gregory, James Norman</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grove, Maurice Jerome</td>
<td>Max Meadows</td>
<td>Wythe, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groves, Walter Edmon</td>
<td>Phoebus</td>
<td>Elizabeth City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gty, Frank Henley</td>
<td>Hampton</td>
<td>Elizabeth City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hardy, Robert Nelson</td>
<td>Chase City</td>
<td>Mecklenburg, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>POSTOFFICE</td>
<td>COUNTY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>------------------</td>
<td>-----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heard, Sanford Kreise</td>
<td>Lynchburg</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henderson, Henry Grady</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hicks, Louis Wheeler</td>
<td>Rockville</td>
<td>Maryland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hill, Marvin Smith</td>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>Nansemond, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holmes, Joseph Clarence</td>
<td>Delton</td>
<td>Pulaski, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howy, Dan Dunbar</td>
<td>East Radford</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janczolo, Peter Uraldo</td>
<td>Graham</td>
<td>Tazewell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones, John Ravenscroft</td>
<td>Rawlings</td>
<td>Brunswick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jones, Thomas Mercer</td>
<td>Culpeper</td>
<td>Culpeper, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kenney, Peter Freeman</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Killian, Alphonse J.</td>
<td>Newport News</td>
<td>Elizabeth City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lankford, Robert Preston, Jr.</td>
<td>Staunton</td>
<td>Augusta, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law, Clyde Arbise</td>
<td>York</td>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lederwood, Gist Templeton</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liveness, Edward Alexander</td>
<td>Fishersville</td>
<td>Augusta, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Logan, Robert Henry</td>
<td>Salem</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lenox, Byron Long</td>
<td>Moyock</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lenox, William Ray</td>
<td>Moyock</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lippert, William Joseph, Jr.</td>
<td>Winston-Salem</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McFadden, William Alexander</td>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>Nansemond, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKnight, Charles Hershcel</td>
<td>Lynchburg</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mann, Samuel Alexander</td>
<td>Fort Spring</td>
<td>West Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin, John Dickerson</td>
<td>Salem</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Massie, James Hudson</td>
<td>Sandidges</td>
<td>Amberst, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menefee, Lee Motley</td>
<td>Illey Mount</td>
<td>Franklin, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, John Scott</td>
<td>Wytheville</td>
<td>Wythe, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minter, Siam Remen</td>
<td>Leatherwood</td>
<td>Henry, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mock Floyd</td>
<td>Emmett</td>
<td>Tennessee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moses, Novell O'Neal</td>
<td>Chatham</td>
<td>Pittsylvania, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nebbett, John Gilmour</td>
<td>McKenney</td>
<td>Dinwiddie, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Norris, Edward Raymond</td>
<td>Hampton</td>
<td>Elizabeth City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nottingham, Spencer Clark</td>
<td>Culpeper</td>
<td>Culpeper, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oakley, Frank Griffin</td>
<td>Salem</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oliver, James Guy</td>
<td>Crewe</td>
<td>Notteway, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crocco, Alberto Castro</td>
<td>San Jose</td>
<td>Costa Rica</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parker, William Thomas</td>
<td>Littleton</td>
<td>Sussex, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul, Raymond William</td>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>Chesterfield, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peake, Thomas Taylor</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peaseley, Gabriel Bradstreet, Jr.</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phipps, Cenjamin Gray</td>
<td>Christiansburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pitzer, Charles Lewis</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poe, Frank Winslow, Jr.</td>
<td>Greenville</td>
<td>S. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollard, Robert Watkins</td>
<td>Hot Springs</td>
<td>Arkansas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pope, Amos Person</td>
<td>Drewryville</td>
<td>Southampton, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purcell, Sidney Bruce</td>
<td>Round Hill</td>
<td>Loudoun, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quinlery, John Clear</td>
<td>Poughkeepsie</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Randolph, James Robins</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richardson, Harold</td>
<td>Hampton</td>
<td>Elizabeth City, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>POSTOFFICE</td>
<td>COUNTY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scales, Wachswill Morehead</td>
<td>Byrdville</td>
<td>Pittsylvania, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott, Levi Mitchell</td>
<td>Austell</td>
<td>Georgia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sisson, Bruce</td>
<td>St. Louis</td>
<td>Missouri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shelton, Robert Douglas</td>
<td>Welsh</td>
<td>West Virginia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simmons, Williamsson</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slicer, Harry Thomas</td>
<td>Colora</td>
<td>Maryland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Elwood Lorenzo</td>
<td>Glen Wilt</td>
<td>Botetourt, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, F. Avery</td>
<td>Poughkeepsie</td>
<td>N. Y.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Otis Spottiswood</td>
<td>Suffolk</td>
<td>Nansemond, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spilman, Edward Martin</td>
<td>Warrenton</td>
<td>Fanquier, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starling, Robert Anderson</td>
<td>Byrdville</td>
<td>Pittsylvania, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steele, Rex Eric</td>
<td>Pounding Mill</td>
<td>Tazewell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens, Henry Royall</td>
<td>Forest</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strohecker, Bravard David</td>
<td>Salem</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor, George</td>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>Kentucky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas, Charles Herbert</td>
<td>Marion</td>
<td>Smyth, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tompkins, George Phillips</td>
<td>Forest Hill</td>
<td>Chesterfield, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upton, Richard Roy</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watchtel, Howard Raymond</td>
<td>Fredericksburg</td>
<td>Spottsylvania, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wall, Frank Thomas, Jr.</td>
<td>Graham</td>
<td>Tazewell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace, Williamson Newell</td>
<td>Charlotte</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wens, Edward Wilson</td>
<td>Richhill</td>
<td>South Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Archie Neal</td>
<td>Wytheville</td>
<td>Wythe, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, George Barry</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wood, Robert Franklin</td>
<td>Concord Depot</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Young, Glenn Baylor</td>
<td>Chilhowie</td>
<td>Smyth, Va.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# Apprentices

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>POSTOFFICE</th>
<th>COUNTY</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Banning, John Sampson</td>
<td>Besco</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beers, Paul</td>
<td>Burkeville</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessex, Earl Riddle</td>
<td>Border's Wharf</td>
<td>Essex, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Best, James Hammond</td>
<td>Manchester</td>
<td>Chesterfield</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowman, Robert Alexander</td>
<td>Culpeper</td>
<td>Culpeper, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown, Frank B.</td>
<td>Bolling</td>
<td>Wythe, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burchill, William Henry</td>
<td>Lynch Station</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commons, Charles Montgomery</td>
<td>Rumsford</td>
<td>King William, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cramlett, Niles Berlin</td>
<td>Monterey</td>
<td>Highland, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dasher, John J.</td>
<td>New York</td>
<td>New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dayton, Charles Morris</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellis, George Dandridge</td>
<td>Lloyds</td>
<td>Essex, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foote, Frederick Elsworth</td>
<td>Milton</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grayson, Herbert Raymond</td>
<td>Vienna</td>
<td>Fairfax, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grayson, Ralph Vandover</td>
<td>Vienna</td>
<td>Fairfax, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Groves, Shelton</td>
<td>Virginia Beach</td>
<td>Princess Anne, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gwathney, John Rhyland</td>
<td>Beulahville</td>
<td>King William, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harris, Richard Pegram</td>
<td>Charlotte</td>
<td>North Carolina</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hendrick, William F.</td>
<td>Cumberland</td>
<td>Cumberland, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hix, Robert Harkness</td>
<td>Prospect</td>
<td>Prince Edward, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hynson, Earl Benajamin</td>
<td>Middlesburg</td>
<td>Frederick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ives, Paul Blackwell</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kerr, Ira McDowell</td>
<td>Middlesex</td>
<td>Augusta, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knox, Elamhd Higginbothman</td>
<td>Rio Vista</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lang, George Robert</td>
<td>Chase City</td>
<td>Mecklenburg, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis, Lawrence Eugene</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lipscomb, James Meo</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maxwell, Elmer St. Clay</td>
<td>Woodstock</td>
<td>Maryland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maynard, George Chamberlain</td>
<td>Portsmouth</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montgomery, William Maul</td>
<td>Deerfield</td>
<td>Augusta, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moomaw, Basil Jones</td>
<td>Lynchburg</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moon, Henry Ira</td>
<td>Houston</td>
<td>Halifax, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCue, Newton Dickson</td>
<td>Atlon</td>
<td>Nelson, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nuckols, Clyde Elmo</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ollin, Herbert Warren</td>
<td>Eames Crossroads</td>
<td>Lunenburg, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAME</td>
<td>POSTOFFICE</td>
<td>COUNTY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parcell, Claude Thomas</td>
<td>Richmond</td>
<td>Henrico, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parfitt, Weller</td>
<td>Louisville</td>
<td>Kentucky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parker, Thomas Reginald</td>
<td>Palmyra</td>
<td>Fluvanna, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patrick, Henry</td>
<td>Rustburg</td>
<td>Campbell, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prichett, Anthony Bellfield</td>
<td>Pridly's</td>
<td>Albemarle, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purcell, McDaniell</td>
<td>Schuyler</td>
<td>Nelson, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reynolds, William Armistead</td>
<td>Stuart</td>
<td>Patrick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robertson, Julian Carrell</td>
<td>Roanoke</td>
<td>Roanoke, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roop, Guy</td>
<td>Snowville</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Santis, Bonifacio Lutz</td>
<td>Bahia</td>
<td>Ecuador</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharp, Chester James</td>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>District of Columbia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanley, Chester Drewry</td>
<td>Martinsville</td>
<td>Henry, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephens, Fred Chrisman</td>
<td>Vernon</td>
<td>Texas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stickley, Claude Baker</td>
<td>Vaucluse</td>
<td>Frederick, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tidball, Mabrey Thomas</td>
<td>Chase City</td>
<td>Mecklenburg, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tutwiler, James Bruce, Jr.</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaughan, William Fiequa</td>
<td>Cumberland</td>
<td>Cumberland, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vivar, Robieck</td>
<td>Tipijapa</td>
<td>Ecuador</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ward, James Vernon</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesson, Samuel Charters</td>
<td>Norfolk</td>
<td>Norfolk, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Bruce Stockton</td>
<td>Blacksburg</td>
<td>Montgomery, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, Gordon Blevin</td>
<td>Cheriton</td>
<td>Northampton, Va.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, Samuel Baxter</td>
<td>Nokes Ferry</td>
<td>Halifax, Va.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
John Simpkins

John Simpkins much ambition had,
But nothing else—and hence 'tis sad.
That when he came to old V. P.,
To learn to be a great M. E.,
The Deans with quickness and with force
Thrust Johnnie in the Apprentice Course.
Objected he—who wouldn't kick?
But art is long and heads are thick.
So Johnnie laid aside his ire,
And kindled fresh ambition's fire.
His ideal was an Engineer.
They taught him how to feed a steer,
His heart aspired to building bridges,
But Johnnie worked at smudging midges.
His mind would rear to big balloons,
His course was chiefly grafting prunes.
But soon a subtle change was wrought.
With pleasure John the midges sought;
A wheat field filled his soul with glee,
He simply revelled in a tree;
Ekses his former thoughts forgot,
Became a scribe on Bitter Rot.
At last he passed his Senior Year,
A full-digged Farming Engineer.

L'Envol.

When thus from childhood's roof you go,
Where you shall end you little know,
You hitch your wagon to a star,
You stomp your toe—and there you are.

C. T. A.
Otto C. Burkhart

PROFESSOR OF MINING ENGINEERING

PROF. BURKHART was born at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, in 1867. He was prepared for college at the Moravian Pa-
rochial School of his native town, and was graduated from
Lehigh University in 1888, receiving the degree of B. S. in min-
ing and metallurgy. The following year was spent in pursuing
post-graduate work at the same institution, whence he received
the degree of E. M. in 1889. After two years of practical work
in the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania, he returned to Le-
high to work for his degree of Civil Engineer, which degree he
received in 1892.

In the summer of 1892 he was appointed principal of the
Correspondence School of Mines, then just organized, but which
has since developed into the International Correspondence School.
The work there consisted of writing text-books and formulating
courses of study in mining, geology, assaying, blowpipe analysis,
and surveying. In 1896, he went to New York City as associate
editor of the Engineering and Mining Journal; in 1897, was made
mining engineer and assistant superintendent for the Virginia
Coal & Coke Company, at Gayton, Virginia. From Gayton, he
went to Steelton, Pennsylvania, as superintendent of blast furnaces
for the Pennsylvania Steel Company, and continued there for five
years. In the spring of 1903, he accepted a position with the
Suburban Gas Company, at Chester, Pennsylvania, a plant of
Semen-Solvay by-product coke ovens. The following year, he was
called to Lehigh University to the department of mineralogy and
metallurgy, where he remained until elected to the chair of min-
ing engineering at the V. P. I.

The department of Mining Engineering was established pri-
marily for the purpose of equipping young men as engineers for
the mines of Virginia, so that the vast mineral resources of the
State might be more intelligently developed. The V. P. I. may,
therefore, consider itself fortunate in securing, as the incumbent
of the chair of mining engineering, a man who has been in touch
with the mining industries in Virginia especially, and who has also
had such broad experience elsewhere.
W. K. Brainerd
PROFESSOR OF DAIRYING

PROF. BRAINERD was born at Brady, Saginaw County, Michigan, in 1873. His boyhood days were spent on the farm. He was graduated from the Chesaning High and Preparatory School in June, 1894, and taught in the public schools of Michigan for two years; he then entered the Michigan Agricultural College in the fall of 1896; was graduated from the same, with the degree of B. S., in 1899. After three months of practical work in the college creamery, he accepted a position as manager of the Waldo Farms at Cross River, N. Y., remaining there for one year. He then established a retail milk dairy in the city of Wilmington, Delaware. In 1901, he accepted a position as instructor in Dairying and Director of Creamery in the Baron de Hirsh School at Woodbine, New Jersey; in 1902, was appointed professor of agriculture and mathematics in Leland University, New Orleans. He was appointed instructor in dairying at the West Virginia University in 1903.

While in West Virginia, he established the dairy department and organized the West Virginia State Dairy Association. He has been secretary-treasurer of this association since its organization, as well as secretary-treasurer of the Allied Agricultural Societies of West Virginia since their union in 1905. In addition to his regular college work, he has instructed from one to six weeks each year in the Farmers' Institutes of West Virginia; and has organized and conducted several short dairy schools in the State. During the year 1906, he was given six months' leave of absence, which time was spent abroad in studying agricultural conditions in Great Britain, the Channel Islands, and France. While abroad, he represented the Ohio Farmer as special writer, and contributed a series of valuable articles on European agriculture. He is a writer for numerous agricultural journals of this country.

Prof. Brainerd served his country in the Spanish-American War. He was a star football player while a student at the Michigan Agricultural College, and took a lively interest in student life generally.

The new dairying establishment, which is soon to be installed in the V. P. I. agricultural hall, will, under the direction and control of Prof. Brainerd, afford excellent opportunities to the agriculturists of Virginia.
Dr. Reed was born at North East, Pa., in 1876, and was graduated from the high school of his native village in 1895. After three years of teaching in the public schools, he entered the University of Michigan, in the fall of 1898. In 1899, he was appointed an assistant in botany in that institution, and held the position until 1903. During the summer of 1900, he had charge of the University Botanical Gardens, and during the summer of 1902 attended the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, Mass. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1903 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The following year, he entered upon his duties as inspector in botany at the University of Missouri, where he remained until 1906. During the academic year 1905-06, he was acting professor of botany in the absence of Prof. B. M. Duggar. From June, 1906, until the present time, he has been a member of the laboratory force in the Bureau of Soils of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

While at the University of Missouri, Dr. Reed was engaged upon original research investigations on the nutrition and chemical physiology of plants. In the Bureau of Soils, he has been engaged in further researches along the same line, devoting especial attention to the effect of nutrient and toxic substances upon plants. In the course of this work he has published several papers.

He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Missouri in 1907. He is a member of The American Chemical Society; The American Association for the Advancement of Science; The American Microscopical Society; The Washington Botanical Society; and the Honorary Society of "Sigma Xi."

On account of the breadth of his training and the nature of his research work, Dr. Reed should prove a valuable addition to the already efficient staff of our Agricultural Experiment Station.
Destiny

We are as leaves that fall upon a stream,
That ever rush to join the distant river;
'Neath the sun's bright rays, the moon's faint beam,
Impelled by unseen hands, on forever.

No power to guide the course of onward flight,
We know not when the journey's end may be;
One moment yet to be unwrapped in night,
One moment past, 'tis but a memory.

We live, 'tis but the beating of the heart
That varies in its motion, slow or fast;
We breathe, and with each breath we start
An era new, that's served from the last.
We die, and so forever cease to be.
Like a song once sung, forgotten melody.

H. Declan Whiting.
The Origin of the Races

IN the early infancy of the human species, and even before the
primitive philosophers had begun to distinguish themselves from
the aboriginal ape, the face, and also the entire human cuticle
for that matter, was white. Not that pallid, corpse-like whiteness
which characterizes people of a squaleric affiliation; but a delicate,
clear, ethereal, swan-like color, such as manufacturers of the pres-
cent day strive so hard to obtain in rouges; such a color as a love-
sick youth imagines his sweetheart's toes to be—foolish youth. This
delightful color was universal as applied to mankind. There was
no negro problem, no yellow peril, no little brown Eskimo in the
far North on whom our early ancestors might lavish their sympa-
thy; no Booker Washington whom King Schuhysinganer (this
king's name translated into our language would be Dinglebod),
who ruled over all the earth, might invite to dine with him.

I said King Schuhysinganer, or King Dinglebod as we shall
hereafter call him, ruled over all the earth. I should have added,
under the supervision of his wife, Queen Unspellable. I should
also have explained that it was during the reign of this monarch,
that variety in the color of the human cuticle was first produced.
But, as all this would necessarily have been placed in a single
parenthesis, the average reader will excuse the oversight.

Now Queen Unspellable was on ordinary occasions, as you will
naturally infer from the fact that she supervised her husband's
reign, a very strong-minded individual. But even the strongest
minded of her sex have never been immune to certain feminine
weaknesses; and she, just as in the case of many others since her
day, allowed her inquisitiveness and love of new fads and fancies
to work her undoing, and also the undoing of her people.

King Dinglebod had, it seems from all available evidence,
been upon the throne some five or six years up to the time our
story opens, and had ruled perfectly satisfactorily to all the people
except one, and that one was his wife, Unspellable. That the
king did everything just as she directed, and that the people all
followed her example in everything pertaining to dress and fashion,
was not enough to satisfy her. She always felt more or less in-
jured because the king did not have the sun stop each day when it
reached her meridian and stand at "present arms," as it were, in
her honor. King Dinglebod had no such control over the mother of planets as was attributed to the illustrious Joshua, however; and be it said to his credit, that he never even coveted such power.

Notwithstanding the fact that it kept him very busy looking after the wants of his wife and gratifying her every gratifiable whim, King Dinglebod still felt a warm interest in the welfare of his people and devoted most of his spare time to studying their needs.

Agriculture was of course the main pursuit of this primitive people, and it was the king who, each spring, would send out his wise men and physicians and have them collect herbs and vegetables from all the swamps, hedges, and forests throughout his realm. These would first be fed to the swine and other animals, and those which produced no harmful effect would be recommended to the people for use as foods. In this way many new vegetables came into domestic use each year. Any school boy can tell you that it is King Dinglebod to whom we owe most of our vegetable foods of to-day. (For my own part, I have always felt more or less resentful toward this good king for not placing a ban on board-
ing-house beans.)

Now on one occasion, these physicians of the king brought in a very delicious-looking, sweet-smelling fruit, the like of which had not hitherto been seen. They reported that this fruit grew in abundance in a certain forest which they had lately explored, and proposed that it be tested at once, in order that the then existing crop might be gathered by the people, in case it proved as palatable as it looked. Accordingly, large quantities were fed to the swine, which they devoured with great relish. After repeating this experiment several times and noting that the grumblers continued in perfect health, King Dinglebod proposed to issue a proclamation recommending that a few of the people try the fruit in small quantities and thereby put a final test upon it. But here a bright idea struck the Queen. She was always in search of excitement, and she believed that she saw here an opportunity to break the monotony—she broke it pretty effectually too, and left a long, long gap. She persuaded the king to abandon his first proposition, and issue, on the other hand, a proclamation commanding the people to abstain from eating any of the newly discovered fruit for thirty days, at the end of which time they were to gather into the capital town where the queen would have a feast prepared for them, made entirely of this luscious-looking, sweet-smelling fruit.
The thirty days passed very slowly, or at least it seemed so to the anxious populace, who were waiting for the promised feast. But at last the day came, and the bustle and confusion, which had been everywhere evident in the capital town while the preparations for the feast were going forward, was augmented by the hordes of people pouring in to do homage to the queen and partake of her bounty. All were there; not a man, woman, or child in the entire realm remained away.

The feast went forward with all the pomp and splendor usually incident upon such occasions. The fruit proved even more pleasing to the palate than it had to the other senses, and the people fell to devouring it, and the numerous dishes which had been prepared from it, with appetites that would do credit to the greatest "Growley Snatchers" of the present day. They continued to gourmandize throughout the entire day, and when evening came, being filled with food and contentment, they journeyed homeward, leaving the queen filled with pleasure at the success of her undertaking, and the king filled with uneasiness occasioned by overeating.

Now picture to yourself, reader, the amazement and consternation everywhere prevalent when the king and all his people arose the following morning, and on coming into contact with each other discovered that they were all as black as tar. Picture also the anger and mortification experienced by Unspellable, when it was proven to her satisfaction that it was her feast which had caused it. She blamed the king, she blamed herself—and tried to tear her hair, but found that it too had changed and was now too kinky to be torn successfully. She next tried tears, but found that her nose had flattened and that such indulgence stifled her. At last she decided that the wise men and physicians were to be blamed for the whole business, and caused their heads to be summarily chopped off.

Weeks lengthened into months and months into years, and still the human race continued black. Black children were born, and the people realized that unless they found something to bring about another change in their physical appearance, it was permanently fixed. The wise men were as dead as door-nails—or coffin nails either, for that matter—however; and they had no one on whom to rely for a remedy, except Providence, and themselves.

Dinglebod offered a large reward to the person who would discover some remedy which would restore the human physiognomy to its normal condition, but it stood without a claimant for a number of years.
At last, after much search, an herb was discovered in the self-same forest from which the fruit that caused all the trouble had come, which, on being beaten up and boiled down to a viscous mush and applied vigorously to all parts of the body several times a day for several consecutive days, would effect the desired change. It would restore the hair, skin, and nose to their original condition without causing any physical uneasiness to the person undergoing the treatment except an uncomfortable sticky feeling such as any of you may experience by taking a bath in warm molasses.

Queen Unspellable was delighted when the news of this discovery reached her; and, not to be behind hand in helping to undo the mischief which she had done, she ordered every available particle of the herb gathered and had it stored in the capital town. She then caused the people to gather in, a neighborhood at a time, and take the prescribed treatment. The transformation began as soon as the first application was made and became more and more pronounced as the treatment went on; so that there were those there who were in every stage of restoration from a coal-black, including those who were just ready to begin the treatment up to the original beautiful swan-like color, including those who had finished the treatment.

Now just at this point, when Unspellable and Dinglebod were putting themselves on the back, after they had gotten rid of the sticky feeling hereinbefore described, an unforeseen accident occurred—I believe all accidents are unforeseen, however. Lightning struck the building in which all this valuable remedy was stored, and it and all its contents were burned to ashes. (The hieroglyphic manuscript on which this history is based here calls attention to the fact that almost any inflammable substance will be burned to ashes when fire is allowed full sway).

It has already been explained, I believe, that all of this important vegetable in existence had been collected and stored here, so that after the fire there was none left for seed. The supply was exhausted, and the work hardly half done.

It is hardly necessary to add more here. A full description of any or all the races may be had by reference to any good work on economic geography; and the reader will naturally infer that no substitute for this marvelous anti-black herb has ever yet been discovered. There is a fortune in store for the person who discovers such a substitute; and in case you happen to be the lucky party, take a tip from me—Don't tell your wife about it.

"Holy Smoke."
Passing the Love of Women

WHEN JAMES BRAMBLETT lost his fortune and had to give up the fine eastern estate that had been in the family for generations, his friends admired the grit and courage he displayed in pushing west, and the optimism with which he began life anew. Useless sympathy was expended upon his young wife, who met the misfortune bravely, counting herself still rich in the love of her husband and son.

They settled in the western part of Virginia, and by hard labor and wonderful perseverance made for themselves a comfortable home.

The boy's undying ambition was to study medicine at the great University that was separated from him by the Blue Ridge Mountains. Once, when a mere child, he had gone there with his mother to see her young brother take his diploma. Then and there was born within him a love for the mighty Jefferson akin to idolatry, and an unquenchable desire to have his name on the roll of medical graduates of the famous institution. He knew his father could not give him the coveted education, but he came of a long line of ancestors with whom to will was to do, so no thought of despair ever entered his mind. With a feverish energy he read all he could find about Jefferson, acquainted himself with the history of the University, and at an early age began the study of elementary anatomy.

In the village school nearby, he was a general favorite—gentle and tender as a woman, but firm and determined when the occasion demanded; and when some of the boys furtively upset little Elizabeth Carter's sled and laughed at seeing her dumped into a big snow-drift, proved to be one of these occasions. Tenderly he bound up the bleeding wrist that was scraped on the crusty snow, then proceeded to thrash, separately and deliberately, the boys who were guilty of such an ungentlemanly act.

Elizabeth never forgot Walter's gallantry, and from that time on the tie of friendship between them grew and strengthened. They were near neighbors, though both lived in the country, and as Elizabeth's home was on the road to the village, Walter considered himself her escort and protector to and from school. Thus they passed their childhood—reading much together, planning,
dreaming. Long hours were spent in talking of the time when he should go to the University of Virginia and return a "really truly" doctor. Many times he traced his name in the sand or snow, prefixing the mystic letters "Dr.," which to his young mind meant the height of earthly joy. As he grew older, the suffix of "M. D.,” superseded the "Dr.;’ still his dream was the same.

The years, which seem so long to a child's mind, finally passed, and Walter finished the course in the village school. Following that memorable occasion, he was sent to an academy close at hand. Here he made the best of his time, for he realized his father could not afford to give him any more education. Still hope lived in his breast, but only Elizabeth shared the secret of his great ambition, when a manly fellow of eighteen, he proudly took his diploma at the academy.

She denied herself a college education, though her father was able to send her off. But she refused to leave him at her mother's death, even for the glamour of boarding school life, preferring instead to become mistress of her house, yet not content to let her mind go uncultivated. Consequently, she read and studied at home, determined to keep pace with Walter, even if he were a college boy.

As the evening train pulled into Baxter, a lone passenger descended from the platform of the rear car, and gazed about with a gloomy face. "Hang it all!" he muttered, "This is the limit. Hunt told me I'd find it a quiet, picturesque little village. Well, I will give him the credit of being truthful; but—" His musings were suddenly brought to an end by the approach of a negro porter, who insisted upon taking his luggage and escorting him to the hotel—if such the unpretentious boarding house could be called. Mechanically he followed the negro, realizing that it was too late for him to proceed further that day. At the village inn, his appearance attracted no little attention. He was dressed in the height of fashion, if a bit flashy, and had a decided "elevated" air about him. All eyes were turned upon him as he registered, and many were the conjectures as to who and what he was—whence and why he had come.

Having eaten the best supper the simple inn afforded, and obtained the desired information from the clerk as to the location of the Porter farm, he went to bed from sheer lack of anything better to do, and was soon dreaming of bustling New York.
One by one, the different loungers about the dingy office took occasion to look into the register, whereupon they were confronted by the following name, written in a bold, flourishing hand: "J. P. Dent, G. A., Erie Mining Company, New York City."

"Well, well, we might 'a' known it," remarked Farmer Jackson, "he's the feller what's come to look at the Porter farm. You know, old Porter's been trying to sell it to a big Northern concern. He thinks it's rich in iron. But I'll be dad burned if I know what 'G. A.' means; a polite abbreviation for a blamed Yankee doode," he concluded, shifting his quid of tobacco to the other cheek. So the conversation in the office turned upon the subject of mining in general, and the virtues of the Porter farm in particular, while young Dent slept peacefully on with the god of dreams carrying him first to New York, then to a dreary mountain village—back to the gay city, then deep into mines of rich iron ore.

Bright and early the next morning, dressed in a typical cow boy's outfit, J. P. Dent, Geological Agent for the Erie Mining Company, made his way to the Porter farm, for, as old Jackson had surmised, he had been sent by that "Northern concern" to ascertain if the land in question contained minerals.

As he passed the Carter home, which was on the public road, he was struck dumb at the sight of a beautiful girl, standing at the gate, bidding an old gentleman, evidently her father, goodbye. She seemed so different from the girls he had chanced to see in the little town he had just left. With one hand resting upon the neck of the beautiful bay, the other clasped in that of her father, her golden hair tossed by the morning breeze, eyes dancing and cheeks aglow, she made a charming picture; but so intent was she upon some final instruction she seemed to be giving her father, that she did not notice the stare of the passing horseman. Mr. Carter—for he it was—bent down and kissed the fair brow of his daughter, gathered up his reins and cantered off, just as the stranger turned away his gaze.

Elizabeth's curiosity arose as she caught a glimpse of the handsome, devil-may-care face of the traveler, and noted the ease and grace of his manner and his becoming and unusual attire. Slowly she sauntered back to the house, while the picture of Walter's manly form, bent in study, replaced that of the stranger; and her cheeks were dyed a richer hue as she recalled Walter's visit the
night before he left for the University. Then it was she had stepped over the border line between girlhood and womanhood, into that wonderful and mysterious land of love.

She had grown up loving Walter Bramblett, and being feminine was not surprised when he, as man to woman, made his simple declaration of love. In fact, she would have been more surprised if he had not done it, for, since his first intervention in her behalf, back in childhood days, she had unconsciously considered him her particular property.

Just as Elizabeth was putting the finishing touches to the dinner table, she heard her father's step in the hall. "Pretty as a wild rose, by Jove," he thought to himself, stretching out his hand to pinch her cheek as she advanced to meet him.

"Don't love so hard, Daddy dear. You—by the way, who was that dandy looking fellow you rode off with this morning?"

"Another heart for you to break," her father answered mischievously. "You are your mother's own, Girlie," he added, while a shadow of sorrow momentarily rested upon his face. "Oh! I was about to forget. That, as you term the gentleman I met on the road, is Mr. Dent, Geological Agent for that big Northern syndicate that's investigating the mineral prospects on the Porter place. He seems to be a very decent sort of a chap—a bit Yankee, I admit, but I reckon that's his due, since he hails from New York. I chatted with him for some time, and that reminds me, I've a scheme on hand for you to make some pin money. He wants to know if he can take his mid-day meal here, so as not to waste so much time in going back and forth. I told him to come on. It never hurts folks to be accommodating, and I reckon you can manage two men as well as one, can't you, Miss Housekeeper?"

"Certainly, Father, and you know my love of pennies. In that respect I'm my daddie's own," she replied with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "Besides, if he's as nice as he looks, I'd be mighty glad to have him. Things are dull, you know, when Walter's not at home."

Thus it came about that the dashing Mr. Dent met the fair Miss Carter—and meeting her, he soon toppled to her charms. He was handsome in a way, but had a very weak face. Having seen much of the world, and possessing the "gift of gab" to an astonishing degree, he slowly yet deliberately set about to ensnare the youthful heart of the charming Elizabeth. He talked much of city life, beautifully dressed women, society at fashionable
watering places; lavished books, flowers and bonbons on her—something she had known of only in novels—and incidentally, yet adroitly, led her to believe that he was wealthy.

That summer, his second out of college, Walter did not return to Baxter, but entered the office of his uncle, whom he had taken for his model on that day when he had seen him graduate, and whose generosity had made it possible for Walter to study medicine. An epidemic of fever had left Walter an orphan, soon after his graduation from the academy, and, though he had worked and saved, it would have been some years before he could have entered the University but for the timely assistance of his uncle. So, when the older man requested his nephew to spend the summer with him, a keen sense of gratitude, as well as a realization of his good fortune, caused Walter to accept the proposition.

Mr. Carter was a very peculiar and absent-minded man. Since his wife's death, he had given little thought to anything but business; and, while he loved his daughter devoutly in his way, he failed to give her the companionship that was her due. Books had been her chief source of enjoyment till Dent appeared on the scene. And when his dinner hours covered twice their usual length, and often his afternoons and evenings were spent with Elizabeth, her father took little heed of it, except, perhaps, to consider that his daughter was young and lonely and naturally enjoyed Dent's attentions; and, as the long summer days glided by, more and more of the young Northerner's time was spent at the Carter home.

To one person only, besides "Mamma Cindy"—who never could understand why "her purty chile wasted so much time on that good-for-nothin' Yankee"—did Dent's presence there cause any anxiety. Walter Bramblett noticed that Elizabeth's letters came less frequently and were not so frank and friendly as of old. At first she had written much of the attractive stranger, but now she rarely mentioned him. Still he felt he had no right to censure her, for he had two more years at the University, and why shouldn't Elizabeth enjoy the society of other men? Being broad of mind and generous of heart, he argued thus, and would not allow thoughts of disloyalty in her to linger long in his mind—besides, she was not bound to him. Because of her youth, he had exacted no promise of her yet, yet trusted her implicitly, while she in turn had given him unreservedly the virgin love of her warm, pure heart. Nevertheless, the fear grew that some one else might
win her, and the thought rankled in his soul, and time and time again he was forced to bend with renewed energy to his work lest feelings unworthy of himself and unfair to her should find lodgment in his heart.

Early in the fall, the whole town was shocked by the news of Elizabeth Carter’s elopement with Mr. Dent. Mr. Carter’s wrath knew no bounds, and he immediately disinherited his daughter except for the home place; but believing himself partly to blame, he allowed the young couple to take up their abode in his house, though never once did he speak to or seem to notice Dent. His one ambition had been to see his daughter married to Walter Bramblett, and after her elopement his interests in life seemed to wane. Crushed in spirit, he grew more feeble in body each day, and ere the winter was many weeks old, a spell of pneumonia released the weary soul from its earthly prison.

In justice to Elizabeth, be it said that she penned a hasty note to Walter the night before she ran away, telling him that she found that she really loved another, and that the affection she had always cherished for him was but friendship that she had mistaken for a deeper feeling.

Walter, in turn, while stunned, and heart-broken, wrote her a brief but apparently cheery reply, wishing her well. Instead of censuring Elizabeth, he blamed himself for having left her so long when she was only a child after all. Few knew the depths of his nature, and could not account for the unusual pallor of his face, and the unflagging interest with which he seemed absorbed in his profession. Only his uncle guessed the truth, but made no mention of the matter except to deal more tenderly with his nephew, whom he had grown to love as a son.

Finally Walter’s two years at the University dragged to a close, and the long-looked-for day for graduation came. Yet he felt no pleasure in it, and the fact that he held first honors in his class, possessed the high esteem of his professors, and the love and admiration of his class-mates, did not compensate for the absence of a laughing, girlish face he had always pictured in the audience when time and time again he had painted in imagination the scenes of that eventful occasion. Back to his home in the country he went when it was all over, refusing a partnership with his uncle, determined to spend his days alone, but for his faithful servants, Aunt Clee and Uncle Ben.
He and Elizabeth seldom met, and when they did few were the words that passed between them. Yet the pained, drawn look in her young face told him more clearly than words could have done how keenly she suffered. Some attributed the change in her to her father's death, but Walter knew a deeper sorrow was eating into her heart.

Beppo was Walter's only confidant. It helped sometimes to unburden his heart, and he felt that the dog could understand. "It wouldn't be so bad, old boy," he said as he took the Newfoundland's head between his knees, "if she loved him and were happy; but it's killing her inch by inch."

In reply, Beppo would wag his tail, gaze wistfully into his master's eyes, and lick his hands, which, after all, was the extent of his canine sympathy; but it seemed to comfort the suffering man.

Dent had been so successful in his undertakings for the Erie Mining Company that they gave him a permanent position after his marriage. But he did not hold it long. Being disappointed at not getting his clutches on his father-in-law's money, his infatuation for Elizabeth—for such a creature was not capable of love—ceased, and he went from bad to worse, spending much of his time at the saloon and gambling den.

So the years passed, and Walter, who should have been in his prime, had the air of an old man. One night, as he was returning from a very late call, he noticed a figure, which he knew by the walk to be Dent's, skulking in the shadow of his barn. Thinking he was returning from one of his usual carousals, Walter gave the matter little thought but to heave a sigh of pity in behalf of Elizabeth. Turning his horse into the yard, the weary doctor was soon in dreamland, fighting his little schoolmate's battles, happy with only her smile for a reward.

No sooner had he fallen asleep than he was aroused again, and this case took him many miles to the other side of home. When he returned about noon, he found no little excitement at his home. A group of men were eagerly talking in the yard, and to his surprise he noted the sheriff among them, who quickly informed Walter that it became his painful duty to arrest him for horse stealing. The horse belonged to old Farmer Jackson, and had been missed by him early that morning. Following the tracks which he knew by absence of the left hind shoe, and a disfigured hoof, he was surprised to find they led to Dr. Bramblett's stable, and was dumfounded upon further investigation to discover the
horse in the doctor's barn. Furthermore, it was known that the
doctor had been to the Bennett house—which lay beyond old man
Jackson's—that night, and that from there on the tracks of two
horses could be traced till they reached the Bramblett barn, where
the stolen horse's hoof-prints were found leading to the rear door
of the building, while the other's went on to the yard.

Walter, with a dazed expression, listened to all they had to say,
then laughing in their faces, asked to be allowed to go alone to the
barn to examine the hoof-prints; for suddenly a ghastly truth had
burst upon him. Hurriedly he made his way to the stable, and
there found things just as the men had represented them. But
his keen eyes took in something theirs had failed to note. Just
under the window, several feet above the rear door of the building,
he discovered two deep human footprints—evidently made by a
body's dropping from the window above. In addition, he ob-
erved several impressions made by the same feet, on the ground
between the window and the orchard, a distance of only a few
yards. But in the deep orchard grass the tracks were lost to view.

Beppo had followed his master, and in the great moment of his
trouble and sacrifice Walter turned to the faithful brute, speaking
softly while he quickly and deftly obliterated the man's tracks,
"It's hard, inexpressibly hard, old fellow, but for her sake, no one
shall know. My time has come to serve her. God knows he ought
to suffer, but she's had her share already, and must never dream of
this. Nobody knows it but you and I, Beppo, and you've never
told a secret yet, have you, my boy?" The dog realized some grave
question was at stake, and fondly caressed his master's hand, as
with bowed head and thoughtful mien he slowly retraced his steps
to the house, where the group of villagers awaited him, and who
came quiet as he approached.

"I am innocent, gentlemen, but evidence seems against me. Let
the law take its course, and may God in heaven be my judge."
And while his fellow-men marveled at his calmness, Dr. Bram-
blett extended his hands to the officer.

Disbelief and sympathy were evident upon the face of all the-
men but the sheriff, who, endeavoring to conceal a gleam of tri-
umph and assume an air of importance, snapped the hand-cuffs on
the wrists of the waiting man, assuring him all the time how dis-
tasteful the act was to him. Truth to tell, it was the happiest
moment of the Sheriff Field's life, for he happened to have been
the ring-leader in the crowd of boys who upset little Elizabeth's
sled and consequently the one who received the worst thrashing at the hands of the indignant Walter. Fields had never forgotten it, while with Walter it was a duty well performed, and quickly dismissed from mind.

The blow the town had received at the news of Elizabeth Carter’s elopement with Dent was mild indeed when compared with the arrest of Dr. Bramblett. No one believed him guilty, but all evidence that could be gathered was against him. To none did the announcement bring such sorrow as to Elizabeth, but she got little sympathy from her husband, who refused to discuss the matter.

“I always thought he was kind o’ crazy, anyhow,” replied Dent, when eagerly questioned by his wife. Elizabeth said nothing, but thought she could account for the change in Walter. Her heart ached for him. Already she had caused him so much suffering that she longed to banish this present sorrow.

The case could not be tried till “Court Day,” the first Monday in the month, and as that was several days off, Walter spent the intervening time in the county jail, refusing bail, and being the first of his family to know what the inside of a cell—except that of a war prison—looked like.

Often indignation would cry out within him, and when it did he had but to call to mind the moonlight night before his departure to the University, and the beautiful face of Elizabeth Carter afire with love, then contrast it with the sad, patient expression she wore when he last saw her, to give him the needed strength for his heroic and self-sacrificing act.

Finally the day of the trial came, and it was one of the saddest and most exciting that Baxter had ever known. Few there were, if any, who thought Bramblett guilty, but they believed in justice, and were determined to do their duty as they saw it. All eyes were turned upon him when to the judge’s query he answered, “Not guilty”—the only words he spoke in his own defense,—and few eyes were dry when the judge pronounced the sentence that sent their beloved physician to the penitentiary for five years. Bravely he bore it, and not even the closest observer saw a twitch of his features or heard a murmur from his lips.

The birds were twittering gaily and the squirrels frisking about in the early morning sunshine, as the Governor’s little daughter made her way across the lawn to a trusty who was engaged busily
in trimming the grass along the walks in Capitol Square at Rich-
mond. She was a beautiful child, about eight years of age, with
jet curls, deep blue eyes, fringed with long, dark lashes, and a
skin soft, fair and rosy. Gentle and friendly in disposition, and
the only child of the Governor, she was a general favorite with all
classes. She had taken a great fancy to this particular trusty, as
indeed did all who came in contact with him. Despite the grow-
some, unbecoming clothes of the convict, the face was unques-
tionably that of Walter Bramblett. There was no mistaking the
clear eye, firm chin, and gentle, sorrowful expression of his
handsome face.

The child pried him with various questions, and suddenly turn-
ing her trustful blue eyes upon him, asked, "Why are you here?
What have you done that's wrong? You're always good to me."

Prompted by an impulse that he was never afterwards able to
analyze, and at the same time vaguely wondering why she had
never asked the question before, he calmly answered, "For steal-
ing a horse."

The blue eyes opened wide in horror: "Did you do that? Why
did you do it?"

"Again he made answer before he thought. "No, my Little
Lady, I did not steal the horse. Another man stole it, and before
he got it home his courage failed him and he left the animal in
my stable. The sheriff found it there. They proved me the thief,
and sent me here."

"Do you know who did steal it?" continued the child, her serious
face wearing a troubled look.

"Yes," he answered carelessly, his thoughts going over in rapid
succession the events that led up to that horrible day. Then realiz-
ing that he had told what he meant that no mortal should ever
know from him, he tried to change the subject and make the child
forget.

"I reckon I'll tell papa about that, and make him let you go," she
said very excitedly, and refusing to talk of other things she
started towards the Governor's Mansion.

"Don't, don't," he pleaded. "Please come back." But the child
was gone.

Conscience stricken, the prisoner bent to his task, murmuring
as he did so, "O God! I've suffered three years for her; let me
bear the other two in patience, and forbid that she shall ever know."
And again he saw the beautiful face of Elizabeth Carter in the moonlight, and lived over the happy hours that had followed that night on which she had promised her life to him.

Delighted at finding her father unoccupied, little — climbed to his knee and with a serious, important air, told him of her conversation with the trusty. Similar stories had been recited to the Governor before, but this one interested him, for he recalled the fine face and gentlemanly manner of the prisoner; also the fact that he was an educated man, a doctor, in fact, and one not likely to steal a horse. But, as he was already in prison when Governor — came into office, he had not given the matter much thought. His curiosity now, however, was fired, and he was not allowed to escape from his daughter till she had exacted a promise from him to go and see the trusty.

Having an hour of leisure before him, the Governor went straight to the man, who was evidently embarrassed at his Excellency's approach.

In his easy, genial manner, the Governor soon extracted the story from the prisoner, despite his reluctance, with the exception of the real thief's name, and the fact that he himself had blotted out his footprints about the barn. Only Beppo knew that, and inwardly Walter thanked God that so far he'd been allowed the privilege of saving from further sorrow and disgrace the woman he loved.

Still the Governor was not satisfied, and demanded of the trusty an explanation of his course, if he thought he knew the man who had committed the crime. Humbly requesting the Governor not to mention that part of the story, for he knew he was determined to investigate the case, Walter calmly and simply stated the following facts:

"I, your Excellency, was a bachelor, with no one dependent upon me. The man who I think stole the horse is married. He has a wife and five children, and is poor. She eloped with him, and was disinherited. She is without relatives, and though her husband is not much force, she had no one else to look to for support for herself and the children, and —" the prisoner hesitated, while unshed tears stood in his eyes.

"I see," said the Governor, who had been closely watching the man's face, and who was a shrewd judge of human nature. "You loved the woman," he added half to himself. "Forgive me, my man. God will reward such magnanimity," he said brokenly;
shaken by a violent tremor of emotion, Virginia's chief executive and the convict, shorn of head and wearing the stripes, clasped hands as man to man—all thought of their respective positions in life being for the moment forgotten.

Assuring the prisoner that he would at once look into the matter, and that his secret was safe in his keeping, the Governor turned and walked thoughtfully away, quoting under his breath as he did so, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

From that time on, Bramblett was allowed all the privileges a trusty was permitted to have, while the Governor diligently investigated the case. He found out the prisoner's family history, the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens, and that he had been convicted upon circumstantial evidence alone. In his mind there was no doubt left as to the man's innocence nor the truth of his self-imposed suffering—more of which he had guessed than gotten from Bramblett. But he was honor bound not to disclose that part of the story. While sitting in his office one morning, wondering upon what grounds he could grant the pardon, his musings were interrupted by the entrance of a servant with the mail.

Hastily glancing through the letters, his attention was caught by one addressed in a delicate feminine hand, and bearing the postmark of Baxter. His face brightened instantly while the blood surged in his veins, for he believed he had received a direct answer to his prayers. With bated breath he read the letter through, and found it to be from Mrs. Dent containing a full confession of her husband's guilt in stealing the horse, for which act Walter Bramblett had already suffered three years' imprisonment. She finished by saying that Dent had started to recover the horse and confess all, but at the last moment his courage again failed him, and hiding himself in the orchard he had watched Bramblett destroy all signs of the footprints about the stable, then calmly surrender himself to Sheriff Field and march off to jail. Since that time his life had been one hideous nightmare, and drink had made him almost a brute. Having taken suddenly ill one night, and being told by the doctor that his hours were numbered, intermingled with curses and prayers he poured forth the story of his crime.

Tears stood in the Governor's eyes when he had finished the letter, and a mighty admiration swelled within his breast for
Bramblett, along with pity for the weakling, Dent, and his heroic wife.

In addition to Mrs. Dent's letter, he found one from the judge, who had sentenced Bramblett, corroborating her story, and imploring pardon for the innocent man.

Governor — lost no time in righting the wrong, and immediately upon his liberation Walter went to his uncle's home. There he remained a year, refreshing his mind upon the subject of medicine—longing, yet not daring, to go to Baxter for a while. He thought it best not to see Elizabeth at once, though he well knew the welcome he would receive from her.

Many were the lonely hours she spent that year, and during the winter she laid her two youngest children—victims of diphtheria—beside her father. Mammy Cindy was her only protector, and by her father's peculiar will, which gave his property to her in case of Dent's death, or to his first grandchild at the age of twenty-one, she was enabled to live comfortably; and though her heart suffered many a pang, the world knew naught of it. The waiting was long and painful, and again and again she took comfort from the words that she had grown to breathe as a daily prayer: "Yes, he will come. I know he will come. Dear God, grant that he may come soon!"

Awakening suddenly one morning, Elizabeth was aware of an unusual lightness of heart. When she fully regained consciousness she realized that she had been dreaming, but her elation did not leave her. Touching her lips to the curly head of the sleeping child beside her, she whispered to herself as she quietly arose: "Something tells me he's coming to-night, Baby dear, and Mother must be ready for him." She went about her morning duties with a buoyancy of spirit unknown to her for many years. Even Mammy Cindy paused in her work, and listened surprised as she heard the voice of her mistress lifted in rapturous song; for long since Elizabeth had ceased to sing except hum a lullaby, filled with tears and heartaches. The old servant shook her happy head, and murmured to herself, while a knowing smile crept over her wrinkled face, "I knowed it. I knowed it. De sign nebah fails."

Scarcely waiting to finish her housework, Elizabeth climbed the attic stairs, and opening a trunk that had long remained packed, delved into its depths and brought forth a soft, creamy dress, sweet with the scent of rose leaves. All day she worked with deft
fingers, remodelling the dress, and blushing and laughing like a schoolgirl; she marveled at the wonderful and sudden change in herself.

That evening, after the children were asleep, Elizabeth laid aside her black dress, and donning the clinging white stole quietly down to the rustic bench beneath the great oak in the front yard, just as the moon was topping the trees. Sitting there where Walter Bramblett had first declared his love for her, she lived over the intervening years, while tears of humiliation, sorrow, joy, and indignation fringed her long lashes, and various emotions stirred in her breast.

Suddenly the shrill whistle of the night express broke the silence, and the loud thumping of her heart startled her. The minutes dragged slowly by, yet her strained ears could catch no sound of approaching footsteps. Unable longer to endure the suspense, she walked to a small enclosure near the house, in one corner of which three mounds loomed up in the moonlight. Sinking to her knees by the grave of her father, she lifted her face heavenward, and prayed to Him who is Father to us all. She arose, comforted, but a shudder passed through her frame as her glance was drawn to a single, unmarked mound in the farther end of the lot.

Breathing another prayer, she quickly retraced her steps to the tree, and as she did so, heard a step on the gravel. She stood motionless, unable to move for a second, for coming toward her was Walter Bramblett. As their eyes met, neither needed words to tell them that their prayers had not gone unheeded. A half inarticulate cry escaped her lips, and quickly covering the space between them, Walter gently took her outstretched hands in his. The night birds sang on, the moon poured out its most mellow light, a gentle breeze stirred the leaves about them, as in an ecstasy of sympathetic joy, but only the infinite heart of the Father above knew the meaning of that hour to these two of his children.

M. K. G.
Easter Night

The stars shine bright on Easter night,
No cloud within the skies,
And through the trees the gentle breeze
Whispers and softly sighs.

From singing bird no sound is heard,
And silence reigns supreme;
Save where the brook in mossy nook
Laughs 'neath the bright moon's beam.

The lilies tall their heads let fall,
In tenderest devotion;
While violets blue, by darker hue,
Excite their deep emotion.

O'er every sense, a feeling tense,
Commingled hope and fear,
A silent dread, a joy unread,
Trembling 'twixt smile and tear,

Now in the air a silent prayer
Rises from far and near,
As when the deep calls unto deep;
We feel, but cannot hear,

What is this spell, that seems to dwell
Now a'yer the earth and sky?
Our hearts aflame, with joy proclaim,
"Christ rules again on High."

R. DuLany Whiting.
Battalion Entering Mess Hall.
Love's Plaint

I know not what the winds whisper to the ocean,
Nor what the waves in answer make reply;
And yet they must be words of deep emotion,
That tongues to human hearts forever deny.

I do not know the language of the flower,
Nor read the perfumed messages of love,
That float from Violet, Juliet in her woodland bower,
To Daffodil Romeo on the hill above.

The slender vines the towering oaks caressing,
Their tendrils round the giant arms entwine;
Each in its way its quiet love confessing
Unknown to all, save to the oak and vine.

The Queen of Night, thro' the soft heavens gliding,
Basks in the light of her bright consort's smile;
Save to a stranger to their love's confiding
Comes in between and shadows her the while.

The nightingale upon the tree tops swinging,
Pours forth its heart, in ecstasy of love;
That music to the very heavens winging
Finds echo in the cooing of the dove.

Nature to all her creatures still hath given
Their love of each, the other to make known,
Save one, to me, whose very heart is riven,
The secret of that power hath never shown.

E. Delany Whiting.
How Solomon Beat the Band

Letitia rustled into the parlor with a giggle, gave Solomon her hand with a giggle, and sank upon the sofa still giggling. Then crossing her hands upon her lap, and her feet upon the floor, she let her gaze rest demurely upon the plump, brown fingers, and waited. A minute passed—two minutes. Letitia’s long lashes flickered, and the two brilliant red bows, rampant on her kinky, black hair, seemed to assume an even more quizzical position. Another sixty seconds went by in silence; then, the strain of the situation becoming too great, she gave him a fleeting glance. Horrors! He was not even looking at her. Letitia’s brown eyes opened wide, her bows stood erect. Here was she, in her most becoming red dress, and Solomon, the adoring Solomon, who asked no greater happiness than to sit and gaze upon her charms, was sitting opposite with his eyes fixed upon the wall above her head. Clearly something must be done.

“Mighty warm to-night,” she observed tentatively.

But wonder of wonders! Solomon made no response. Why, he did not even change expression, nor shift his gaze from the chosen spot on the wall. Never, in all her pampered existence, had Letitia been treated in such a manner. Filled with righteous anger, she turned to annihilate the offender, when a sudden thought stopped the words on her lips. Solomon must be sick. All else forgotten in pity, she leaned forward.

“Solomon,” she asked anxiously, “is anything ailin’ yuh?”

“Naw,” Solomon replied.

And still he did not move his eyes from the wall. What could it be? Ah! A thought struck her. Perhaps he had gone crazy. Another colored boy she knew had “gone out of his senses,” and had acted just so. And that curious look on his face! Thoroughly alarmed, she grasped his arm and shook it.

“Solomon, honey, do your haid feel quare?” she asked.

“Naw. Ain’t nothun’ the matter with me. What you ask sich fool questions for?” he returned, looking at her for the first time, but more in anger than in love.

“Then,” she flared up, her wrath returning with the conviction that his mind was uninjured, “what you mean by comin’ and
settin' up in a lady's parlor like a gravy-image, not openin' your mouth, an' then insultin' of her when she tries to carry on a perlite conversation?"

"Nuthin'," he replied, apathetically.

"Nuthin'?" she returned, the thought of the new red dress and the wall above her head looming large in her mind. "Well, if I didn't have no more sense or no more manners 'n that, I'd stay at home till somebody harned me better."

"If them's your feelin's, I'll dispossess you of my comp'ny," responded Solomon stiffly, rising from his chair.

"Oh, suttinly!" in cool and distant tones from Letitia.

"Good-night, Miss Johnson," spoke Solomon, in the faint hope that she would "see him to the do'."

"Good-night, Mr. Thompson," quoth Letitia, resolutely stand- ing her ground.

Solomon stalked to the door with determination in every step, opened it slowly, then shut it quickly and faced about.

"Tishy," he asked sorrowfully, "what makes you ac' so?"

"Me ac' so?" cried Letitia, with justifiable wrath. " Seems like to me t'aunt me's actin' so."

"Oh, I don't mean to-night," explained the offending lover. "I mean all the time."

"Now, that's a nice question to ask!" exclaimed his lady. " Seems like to me it's mighty curious you keeps comp'ny with me, if you don't like the way I ac' all the time."

"Las' Monday night, at the dance," continued Solomon, paying not the slightest attention to her expostulations, "you promised me two dances, and then give them very dances to some of them band niggers."

"They was orchestra gev't'mun," Letitia corrected, with dignity. "That don't make no kind of diffrence," Solomon interrupted. "Why did yuh go an' give 'em the dance you'd done give to me?"

"It warn't 'cause I didn't want to dance with you, Solomon," cried Letitia eagerly. "It was 'cause I did wanter dance with them. Ef you'd asked for any dances what they didn't want, I'd shore saved 'em fer you."

This seemed to Solomon unanswerable, but unsatisfying.

"An' every time I come 'bout you," he resumed, "you was so busy talkin' to some of 'em that you couldn't so much as see me."
“Deed’n I did see you, Solomon,” interrupted Letitia, “but we was engaged in such aspirin’ conversationalics that I jes’ couldn’t stop to speak.”

Letitia’s taciturn remarks were not as oil on the troubled waters, and Solomon fairly snorted.

“What was the subjeec’ of the intrustin’ remarks?”

“Oh, such upliftin’ things,” with a vague, upward movement of her hands. “My whole intercleal mind is natchery drawn to theirs. They’ve got so much soul,” breathed Letitia intensely, rolling up her eyes.

Solomon watched her gravely, his mind about evenly balanced between admiration and anger, but anger gained the day.

“I reckon I got as much soul as they is,” he replied, stamping his foot.

“Deed’n you ain’t, Solomon. They ain’t no soul like a orchistry’s soul. Music lif’s you aloof to high places, where there can’t nothin’ else tech you,” Letitia murmured with clasped hands and quivering bows.

Then hope stirred in Solomon’s breast. “Does you like all of ’em jes’ the same, Tishy?” he asked eagerly, remembering that there is safety in numbers.

“Naw ’indeed, I don’t,” replied Letitia, promptly stilling the new-born hope, “it’s the gen’l’nun that plays the big fiddle what my soul ‘sponds to.”

“Humph! He ain’t as big as his fiddle.”

“Law, Solomon, the size of the body ain’t got nothin’ to do with the size of the soul. An’ the man that plays the biggest’ instrument, he natchery has the mos’ soulful feelin’a.”

Solomon arose. “Look a-here, Tishy,” he said. “Soul or no soul, ain’t I the biggest’ man in town?”

“Yas,” admitted Letitia.

“Can’t I whup any nigger in town?”

“Yas,” she admitted again.

“Don’t I git the biggest’ pay of any nigger in town?”

“Yas.”

“Can’t I down any nigger in town in a argument?”

Letitia hesitated. “Law, Tishy, you sho’ ain’t forgot when me an’ that city nigger debated on ‘Which is beneficialest to Mankind, Art or Nature?’”

“I ain’t forgot,” admitted Letitia.
"When I asked that nigger, 'Suh, which would you rather have, a he paintin' of a rooster or a real rooster off your neighbor's roost? Do you prefer to go adorned as nature sent you into this here world of mis'ry, or to wear that checkered suit of pants you bought from the second-handed dealer for this errasion? what did he say to that?'

"Nuthin'," Letitia answered reluctantly.

"Well, don't that show I've got more int'lect than any man in town?"

"Yas."

"An' ain't my 'fection for you deeper'n any man's in the whole world?"

Tishy ducked her head, glanced up coyly, and murmured, "I 'spec' so."

"Then, why won't you marry me?" Solomon concluded ardently.

"'Cause you ain't got no music in your soul," murmured Letitia.

"Look a-here, Tishy, music ain't everything."

"It's everything to me."

"Well, blame it if I don't learn the durn thing!" Solomon exclaimed.

"That ain't it," Tishy explained. "Anybody can set down an' learn anything. What you gotter do is jest to pick up a fiddle and play a tune. That's what the orche'stry done."

Solomon packed the floor, much as a lion, balked of his prey, paces his native jungle, with this difference: thought sat upon Solomon's brow, and in time the light of a noble purpose dawned in his eyes. He stopped before his would-be mate.

"Look a-here, Tishy, are you engaged to go to the op'ry house to-morrow night?"

"I've been engaged for a week," she answered proudly.

"Is the orche'stry goin' to play?"

"Of course," answered Letitia.

"Well," Solomen continued. "I ain't never so much as tetch'd a fiddle. If I promise you on my word 'n' honor as a gen'Tman not to tetch one befo' to-morrow night, an' then git up there with the orche'stry and play a tune on the big fiddle, will you marry me?"

Tishy gasped. "Law, Solomen, you couldn't do it. You dunno a tune when somebody plays it to you, much less play it yourself."

"Will you marry me if I do?" persisted Solomen.
"It's mighty unexpected," said Tishy. "But I promise, an' I feel mighty safe in promisin'."

A great joy spread over Solomon's face. "I'm goin' to hol' you to that," he said, and was gone.

The opera house was crowded, but Letitia's escort had secured prominent seats that Letitia might see and be seen. But for once Letitia paid no heed to admiring glances, for Letitia's eyes and Letitia's thoughts were fixed upon the portion of the orchestra to the far left occupied by a very small darkly and a very large fiddle. All moved smoothly, if melodramatically, until the latter part of the last scene, when a large and dusky form made its way stealthily through the house to the orchestra. Having reached its destination unobserved, the figure stepped lightly over the curtained railing which separated the musicians from the audience, dropped down beside the violoncello, and clapped a mighty hand over the mouth of the unsuspecting owner. The hand was the hand of Solomon.

"Hush," he whispered to the already hushed musician. "If you holler, if you so much as say a word, I'll sho' strangle you." He stopped a moment to see the effect of the threat, and then removed his hand.

"I'm goin' to play this here fiddle when it plays nex'," he continued rapidly, "and don't know no more about it then a houn'pup. So you gotter drop right down here on the flo' an' sho' me how. You get right by the fiddle, an' put your fingers on the strings I orter play, and you put 'em quick, and put 'em right, cause I'm gointer do this thing up in style. If you speak a word and show your had, I'm sho' gointer break ev'ry bone in your body."

Solomon carried out his marionette performance without a hitch, and at the end the audience gave generous applause. Solomon, big, black, and filled with the pride of a successful first appearance, took all the applause to himself. Stepping proudly to the front, he bowed and said:

"Ladies an' gen'l'mun, I'm obligated to you for the depreciation you record me. Yas, suh, I sho' played the big fiddle, an' I played it with more uplift of soulfulness than any little yaller nigger in this orchestra ever played 'er befo'. An' me' then that, ladies an' gen'l'man, by so doin' I done won the lady of: my effections, who I respect'fully asks to step forward."

And Letitia, blushing presumably, slipped from her seat, walked skyly to Solomon's side and coyly put her brown hand in his black one amid thunders of applause.

A. M. C.
Down on the Congo River

There's going to be a great time, down on the Congo River,
The lion'll quit a roaring and the tiger 'gin to shiver,
The hyena no more will laugh, but sure will start a-running,
When Teddy takes his gun down, and starts to go a-gunning.

The elephant will pack his trunk, then stretch his legs to limber,
And with the wisdom of his breed will beat it for "Tall Timber";
The hippo, too, will fly away, if he hasn't lost his cunning,
When Teddy takes his gun down, and starts to go a-gunning.

There's mighty fear does now exist, down on the Congo River,
Of all the animals of that land none but does quake and quiver,
But there would be more cause for fear, to set the beasts a-running,
If Teddy were to take his "Long-Bow," when he goes a-gunning.

R. Dunany Whiting.
A Three-Cornered Affair

I TOOK in the situation at a glance. Helen had two fellows on the string. It was pretty hard to come two hundred miles to find that out—especially when, a month before, I had bid Helen good-bye at the station in town, and there was a look in her eyes—well, that seemed to be for me alone. It had given me a comfortable feeling all along, and especially as Helen's letters seemed to exhale a certain atmosphere of disconsolateness—just as if she really missed me.

Yet here was the solemn truth. I hadn't been in Alleghany Inn an hour before I knew it.

Of course she met me at the station. I took it afterward that she had to be ordinarily decent—especially as I had come two hundred miles to see her, and her alone. For Helen knew how I hated inns and all kinds of conventional resorts.

She greeted me quite cordially. She really seemed quite glad to see me. But then, Helen has a way of being pleasant to every one—I thought of this quite bitterly that night as I made up my mind to take the first train in the morning back to town. Of course I didn't go. For when the morning came I had determined to stick it out another day. Certainly I wasn't going to let those two chaps get the best of me so easily as that.

We came into the inn from the station on the buckboard. It was a two-mile drive. The road was the kind called corduroy—and we got some heavy jolts. Still I managed to take Helen's hand, and she didn't seem to mind. After all, at that moment it seemed quite worth while to have come all that distance. There was the first embarrassment that always comes to lovers long separated—but our eyes told volumes. I was glad also that we were surrounded by forests. There would be chances for me to have Helen all to myself in such a wilderness.

I had scarcely registered, however, before, as I turned around, I overheard a buzz of conversation. The two had come up. Helen introduced them rapidly.

"Mr. Ellison, Mr. Warren. Mr. Bell, Mr. Warren."

They nodded cheerfully. I could feel myself growing uneasy.

"Say, Miss Helen," said Mr. Ellison, "can I have the first dance to-night?"
"And," broke in Mr. Bell, "I claim the second."

These two chaps were immaculately dressed in white flannel suits. They were apparently cast in the same mould.

I didn't dance myself—I hated it. Her answer made me desperate.

"I suppose so," said Helen. She looked at me as if to get my sanction, or as if she had really done something of which she expected me to approve. At any rate, I didn't approve. I could feel myself growing warm with rage. To think that I had come two hundred miles only to find that the girl I counted on was as fickle as that.

"I must see about my room," I said, and broke away and went up the stairs.

When I came back they were all three sitting together. It was in the front hall. Helen got up.

"Shall we go for a walk?" she said. "I want to show you the surroundings."

"Let's," said Mr. Ellison.

"Let's," said Mr. Bell.

There was an old-fashioned, apparently genuine tomahawk over the mantel. I could have taken it down gladly and brained these two butt-ins on the spot. And to think, Helen had invited them to go with us!

But I controlled myself. At the first opportunity I would tell Helen what I thought of the whole affair—and especially what I thought of her—and that would end it. Then I would go back to town and begin life over again.

We walked in pairs—Mr. Ellison and Helen, Mr. Bell and myself. Bell talked incessantly. I answered in monosyllables.

It was not until just after dinner, however, and before the dancing began, that I had an opportunity to get Helen alone. I came face to face with her on the piazza.

"Oh," she said, "Jack, dear, I've been looking for you."

"And I for you," I said sternly; "what's the meaning of this?"

"Of what?" she inquired innocently.

"Why, of the two chaps following you around. Do you suppose I came up here to make love to them?"

"They are awfully nice."

"I am glad you think so. I've my humble opinion—they are two first-class chumps."

"Now, Jack—"
“I am going back to-morrow.”

“You mustn’t. They like you so much. Mr. Ellison said—”

“Hang what he said!” I exclaimed. “Don’t you see they are in the way? Besides, you have treated me pretty badly. You’ve got to choose.”

Helen put her hand on my arm. “Now, Jack,” she said, “be nice to them, won’t you? I have a particular reason for asking you. You know they are in reality very nice fellows—they come from splendid families. And have you noticed how well dressed they are, and how nicely they look together? Really, you would go a long way before you found any handsomer young men than Mr. Ellison and Mr. Bell.”

I stared at her in utter amazement. Could this be the girl I loved—the girl I had always thought so genuine and true?

At this instant the music started up. A voice came out of the darkness. It was the dulcet voice of Ellison.

“My dance, please.”

I strode away in the utmost disgust. What was to be done? I went down toward the lake to think it over. Here I had come all this distance, and at a time when business really almost made it necessary to stay at the office, to find that my whole opportunity of seeing Helen was being usurped by these chaps, whom I had come to detest. The worst of it was, I could not tell for the life of me which one she really cared for. That, however, did not really matter. That she cared for either of them was bad enough. Somehow it seemed to me in the nature of a disgrace.

Well, what was I to do? I thought it over for half an hour, sitting on the lonely boathouse that night, and then I made up my mind I would stick it out. As long as I was there I would make the most of it. I would go my own way and have the best time I could. It isn’t my nature to mope, and I set my teeth together and swore that I wouldn’t let the prettiest and sweetest girl I had ever known get the best of me for the sake of two human fashion-plates.

I got up the boatman and told him to get me a canoe. Just then I heard voices.

“O Jack!” exclaimed Helen. “I’ve been looking for you everywhere. What are you going to do?”

“I’m going out on the lake,” I replied doggedly.

“What! at night?”

“Yes.”
"How jolly!" exclaimed the voice of Mr. Ellison.

"Delightful!" cried Mr. Bell.

"Let's make up a party," said Helen. "Come, Jack; take us all. You row so splendidly."

They piled in, and, there being no help for it, I went along.

The next morning, however, I determined to circumvent them. As long as I couldn't have Helen alone, I would get along by myself. Besides, I was full of rage to think Helen would permit such things. Evidently it was all off between us, in spite of what she had given me to understand in the days gone by.

I arose early, and having fortunately brought along my pack-basket, determined to start out on a long tramp.

The cook of the inn provided me with a steak, potatoes, a broiling iron, and other accessories, and I had just packed them in a basket, put the straps over my shoulders, and was starting off, when I heard a cry from one of the upper windows.

"O Jack!"

It was Helen's voice. She had seen me from her room. "Wait a moment, and I'll be down."

Of course I had to wait. There was nothing else to do.

"Where are you going?" she demanded, as, almost breathless in the hurry of dressing, she came out from the porch.

"On a tramp—all day."

"I thought you came up here to see me."

"You are otherwise occupied."

"O Jack, now please!"

I readjusted the basket. "Good-bye!" I said, and started off.

"Jack, you don't understand. I—"

More voices. Ellison and Bell, dressed in golf clothes, suddenly appeared.

"Be nice to them, for my sake," whispered Helen.

Once more I dropped the basket.

"Off on a tramp?" asked Ellison.

I nodded.

"How jolly!" exclaimed Bell. "Were you going, Miss Helen?"

"I wasn't asked," said Helen, with a pout.

"You know," I said, "you could come along if you wanted to."

Helen suddenly laughed and her face lighted up.

"Let's all go!" she exclaimed. "We'll make up a party. I'll get a chaperone. Come, Mr. Ellison; you help Mr. Warren repack his basket—for of course we'll need more things."
"Won't it be fun?" exclaimed Bell.

It was no particular fun for me to cook the dinner for two such chappies as these, but I got even with them by making them wash dishes, though I am bound to say they made no objection.

That night we were all tired and went to bed early. But I woke up at midnight, and, thinking it all over, and Helen's eructing, I made up my mind to give the affair up. The next morning I made my arrangements to leave on the first train.

I took an early breakfast; then I started down to the lake for a last look. On the way back I came face to face with Helen. She betrayed anxiety.

"I've been looking for you everywhere!" she cried. "Surely this is not true—you are not going! The clerk told me."

"Yes, I am."

There was a rustic seat by the path, and we both sat down.

"You've been horrid to me," said Helen, "ever since you came. You haven't—"

"I haven't been any worse to you than you have been to me,"

I replied.

Helen began to cry softly.

"You told me once," she said, "that—that you loved me."

"I do," I replied. I was beginning to feel rather queer myself.

"Of course I love you, Helen," I said. I had to put my arm around her then. It seemed the most natural thing to do.

"Haven't I told you I loved you?" I went on; "haven't I said that you were the only girl I ever thought about? Didn't I come two hundred miles so I could be with you? And when I got here what did I find? That I couldn't even get near you."

Helen looked up and smiled through her tears.

"Don't you understand, Jack, dear?" she said. "I wanted to tell you before, but—" she blushed.

"No," I replied, bluntly; "I don't understand; what is it? Why do you tolerate those—those—"; words failed me.

"Why, because they are so smart-looking and have such perfect manners. Only, Jack, dear, from the way you have been treating me I was almost afraid that it really wasn't going to be necessary to cultivate them."

"Necessary?" I repeated. "What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"Why, Jack," replied Helen, "have you, or can you have, the faintest, remotest idea of how hard it is to get good-looking ushers nowadays? Look at Marie Wortham's wedding—what awful-looking things she had. And don't you see, Jack, dear, why I want to keep on good terms with Mr. Ellison and Mr. Bell?"

Then I understood.
EVERYBODY on the house-party was bent on getting even with Walter Peters. There was not one of the young people who had not suffered in some way from the wit and ridicule of this young man, the brother of the hostess. Blanche, who was giving the party, was greatly distressed.

"Father," she begged, "we've tried everything, and we can't catch him. Please see what you can do. Find something that we can tease him about."

"Yes, do help her, Father," put in Mrs. Peters; "it isn't right for Walter to tease his sister's guests this way."

Thus urged, Mr. Peters set to work to find some joke on the merciless young scamp. He knew it would be a difficult task, for Walter was always careful to cover all his traces. But fortune was better to him than he had anticipated. It was only the second day after Blanche had sought his aid, that, as Mr. Peters was crossing the lower corner of the grove, he heard an indistinct murmuring. He stopped and listened. Yes, he was right; someone was talking aloud on the opposite side of the big oak, and the voice he heard was his son's. Now we must not accuse Mr. Peters of being an eavesdropper. He simply recognized his opportunity and seized it. He leaned close against his side of the tree and listened. Why, Walter was reading a letter—and a love-letter, too! Oh, glorious, to be able to spring that joke on the young gentleman before the whole party that night. But better still: he would not leave yet, but stay a while and learn a few of the most touching passages.

Walter seemed to be very well pleased with his love-letter, for he continued to mumble it out several times in succession, as if he too were trying to memorize the eloquent speeches, but Mr. Peters was not disturbed about that; it gave him all the better chance to pick his passages and learn them. Ten minutes later, Mr. Peters slipped noiselessly and unobserved from his place of hiding, with a broad grin on his face and a triumphant joy in his heart, as he went over his collection: "It has long been a custom to claim the red roses as a symbol of love but, dear, to me not all the red roses in the world will match the soft color of your cheeks." The beauties of spring are receiving the
praise of all about me, but I am unaffected, because you are not in the spring. There is no green thing in all the world so beautiful to me as your beaming eyes."

"'Green, beaming eyes!'" he repeated. "And why should she be in the spring? What fool stuff these youngsters can get up when the notion takes them. I suppose it will suit the one it's intended for, though, and she will think it is so nice and so pretty. But Walter! I never would have believed that my son had so much sentimentality in him. Well, we'll see, we'll see. He'll have to pay dearly for all his pranks."

Mr. Peters was so happy over his secret that he could hardly keep from telling it. But cool judgment, on which he prided himself, told him to wait until he could get the whole party together to enjoy the discomfiture of their tormentor.

Tea was over and Mr. Peters and all the young people had gone out on the front veranda. Mrs. Peters alone was missing, and her husband waited impatiently for her to complete the group that was soon to be surprised by his discovery. There was another on the porch awaiting Mrs. Peters' coming, but Mr. Peters did not know it. The moment his wife reached the veranda, Mr. Peters began, determined to speak before the conversation should have time to take any other turn, or his son have another opportunity to belabor the party.

"I have some news for you, young people," he began in a loud, pompous tone. "I have only to-day discovered that we have in our midst a poet, or one with considerable poetic feeling. The writer has not cared for public fame: he has sought the praise of one alone. Had I not accidentally heard him crooning his love-melodies, his genius might have passed forever unrecognized. As it is, we may all do honor to the poet. Now, don't you respect the author of such beautiful expressions as these: 'The red rose has long been a token of love, but to me, dear, all the red roses in the world cannot equal the soft color—?'"

"Father, you seem to be getting things mixed."

"What's the matter with it?" growled Mr. Peters. "I don't claim to be able to say it in such a love-sick fashion as you, if that's what is troubling you." He did not like to be interrupted, and also noticed that instead of being embarrassed, his son's face was aglow with excitement.
"You say that the writer didn't care for the praise of but one. Then, why should he be trying to get other people to praise his work?"

Mr. Peters was nonplussed. He had not anticipated this turn. "What do you mean!" he demanded. "You wrote all that yourself, and now you come quoting—My joke has turned out better than I expected." And Walter broke into a fit of laughing. "Walter, I didn't think you would tell such a—"

"If you don't believe it, why don't you ask Mother. I shouldn't imagine she's forgotten about her green eyes. If anybody wants further proof, let him look at this," and he drew from his pocket a crumpled letter. "I don't believe it!" Mr. Peters reiterated stoutly. But even at the moment, conviction was gripping his heart and something was whispering to him: "You might have suspected it from the way those lines stuck in your mind so easily."

Then as all rushed to the light to look at the crumpled letter that Walter held out, Mr. Peters nervously slipped across the porch to where his wife was seated. "Come on, Sallie, let's leave these young people to themselves; children will be children." And with that wise dictum, he took her arm and the two went out into the yard where the wind might blow upon Mr. Peters' burning brow.

MARY H. STONE.
To My Radiator

Ah, dear old Radiator mine!
How sweet my life has been with thee!
How many days of rain or shine
You've shared this little room with me!

Four years we've sat here side by side,
Just as the architect designed;
Long years you've been an iron bride
To one who has no other kind.

I've looked no look you didn't see;
I've thought no thought you didn't ken—
Could intimacy closer be
Than ours throughout these years has been?

And yet for all the years we've shared,
For all the good and all the ill,
For all I've whined and mused and cared,
I feel that we are strangers still.

Deep in your heart a secret lies
Which I have never fathomed yet;
Behind your cold metallic eyes
Is hid a truth I cannot get.

Dear Lady, tell me! When it's hot,
Why isn't you searched me out with stern;
And when it's freezing 'round this spot,
Remain as cold as new ice-cream?

Joseph W. Hall, '09.
Emancipation Ode

In that horrible orgy of limestone and slate,
In the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight,
The corps did assemble, and hist'ry was made,
The customs of years in their coffin were laid.
But long was the battle; and bloody withal,
For down in the innermost bosoms of all
Lurked the lure of the buckster; the ninety degree.
And the almost resistless, "Say, Rat, gimme three!"
But Reason had conquered, and so, with a shout,
The practice of hazing was put down and out.

"There shall be no more hazing,"
Sang the bugle shrill and clear.
"There shall be no more hazing,"
Answered echoes far and near.

From tapes tonight, you have no right,
O burly Soph, to beat,
Restrain your hand, the Freshman band
Like fellow classmen treat.
Tomorrow morn when sounds the horn
To reuse you from your beds,
Come forth, ye Rats, from off your slats
And proudly hold your heads.
Fear not the broom, ye have no room
Except your own to sweep.
Be freshashell, remember well,
None now can make you weep.

"There shall be no more hazing,"
Sang the bugle shrill and clear.
"There shall be no more hazing,"
Answered echoes far and near.

Ah, that night! Who can forget it?
Who but rue it and regret it?
That last night of Hazing's reign.
There was falling blows like rain,
Shrieks of fear and cries of pain.
Locked and barred was every door,
Bands of rodents, sad and sore,
Congregated on each floor,
While the slowly moving clock
All their servows seemed to mock,
But the night drew to a close,
Like a sword the sun arose,
And his iridescent blaze
Seemed to say, "Thou shalt not hate!"
Hark! The strains of Revellie
Sing the psalm of the free,
Equal rights, fraternity,
Henceforth shall our motto be.

"There shall be no more hazing."
Sang the bugle shrill and clear.
"There shall be no more hazing."
Answered echoes far and near.

But though the rodents now could shirk
The bucket, broom, and menial work,
They found they had, much to their joy,
Jumped from the skillet to the fire.
Imagine, if you can, their rage
When upperclassmen, grave and sage,
Decided that a rat's a rat
For all o' that and all o' that.
Wherefore the Soph Committee met
To draw up rules full long a set,
Regarding cigarettes, and city,
And fining out, and verdant mitts.
A turned-up trouser, cap askew,
On rat received a harsh tabao.
The entrance gate was barred to him,
His homeward path by "kind the gym.

"There shall be no more hazing."
Sang the bugle shrill and clear.
"There shall be no more hazing."
Answered echoes far and near.

"But hark ye, Rat. See to it that
The Decalogue you keep,
If you renege, you'd better dig,
Revenge is swift and cheap,
You helpless wretch, a grim haircrest
Will grace your hapless head."
So spake the Soph. No Rat could scoff
At words so full of dread.
In gloves of green; with humble mien,
Sane cigarette he went.
He doffed his grin; he learned to stifle.
So straight he backward bent.
But some there were whose shaggy fur
One hateful night was snarled.
They'd not obeyed, and though they prayed,
Came hairless forth at morn.
"There shall be no more hazing."

Sang the bugle shrill and clear,
"There shall be no more hazing."
Answered echoes far and near.

Thus the customs of years went out in a day,
And the babies in safety can gambol and play.
The fondest of mothers has no cause to regret
When she sends here her darling, his training to get.
The buckster, the beymet, the brom-stick, the flat
Are laid on the shelf and not on the cat.
And only a few degenerate ones
Swear softly when cleaning the locks of their guns.
Or once in a while reminiscently sigh
For the fair days of hazing at old V. P. I.

C. Y. A.
Lee Literary Society

Motto: Virtus sicut amictus
Colors: Blue and White

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OFFICERS</th>
<th>FIRST TERM</th>
<th>SECOND TERM</th>
<th>THIRD TERM</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. M. JEWETT</td>
<td>J. W. C. CATLETT</td>
<td>J. L. HUGHES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>T. C. HOWARD</td>
<td>C. W. C. MacKAN</td>
<td>E. R. BENSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. O. BEARD</td>
<td>J. R. LUCAS</td>
<td>C. W. C. MacKAN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>J. W. C. CATLETT</td>
<td>J. L. HUGHES</td>
<td>J. H. MASSIE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>R. H. CRUMMETT</td>
<td>R. H. CRUMMETT</td>
<td>W. C. DIXON</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

MEMBERS

J. O. BEARD
F. R. BENSON
A. A. BURTON
J. W. C. CATLETT
R. H. CRUMMETT
N. E. COLEMAN
W. C. DIXON
E. G. GOODWIN
T. C. HOWARD
M. H. HILL
J. L. HUGHES
J. M. JEWETT
H. McG. KING
R. C. KENT
J. R. LUCAS
E. H. LEWIS
J. S. MILLER
C. W. C. MacKAN
J. H. MASSIE
W. R. MARTIN
H. F. MUSSER
C. W. MASSIE
R. M. ROBINSON
C. H. Slayton
R. C. Syfan
H. A. Tillett
A. N. Williams
W. M. Weiner
G. R. Wilson
W. S. Waugh

MEDAL WINNERS

DEBATE: T. O. DAY
J. L. HUGHES

DECLARATION: J. O. BEARD
Maury Literary Society

OFFICERS
FIRST TERM
A. HARRIS
C. L. WATKINS
O. M. BISHOP
H. A. WOMACK
L. J. KILLIAN
C. STEBBINS

SECOND TERM
W. T. HOOFNAGLE
C. L. WATKINS
H. A. WOMACK
P. H. THOMPSON
W. T. DARNEY
A. HARRIS

THIRD TERM
C. L. WATKINS
W. T. HOOFNAGLE
L. J. KILLIAN
P. H. THOMPSON
J. J. LAREW

MEMBERS
G. I. BERKLEY
J. C. PURCELL
F. C. DRUMMOND
P. A. TANNER
C. M. DAVIDSON
W. A. VAUGHT
W. T. DARNEY
C. L. WATKINS
A. HARRIS
E. W. SCOTT
W. T. HOOFNAGLE
R. D. STROHECKER
L. J. KILLIAN
P. H. THOMPSON
J. J. LAREW
J. O. OLIVER
H. A. WOMACK
POLLARD
J. R. WATKINS

143
The Gray Jacket

Local Ed.  Local Ed.

F.P. Coleman  A.M. Bishop

A. Harris  J.W.C. Cuttle

Editors-in-Chief


W.F. Heesawale  L.J. Hillian

R.C. Kent  J.C. Beard

Literary Eds.

Y.M.C.A. Ed.

Athletic Ed.

C.W. Mackan  H.A. Womack

J.B. Watkins  P.A. Tanner

Local Editor

J.B. Lucas  H.A.N.
Bugle Election

The Brainiest Cadet ............................................. STEBBINS
The Hardest Student ........................................... WYSOR
The Most College Spirited .................................... HARRIS
The Most Dignified Cadet ..................................... CUBLIPP
The Most Popular Cadet ....................................... HUFFARD
The Handsomest Cadet ......................................... HUFFARD
The Best Officer ................................................ MILLER
The Best First Sergeant ....................................... LEWIS
The Best Sergeant ............................................... STONEBURNER
The Best Corporal ............................................... BEARD
The Best Drilled Private ....................................... BEN DAVIS
Callio Sport ....................................................... WEISS
The Greatest Lady Hater ....................................... WYSOR
The Heart Smasher .............................................. ISAAC
The Most Popular Professor ................................. WILLIAMS
The Handsomest Professor .................................... MILES
The Most Popular Young Lady ............................... MISS PATION
The Laziest Cadet ............................................... R. T. WADE
The Freshest Cadet ............................................. DUNN
The Best All-round Cadet ..................................... LUTTRELL
The Cadet Most in Love ........................................ TRENOR
The Wittiest Cadet ............................................... PRICHARD
The Most Conceited Cadet .................................... MACKELL
The Most Bashful Cadet ........................................ HIX
The Greatest Bore ............................................... ENGLAND
The Greatest Kicker ............................................ C. P. MASSIE
The Best Natured Liar .......................................... STUART
General Athletic Association

OFFICERS

P. P. HUFFARD, ’09............................................President
A. D. AUSTIN, ’10............................................Vice-President
E. L. KENNER, ’11............................................Secretary
H. L. PRICE..................................................Treasurer
D. D. MARTIN, ’09............................................Assistant Treasurer

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

C. P. MILES, Graduate Manager........................................Chairman
P. P. HUFFARD, ’09
A. D. AUSTIN, ’10
E. L. KENNER, ’11

C. P. MILES
H. L. WORTHINGTON
H. H. HUTCHINSON, ’09................................Manager of Football Team
F. C. STONEBURNER, ’10................................Assistant Manager of Football Team
G. S. EVANS, ’09.............................................Manager of Basketball Team
N. D. HARGROVE, ’10.......................................Assistant Manager of Basketball Team
W. A. BOWLES, ’09............................................Manager of Baseball Team
K. E. HODGSON, ’10.........................................Assistant Manager of Baseball Team
J. CARPENTER, ’09............................................Manager of Track Team
J. B. SKINNER, ’10..........................................Assistant Manager of Track Team
T. P. CAMPBELL, ’09........................................Manager of Tennis Team

148
Virginia Tech '09

Football Department

OFFICERS

BROWN, R. M. ............................................. Coach
LUTTRELL, J. T. ........................................... Captain
HUGHSON, H. H. ......................................... Manager
STONEBURNER, F. C. ................................. Assistant Manager
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Position</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>HUFFARD</td>
<td>Left End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JONES, H. G.</td>
<td>Left Tackle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WALKER</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GIBRS</td>
<td>Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HODSON, E. R.</td>
<td>Right Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JONES, J. P.</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HICKS</td>
<td>Right End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONNOLLY</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LUTTRELL, Captain</td>
<td>Left Halfback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BILLUPS</td>
<td>Right Halfback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HODGSON, V. R.</td>
<td>Fullback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Player</td>
<td>Position</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvester, W. W.</td>
<td>Left End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wingfield, R. M.</td>
<td>Left Tackle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cobb, H. E.</td>
<td>Left Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeffries, M. H.</td>
<td>Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burroughs, W. H.</td>
<td>Right Guard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Echols, O. P.</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holt, R. D.</td>
<td>Right End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaughn, H. B., Captain</td>
<td>Quarterback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richter, J. P.</td>
<td>Left Halfback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambler, P. T.</td>
<td>Right Halfback</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, E. H.</td>
<td>Fullback</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Baseball Department

OFFICERS

BROWN, R. M. .................................................. Coach
AUSTIN, A. D. .................................................. Captain
HOGES, W. A. .................................................. Manager
HODGSON, E. R. .................................................. Assistant Manager

LINE UP

AUSTIN, A. D. .................................................. Catcher
HODGSON, A. N. .................................................. Pitcher
JONES, H. Q. .................................................. Pitcher
HURT, G. W. .................................................. Shortstop
IVES, W. M. .................................................. First Base
LEE, S. H. .................................................. Second Base
KENNER, E. L. .................................................. Third Base
HICKS, T. P. .................................................. Left Field
HOBBS, W. N. .................................................. Center Field
FUGUA, R. W. .................................................. Right Field
BASKET BALL
Basket-Ball Department

OFFICERS

BROWN, R. M. .................................................. Coach
HUGHES, J. L. .................................................. Captain
EVANS, G. S. .................................................. Manager
HARGROVE, N. D. ............................................. Assistant Manager

LINE UP

HUGHES, J. L., Captain ..................................... Center
HARGROVE, N. D. ............................................ Left Field
LEGGE, F. H. .................................................. Left Guard
HURT, G. W ..................................................... Right Field
LANGFORD, E. P. ............................................. Right Guard
LIPSCOMB, E. H. ............................................ Substitute
Crack Squad

(Sessions 1908-09)

OFFICERS

BROWN, E. M. .................................................. Coach
LUTTRELL, J. T. ............................................... Captain
CARPENTER, J. ................................................ Manager
SKINNER, J. R. ................................................ Assistant Manager

LUTTRELL, J. T.
HUFFARD, P. P.
HARGROVE, N. D.
SYFAX, R. C.
SHARP, C. J.
HUGHES, J. L.
RICHTER, J. P.
SILVESTER, W. W.
COOPER, F. C.

GIBBS, A. G.
DAVIS, W. B.
PROSSER, F. K.
STAFTORD, E. E.
HURRUS
VAUGHAN, H. B.
DeVAL, R. A.
MORTON, D. P.
HEARD, S. K.
TENNIS
Tennis

CAMPBELL, T. P. ........................................ MANAGER

SCHEDULE FOR 1909
Roanoke College—3-7, 2-6, 4-6.
W. & L.—April 30 to May 1 at Lexington.
E. & H.—May 8 at Blacksburg.
E. & H.—May 16 at Emory.
R. M. A.—April 16 at Blacksburg.

SCORES FOR 1909
W. & L.—5-7, 6-4, 3-0.
V. P. L.—7-5, 4-6, 6-3.
Roanoke College—3-7, 2-6, 4-6.
V. P. L.—7-5, 6-2, 6-4.

TEAM
IVES, WM.  CAMPBELL, T. P., JR.
The Fan

I did not dream your gift would make me sad;  
How could this thing of lace and ivory  
Entangle in its meshes any care,  
Or thought of you that would bring grief to me?

When laughingly I fluttered out its folds,  
With stars besprinkled like a butterfly,  
It spoke of happy hours and lightsome words  
Of summer and of summer's rhapsody.

But when tonight I held it as I heard  
Heart-thrilling music, felt the rose's breath,  
When lovely forms with faces fair upturned  
Were round me; then, by stealth

There crept upon me all the old-time pain,  
The longing for the playmate, brother, friend,  
All we had heard together, and had seen  
In summers that would never come again.
Staff

Miss Gilman

D. D. Martin ............................................ Captain and Adjutant
P. P. Huffard ............................................ Captain Quartermaster
F. E. Saunders ........................................... First Lieutenant and Assistant Adjutant
H. H. Hutchinson ....................................... First Lieutenant and Quartermaster
H. B. Hawkins ........................................... Sergeant Major
F. P. Coleman ........................................... Quartermaster Sergeant
H. A. Womack ........................................... Color Sergeant
L. V. Sutton ........................................... Color Sergeant

181
Company A

Miss Moulis

V. V. KELSEY ........................................... Captain
J. CARPENTER ........................................... First Lieutenant
R. M. JOHNSTON ....................................... Second Lieutenant
W. D. MOSS ............................................. Third Lieutenant
L. E. WALKER ........................................... Third Lieutenant (Attached)
O. M. BISHOP ........................................... First Sergeant
C. H. SLAYTON ......................................... Quartermaster Sergeant
A. H. WARDEN .......................................... Sergeant
G. C. BROOKING ........................................ Sergeant
G. G. VIA ................................................ Sergeant
J. A. HALE ............................................. Corporal
E. C. HECKMAN ......................................... Corporal
J. M. MORRIS .......................................... Corporal
W. G. HARRIS .......................................... Corporal
R. C. SYFAN ............................................ Corporal
E. L. KENNER .......................................... Corporal

183
Company B

A. HARRIS.......................... Captain
B. W. LAPRADE......................... First Lieutenant
A. SOMERVILLE......................... Third Lieutenant
D. C. WYSOR......................... First Sergeant
F. C. STONEBURNER................. Quartermaster Sergeant
J. M. HEATH........................ Sergeant
D. W. FRY......................... Sergeant
W. S. COWART......................... Sergeant
L. J. KILIAN...................................
G. L. BERKLEY........................ Corporal
R. J. COUSINS........................ Corporal
J. J. LAREW........................ Corporal
W. T. DARNEY......................... Corporal
P. H. THOMPSON....................... Corporal
Company C

Miss Honeycutt
Sponsor

C. L. Watkins: Captain
J. G. Walker: First Lieutenant
R. A. Williams: Second Lieutenant
F. O. Cudlipp: Third Lieutenant (Attached)
J. J. Snidow: Third Lieutenant
H. M. Trenor: First Sergeant
L. A. Porter: Quartermaster Sergeant
F. R. Lamb: Sergeant
W. Y. Jinkins: Sergeant
H. M. Robinson: Sergeant
C. H. Craibill: Corporal
W. J. Overman: Corporal
A. A. Fletcher: Corporal
J. R. Winston: Corporal
H. Rogers: Corporal
Company D

Miss Keenell, sponsor

J. L. Palmer .................................................. Captain
L. C. Isaac ..................................................... First Lieutenant
F. P. Pool ....................................................... Second Lieutenant
E. P. Rogers .................................................... Third Lieutenant
E. J. W. Hultman .............................................. First Sergeant
M. W. Frankenfield ........................................ Quartermaster Sergeant
H. E. Billups .................................................... Sergeant
J. H. Kerlin ..................................................... Sergeant
D. H. Spindle .................................................. Sergeant
W. C. Guthrie .................................................. Corporal
J. B. Watkins .................................................. Corporal
C. J. Kirkwood ................................................. Corporal
D. P. Morton .................................................. Corporal
P. A. Tanner .................................................. Corporal
Company E

Miss Vassickler
sponser

H. A. Tillette ........................................... Captain
E. W. Bowen ........................................... First Lieutenant
W. S. McGraw ........................................... Second Lieutenant
W. T. Wood ............................................... Third Lieutenant
C. P. Massie ............................................... First Sergeant
H. H. Holmes ........................................... Quartermaster Sergeant
W. L. Wright ............................................... Sergeant
J. R. Skinner ............................................... Sergeant
W. H. Jackson .............................................. Corporal
F. K. Prosser .............................................. Corporal
A. G. Jeffery ............................................... Corporal
G. H. Bright ............................................... Corporal
F. G. Fairthing ........................................... Corporal
W. W. Howard ........................................... Corporal
Company F

MRS. STUBBS
SPONSOR

F. MILLER .................................................. CAPTAIN
H. C. KENT ............................................... FIRST LIEUTENANT
T. P. HICKS ............................................. SECOND LIEUTENANT
W. T. HOOFNAGLE .................................. THIRD LIEUTENANT
E. B. LEWIS ............................................. FIRST SERGEANT
R. M. ROBINSON .................................. QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
J. B. LUCAS ............................................. SERGEANT
C. W. C. MACKAN .................................. SERGEANT
J. L. HUGHES .......................................... SERGEANT
J. O. BEARD ............................................. CORPORAL
W. T. HARVEY .......................................... CORPORAL
G. W. LAND .............................................. CORPORAL
E. E. STAFFORD ...................................... CORPORAL
F. T. WYATT ............................................. CORPORAL
J. H. MASSIE ............................................. CORPORAL
Band

Miss Ferguson
SPONSOR

R. A. CALVERT     CAPTAIN
J. W. CARTER     SECOND LIEUTENANT
W. P. HUNTER     FIRST SERGEANT
J. C. CHAMBERS     CORPORAL
W. H. SMITH     CORPORAL
P. H. CRUMMET     CORPORAL
A. A. WALDROP     CORPORAL
PASSING OF THE BAR.
Immortality

Among the forest trees
The great winds sigh,
And hosts of fluttering leaves
Fall on the ground to die.

Above the gaudy leaves
A butterfly
Soars with its pale wings spread
Against the sky.

What if but here and there
A single soul
Shall from the earth-forms fair
Rise to the Goal?
German Club

OFFICERS

T. P. CAMPBELL, JR. ........................................ President
A. D. AUSTIN ............................................ Vice-President
H. H. HUTCHINSON ........................................ Secretary and Treasurer
J. P. JONES ................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

B. T. ASHBY
A. D. AUSTIN
E. S. ALEXANDER
T. P. CAMPBELL, JR.
W. E. CORR
G. S. EVANS
J. R. HUTCHESON
T. R. HUTCHESON
H. H. HUTCHINSON
P. P. HUFFARD
S. K. HEARD
E. R. HODGSON
J. P. JONES
W. R. MARTIN
S. M. McMURRAY
W. C. RATHBEN
F. W. POE
F. E. SAUNDERS
J. B. SKINNER
L. V. SUTTON
R. SHACKLEFORD
W. L. TERRIS
R. T. M. WADE
W. K. YONGE
W. S. GRAVELEY
J. H. HARVELL
M. H. JEFFERIES
J. E. VAWTER
H. R. HAWKINS
R. E. SAUNDERS
B. W. LAPHADE
W. H. DAVIS
D. P. CLEMMER
D. H. SPINDLE
G. W. HURT
E. A. WILLIAMS
F. MILLER
W. A. BOWLES, JR.
C. L. SINCLAIR
C. W. C. MACKAN

B. E. G. GOVER

HONORARY MEMBERS

W. C. ELLETT
W. R. ELLETT
W. M. BRODIE
R. M. BROWN
F. H. ABBOY
E. T. ELLETT
R. B. NELSON
STOCKTON HEATH

C. P. MILES
C. E. VAWTER
H. S. WORTHINGTON
J. D. LACOVA
A. M. GOODLOGE
W. P. MONCURE
H. G. MCCORMICK
J. J. DAVIS
Kodak and Camera Club

OFFICERS

W. S. McGRAW .......................................................... President
(In a Ruby light a female?)

S. BLOCKSIDE .......................................................... Vice-President
(Why can't a tripod walk?)

P. J. LUSBY .......................................................... Secretary
(This negative is positive)

H. C. YEATON .......................................................... Treasurer
(I can't finder)

W. S. WAUGH .......................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms
(Shutter up)

MEMBERS

BERGER, P. .......................................................... (Why is a dark-room dark?)
BURTON, A. A. .......................................................... (My plate is empty)
CLEMMER, D. P. .......................................................... (Do Air Bells ring?)
HANKINS, C. .......................................................... (Do cartridges explode?)
HEALEY, E. T. .......................................................... (Shadows are my fate)
HOOPNAGLE, W. T. .................................................. (Is a Brownie camera brown?)
JACKSON, W. H. .......................................................... (He fixed himself in the Hypo, bath)
JENKINS, W. Y. .......................................................... (Is a Flexo Kodak flexible?)
MOSS, W. D. .......................................................... (I will develop myself in the tank)
NOTTINGHAM, S. C. .................................................. (My favorite beverage is Ortho-Hydrochino)
RICHARDSON, H. .......................................................... (Is acetic acid vinegar?)
RICHTER, J. P. .......................................................... (Does Balsam come from the ass?)
SMITH, F. A. .......................................................... (I was never developed)
STAFFORD, E. E. .................................................. (Is squeegeeing the same as squeezing?)
STEEL, R. E. .......................................................... (Is oil cream good for blisters?)
STICKLEY, C. B. .................................................. (He was dense because he was overdeveloped)
WAUGH, D. H. .......................................................... (Do you think I am contrasty?)
WEISS, O. H. .......................................................... (The graduate is broken)
WILLIAMS, E. A. .................................................. (Is a Folding Brownie a double-jointed being?)
WILLIAMS, H. W. .................................................. (Does a Hydrometer measure hydrogen?)

FLASHLIGHTS

HONORARY MEMBERS

MISS E. L. GARRISON  MISS A. G. HANNA

C. H. DEATON

205
# The Agricultural Club

## Officers

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>J. CARPENTER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>R. M. JOHNSTON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secretary</td>
<td>M. O. WILSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Treasurer</td>
<td>F. E. SAUNDERS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sergeant-at-Arms</td>
<td>E. R. BISSEX</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Members

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>H. R. ANDERSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. T. ASHBY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. O. BEARD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. R. BISSEX</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. BOTZ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. A. BOWMAN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. E. BROWN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. CARPENTER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. W. C. CATLETT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. H. CHILTON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. A. COVINGTON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. H. CRABILL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. H. CRUMMETT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. R. CRUMMETT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. M. CUMMINGS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. D. ELLIS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. E. FOOTE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. P. FUNKSTEN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. W. FUQUA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. P. GILLETT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. C. GIVENS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. T. GRAVATT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. GWATHNEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. D. HARGROVE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. C. HART</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. M. HERRIN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. N. HORBY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. N. HODGSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. R. HODGSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. L. HOLLADAY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. C. HOMES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. R. HUMSTON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. R. IVES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. G. JONES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. J. LAREW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. LOCKHART</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. MASSIE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. S. MILLER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. M. MONTGOMERY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. L. MOON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. G. NELSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. M. OZLINE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. R. PARKER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. PATRICK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. M. PITTS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. D. PRITCHARD</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. R. PURCELL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. E. E. QUANTZ</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. A. REYNOLDS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. J. RICHTER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. E. SAUNDERS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. M. SCALES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. J. SHARP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. F. SHORTER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. SKINNER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. H. SPITLER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. C. STEPHENS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. R. STICKLEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. D. STROHECKER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. W. TAYLOR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. O. WILSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. R. WILSON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. R. WINSTON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. F. WOOD</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

207
South Carolina Club

OFFICERS

E. P. ROGERS............................... President
W. S. McCRARY............................. Vice President
H. A. WOMACK............................. Secretary and Treasurer
R. SHACKELFORD.......................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

E. P. ROGERS
E. W. WEBB
E. A. WILLIAMS
H. A. WOMACH
H. G. JORDAN
W. S. McCRARY
F. W. POE
R. SHACKELFORD
Cosmopolitan Club

OFFICERS

MISS CROWL .......................................................... Sponsor
T. P. HICKS .......................................................... Demagogue
C. H. SLAYTON .................................................. Assistant Demagogue
W. C. RATHUILL ........................................ Scriber and Pharisee
W. P. FUNSTON ................................................ Guardian Angel

A. CASTRO .................................................. O. M. MERRY
R. G. CLARK ................................................ R. W. POLLARD
H. M. COBB ................................................ J. C. QUINTEIRO
W. L. EPLER ................................................ F. A. SMITH
W. M. HUSTON ................................................ R. SEDDON
L. W. HICKS ................................................ S. C. NOTTINGHAM
F. J. LUSBY ................................................ C. J. SHARP
E. H. LEDGE ................................................ R. SIENA
H. K. LEHR ................................................ R. G. TAYLOR
K. W. MACKAL ................................................ M. B. THOMAS
E. M. MAXWELI ........................................ A. H. WORDEN

209
The Richmond Club

After the glorious Christmas tide of 1893, Mr. Woodson Waddley was inspired by the thought that since Richmond was the garden spot of "Old Virginia," she should be well represented at this institution.

This thought prompted him to call a meeting of Richmond boys; thus, on January 6, 1894, the present Richmond Club was inaugurated at V. P. I. At this triumphant gathering there were only twelve men present, and Mr. Woodson Waddley was unanimously elected president.

From the beginning this organization has steadily increased in membership, until at present it has twenty-nine men on its roll.

Since its inauguration it has been customary to celebrate each anniversary by a banquet. These occasions are always looked forward to with much pleasure and anticipation.

February 27th marks the celebration of this event for the year of 1908-09, and its pleasures will linger long in the minds of all who partake of the finest supper ever served on our Campus.

It is our aim to further the good work that was begun in 1894, and we hope that all who follow us will unite with us in the advancement of this organization, which is now the largest of its kind at V. P. I.
The Richmond Club

OFFICERS

President
C. T. Adams
J. N. Kurank
W. G. Davis

Vice-President
Secretary and Treasurer

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Members

P. F. Kennedy
H. McG. King
E. H. Knox
W. S. McGraw
C. P. Massie
D. P. Morton
W. D. Moss
C. E. Nuckols
R. W. Paul
G. B. Peasley
J. H. Satterwhite
E. C. Stansfield
R. C. Syfan
J. N. Kurank
G. P. Tompkins
E. A. Isbelle
L. E. Walker
N. D. HAIRGROVE
L. Washier
C. H. Yardborough

Yell: Boom! Boom!! Boom!!!
Give us room;
Ro! Hi! Hub!
Rhub! Club!
Richmond Club!

Colors: Cherry and Pink
Motto: "Do others or they'll do you"
Song: "In Old Sing Sing"
Favorite Pastime: Dreaming of "Her"
Norfolk Club

OFFICERS

W. T. JONES, '09.......................... President
H. E. BILLUPS, '10......................... Vice-President
W. W. SILVETER, '11......................... Secretary and Treasurer
R. R. UPTON, '12................................ Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

C. C. AYDELOTTE, '12.................... W. T. JONES, '09
H. E. BILLUPS, '10........................ F. KLEPPER, '09
C. W. CRUMP, '11............................ G. W. LAND, '11
C. M. DAVIDSON, '12..................... T. Y. PEAKE, '12
C. S. FOSTER, '11.......................... W. W. SILVETER, '11
G. G. GARRISON, '12...................... W. SIMMONS, '12
E. K. HENLEY, '11......................... R. R. UPTON, '12
V. B. HODGSON, '11.......................... H. B. VAUGHAN, '10
R. D. BOLT, '10.............................. WARE, '12
L. C. ISAAC, '09............................ S. WESTON, '12
H. O. JAMES, '11......................... G. R. WILSON, '12
M. B. JEFFRIES, '10.......................... W. T. WOOD, '09
Portsmouth Club

Colors: Sea-Green and Navy-Blue
Favorite Drink: Salt Sea Water
Favorite Occupation: Going Home

OFFICERS OF THE GOOD SHIP "PORTSMOUTH"

I. A. PORTER, '10
M. L. CLEATON, '11
W. J. OVERMAN, '11
E. M. CODD, '12

Captain
Mate
Purser
Consmain

CREW

F. R. BENSON, '11
T. H. FREIDLIN, '11
G. C. MAYNARD, '12
E. J. COUSINS, '11
P. R. IVES, '12
R. E. WRIGHT, '11
C. M. DAVIDSON, '12
C. W. C. MACKAN
W. V. H. WILLIAMS, '11

Crew

MISS E. B. BOWEN
WM. IVES

214
Roanoke Club

Colors: Black and Gold
Motto: Dare to do anything
Favorite Dish: German Lunch
Favorite Beverage: Y. M. C. A. Cocktail
Occupation: "Riding Sick Call" and Dreaming of Roanoke

OFFICERS

W. S. GRAVELY .................................................. President
E. C. HECKMAN ................................................. Vice-President
F. H. CUNNINGHAM ............................................. Secretary
R. L. BRAGG ..................................................... Treasurer
G. B. BRIGHT .................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

A. D. AUSTIN, '10 .............................................. L. B. ST. CLAIR, '11
R. L. BRAGG, '12 .............................................. G. N. GREGORY, '12
G. B. BRIGHT, '11 ............................................. F. L. HECKMAN, '11
G. E. BRINKLEY, '12 ......................................... W. X. HOBBIE, '12
R. A. CUNNINGHAM, '11 ................................. P. KIEKBRIDE, '11
F. H. CUNNINGHAM, '11 .................................. J. M. LIPSCOMB, '12
J. P. GOODMAN, '12 ......................................... C. L. PITZER, '12
F. GRAVATT, '11 ............................................... G. C. ROBERTSON, '12
W. S. GRAVELY, '11 ......................................... M. W. ROGERS, '16
E. W. SCOTT, '11

215
Senior Class of Electrical Engineers

PROF. S. R. PRITCHARD
ASSO. PROF. CLAUDIUS LEE

MEMBERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>J. M. ANDERSON</th>
<th>E. P. ROGERS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. A. CALVERT</td>
<td>C. L. SINCLAIR</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. O. CUDLIPP</td>
<td>J. J. SNIDOW</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. M. GRAYSON</td>
<td>C. STERBINS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. G. JORDAN</td>
<td>L. C. STICKLEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. L. LASTOULJEON</td>
<td>H. A. TILLETT</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. W. LAPRADE</td>
<td>H. L. TUCK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. S. McGRAW</td>
<td>L. E. WALKER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. MILLER</td>
<td>J. G. WALKER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. L. PALMER</td>
<td>W. T. WOOD</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Shenandoah Valley Club

OFFICERS

H. H. Hutchinson, '09 .................................................. President
J. L. Palmer, '09 ....................................................... Vice-President
E. L. Kenner, '11 ........................................................ Secretary
F. C. Stoneburner, '10 .................................................... Treasurer
D. P. Clemmer, '10 ....................................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. O. Beard, '11 ....................................................... W. A. Long, '12
J. M. Blackburn, '11 .................................................. W. M. Montgomery, '11
W. A. Bowles, '09 ..................................................... W. Mc. Montgomery, '10
D. P. Clemmer, '10 ..................................................... J. L. Palmer, '09
H. G. Dendore, '11 ...................................................... L. M. Richardson, '11
J. F. Gooden ............................................................ R. D. Spangler, '11
E. R. Humston, '12 ...................................................... R. H. Spitzer, '11
H. H. Hutchinson, '09 ................................................ C. R. Stickley, '12
E. L. Kenner, '11 ........................................................ F. C. Stoneburner, '10
J. S. Kerr, '12 ............................................................ L. C. Stickley, '09
R. P. Lankford, '11 ...................................................... J. M. Trimble, '12
J. J. Larkw, '11 .......................................................... W. M. Werner, '12
E. A. Levesey, '12 ........................................................ W. L. Wright, '10

HONORARY MEMBERS

H. G. Mcames
W. R. Levesey
W. S. Martin

219
Southwest Virginia Club

OFFICERS

W. H. MARTIN ............................................. President
J. H. AARON ............................................. Vice-President
R. S. GILLESPIE ........................................ Secretary and Treasurer
G. W. HURT ............................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. H. AARON, '16
C. H. CRABILL, '11
W. C. DIXON, '12
W. W. DICKINSON, '12
H. E. EARLY, '10
O. L. FLANARY, '12
G. H. FINKS, '12
W. M. GOSE, '12
R. S. GILLESPIE, '11
G. W. HURT, '11

J. M. GRAYSON, '16
W. R. MARTIN, '09
J. A. MILLER, '10
R. E. STEELE, '12
J. R. WREN, '11
W. S. WAUGH, '11
D. B. WAUGH, '11
T. C. SHERILL, '10
H. G. RONHAM
C. H. DEATON
Randolph-Macon Club

Dedicated to R. M. W. C.
Colors: Lemon and Black

OFFICERS

W. B. Davis ........................................... President
J. B. Shanks ........................................... Vice-President
C. Stebbins ........................................... Secretary
J. S. McSgrove ........................................ Treasurer
J. W. Newhill ........................................ Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

W. G. Jones ........................................... C. F. Brower
McGuire's University School Club

Coturns: Black and Red
Motto: Perseverantia vincit omnia

Pres. 09
W. C. Allott

V. Pres. 09
A. D. Mason

Secy. 11
Collins A. Suttre

Treas. 11
J. O. Morton

Sgt. of Arms 12
D. C. Cooper

J. O. Morton 11

D. C. Cooper 12

S. Washer Jr. 09

D. C. Cooper 12

W. F. Hensley

D. C. Cooper 12

D. G. Johnson 10

Honorary Members

D. G. Johnson 10

W. H. Gorge

T. B. Nelson
Wythe County Club

OFFICERS

R. C. KENT, JR., '09 ........................................ President
P. P. HUFFARD, '09 ........................................ Vice-President
C. R. McGavock, '11 ......................................... Secretary
S. L. Porter, '11 .............................................. Treasurer
F. R. Brown, '12 .............................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. M. Jewett, '09
C. H. Bauchmann, '11
C. H. Eiffert, '11
M. J. Groves, '12
J. S. Miller, '12
A. N. Williams, '12
L. F. C. Club

OFFICERS

H. A. TILLET, '09 .................................................. President
F. E. SAUNDERS, '09 ........................................... Vice-President
J. B. SKINNER, '10 .............................................. Secretary and Treasurer
P. A. WARNER, '12 ................................................ Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

V. E. AYRE, '10
H. T. DEAHL, '12
G. W. CHAPPELOVE, '12
W. G. JONES, '12
J. V. MARSHALL, '11
S. R. PURCELL, '12
W. T. TERBS, '09

HONORARY MEMBERS

E. B. FRED ..........................................................
H. S. STAHL ........................................................
FRATERNITY CLUB
Montgomery County Club

Morris: Grab or go hungry, "Nuf Seed"

OFFICERS

V. V. Kelsey .................................................. President
O. M. Bishop .................................................. Vice-President
Q. W. Stuart .................................................. Secretary and Treasurer
H. G. Phlegar .................................................. Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

T. P. Campbell ................................................. J. B. Luce
C. G. Crowder .................................................. J. B. Randolph
H. G. Henderson ............................................. Williams
D. D. Howe ................................................... G. Roop
J. W. Kelsey ................................................... D. H. Spindle
G. T. Ledgerwood ........................................... J. B. Tutwiler
H. T. M. Wade ................................................

HONORARY MEMBERS

H. L. Price ..................................................... H. T. Ellett
J. C. C. Price .................................................. W. B. Ellett
E. Stiles ....................................................... A. M. Marye

F. H. Trolinger ............................................

226
Orange and Albemarle Club

Motto: Labor omnia vincit
Favorite Occupation: Going down Faculty Row
Favorite Saying: Come on, Jude

OFFICERS

President
J. W. HALL

Vice-President
E. B. LEWIS

Secretary
D. W. FRY

Treasurer
O. P. ECHOLS

Sergeant-at-Arms
P. M. GRAVES

MEMBERS

D. B. MARTIN, ’09
G. C. BROOKING, ’10
J. E. VAWTER, ’10
J. J. BOWMAN, ’11
J. M. MORRIS, ’11
E. G. GOODWIN, ’11

J. W. HALL, ’09
E. B. LEWIS, ’10
D. W. FRY, ’10
O. P. ECHOLS, ’12
P. M. GRAVES, ’11
V. C. BARRINGER, ’11

HONORARY MEMBERS

DR. P. B. BARRINGER
DR. J. M. McBRYDE
PROF. C. E. VAWTER
PROF. W. B. RASCHE
PROF. J. S. A. JOHNSON
PROF. J. M. JOHNSON
A. M. GOODLOE
Pulaski County Club

Motto: When in doubt—mind your own business

OFFICERS

S. BLOCKSIDGE ........................................ President
H. C. PAINTER ......................................... Vice-President
H. H. HOLMES ......................................... Secretary
J. M. ALEXANDER .................................... Treasurer
J. C. HOLMES ......................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

J. M. ALEXANDER
K. T. BARTON
S. BLOCKSIDGE
W. C. GUTHRIE
J. E. HALL
H. H. HOLMES

J. C. HOLMES
C. M. KIRKWOOD
H. C. PAINTER
H. M. ROBINSON
M. L. WORRELL
D. C. WYSOR

HONORARY MEMBERS

MR. WIRT DUNLAP
MAJ. F. S. HOLMES
THE SUTHERLIN HOME—THE LAST CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY

Pittsylvania Club
(Organized 1893)

Colors: Barrel-hill Green and Currency Gold
Motto: Grasp opportunity by the forelock, for it is bold behind

OFFICERS
E. W. BOWEN, '09 ............................ High Arch Fiend
S. C. BROWN, '10 ............................ Junior Arch Fiend
J. C. COVINGTON, '11 ............................ Recording Angel
W. BISON, '11 ............................ Judas, the Watchdog of the Treasury
H. BEGAN, '11 ............................ Keeper of H—Gate

DEVILS
H. E. ANDERSON ............................ J. A. COVINGTON
E. W. BOWEN ............................ J. T. FERGUSON
S. C. BROWN ............................ H. BEGAN
W. BISON ............................

IMPS
J. C. BERKLEY ............................
J. G. HAYS ............................
N. O. MOSES ............................

HONORARY MEMBERS
DR. F. D. WILSON ............................
PROF. C. LEE ............................
C. C. CAMPBELL ............................

DEMONS
J. C. MITCHELL ............................
G. C. STONE ............................
C. R. WALKER ............................

229
Henry and Franklin Counties Club

Motto: 'Tis better to smoke here than hereafter

Favorite Drink: Old Henry

Favorite Stunt: Riding Pumpkin Vine

Tract: To friends who are always wide awake;
Who win all hearts mysteriously;
Who are wise, and sane, and do not take
The world—or us—too seriously.

OFFICERS
J. W. CARTER ........................................... President
R. B. DAVIS ............................................. Vice-President
J. A. HALE ............................................ Secretary and Treasurer
S. R. MINTER ........................................... Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS
H. P. BURGESS  ........................................ W. S. ROBERTS
L. G. CARTER ........................................ W. M. SCALES
L. M. MENEFEE ........................................ C. D. STANLEY

HONORARY MEMBERS
COL. G. H. JAMERSON  ................................ PROF. W. D. SAUNDERS
YMCA

OFFICERS 1909-10

C. W. C. MacKAN.................................................. President
J. L. HUGHES.......................................................... Vice-President
J. B. SHANKS.......................................................... Treasurer
J. O. BEARD.......................................................... Recording Secretary
H. C. SYFAN.......................................................... Corresponding Secretary
D. H. LUTTRELL...................................................... Physical Director
ALBERT S. JOHNSTON............................................... General Secretary
HOKI:
Hoki, Hoki, Hoki, Bi,
Tech, Tech, V. P. L.
Solar Rex, Solar Rah,
Polytech, Virgin-1-a.

TEXAS:
Yip, Yip, Yi-i-i,
V. P. L, V. P. L,
Team, Team, Team.

One-a sip, Two-a Zip,
Zipp-a, Zipp-a Zam,
Blacksburg, Blacksburg.
Don't give a—Hoki, Hoki, etc.

Rae, Ri-i,
Rah, Rah-b,
V. P. L, V. P. L,
Team, Team, Team.

Hullabaloo, Genack, Genack,
Hullabaloo, Genack, Genack,
Wah bee, Wah bee,
Look at the man, Look at the man,
Look at the Virginia Tech man.
Songs

TUNE: Everybody Works but Father
Washington and Lee is bucking,
Watch her hit our line,
But there is nothing doing,
For it's awful fine;
Catch her try her fake plays,
But they are all in vain,
Lexington, 'tis the third down,
And ten to gain.
Your team is lacking,
Start the ball a-rolling,
Beat it down the field,
V. P. I. advances, how those loafers yield,
First we hit her tackles,
Then go through her guards,
Then we skirt around her ends,
For fifty yards,
Our team is hiking.

TUNE: School Days
Hike 'em, Blacksburg;
Dear old Blacksburg, hike 'em;
Bucking and punting most all the time,
We'll carry the pigskin right over the line;
They cannot play football, we see,
We'll hand them lemons and twenty-three,
And they will be sore for evermore
For their rub with old V. P. I.

TUNE: Take Me Out to the Ball Game
Take the ball down the field, boys,
V. P. I.'s in the crowd,
They are weak in line and backs,
It's a cinch to down them in their tracks;
For it's root, root for our own team,
To run up the score is our aim,
And it's rah, rah, rah, we will shout,
At this football game.

TUNE: Grand Old Flag
You're a grand old team, and in football a dream,
You're the best ever punted a ball;
Making scores you're great, kicking goal's your fate.
Winning games to you's nothing at all.
You're the best beyond a doubt, and for you we will shout.
We will win, or I don't know why.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
Keep your eyes on old V. P. I.
JANET McSHERBY
ANNA M. BARRINGER
PEARLE GRUDE
CONSTANCE ENISLOW
F. A. DBARNEY
CLAUDIA P. OLD
E. M. ISAAC
WINS McCLOUNG
G. S. SHEPHERD
L. C. ISAAC

LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS
C. H. MOORFIELD
ANNA CAMPBELL
KATHERINE M. GRAYSON
J. S. A. JOHNSON
MARY H. STONE
C. T. ADAMS
C. H. ADAMS
C. B. POWELL
J. W. HALL
E. D. WHITING
EXAMINE OUR ADS.
Adams, Payne & Gleaves

Lumber and Bricks
Cement and Lime, Sash and Doors
Columns and Mouldings, Sewer
Pipe and Tile, Fire Brick
and Clay, Mill Feed
and Flour

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

Kenbridge Development Company

Real Estate
Loans, Insurance and Engineering

KENBRIDGE, VA.

Swindell Brothers

Manufacturer and Importer of
Window, Picture, Polished Plate, Rough Plate
Mirror Plate
Ornamental

GLASS

Bayard and Russell Sts.
Baltimore, MD.
THE Cole-Miller Combination of Danville, Virginia, are the best equipped College Photographers in the South. Their work is strictly “up-to-now.” We did the work for the V. P. L., Davidson College and the Christian College at Lynchburg, Va., and several other schools and colleges this year. We lead them all on work for reproductions of any kind. Business managers of college annuals will do well to write them for special rates.

Please mention this Annual

Yours to serve,

COLE & MILLER
Wm. H. Horstmann Co.
Philadelphia, Penn.

SUPPLIES
FOR MILITARY SCHOOLS
AND COLLEGES

Uniform Clothing, Caps, Shoulder Straps
Swords, Belts, Gloves, Leggings, Etc.

National Cornice Works
CHAS. WUCHET & COMPANY

Manufacturers of
Galvanized Iron and
Copper Cornices

BUILDING TRIMMINGS

Office and Works:
South Canal St., Near 3rd
Dayton, Ohio

We don't always "keep step"
We're
Always A Step Ahead

In Quality—A Step Behind in Price
That's the guiding rule of our
Men's Furnishings Department.
Men's Neckwear—smart as a
whip, trim as a V. P. I. Cadet.
Men's Shirts—natty and always
the newest.
Men's Underwear, Hosiery, Jewelry—all the unor-
dinary things that fashion makes
to "toe the mark."
Our "Bugle" is blown by our
pleased customers. Ask them—they're easy to find.

S. H. Heironimus Co.
Roanoke, Va.
Charlottesville Woolen Mills
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

Manufacturers of High-Grade Uniform Cloth for Army, Navy, Police and R. R. Purposes

And the Largest Assortment and Best Quality of

CADET GRAYS

Including those used at the United States Military Academy at West Point, and other leading military schools of the Country

PRESCRIBED AND USED BY THE CADETS OF
THE VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE
The 20th Century Butter Product.
Does not get rancid.
Made under both Government and State inspection, in the neatest, cleanest, largest and most hygienically conducted butterine plant in the world.

The Capital City Dairy Co.
Columbus, Ohio

ESTABLISHED 1898
Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHIERS,
BROADWAY Cor. 22nd ST.
NEW YORK,

CLOTHING
Ready Made and in Measures
FURNISHINGS
Usual and Unusual
HATS
From London and the Cont. Coast
SHOES
For all occ.-eons

RIDING, HUNTING AND MOTOR CLOTHING AND LIVERIES
Illustrated catalogue mailed on request.

GET THE BEST! A GOOD SPRAY PUMP EARN'S BIG PROFITS and LASTS FOR YEARS

The Eclipse

is a good pump. As practical fruit growers we were using common sprayers in our own orchards. found their defects, and invented the Eclipse. Its success turned us to manufacturing on a large scale. You take no chances. We have done all the experimenting. Large fully illustrated Catalogue and Treatise on Spraying FREE

ONE MILLION IN USE

De Laval Cream Separators

Ten Years Ahead of All Others in Every Feature of Separator Practicability

FIRST CHEAPEST

ALWAYS BEST

Beautiful in Design

Perfect in Construction

Everlasting in Daily Use

The World's Standard

Send for handsome new catalogue, illustrating and describing the new and improved machines in detail, to be had for the asking.

The De Laval Separator Company

General Offices:
165-167 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

41 E. Madison Street
CHICAGO
1213 and 1215 Potter Street
PHILADELPHIA
Bruce and Ready's Block
SAN FRANCISCO

125-127 William Street
BROOKLYN
11 and 13 Prince Street
WINNIPEG
3rd Floor Block
PORTLAND, OREGON
RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE

WM. W. SMITH, A. M., LL. D., President, LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

One of the sixteen colleges for women in the United States classed "A" by the United States Bureau of Education.

The New York Education Department reports: "The highest registration of any of the women's colleges by this Department has been accorded Randolph-Macon."

Four laboratories, observatory, library and full equipment of a college of the first rank. Forty-nine officers and teachers; 414 students. Full department for physical development. Gymnasium with swimming pool, baths, etc.; large athletic grounds for basket-ball, tennis, etc.; campus of fifty acres; two miles of prepared walks.

Catalogue and illustrated booklet free. Address REGISTRAR.
State Female Normal School

Twenty-sixth Session begins September 8th. For catalogue and information concerning state scholarships write to

J. L. JARMAN, President
Farmville, Va.

The Bank of Blacksburg

Located at Blacksburg
Montgomery County, Virginia
Established 1893

Affords ample and ready facilities for Students attending the Virginia Polytechnic Institute; as well as for others.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLES

Prompt service at all hours

Argabrite Bros. and Hutton
BLACKSBURG, VA.

College Book Store

Carries a complete line of

Stationery
Drawing Material
Text Books
Athletic Goods
and Students’ Supplies

Third Division Barracks No. 1
We Cut and Thread in Our Own Shops

PIPE

In All Sizes, Up to and Including

12-INCH

Good Square Cuts. Good Clean Threads
Tight Joints Guaranteed

Send Us Your Orders and Specifications

MORRISON MACHINERY & SUPPLY CO.
TRIGG SHIP YARDS, RICHMOND, VA.

Makers of
Oil Filters, Gate Valves, Flanged Fittings, Pipe Bends, Pitts' Safety Water Columns, Clean Seat, Globe Angle and Blow Off Valves.

Pittsburgh Steam and Oil Separators
Pittsburgh Recording Gages

Dealers in 14,000 Articles of Merchandise, described and illustrated in our "ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SUPPLIES." Correspondence Solicited

Pittsburgh Gage & Supply Co.
MANUFACTURING JOBBERS
Represented by MORRISON MACHINERY & SUPPLY CO., Richmond, Va.
V. P. I. Laundry Outfit
FURNISHED BY
Troy Laundry Machinery Company
Limited

Rex Flintkote Roofing
THE BEST FOR ALL KINDS OF BUILDINGS ACID, ALKALI AND GAS FUME PROOF WRITE US FOR INFORMATION
Smith-Courtney Company
809-811 E. Cary St., Richmond, Virginia

First National Bank
OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
JOHN B. PURCELL
President
JOHN M. MILLER, Jr.
Vice-Pres. and Cashier

RICHMOND
MOTORS
GENERATORS AND TRANSFORMERS
The Richmond Electric Company.
RICHMOND, VA.
Medical College of Virginia

Medicine, Dentistry and Pharmacy

Seventy-second Annual Session begins September 13, 1909

*Graded first class by the American Medical Association on the record of its graduates. Write for terms and catalogue to Christopher Tompkins, M.D., Dean of the Faculty, Richmond, Virginia.

Eimer & Amend
New York

TESTED PURITY CHEMICALS
CHEMICAL AND PHYSICAL APPARATUS
Bacteriological and Assay Goods

Largest and Most Complete Stock for supplying Chemists ever collected by one house in the whole world.

Fleischmann's
Compressed
Yeast

HAS NO EQUAL

American Shoe Store
Roanoke
Virginia

Opposite Y. M. C. A.
Kinnier, Montgomery & Co.

Importers and Jobbers in
China, Glassware, Tinware
Plated Ware, Cutlery
Fruit Jars, Etc.

1101-1103-1105 Jefferson Street  Lynchburg, Virginia

IF YOU WANT TO PURCHASE PROPERTY ALONG THE LINE OF THE VIRGINIAN RAILWAY AT REASONABLE PRICES, WE CAN FURNISH IT.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES FOR INVESTORS TOWN LOTS, FARMS, PLANTATIONS AND BUSINESS OPENINGS

FOR SALE TO OR RENT ON
KENBRIDGE DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, INC.
KENBRIDGE, VIRGINIA

THE CHAS. H. ELLIOTT COMPANY
THE LARGEST COLLEGE ENGRAVING HOUSE IN THE WORLD
COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, CLASS DAY PROGRAMS AND CLASS PINS

Dance Programs and Invitations :: Menus :: Leather
Dance Cases and Covers :: Fraternity and Class Inserts for Annals :: Fraternity and Class Stationery :: Wedding Invitations and Calling Cards

WORKS: 17th ST. & LEHIGH AVE., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATES
JUST THE THING FOR A SOLDIER OR A SOLDIER'S GIRL

FOR SALE BY
THE BEST DEALERS

HARRIS-WOODSON CO., INC.
DISTRIBUTORS
LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA
GO TO
Palms
Restaurant
818 Main St.
For Everything Good to Eat
Prices Reasonable
Up-to-Date Place for Ladies and Gentlemen
Michael Rowe, Prop.
Lynchburg, Virginia

The Best Equipped Shoe Factory in America
WHERE
Steadfast and Biltrite
Shoes for Men are made

Owned and Operated by
Smith-Briscoe Shoe Co., Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.