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# "Ole Miss"











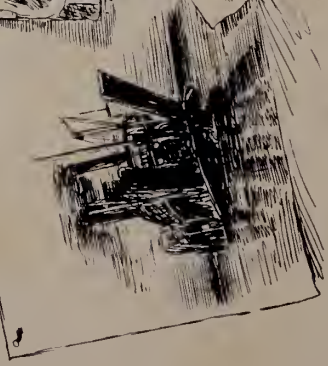






PUBLISHED BY THE FRATERNITIES OF THE  
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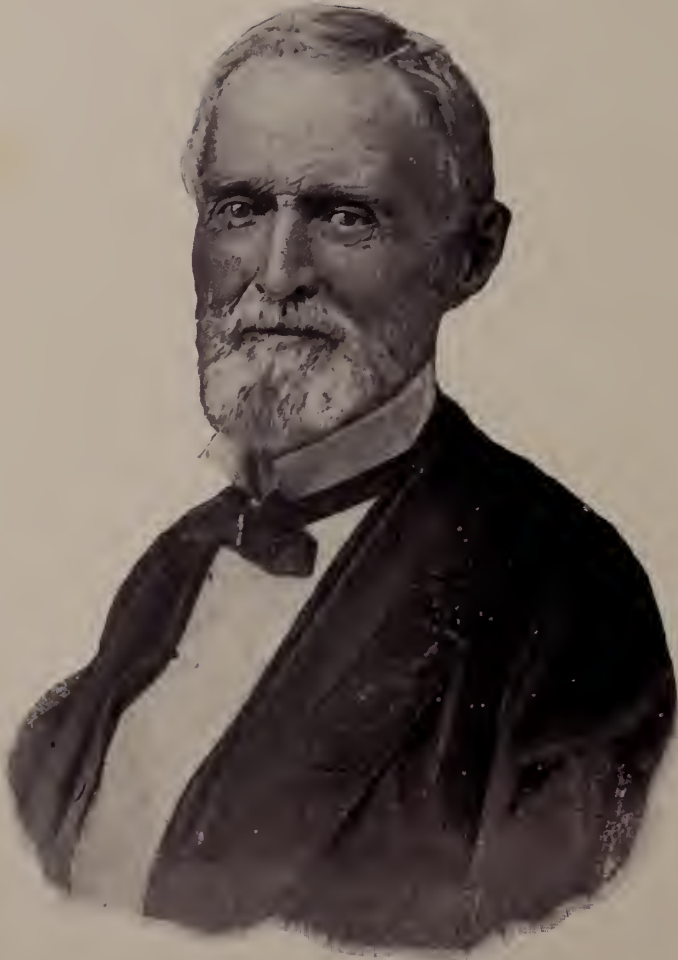


From sketches made on steamer "KATE ADAMS" summer of 1891

ALBERTSON MILL

BOON





JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

# JEFFERSON DAVIS.

## LIFE--CALENDAR.

---

- B**ORN in Christian County, Kentucky, June 3, 1808.  
In childhood removed to Wilkinson County, Mississippi.  
Was a student of Transylvania College, 1822-23.  
Appointed to West Point by President Monroe, 1824.  
Graduated from West Point, 1828.  
Made First Lieutenant and Adjutant of regiment March, 1833.  
Served with distinction through Black Hawk war, but resigned his commission in army, 1835.  
Married a daughter of General Zachary Taylor, 1835.  
Devoted himself to study and planting, 1835-43.  
Elected to Congress, 1845.  
Resigned his seat to accept the commission as Colonel of Mississippi Rifles, 1846.  
Largely instrumental in saving day at Buena Vista, February 23, 1847.  
Appointed to the National Senate, 1847.  
Candidate for Governor of Mississippi, but defeated by General Foote, 1851.  
Secretary of War under President Pierce, 1853-57.  
Elected to United States Senate, January, 1857.  
Withdrew from the Senate immediately after the secession of Mississippi, January, 1861.  
Inaugurated President of Confederate States at Montgomery, Alabama, February 18, 1861.  
Re-elected President of Confederacy for six years, and inaugurated at Richmond, Virginia, February 22, 1862.  
Appointed General Robert E. Lee Commander-in-chief of the army, March 13, 1862.  
Taken prisoner, May 10, 1865.  
Released from prison, May, 1867.  
Died in New Orleans, December 6, 1889.





## JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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JEFFERSON DAVIS was a soldier, orator, statesman and student; a devoted husband and father, and a loyal friend. That he made mistakes all must admit, but that he sinned against his conscience or sacrificed principle to expediency few of his former foes now have the hardihood to claim.

His was a strong nature attracting to it kindred metal as a magnet attracts steel. Such men excite enthusiastic love or provoke deep animosity; and during his long and eventful life he made many warm friends, and bitter enemies.

His imposing figure, flashing eye and haughty eloquence marked him for command. Among his peers he stood a cavalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, an epitome of the patrician South, her natural leader in the struggle for constitutional freedom.

His education was received at West Point, and while there he manifested those studious habits that followed him through life.

Immediately after graduation he was assigned to frontier duty, and in the Indian wars manifested soldierly qualities of a high order. In the war with Mexico he commanded The Mississippi Rifles, and on the battlefield of Buena Vista his daring bravery gave him a national reputation. He was Secretary of War under President Pierce, and in this position added fresh luster to his name.

Mr. Davis resigned from the army after several years of frontier service and for a considerable period devoted himself to close study. Emerging from this self-imposed obscurity he entered at once the

political arena, and ere long was the acknowledged equal of Prentiss, Quitman, McClung and Foote.

In the State Senate and later in the Nation's Congress, the pons asinorum of many an aspirant for political favor, he represented his constituents with zeal and ability. Later he was sent to represent his State in the National Senate. In that august body whose halls had but lately echoed with the voice of Clay, of Webster, of Calhoun, he took a commanding position, and was esteemed by North and South alike, the leader of the States Rights party.

When his State seceded he left his seat in the Senate to place his talents at her command, prepared to march to the front or to serve in any capacity that she might demand of him.

But the eye of the whole South turned toward him, and in 1861 he was called to the presidency of the Confederate States, and in 1862 was re-elected for six years. For four years he served this cause with unflinching devotion and fiery zeal; and even in the last hours of the Confederacy would not believe that a cause so sacred could suffer defeat.

“ Divom inclementia divom  
Ilas evertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.”

He bore with dignity and courage the pains of defeat and imprisonment, and when the malice of his enemies had spent itself, beating in vain against his lofty nature, he returned to the dignified seclusion of private life, consecrating the days that remained to his wife, children and beloved books.

His patience and resignation in the midst of adversity added daily to the number of his friends, and when in 1889 he passed quietly away, all those who had worn the gray, irrespective of former political creed, mourned the death of a beloved chieftain.

A. L. B.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI owes its origin to that wise provision contained in the celebrated ordinance of 1787 for the government of the Northwest Territory, which declared that "religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." Every State in the Union formed out of the public domain has received by act of Congress, as an endowment for a State university, the grant of two or more townships of public land. Mississippi received its first township soon after its admission into the Union, and has recently come into the possession of the second township granted by Congress. In 1833, the first University lands were sold by order of the Legislature, and the money placed in the State treasury. In 1840, it was declared by the Legislature that a State university should be established, and the proceeds of the lands previously granted by Congress were set apart for the use and benefit of the State university. In 1841, the present location was fixed by the Legislature. On the twenty-third of February, 1844, the University of Mississippi was duly chartered by act of Legislature, and its first board of trustees named. During the four following years the first buildings were planned and their erection begun. In July, 1848, the first faculty was elected. Dr. George Frederick Holmes, who afterwards served the University of Virginia for many years until the time of his death in 1898, was elected president of the University of Mississippi. John

Millington, M. D., was elected professor of natural philosophy and chemistry; Albert Taylor Bledsoe, LL. D., was elected professor of mathematics and astronomy; John Newton Waddel, D. D., was elected professor of languages. This original faculty was small in numbers, but the eminent positions afterward occupied in educational work by each of the gentlemen named indicate the wisdom of the trustees in their election.

The first session opened November 6th, 1848, with about eighty students in attendance, all of whom were classed as Freshmen or Sophomores. The records of that period show the difficulties under which the University began its work in what was then a pioneer settlement remotely situated. Probably one month was lost, as far as scholastic work was concerned, in classifying students and in securing text-books. This time appears to have been diligently improved by that large proportion of the student body who looked upon college life as an opportunity for fun and frolic. Disorders of various kinds characterized most of the session. The president seems to have found the management of the institution too serious a matter, and returned to the more congenial atmosphere of Virginia. The remaining three members of the faculty, with Dr. Bledsoe, acting as president, continued the work of the session. The first commencement exercises, held in 1849, consisted of "declamation and composition" by the students, an address by Hon. A. M. Clayton, of the board of trustees, and an address by Acting-President Bledsoe, in which, after congratulating the community upon the fact that comparative good order had prevailed for two months, he proceeded to discuss the doctrine of total depravity from an educational standpoint.

The second session of the University opened most auspiciously under the presidency of Dr. A. B. Longstreet, the celebrated "Judge Longstreet," of Georgia, and with several additions to the faculty. Within two years, the enrollment of students had largely increased, and there was a corresponding increase in the corps of instructors. The University immediately took high rank among the institutions of the country, both on account of the ability of the men connected with it, and the character of the work accomplished. This rank has been fully maintained in all its history. Its trustees have been selected from the most distinguished and intelligent citizens of the State; the faculty

has always been composed of men eminent in their profession, many of whom have been called from this institution to places of more prominence, and whose promotions were based largely upon their work accomplished here. In this list may be named such men as Dr. John N. Waddel, Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, Gen. Alexander P. Stewart, Dr. Edward Mayes, each of whom served as Chancellor of the University; and Dr. Landon C. Garland, Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe, Dr. E. W. Hilgard, Dr. Henry Whitehorne, and many others who served in various chairs.

When the Civil War came on, the University exercises were suspended for four years, and probably every student who had been connected with the University from 1858 to 1861 saw service in the Confederate army. The institution was reorganized in 1865, and at once entered upon a renewed career of prosperity and usefulness. The number of students taking work in the University classes has steadily increased. This is markedly true in recent years since the preparatory department was abolished. Under the present management many more students have been enrolled in the university classes than during any corresponding period in the history of the institution. The authorities recognize that the University belongs to the State of Mississippi, and every effort is made to accomplish such work in all its departments, as the people of the State have a right to expect. In recent years it has enjoyed a large share of public favor, and it enters upon the second half century of its work with the brightest prospects for continued and rapid growth in strength and usefulness in every direction. The pride of the University is in the men who have studied here. The fact that such a very large number of these have risen to places of prominence in this and other States shows that the University has ever been a power in the development of scholarship and manly character.

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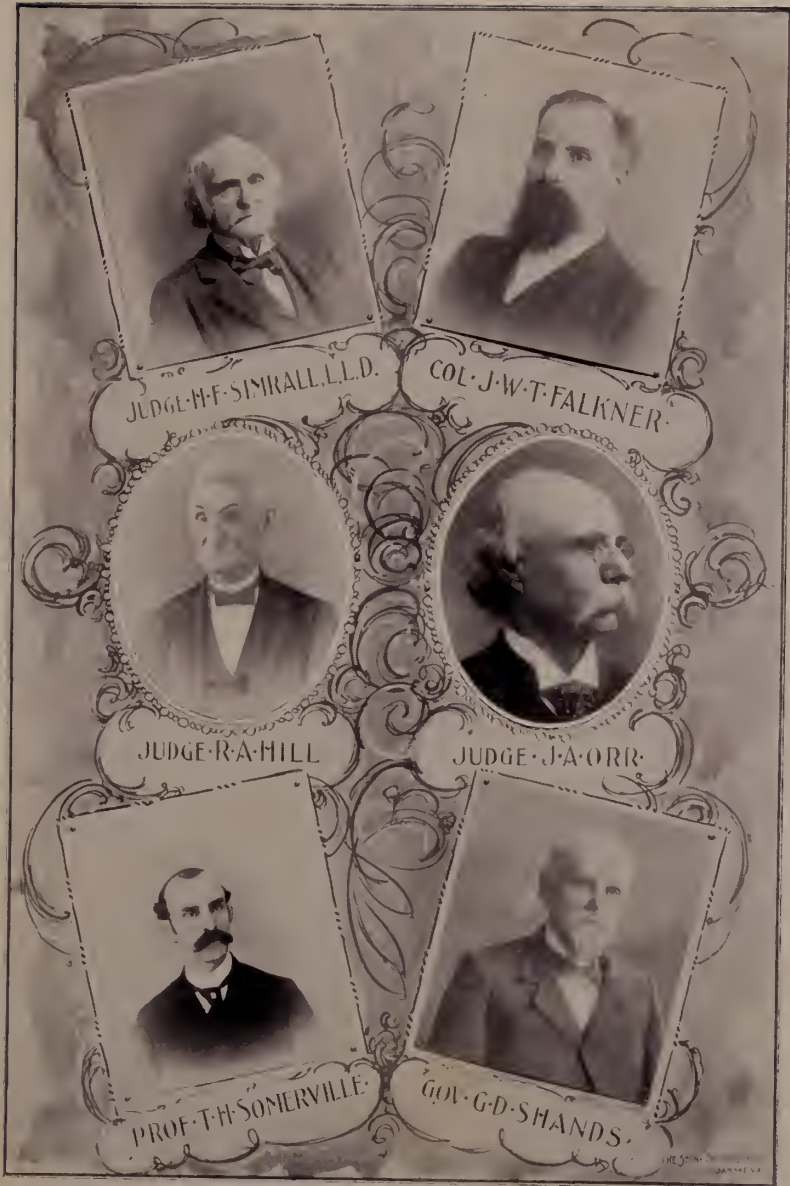




FACULTY OF LITERATURE, ARTS AND SCIENCE.

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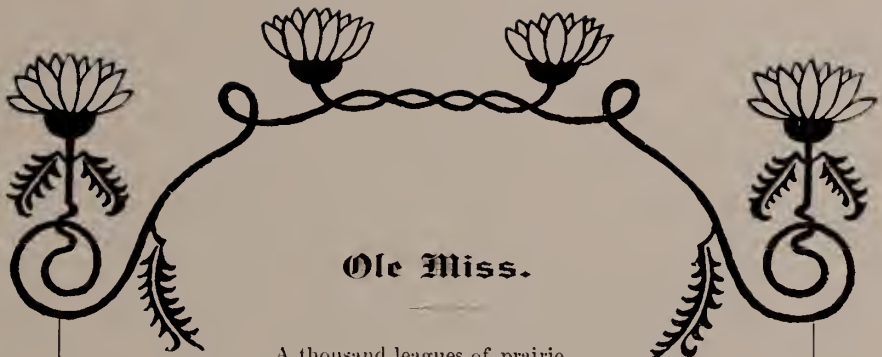
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## Ole Miss.

A thousand leagues of prairie  
Between my heart and bliss ;  
How can it then be merry,  
Beloved Ole Miss ?

How strong soe'er I be  
I needs must weep at this :  
Thy hallowed groves I see  
No more, Ole Miss !

The sailor lad at sea  
Yearns for his mother's kiss,  
So longs my heart for thee,  
Most dear Ole Miss.

Let fortune smile on me,  
Or o'er my failures hiss,  
As I am true to thee,  
Or false, Ole Miss !

Success to thee Ole Miss,  
Till man and mind dis sever.  
While truth is honored high  
Beneath our Southern sky,  
Thy fame will never die,  
But grow forever !

DURELL MILLER.





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AND  
SORORITIES.

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(1912)







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FOUNDED AT YALE IN 1844.

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- UPSILON, University of Virginia.
- PHI, University of Mississippi.
- SIGMA, Yale-Sheffield Scientific School.
- TAU, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

# Phi Kappa Psi—Mississippi Alpha.

1857—1861; 1881—

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## Colors.

Pink and Lavender.

---

## Yell.

Hi ! Hi ! Hi !  
Phi Kappa Psi !  
Live ever, die never,  
Phi Kappa Psi !

---

## Frater in Urbe.

BENJAMIN HOWARD DURLEY.

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PHI KAPPA PSI FRATERNITY.





Φ Κ Ψ

1852







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PENNSYLVANIA ZETA, Dickinson College.  
PENNSYLVANIA ETA, Franklin and Marshall College.  
PENNSYLVANIA THETA, Lafayette College.  
PENNSYLVANIA IOTA, University of Pennsylvania.  
PENNSYLVANIA KAPPA, Swarthmore College.

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- NEW HAMPSHIRE ALPHA, Dartmouth College.  
MASSACHUSETTS ALPHA, Amherst College.  
NEW YORK ALPHA, Cornell University.  
NEW YORK BETA, Syracuse University.  
NEW YORK GAMMA, Columbia University.  
NEW YORK EPSILON, Colgate University.  
NEW YORK ZETA, Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute.

## District III.

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VIRGINIA ALPHA, University of Virginia.  
VIRGINIA BETA, Washington and Lee University.  
VIRGINIA GAMMA, Hampden-Sidney College.  
WEST VIRGINIA ALPHA, University of West Virginia.  
MISSISSIPPI ALPHA, University of Mississippi.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA ALPHA, Columbian University.

## District IV.

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OHIO BETA, Wittenburg College.  
OHIO DELTA, University of Ohio.  
INDIANA ALPHA, DePauw University.  
INDIANA BETA, University of Indiana.  
INDIANA GAMMA, Wabash College.  
ILLINOIS ALPHA, Northwestern University.  
ILLINOIS BETA, University of Chicago.  
MICHIGAN ALPHA, University of Michigan.

## District V.

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WISCONSIN GAMMA, Beloit College.  
MINNESOTA BETA, University of Minnesota.  
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ESTABLISHED, 1857.

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Old Gold and Blue.

## Fratres in Urbe.

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THETA, Gettysburg College.  
KAPPA, Bucknell University.

OMICRON, Dickinson College.  
PHI PHI, University of Pennsylvania.  
ALPHA RHO, Lehigh University

## Second Province.

ZETA, Washington and Lee University.  
TAU, Roanoke College.  
GAMMA GAMMA, Randolph-Macon College.  
SIGMA SIGMA, Hampden-Sidney College.

ALPHA TAU, University of North Carolina.  
PSI, University of Virginia.

## Third Province.

ALPHA, Miami University.  
GAMMA, Ohio Wesleyan University.  
MU, Denison University.  
ZETA ZETA, Centre College.  
ZETA PSI, University of Cincinnati.

LAMBDA LAMBDA, Kentucky State College.  
MU MU, West Virginia University.  
ALPHA GAMMA, Ohio State University.

## Fourth Province.

THETA THETA, University of Michigan.  
LAMBDA, Indiana University.  
RHO, Butler University.

CHI, Hanover University.  
DELTA DELTA, Purdue University.  
XI, De Pauw University.

## Fifth Province.

OMEGA, Northwestern University.  
KAPPA KAPPA, University of Illinois.  
XI XI, Missouri State University.  
ALPHA ZETA, Beloit College.

ALPHA IOTA, Illinois Wesleyan University.  
ALPHA LAMBDA, University of Wisconsin.  
ALPHA PI, Albion College.  
ALPHA SIGMA, University of Minnesota.

## Sixth Province.

ALPHA EPSILON, University of Nebraska.    ALPHA XI, University of Kansas.

## Seventh Province.

ETA, University of Mississippi.  
ALPHA NU, University of Texas.

ALPHA OMICRON, Tulane University.  
ALPHA PSI, Vanderbilt University.

## Eighth Province.

ALPHA BETA, University of California.  
ALPHA UPSILON, University of South Carolina.

ALPHA OMEGA, Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

## Ninth Province.

ALPHA ALPHA, Hobart College.  
ETA ETA, Dartmouth College.  
NU NU, Columbia University.

ALPHA THETA, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.  
ALPHA PHI, Cornell University.

## Alumni Chapters.

New York City.    Indianapolis, Ind.  
Lincoln, Neb.    Chicago, Ill.  
Montgomery, Ala    LaFayette, Ind.

Richmond, Va.    Philadelphia, Pa.  
Washington, D. C.    Springfield, Ohio.  
New Orleans, La.    Cincinnati, Ohio.



# Mississippi Gamma of Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

ESTABLISHED IN 1866.

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## Colors.

Royal Purple and Old Gold.

---

## Yell.

Phi Alpha Alicazee, Phi Alpha Alicazon,  
Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha  
Sigma Alpha, Ep-si-lon.

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## Fratres in Urbe.

JUDGE B. T. KIMBROUGH,  
H. V. SOMERVILLE,

DR. J. T. CHANDLER,  
WILLIAM ARCHIBALD.

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## Fratres in Universitate.

### SCHOOL OF LAW.

#### Class of '99.

J. M. THOMAS, Tupelo, Mississippi,

L. H. MCGEHEE, Summit, Mississippi.

#### Class of '00.

CHARLES A. WILROY, Blythe, Mississippi,

THOMAS HENRY JOHNSTON,

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### SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

#### Class of '00.

E. C. SHARP, Corinth, Mississippi.

#### Class of '01.

WILLIAM LEROY MATTHEWS, Oxford, Mississippi,

J. BURRUS SUTHERLAND, Oxford, Mississippi.



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON FRATERNITY.







# Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity.

FOUNDED IN 1856, AT UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA,  
BY DE VOTIE.

PUBLICATION, THE RECORD.

THE SUPREME COUNCIL.

Past Eminent Supreme Archon,

HON. CHARLES B. HOWERY.

Eminent Supreme Archon,

FLOYD C. FURLOW.

Eminent Supreme Deputy Archon,

GEORGE D. KIMBALL,

Eminent Supreme Recorder,

HOWARD P. NASH.

Eminent Supreme Treasurer,

G. HENDREE HARRISON.

Editor of Record,

HERBERT C. LAKIN.

# Roll of Chapters, Sigma Alpha Epsilon.

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## Province Alpha.

MASSACHUSETTS BETA UPSILON, Boston University.	MASSACHUSETTS GAMMA, Harvard University.
MASSACHUSETTS IOTA TAU, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.	MASSACHUSETTS DELTA, Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

## Province Beta.

NEW YORK ALPHA, Cornell University.	PENNSYLVANIA SIGMA PHI, Dickinson College.
NEW YORK MU, Columbia University.	PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA ZETA, Pennsylvania State College.
NEW YORK SIGMA PHI, St. Stephens College.	PENNSYLVANIA ZETA, Bucknell University.
PENNSYLVANIA OMEGA, Allegheny College.	

## Province Gamma.

VIRGINIA OMICRON, University of Virginia.	SOUTH CAROLINA GAMMA, Wofford College.
VIRGINIA SIGMA, Washington and Lee University.	GEORGIA BETA, University of Georgia.
NORTH CAROLINA XI, University of North Carolina.	GEORGIA PSI, Mercer University.
NORTH CAROLINA THETA, Davidson College.	GEORGIA EPSILON, Emory College.
	GEORGIA PHI, Georgia School of Technology.

## Province Delta.

MICHIGAN IOTA BETA, University of Michigan.	OHIO THETA, Ohio State University.
MICHIGAN ALPHA, Adrian College.	INDIANA ALPHA, Franklin College.
OHIO SIGMA, Mt Union College.	INDIANA BETA, Purdue University.
OHIO DELTA, Ohio Wesleyan University.	ILLINOIS PSI-OMEGA, Northwestern University.
OHIO EPSILON, University of Cincinnati.	ILLINOIS BETA, University of Illinois.

### Province Epsilon.

KENTUCKY KAPPA, Central University.	TENNESSEE OMEGA, University of the South.
KENTUCKY IOTA, Bethel College.	TENNESSEE ETA, Southwestern Baptist University.
TENNESSEE ZETA, Southwestern Presbyterian University.	ALABAMA MU, University of Alabama.
TENNESSEE LAMBDA, Cumberland University.	ALABAMA IOTA, Southern University.
TENNESSEE NU, Vanderbilt University.	ALABAMA ALPHA MU, Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College.
TENNESSEE KAPPA, University of Tennessee.	

### Province Zeta.

MISSOURI ALPHA, University of Missouri.	NEBRASKA LAMBDA-Pi, University of Nebraska.
MISSOURI BETA, Washington University.	

### Province Eta.

ARKANSAS ALPHA-UPSILON, University of Arkansas.	CALIFORNIA ALPHA, Leland Stanford, Jr., University.
COLORADO CHI, University of Colorado.	CALIFORNIA BETA, University of California.
COLORADO ZETA, Denver University.	

### Province Theta.

LOUISIANA EPSILON, Louisiana State University.	MISSISSIPPI GAMMA, University of Mississippi.
LOUISIANA TAU-UPSILON, Tulane University.	TEXAS RHO, University of Texas.

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### ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

- |                      |                         |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. New York, N. Y.,  | 9. Alliance, Ohio,      |
| 2. Chicago,          | 10. Chattanooga, Tenn., |
| 3. Boston,           | 11. Kansas City, Mo.,   |
| 4. Atlanta, Ga.,     | 12. Jackson, Miss.,     |
| 5. Cincinnati, Ohio, | 13. Cleveland, Ohio,    |
| 6. Savannah, Ga.,    | 14. Detroit, Mich.,     |
| 7. Pittsburg, Pa.,   | 15. New Orleans, La.    |
| 8. Augusta, Ga.,     |                         |



# Mississippi Alpha of Phi Delta Theta.

ESTABLISHED IN 1877.

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## Fratres in Urbe.

W. A. McDONALD, '79.

T. W. YATES, '87.

C. L. SIVLEY, '89.

RELBUE PRICE, '94.

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## Fratres in Universitate.

### SCHOOL OF LAW.

#### Class '99.

WALTER WEATHERBY.

#### Class '00.

G. L. RAY,

W. M. RICHMOND,

C. C. STINGLY.

### SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ARTS.

#### Class '99.

PATRICK HENRY, JR., B. P.

W. O. PRUITT, B. S.

H. L. McCLESKEY, B. S.

W. W. VENABLE, B. A.

#### Class '01.

D. L. FAIR, B. A.

E. S. RAUCH, B. P.

J. A. SPANN, JR., B. S.

#### Class '02.

W. E. BRAY, B. A.

BEM PRICE, JR., B. A.

G. O. ROBINSON, B. P.



PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY.





ΦΔΘ

1848

ΦΙ

ΚΕΙΑ

# Phi Delta Theta Fraternity.

FOUNDED IN 1848 AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY.

## Colors.

Argent and Azure.

## Fraternity Journal.

The Scroll.

### Alpha Province.

MAINE ALPHA, Colby University.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ALPHA, Dartmouth  
College.

VERMONT ALPHA, University of Vermont.

MASSACHUSETTS ALPHA, Williams College.

MASSACHUSETTS BETA, Amherst College.

RHODE ISLAND ALPHA, Brown University.

NEW YORK ALPHA, Cornell University.

NEW YORK BETA, Union University.

NEW YORK DELTA, Columbia University.

NEW YORK EPSILON, Syracuse University.

PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA, Lafayette College.

PENNSYLVANIA BETA, Pennsylvania  
College.

PENNSYLVANIA GAMMA, Washington and  
Jefferson College.

PENNSYLVANIA DELTA, Allegheny  
College.

PENNSYLVANIA EPSILON, Dickinson  
College.

PENNSYLVANIA ZETA, University of  
Pennsylvania.

PENNSYLVANIA ETA, Lehigh University.

### Beta Province.

VIRGINIA BETA, University of Virginia.

VIRGINIA GAMMA, Randolph-Macon  
College.

VIRGINIA ZETA, Washington and Lee  
University.

NORTH CAROLINA BETA, University of  
North Carolina.

KENTUCKY ALPHA, Centre College.

KENTUCKY DELTA, Central University.

TENNESSEE ALPHA, Vanderbilt University.

TENNESSEE BETA, University of the South.

### Gamma Province.

GEORGIA ALPHA, University of Georgia.

GEORGIA BETA, Emory College.

GEORGIA GAMMA, Mercer University.

ALABAMA ALPHA, University of Alabama.

ALABAMA BETA, Alabama Polytechnic  
Institute.

### Delta Province.

OHIO ALPHA, Miami University.

OHIO BETA, Ohio Wesleyan University.

OHIO GAMMA, Ohio University.

OHIO ZETA, Ohio State University.

OHIO ETA, Case School of Applied Science.

OHIO THETA, University of Cincinnati.

MICHIGAN ALPHA, University of Michi-  
gan.

### Epsilon Province.

INDIANA ALPHA, Indiana University.  
INDIANA BETA, Wabash College.  
INDIANA GAMMA, Butler College.  
INDIANA DELTA, Franklin College.  
INDIANA EPSILON, Hanover College.  
INDIANA ZETA, De Pauw University.  
INDIANA THETA, Purdue University.  
ILLINOIS ALPHA, Northwestern University.  
ILLINOIS BETA, University of Chicago  
ILLINOIS DELTA, Knox College.  
ILLINOIS ZETA, Lombard University.  
ILLINOIS ETA, University of Illinois.

WISCONSIN ALPHA, University of Wisconsin.  
MINNESOTA ALPHA, University of Minnesota.  
IOWA ALPHA, Iowa Wesleyan University.  
IOWA BETA, University of Iowa.  
MISSOURI ALPHA, University of Missouri.  
MISSOURI BETA, Westminster College.  
MISSOURI GAMMA, Washington University.  
KANSAS ALPHA, University of Kansas.  
NEBRASKA ALPHA, University of Nebraska.

### Eta Province.

MISSISSIPPI ALPHA, University of Mississippi.  
LOUISIANA ALPHA, Tulane University of Louisiana.

TEXAS BETA, University of Texas.  
TEXAS GAMMA, Southwestern University.

### Theta Province.

CALIFORNIA ALPHA, University of California.

CALIFORNIA BETA, Leland Stanford, Jr., University.

### Alumni Clubs.

Boston, Mass.  
    Providence, R. I.  
    New York, N. Y.  
    Baltimore, Md.  
    Pittsburg, Pa.  
    Philadelphia, Pa.  
Washington, D. C.  
    Richmond, Va.  
    Louisville, Ky.  
    Nashville, Tenn.  
    Columbus, Ga.  
    Atlanta, Ga.  
Macon, Ga.  
    Montgomery, Ala.  
    Selma, Ala.  
    Birmingham, Ala.  
    Mobile, Ala.  
    New Orleans, La.  
San Francisco, Cal.      Los Angeles, Cal.

Akron, Ohio.  
    Cincinnati, Ohio.  
    Cleveland, Ohio.  
    Columbus, Ohio.  
    Athens, Ohio.  
    Detroit, Mich.  
Franklin, Ind.  
    Indianapolis, Ind.  
    Chicago, Ill.  
    Galesburg, Ill.  
    Minneapolis and  
    St. Paul, Min.  
La Crosse, Wis.  
    Milwaukee, Wis.  
    Kansas City, Mo.  
    St. Louis, Mo.  
    Denver, Col.  
    Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Spokane, Wash.

# Pi Chapter of Delta Tau Delta.

CHAPTER FOUNDED IN RAINBOW FRATERNITY 1848

CONSOLIDATED WITH DELTA TAU DELTA 1886.

## Frater in Faculty.

DABNEY LIPSCOMB, M. A.

### SCHOOL OF LAW.

#### Seniors.

H. R. BROWN,

H. P. FARISH.

#### Juniors.

S. P. CLAYTON,

W. H. KIER,

J. R. McDOWELL.

### SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ARTS.

#### Seniors.

W. V. FANT,

BEN MCFARLAND.

#### Junior.

W. N. HUTCHINSON.

#### Sophomores.

E. T. BUSH, JR.,

J. C. KYLE, JR.,

N. F. SCALES.

#### Freshmen.

W. G. POINDEXTER,

J. B. POINDEXTER,

S. W. SCALES.



DELTA TAU DELTA FRATERNITY.









# Delta Tau Delta.

FOUNDED AT BETHANY COLLEGE IN 1860.  
RAINBOW FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI IN 1848.  
CONSOLIDATED, 1886.

## Colors,

ROYAL PURPLE, OLD GOLD AND WHITE.

## Flower,

PANSY.

## CHAPTER ROLL.

### Grand Division of the South.

LAMBDA, Vanderbilt University.	BETA EPSILON, Emory College.
PI, University of Mississippi.	BETA THETA, University of the South.
PIII, Washington and Lee University.	BETA IOTA, University of Virginia.
BETA DELTA, University of Georgia.	BETA XI, Tulane University.

### Grand Division of the North.

BETA, Ohio University.	CHI, Kenyon College.
DELTA, University of Michigan.	BETA ALPHA, Indiana University.
EPSILON, Albion College.	BETA BETA, De Pauw University.
ZETA, Adelbert College.	BETA ZETA, Butler College.
KAPPA, Hillsdale College.	BETA PHI, Ohio State University.
MU, Ohio Wesleyan University.	BETA PSI, Wabash College.

### Grand Division of the West.

OMEGA, University of Iowa.	BETA PI, Northwestern University.
BETA GAMMA, University of Wisconsin.	BETA TAU, University of Nebraska.
BETA ETA, University of Minnesota.	BETA OMEGA, University of California.
BETA KAPPA, University of Colorado.	BETA UPSILON, University of Illinois.
BETA RHO, Leland Stanford, Jr., University.	GAMMA ALPHA, University of Chicago.

### Grand Division of the East.

ALPHA, Allegheny College.	BETA MU, Tufts College.
GAMMA, Washington and Jefferson.	BETA NU, Massachusetts Institute Technology.
RHO, Stephens Institute of Technology.	BETA OMICRON, Cornell University.
UPSILON, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.	BETA CHI, Brown University.
OMEGA, University of Pennsylvania.	
BETA LAMBDA, Lehigh University.	

### Alumni Chapters.

NEW YORK,	NEW ORLEANS,	DETROIT,	LINCOLN,
MINNEAPOLIS,	CHICAGO,	PORTSMOUTH, N. H.	GRAND RAPIDS,
CLEVELAND,	PITTSBURG,	NASHVILLE,	CINCINNATI,

# Alpha of Sigma Tau.

ESTABLISHED AT UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI IN 1896.

## Colors.

Green and Gold.

## Flower,

Daisy.

## Yell.

Yipity-re-lu

Tu-ra-zau,

*ἄε ἀλλ' ὀψέσ,*

Sigma Tau.

## Sorores in Urbe.

ANNIE CHANDLER.

ELIZABETH COWAN,

ELMA COLEMAN MEEK,

ELLIE B. KIMBROUGH,

LYNNE BRANHAM WEST,

MINNIE H. SMITH,

AMY HUSTACE.

## Sorores in Universitate.

JULIA COMPTON, '01,

NANNIE MEEK, '02,

FROST ROANE, '02,

EDITH WARDLAW, '02,

MARGARET WARDLAW, '99.



SIGMA TAU SORORITY.











TAU DELTA THETA SORORITY.







# Tau Delta Theta—Alpha Chapter.

FOUNDED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI IN 1896.

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## Colors.

Old Gold and Black.

## Flower.

Violet.

## Yell.

Alpha Pi ! Alpha Pi !

Beta, Eta, Zeta !

*Ἑσμὸν ἀληθεῖς*

Tau Delta Theta !

## Soror in Urbe.

ALMA JONES.

## Sorores in Universitate.

### Class '99.

ANNIE WINIFRED PHILLIPS,

MARY LOUISE PHILLIPS,

NORMA MAI WILKINS.

### Class '00.

SARA OLA PRICE,

MARY SUE WOODS,

MARY HERRON.

### Class '01.

ELLA CLINGAN,

RACHEL WHITEWAY,

CECILE WOODS,

MATTIE HARALSON.

### Class '02.

EVA SHEPHERD,

LOU NEAL JONES,

BETTY T. LYON.

## Other Fraternities Represented.

---

### In Faculty.

CHANCELLOR . . . . . R. B. FULTON,  $\Lambda \Psi$

DR. R. W. JONES,  $\phi K \Sigma$

DR. J. G. DUPREE,  $\phi \Gamma \Delta$

DR. ALFRED HUME,  $B \theta H$

DR. C. C. FERRELL,  $B \theta H$

PROFESSOR A. L. BONDURANT,  $K \Sigma$

DR. F. L. RILEY,  $\phi B K$

### In College.

L. L. HENNINGTON,  $K \Delta$

C. E. THAMES,  $\Delta T \Omega$

W. S. LESTER,  $B \theta H$

## Our Fraternity Graveyard.

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Chi Psi . . . . .	1858	1895
Phi Kappa Sigma . . . . .	1859	1861
Phi Gamma Delta . . . . .	1868	1879
Beta Theta Pi . . . . .	1879	1897
Delta Gamma . . . . .	1872	1889
Alpha Beta Tau . . . . .		

## Twenty-Five Years Hence.

WHAT strange things have come to pass since in the Semi-Centennial year the Class of '99 so proudly grasped their "dips," enveloped in their precious caps and gowns. As I look around upon some of the students of the University that year I can but exclaim, "Who would have thought that they would be what they are, so oddly combining the past with the present."

I enter the campus afoot and overtake a tall dignified man with piercing eye and black hair slightly tinged with gray. Well if here isn't old Gus Smith. "Hello, Gus——" but I am frozen stiff. "I am, sir," he said, "Hon. L. Augustus Smith, editor of the *Record*, editor of OLE Miss, and president of the board of supervisors of Simpson County. When I ope my mouth, let no dog bark." Ye gods! I stand amazed at such a speech, but remember that the past is still strong upon him.

On I stride with heavy heart, but going suddenly around the corner of the old library I fall upon the prostrate form of a drunken man, haggard and wan. I start back in horror. Oh, cruel fate! Landrum Leavell—a drunkard. "Oh, Landrum, how did you come to this," I groan. I catch mid his mutterings, "Oratorical contest—shattered nerves—drank strong coffee in Senior year—the same old story—Y. M. C. A.—Baptist——"

In vain I called for Charlie Webb, Isom or Smith to come to my help. I had forgotten they had died long ago—no, were translated and carried below.

I leave the prostrate form of what was once a man and rush after help.

As I pass around the fountain so dear to '99 I almost run into a little woman followed by her faithful husband. I unconsciously laugh as I see a bunch of violets pinned on her dress.

Although I am hot after help and bromo seltzer, I can but stop and speak to my friend, Miss B., and, by the way, ask her where she got



violets in June. At my question she blushes a little and exclaims: "Oh, Goat sent to Greenland for them—Goat worships me."

Excusing myself, on I went for help. But where shall I go? Oh, yes! Chancellor Johnson will help me—he whom we impudently used to call "Prep." As I am about to ring the bell of the new Chancellor's residence where the old southwest dormitory used to stand, out comes the Chancellor, still fat and jolly, but lo! he remembers me not.

"Good evening, Chancellor," I remarked, "I have a friend who is sick. Can you send me some one to help him?"

"Yes, yes—come in. Sit down; sit down—I'll see Mrs. Johnson, what she can do."

I seat myself on the porch and in a few moments out comes a strangely familiar figure. I sit horror-stricken in my chair—can it be—has he lost his mind? On past me he goes, talking in that sad—sad way. I fear to call him and on he goes. "Make butter out of green figs—use liquid air—strange—strange——"

In a moment out comes the Chancellor to whom I turn eagerly for explanation.

"Yes, yes, that's McCleskey, great electrician; just left his wireless telephone to the moon. Old bachelor, queer genius. Poor fellow, girl kicked him—but—oh, yes, who's sick?"

After telling him who it is the Doctor proposes that he call "Fatty" to help us.

"Who is Fatty?" I ask.

"Oh, Fatty," he replies, "he's a queer fellow—loved McCleskey, so he never would leave him; graduated with him; answers his telephone and—you've heard of McCleskey's 'Steamboat Tablets' haven't you?"

I was strangely ignorant.

"Yes, you have; yes, you have. He makes 'em out of fig butter—sure to make you fat. Just look at Pruitt, there; experimented with him. How much does he weigh? Five fifty—five fifty; fine fellow, we like him.

For the first time since I have come I give an undergraduate laugh. Sure enough there is old Pruitt, big as an elephant. But he, also, knows me not.

Just as we start across the campus the old familiar yell of "fire" comes from the post-office dormitory. In an instant all is confusion. I watch closely those who speed by me and notice a tall, long-legged man as he goes sailing by. "Fir-er," "Fir-er," he yells. "Water," "Water."

'T is the old joke and as the bucket of water lands fairly on his head his cry is changed to "Rubber Neck," "Rubber Neck," and I know it is big-mouthed Scales. He has got his habits on.

When the excitement is nearly over, a smiling, red-faced, fat, bow-legged Dutchman comes tearing out in a sweater tickled nearly to death. 'T is only Kretschmar at his old tricks—nobody is surprised and high above the racket is heard *'Οχτο και ένενήχοντα*

Other almost forgotten figures are seen. Billups, back on a visit, also grows confused and is seen tearing across the campus with the beloved cane in his hand, fearfully glancing back for imaginary Seniors hot in pursuit.

But who is this tearing down the steps with his new Columbia monocyte on his shoulder?

By Jove! Hugh Miller, Freshman yet, makes a rapid exit. I hear his once splendid voice, now beginning to crack, still spouting forth "William Shakespeare was the greatest genius of our world."

"Why, Chancellor," I exclaim, "Is that Hugh Miller?"

"Yes, yes—he's won Freshman medal every year for twenty-five years. Yes, Shakespeare was the greatest genius, and Miller the greatest Freshman declaimer of our world."

I am getting vastly interested when suddenly I hear a dainty foot-step and quickly turn only to fall under the murderous blow of a "foot-pad" none other than Hugh White—disappointed in love—increased in flesh. Too sad, too sad.

\* \* \* \* \*

When all the Commencement exercises are over I awake in the "Dead House" and slowly gain strength for my trip home.

All have gone and left me—all new faces around me—I gently fall asleep. When I awake I am in—doubt. I have been in doubt ever since. However, I am neither a liar nor a lunatic—only an old student with a good memory.



### He May Go if He Can.

Let me see him once more for a moment or two—  
Let him tell me himself of his purpose, dear, do ;  
Let him gaze in these eyes when he lays out his plan  
To escape me, and then he may go, if he can —

Let me see him once more, let me give him one smile  
Let me breathe but one word of endearment the while—  
I ask but one moment—my life on the man—  
Does he ask to forget me? He may if he can.

—*S. Osgood.*

## The Silver Spur.

ON MY table there lies a silver spur, found among many other relics, about four miles northwest of my native town, on the site of the old Chickasaw village, where the ill-fated Chevalier D'Artagnette, after a gallant assault, was defeated, captured, and tortured to death.

On one slender prong of the spur, is the engraving—John Turnbull. And, as I look at it, I remember the story of that brave soldier of fortune, who, with his bitterest foe, sleeps beneath the green grass and the waving flowers.

The night before Palm Sunday, 1736, a little group of men were gathered around a camp-fire, upon the site of the present city of Tupelo, then a wilderness, the domain of the lordly Chickasaw.

This group was composed of the Chevalier D'Artagnette, his officers, and three Indian chiefs—two Iroquois and one Arkansan.

The commander arose and read a letter from Monsieur De Bienville, stating that it would be late in April before he could aid him in the intended joint attack upon the Chickasaw camp. He then asked the opinion of the council as to whether a retreat or an attack was advisable.

The French officers, save one, and the Iroquois, expressed themselves as opposed to an attack and only the two who had been silent remained to be heard from.

The deep voice of D'Artagnette broke the silence.

“ Captain Turnbull, will you favor us with your views?”

All eyes were turned toward the Scotchman as he arose and every ear was attentive as he began :

“ Gentlemen, I say attack, ere to-morrow’s sun shall have sunk to rest. You ask why? Listen and say if I should not pray for battle.”

“ Years ago, when I was in the first flush of young manhood, I loved a bonnie lass and was loved in return. We were soon to be married, but first I must make a journey to London, on business.

“ I took with me my bosom friend, Ralph Percy, an Englishman, living near my own home. While in the city, I was kidnapped by the notorious press-gang and shipped to the wars in Germany.

“ I wrote several times to my sweetheart, but never a reply did I receive, and when five years later, I returned home, a tale of treachery was unfolded to me, which sent me to this New World, seeking the author of my ruin.

“ Percy had contrived my capture and impressment and, after a few months, tried to win my sweetheart, Nell Gordon. Failing in this, his love turned to hatred. Having a mortgage upon the cottage in which Nell and her widowed mother lived, he foreclosed it and, one wild night, turned them out on the moor. The exposure killed the mother quickly, and my bonnie lass followed as the flowers of spring were blooming.

“ Percy, soon afterward went to London and thence to Georgia and now, I hear from a spy, is in the Chickasaw camp with other British emissaries.

“ Gentlemen, retreat if you will, but here my red brother, Panther, and I remain. What say you, my brother?”

Slowly, Panther, the Arkansan arose, gracefully, he stretched his arm toward the west.

“ There lies my wife, my boy, the pride of my early years and all my tribe, save these few who follow me still. Many moons have I fought the Chickasaws, many scalps have I taken, but to-morrow the Great Spirit says for me to conquer or die. I have spoken.”

Shortly the council ended and preparations began for an attack.

Calm and fair, Palm Sunday dawned, but early its quietude was broken by the rattle of musketry, the cheering of soldiery, and the war-whoop of the Indian.

We all know the result of this brave attempt and the fate of the gallant Chevalier.

On the right flank, in a little glade, each with a score or so of Indian allies, Ralph Percy and John Turnbull met.

Instinctively the red men stood back, and silently the two leaders crossed swords.

For some time no advantage was visible, then Turnbull's sword was twisted from his grasp and Percy passed his weapon through his opponent's body. Turnbull bent aside till the steel snapped and with a mutual spring backward, each drew a knife.

Though wounded, Turnbull advanced, Percy retreated, until suddenly he reached his hand to his belt and drew a pistol.

"Ah, my Scotch friend, methinks I win again," he laughed, and fired.

The wound was mortal, but ere he died, John Turnbull saw himself avenged.

Chief Panther sprang forward, his hand flew to his belt, then circled round his head, there was a flash, and, as the keen tomahawk struck him in the forehead, Ralph Percy fell and died.

Above them the Indians closed and fought till not an Arkansan remained, and the Great Spirit's message to Panther was fulfilled.

S. P. CLAYTON.

## The Varsity Mills.



ACK GREEN went to the Varsity—  
A verdant squash of a kid—  
Large and plump with the sappiness  
Of *Jack Green* and "what-he-did."  
He spryly rolled to the Freshman grind,  
Round and green his silky rind ;  
Amid the groans of the millstones  
Were heard his moans in stuffy tones ;  
He tumbled out, changed wholly,  
Of rind had he none at all ;  
For the Varsity mills grind slowly,  
But they grind exceedingly small.



ITH pomp he went conceitedly  
To the mills of Sophomore,  
With the juice of know-all wisdom  
Oozing from every pore.  
He was squeezed and pressed as never before,  
The juice was replaced with ancient lore,  
Then, in the slush of the jam and crush,  
He was made into mush, and did not rush,  
But crept out rather lowly,  
Careful lest he should fall,  
For the Varsity mills grind slowly,  
But they grind exceedingly small.



LAT and dry, quiet, unshapely,  
He went 'twixt the Junior stones,  
The pulp and seed of his squashiness  
Were formed into flesh and bones ;  
Then he was put into Science's mould,  
Rammed in, crammed in, all it would hold ;  
Was spliced in the cracks with mouldy facts,  
And such nick-naeks as *Latin Jacks*.  
He was turned out, *not* roly-polly,  
But straight and thin, and slim and tall,  
For the Varsity mills grind slowly,  
But they grind exceedingly small.



ITH dignity, quite steadily,  
He went with the Senior grist ;  
'Neath the disks he polished readily,  
Their force he could not resist.  
Chiseled his features, a brain designed,  
Padded the hollows, put in a mind,  
And a little grace, with just a trace  
Of light in his face, his back a brace.  
Ground him out, meek and lowly,  
Convinced he knew nothing at all,  
For the Varsity mills grind slowly,  
But they grind exceedingly small.

ANNA VINEYARD.





## Classes, Rolls, Histories, etc.

OF THE VARIOUS CLASSES IN THE  
SCHOOLS OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE,  
ARTS, AND IN THE SCHOOL OF LAW



MOTTO : " Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."

COLORS : Old Gold and Black.

**Hell.**

Veni, Vidi, Vici,  
 MD three C,  
 U. of M., U. of M.,  
 Nonaginta Novem.

L. P. LEAVELL . . . . .	President.
PATRICK HENRY . . . . .	Vice-President.
MISS ANNIE PHILLIPS . . . . .	Historian.
J. J. WHITE, JR. . . . .	Poet.
BEN MCFARLAND . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer.

## Senior Class History.

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THE Class of Ninety-nine is passing—passing from the mystic possibilities of college days into the stern realities of life. It is but natural that we should pause at the portal and cast one long, lingering, farewell glance of retrospection toward those halls from which we are about to take our departure to enter a broader domain of usefulness. And as we look backward our memory will call into review the incidents which have helped form the train of events that have occurred in the course of our four years' service as students.

In every department of college life where free ability of brain or muscle counts for anything the history of Ninety-nine is inscribed upon the records in letters of such size that "he who runs may read;" nay, more, its fame has gone out beyond the University.

We pass over without mentioning in particular our achievements as a class, but we feel confident that everybody is grateful to us for what we have done, even though they are too envious to say so. In our own meek, mild, and unassuming way we make our bow, knowing our superiority but without vaunting it. In fact, Ninety-nine needs no written history. Every one has the history of this class written in his memory. How we condole with the University in its prospect of so soon losing its most glorious class!

As we pass into the realities of life, we begin to speculate on what the future has in store for us; and as we each apply our eye to the kaleidoscope of our future career, a different scene unfolds for each one, yet common in one picture presented o'er which is emblazoned the word "Success."

We stand as representatives of higher education in the world. Let each of us, wherever our lot may be cast, strive to maintain the dignity of our position, and let us endeavor to reflect credit and honor upon those men who have so faithfully labored with us and for us as well as upon the institution that stands as our sponsor.

HISTORIAN.

## Roll and Statistics of the Senior Literary Class.



DAVID OLIVER BRIDGFORTH, . . .  
 . . . Pleasant Hill, Miss.  
 "When found make a note of it."  
 B. A. ; Σ X ; Φ Σ ; Class Baseball Team, '99.



THOMAS DICK DAVIS . . . Sherman, Miss.  
 "As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."  
 B. A. ; Φ K Ψ ; Baseball Team, '99 ; Hermæan Society ; Class Football Team, '99.



PATRICK HENRY, JR. . . Brandon, Miss.  
 "Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto  
 Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto."  
 B. P. ; Φ Δ Θ ; Θ X E ; Hermæan Society ; First Freshman Medal ; Vice-President of Class of '99 ; Manager Class Baseball Team, '98, '99 ; Football Team, '98 ; Board of Control ; Senior Debater ; Business Manager "Record" ; Junior Promenade Committee.



BRADLEY THOMAS KIMBROUGH, . . . . . Oxford, Miss.

"Hast too much show of the sedate and pure,  
And without cause art formal and demure."

B. A. ;  $\Sigma X$  ;  $\Phi \Sigma$  ; Senior Debater ; Assistant Business Manager "*Record*" ; Tennis Club ; Class Football Team.



LANDRUM PINSON LEAVELL, Oxford, Miss.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as others see us."

B. P. ;  $\Sigma X$  ;  $\Theta \Sigma E$  ;  $\Phi \Sigma$  ; Class President ; President Y. M. C. A. '97, '99 ; First Freshman Medal ; Sophomore Salutatorian ; First Sophomore Medal ; Representative in G. S. I. O. A., '98 ; Representative in State I. O. A., '99 ; Winner of Second Medal ; Winner of Philological Prize, '98 ; Associate Editor "*Record*" '99 ; Glee Club, '97 ; Class Football Team ; President Phi Sigma.



ALBERT GALLITON LOVE, Trezevant, Tenn.

"A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing."

B. A. ;  $\Phi \Sigma$  ; President Phi Sigma ; Secretary and Censor Phi Sigma ; Assistant Business Manager "*Record*" ; Class Football Team, '99 ; Varsity Baseball Team, '99.



HERBERT LYNN MCCLESKY, Atlanta, Miss.

"Deep versed in books and shallow in himself."

B. S. ;  $\Phi \Delta \Theta$  ;  $\Phi \Sigma$  ; Class Essayist, '99 ; President Phi Sigma ; Senior Debater, '99.



BEN MCFARLAND . . . Aberdeen, Miss.

"None but himself could be his parallel."

B. A. ; Δ T Δ ; Θ Ν Ε ; Herman Society ; U. M. A. A. ; Class Baseball Team ; President Tennis Club ; Football Team ; President German Club ; Baseball Team ; First in Four Hundred and Forty Yard Dash ; Class Secretary and Treasurer ; Senior Banquet Committee.



\*CLIFFORD POLK PERKINS, Batesville, Miss.

"And must I work? Oh, what a waste of time."

Department Diploma ; Delta Psi ; Tennis Club ; Baseball Team, '96, '97, '98 ; Captain Baseball Team, '99 ; Class Football Team ; Mandolin Club ; Senior Banquet Committee, '99 ; Captain Class Baseball Team, '98, '99.

CHARLES ROBERTS PETTIS, Ellisville, Miss.

"I care for nobody, no, not I,  
If nobody cares for me."

B. A. ; Δ Κ Ε ; Φ Σ ; Class Football Team ; Licentiate Instructor in Mathematics, '99.



ANNIE WINNEFRED PHILLIPS, . . .

. . . Oxford, Miss.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

T Δ Θ, B. A., Associate Editor OLE MISS, '98 ; Assistant Business Manager OLE MISS, '98 ; Class Historian.



MARY LOUISE PHILLIPS . . . Oxford, Miss.

"A gem of purest ray serene."

Department Diploma Tau Delta Theta.

\*No Picture.





WILLIAM OREGON PRUITT, Houston, Miss.

"And what 's his history?  
A blank, my Lord."

B. S. ;  $\Phi \Delta \Theta$  ;  $\Phi \Sigma$ .



LEMUEL AUGUSTUS WEST SMITH, . . .  
. . . . Holly Springs, Miss.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet."

B. A. ;  $\Delta K E$  ; Tennis Club ; U. M. A. A. ; Captain Class Football Team, '99 ; Class Baseball Team, '98, '99 ; Chairman Junior Promenade Committee, '98 ; Chairman Senior Banquet Committee, '99 ; Licentiate Instructor in Latin and Greek, '99 ; Associate Editor "*Record*," '98, '99 ; Associate Editor OLE MISS, '99 ; Leader German Club, '99 ; Bell Buckle Club ; S. T. H. A. A.



W. W. VENABLE, . . . Meridian, Miss.

"He was such a nice young man."

$\Phi \Delta \Theta$  ; A. B. Mississippi College, '98 ; A. B. University, '99 ; M. A. work University of Mississippi ; Representative Mississippi College in State Oratorical Association, '98 ; President State Oratorical Association, '98, '99.



MARGARET WARDLAW . . Oxford, Miss.

"To know her is to love her."

Department Diploma ; Sigma Tau ; Associate Editor OLE MISS.



W. CALVIN WELLS, JR. . . Jackson, Miss.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

B. A. ; Δ Ψ ; U. M. A. A. ; Hernando Society ; Tennis Club ; Kodak Club ; Press Club ; Glee Club ; Class Baseball Team ; Class Football Team ; Second in Hop, Step and Jump ; Hermæan Junior Medal, '98 ; Senior Debater ; President Hermæan, '99 ; Y. M. C. A. Secretary, '98 ; Editor-in-Chief "*Record*," '99.



NORMA WILKINS . . . Oxford, Miss.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

B. P. ; T Δ Θ.



JOHN JAMES WHITE, JR., . . .  
. . . McComb City, Miss.

"The wonder was and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head could carry all he knew."

B. P. ; Δ Ψ ; Hermæan Society ; Tennis Club ; Class Poet ; Class Baseball Team, '97, '98, '99 ; Substitute Varsity Baseball Team, '98 ; German Club ; Jackson Hall Egg Club ; U. M. A. A.





# CLASS OF 1900.

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COLORS : Crimson, Old Gold and Royal Blue.

## **Hell.**

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !  
What 's that thundered,  
The Hot Stuff Class  
Of Nineteen Hundred.

MOTTO : *Ἐναχόσαιο Νίλοι Καὶ.*

## **Officers.**

P. E. SLOANE	. . . . .	President.
H. R. SHANDS	. . . . .	Vice-President.
M. B. LEAVELL	. . . . .	Secretary.
JAMES EDMONDS	. . . . .	Historian.

## Junior Class History.

THE modern psalmist has chanted the praises of many classes in many books; the youthful orator has, from a thousand academic rostrums, cast the "halo of a grander day upon the brow of the dying circle;" the dawn of the twentieth century has broken in all the colors of the rainbow upon countless pages of college lore—and yet, the noble deeds, the potential power, and latent glory of our Class of 1900 has never yet been told. What we have done would give inspiration to the genius of the age, what we have not done would furnish material for an encyclopedia, but what we shall do will supply the theme for song and story in all the ages yet to come. This we can say, and say without fear of final contradiction, for, though all can prophesy, no man can read the future clear enough to disprove what we say.

In the fall of 1896, we first fore-gathered to enroll our names upon the University records. Though "freshman green as grass" yet still "all on study bent." We gazed in awe on classic scenes and reverend faces now grown so familiar. In that first year, that now seems so long, long ago, the months passed slowly by. Our history was scant and meager and no great glory accrued to our honored name. As befitted modest Freshmen few stayed to bid farewell to the Class of '97. Our Sophomore year taught us to navigate the devious ways of Oxford's sidewalks, and to play football with the Seniors. In the mysteries of class elections were trained many politicians into whose hands we hope the nation will see the wisdom of intrusting its future. That stormy session, too, passed by, and November, '98, witnessed the entry of the Class of 1900 upon its Junior year.

Three winters of changing views and thoughts have almost gone. To some of us success has come, to some the years have brought defeat ; but to all, in the memory of the future, the time will be a pleasant reach upon the varied distance of life's long pathway. The tasks set for us have not all been performed, the lessons to be learned have too often been neglected. Some of us have bitter recollections but most have memories of much that is sweet and dear, and all, realizing that our education lies not wholly in books, should truly say that from our college life we obtain a deeper insight into the future than could ever have been our share had not our alma mater guarded us through these years. Should we profit by this experience—though all else be forgotten—we could truly say our time had not been wasted.

Long live the century class! May the sunlight cease to bathe the worn brick walks and the moon no longer play weird tricks with the old Lyceum walls before the name of 1900 be forgotten. May we need no graven stone to hand down our memory to the Freshmen of after year, but by noble deeds and worthy lives may we ever be remembered.

Long live our class! May our failures never be omens of disaster; may our successes ever be auguries of future fame. May our evil cease and be forgotten; may our good continue and be remembered; and, in the future, be our world great or small, may we take the place that ever comes the due reward of merit, truth, and worth.

HISTORIAN.

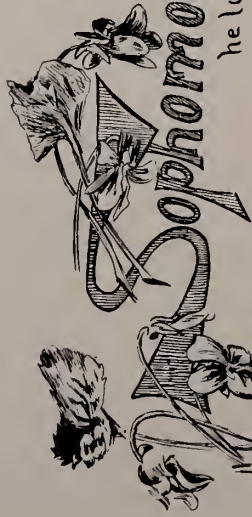
## Roll and Statistics Class of 1900.

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- BURNHAM, HENRY McCABE . . . . . Harpersville, Miss.  
B. S.;  $\Phi K \Psi$ .
- BIGGER, SAMUEL . . . . . Oxford, Miss.  
B. S.
- BEANLAND, GAYLE CAROTHERS . . . . . Oxford, Miss.  
B. S.;  $\Delta \Psi$ ; Varsity Football Team, '98; Class Baseball Team, '99; Class Football Team, '99; Track Team; Winner in Pole Vault S. I. A. A., '99.
- CAIRNS, GEORGE HOLLOWAY . . . . . Oxford, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Delta K E$ ; Won Second Pole Vault, '98; Track Team; Left End '00 Football Team; Center Field '00 Baseball Team.
- CONN, W. D. . . . . Corinth, Miss.  
B. A.
- EASON, ANDREW WILSON . . . . . Arkabutla, Miss.  
B. A.; Assistant Business Manager *Record*, '99-00.
- EDMONDS, JAMES EZEKIEL . . . . . Bolivar, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Delta K E$ ; German Club; Class Editor of *Record*, '97-98; Second Sophomore Medal, '97-98; Class Football Team; Class Historian, '98-99; Junior Ball Committee.
- EVANS, ALEXANDER W. . . . . Moss Point, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Sigma X$ ;  $\Theta N E$ .
- FANT, WILLIAM VAN . . . . . Macon, Miss.  
B. S.;  $\Delta T \Delta$ ; Assistant Editor *Record*, '99-00.
- FLOYD, WILLIAM ERNEST . . . . . Shubuta, Miss.  
B. S.;  $\Phi K \Psi$ , German Club; Manager Mandolin Club; Class Baseball and Football Teams.
- FULTON, HARRY RASCOE . . . . . University, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Delta \Psi$ ; Second Sophomore Medal, '96; Editor-in-Chief *University Record*, '99-00; Junior Medal.

- HUBBARD, ETHELBERT JACKSON . . . . . Janesville, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Phi$  K  $\Psi$ ; Class and Varsity Football Teams.
- HERRON, MISS MARY, . . . . . Trezevant, Tenn.  
B. P.; T  $\Delta$   $\Theta$ .
- HOLMES, EDWIN RUTHVEN . . . . . Yazoo City, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Delta$   $\Psi$ ; Class Editor of *Record*, '98-99; Freshman Medal; Sophomore Medal; Sophomore Salutatorian; Reserve Football Team, '97; Junior Medal; Representative in State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association; President of Hermæan Literary Society; Representative in Gulf States Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association; German Club.
- KIMMONS, MISS KATE . . . . . Oxford, Miss.  
B. S.
- LEIGH, ARMISTEAD MACON . . . . . Charleston, Miss.  
B. S.;  $\Sigma$  X.
- LANGDON, SYLVESTER LARNED, JR. . . . . Magnolia, Miss.  
B. S.
- LEAVELL, MANLY B. . . . . Oxford, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Sigma$  X; Secretary Class of '00; First Freshman Medal, '96.
- LESTER, WILLIAM STEWART. . . . . Plum Point, Miss.  
B. A.; B  $\Theta$  II; Assistant Business Manager of *Record*, '99-00.
- LONGEST, C. C. . . . . Gresham, Miss.  
B. A.; Varsity Football Team, '99; Class Football Team, '98.
- PRICE, MISS SARA OLA . . . . . Oxford Miss.  
B. S.; T  $\Delta$   $\Theta$ .
- PARKER, ELLIOTT . . . . . Houston, Miss.  
B. S.; Assistant Editor *Record* '99-00.
- ROANE, WILLIAM TEMPLE . . . . . Oxford, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Sigma$  X; Class Baseball Team, '99; Mandolin Club; German Club; Glee Club.
- SHARPE, ELMER CLINTON . . . . . Corinth, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Sigma$  A E; Varsity Football Team; Executive Committee; Tennis Club; Class Football Team; Junior Ball Committee; German Club.
- SHANDS, HARLEY ROSEBOROUGH . . . . . University, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Delta$  K E; Vice-President Class '00; Vice-President Tennis Association; Member Board of Control Athletic Association; Manager and Member Class Baseball Team, '97, '98, '99; Class Football Team; Varsity Baseball Team.
- SLOAN, PRESTON EDWARD . . . . . Olive Branch, Miss.  
B. A.; President Class '00; Business Manager *Record*, '99-'00; Class Football and Baseball Teams, '97, '98, '99.

- SEGREST, ROBERT ADONIRAM . . . . . Brandywine, Miss.  
 B. A.
- TAYLOR, LEROY ALEXANDER . . . . . Senatobia, Miss.  
 B. A.; Δ K E; Class Baseball Team.
- THOMPSON, ROBERT PATTERSON . . . . . Jackson, Miss.  
 B. P.; Δ Ψ; Varsity Football Team, '98; Captain "Reserve" Football Team,  
 '96; Captain Class Baseball Team, '98; Class Football Team, '98; Mem-  
 ber Junior Ball Committee, '98-99; Press Club; German Club; Y. M.  
 C. A.
- WOODS, MISS SUE. . . . . Jackson, Miss.  
 B. A.; T Δ Θ; Assistant Business Manager *Annual*, President of Y. W. C. A.

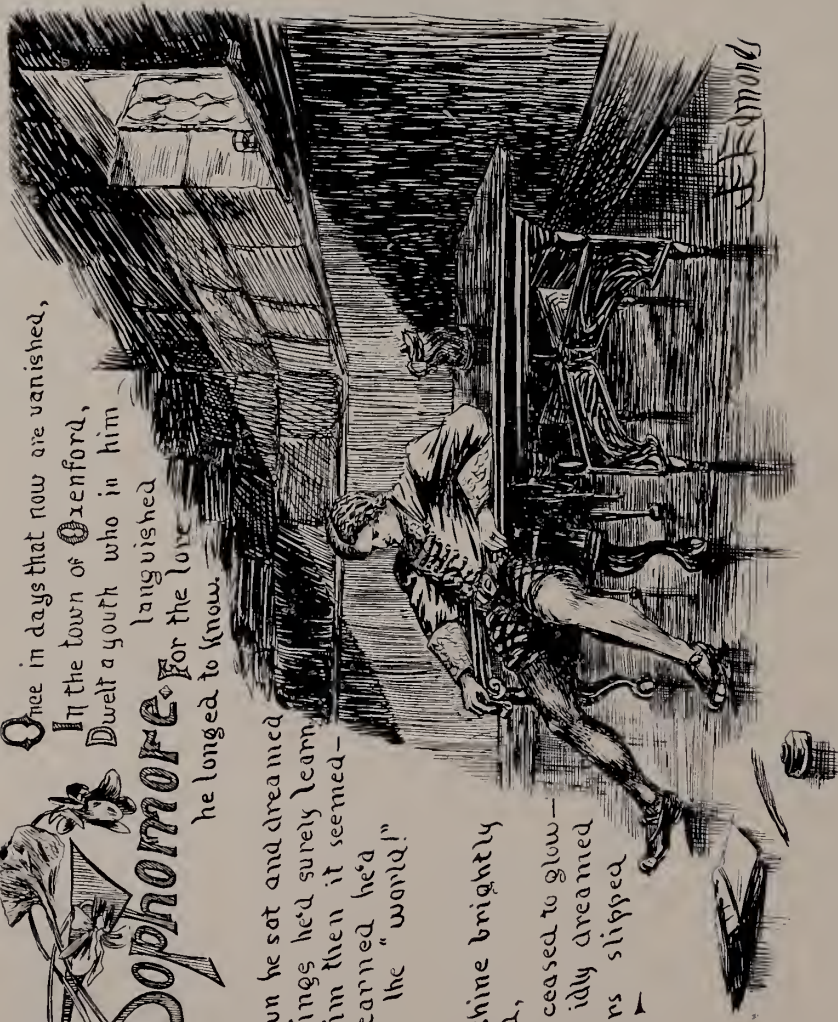


Once in days that now are vanished,  
In the town of Orenford,  
Dwelt a youth who in him  
languished  
For the love  
he longed to know.

So in the sun he sat and dreamed  
Of all the things he'd surely learn,  
How easy to him then it seemed—  
With all this learned he'd  
rule the "world!"

With-out the sun-shine brightly  
beamed,

With-in the embers ceased to glow—  
And so he sat and idly dreamed  
And the golden hours slipped  
away.





# SOPHOMORE CLASS.

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## Colors.

OLD GOLD AND BLUE.

## Hell.

We are the boys who are wide awake,  
The 1901 Class is not a fake ;  
We are simply the royal dough  
In Virgil, Ovid and Cicero.

## Officers.

I. M. RUSSELL,	. . . . .	PRESIDENT.
A. B. LEAVELL,	. . . . .	VICE-PRESIDENT.
E. S. RAUCH,	. . . . .	SECRETARY.
J. C. KAYLE, JR.,	. . . . .	TREASURER.
STARK YOUNG,	. . . . .	HISTORIAN.
S. L. ROWAN,	. . . . .	POET.



## History of the Class of 1901.

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A PILE of rocks, a few palm trees, an ocean of sand, a pot over a fire, two men, one patrician, the other plebeian, this is our scene.

“And so vacation passed and we came together again”—here the story of the traveler was interrupted as Buhmwumm, the king of the Cahnybbs, rose to feed his fire and see if the water boiled.

Finding everything progressing to his satisfaction, Buhmwumm seated himself and the traveler went on with his story.

“We came together,” he modestly continued, “with rested brains and bodies, ready to seize whatever glory came within our reach. Rapidly the other classmen sank into insignificance—and so small did they become in the eyes of the world that they longed to find some means whereby they might attract attention; so the Seniors hung themselves in black and wore huge wings, calling them sleeves, that made them look as vultures do when roosting, aye and boards upon their heads that they might appear level-headed; the very Junior, tipped his crown with blue and took upon himself some right smart airs; and the little Freshmen, fearful lest they should be crushed, cried aloud to be allowed to carry canes, but the Seniors, jealous of their power, wrenched the canes from the hands of the Freshmen and ruled over them. But the Sophomores advanced steadily in power and honor.

“When the year was half passed, the Seniors sought the notice of the Sophomores beseeching them to play at ball with them. Conscious of their strength, the Sophomores thought it well to spare a few minutes from their precious time, and humble the pride of these would-be

ball-players. When the day for the game was come and gone, the Seniors saw their colors in the dust and could find "none so poor, to do them reverence," and finding themselves disgraced they bowed their necks and wept, like women with hysteria whose servants have left them in the time of house-cleaning.

"And so the year passed, each day, for the Class of 1901, a step higher in the ladder of fame. Yes, in oratory, in learning, in athletics, in society, in everything, they were so excellent that the other classmen grew pale and lost their nerves.

"Oh, great indeed, were these men. The last two years were—but I need not tell of them, what could they have been but glorious.

"And now, O sweet Sachet Powder of the Universe, O Fragrant Flower of the deserts, O Dusky Pearl of the South Sea, spare I beseech you this missionary for I am a wandering member of this Class and modesty forbids me tell you half its merits."

"It is enough," haughtily warbled the Ethiopian potentate, as he stamped his foot and tore his hair, from the head of the nearest by of his wives, "enough, you wax too great and will eclipse the glory of my ancestors, therefore prepare for my feast, for this night I dine off thy bones."

Thus was his doom decreed.

But the old classman stood with a far-off look in his eyes and seemed to roam with his dreams, back to the land of his birth; his face glowed and he, clapping his hands, shouted "Hooray for hooray." Verily the sun is hot in the desert lands, and very hot upon the head of one, who bares his crown to a king. And Buhmwumm, the king, marveled.

But the traveler only screamed louder than before

" Ra, Ra, Ra,  
Ra, Ra, Ra,  
Ra, Ra, Ra,  
Sophomore."

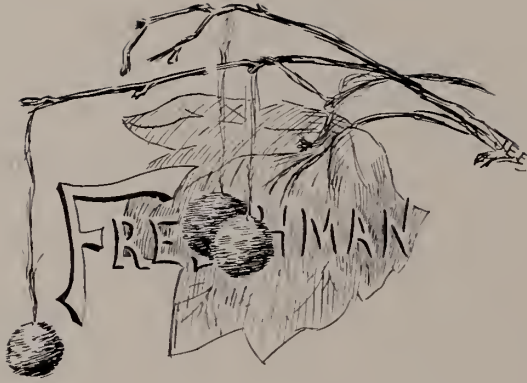
And still the king marveled and rose to stir the fire.  
The water boils, vale, vale, comite.

HISTORIAN.

## Sophomore Class Roll and Statistics.

- E. THOMAS BUSH, . . . . . Macon, Noxubee County, Miss.  
B. A.; Δ T Δ.
- MARLIN T. COLLIER, . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. S.; Δ Ψ.
- MISS JULIA E. COMPTON, . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. A.; Σ T.
- OLIVER BINGHAM COWAN, . . . Moss Point, Jackson County, Miss.  
B. A.; Σ X.
- THOMAS AIREY EVANS, . . . . Moss Point, Jackson County, Miss.  
B. A.; Σ X.
- ROSSIE DOUGLASS FORD, . . . . Columbia, Marion County, Miss.  
B. A.; Σ X; Φ Σ.
- JOHN MIDDLETON FOSTER, . . . Zieglerville, Yazoo County, Miss.  
B. A.; Φ K Ψ; Hermæan; Track Team; First, one hundred-yard dash; First,  
two hundred and twenty-yard dash.
- DAVIS LOVE FAIR, . . . . . French Camp, Choctaw County, Miss.  
B. A.; Φ Δ Θ; Manager and Captain of Class Football Team.
- JAMES ERNEST HARGIS, . . . . University, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. S.; Φ Σ.
- ARTHUR H. JONES, . . . . . University, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. S.; Δ K E; Class Baseball Manager and Captain, and Varsity Baseball  
Team.
- ELWYN THORNTON JONES, . . . Hernando, De Soto County, Miss.  
B. A.; Δ K E; Hermæan.
- THOMAS STUART JOHNSTON, . Pleasant Hill, De Soto County, Miss.  
B. S.
- J. CURTIS KYLE, JR., . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. A.; Δ T Δ; Hermæan; Treasurer of the Class; First Freshman Medal,  
Hermæan.
- ARNAUD BRUCE LEAVELL, . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. P.; Σ X; Φ Σ; Vice-President of the Class; Second Freshman Medal, Phi  
Sigma.
- WILLIAM LEROY MATTHEWS, . . Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. P.; Σ A E; Varsity Football Team.

- MONROE GOODBAR MORGAN, . . . Hernando, De Soto County, Miss.  
B. S.;  $\Sigma X$ ;  $\Phi \Sigma$ .
- RUSSELL MOSS, . . . . . College Hill, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. A.
- WILLIAM SPENCER PETTIS, JR., . . . Ellisville, Jones County, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Delta K E$ ;  $\Phi \Sigma$ .
- LOWRY RUDISILLE POWELL, . . . Toccopola, Pontotoc County, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Phi \Sigma$ ; First Freshman Medal, Phi Sigma, '94-95.
- EDWARD SHELBY RAUCH, . . . . . Edwards, Hinds County, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Phi \Delta \Theta$ ; Secretary of the Class.
- FRANK ROBERSON, . . . . . Pontotoc, Pontotoc County, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Delta \Psi$ ; Hermæan.
- SAMUEL LAMB ROWAN, . . . . . Wesson, Copiah County, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Delta \Psi$ ; Poet of the Class; Hermæan; Second Freshman Medal, Hermæan.
- LEE MAURICE RUSSELL, . . . . . Dallas, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. S.;  $\Phi \Sigma$ ; President of the Class; Secretary Y. M. C. A.; First in Running Broad Jump; First in Running High Jump; Captain Track Team, '98-99.
- NATHANIEL F. SCALES, . . . . . Crawford, Lowndes County, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Delta T \Delta$ ; Editor of the Class for '98-99; Hermæan.
- ANDREW J. SEALE, . . . . . Troy, Pontotoc County, Miss.  
B. A.; Hermæan.
- JOSEPH AUGUSTUS SPANN, . . . Pelahatchee, Rankin County, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Phi \Delta \Theta$ .
- JOHN N. STANDIFER, . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. S.;  $\Phi K \Psi$ ; Hermæan.
- WILLIAM EVANS STONE, . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Delta K E$ ; Hermæan; Varsity Baseball Team.
- ROBERT HERMAN SULTAN, . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. S.;  $\Sigma X$ ;  $\Phi \Sigma$ ; First Freshman Phi Sigma Medal, '98.
- JOHN BURRUS SUTHERLAND, . . . University, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Sigma A E$ .
- DUNCAN L. THOMPSON, . . . . . Harrison, Tallahatchie County, Miss.  
B. A.
- HIRAM TODD, . . . . . Decatur, Newton County, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Phi \Sigma$ .
- JOHN WILLIAM WADE, . . . . . Pulaski, Scott County, Miss.  
B. P.;  $\Phi \Sigma$ .
- ANTHONY WAYNE WADLINGTON, . . Oxford, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. A.;  $\Phi \Sigma$ .



**Class Officers.**

PRESIDENT . . . . .	V. O. ROBERTSON.
VICE-PRESIDENT . . . . .	VIVIAN RICKS.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER . . . . .	MURRAY SULLIVAN.
EDITOR . . . . .	A. W. OLIVER.
POET . . . . .	F. O. CARR.
HISTORIAN . . . . .	M. Y. BLUM.

## Freshman Class History.

ON DECEMBER 1st, 1898, one could have seen as motley a crowd as ever mortal gazed upon, had he but turned his eyes toward Phi Sigma hall, for there the Freshmen had gone to organize. Some were red-headed, some were red-necked and some both. Mr. Curlee was chosen as chairman and the gentlemen (?) present were given an opportunity to expatiate upon "parliamentary rules," *i. e.*, what they knew about them. After much deliberation, and more waste of time, a president, one of the best looking men in the Class, was elected by acclamation. One of the "freshies" present said that "he voted for him because he was the only man nominated."

Mr. V. O. Robertson was the one chosen to lead that herd, and well has he led them, across the "pons asinorum." The vice-president, V. Q. Ricks, was next elected, and amid cries of "Speech! Speech! Speech!" arose, cleared his throat and in a voice varying from A flat to Z major, said, "Go to —." The other offices, secretary and treasurer, historian, baseball captain, baseball manager, football captain, football manager, orator, poet and editor, about exhausted the members physically, mentally, numerically, and otherwise.

Mr. J. Q. T., better known as "Jack," nominated "Jack" for baseball captain. Some objections were made to his nominating "Jack;" "a point of order" was called for, and question put to the house to ascertain whether the majority were in favor of letting the nomination stand. Those making the objections voted against themselves.

All business having been transacted the chairman said a motion to adjourn was in order. "Silence reigned supreme." Directly some one whispered "loudly," "Let's go," and out they went.

Some of them ventured to play football, one saying "I might thereby be able to reach the height of my ambition, *i. e.*, to weigh three hundred and fifty;" the other, "I might thereby 'tan' my hair."

The season for football being over the Freshmen turned their attention to the classroom where they spent many happy (?) hours.

Then comes the happiest days of their school life, that one week, which we all look forward to with such pleasure, the week which we all welcome and the week which we hate to see go. During this week "some hitched their wagons to a star," but left the end-gate out, and "Oh! what a fall was there my countrymen;" some busted, some disgusted and many quit math.

The Freshman Class took a firm stand in college sports, putting two men on the Varsity eleven, and two men on the Varsity nine, and played the "champion baseball team a tie game," thereby sharing that honor with them. O, Senior! O, Junior! where art thou?

Since organization, many noticeable improvements have taken place in the demeanor of the Freshmen. For instance, they have become accustomed to hearing the bell, to seeing sidewalks, trains, and the many wonders of civilization. They have progressed so far as to swear by Venus, the goddess of darkness, to pass pickles when asked for sodium chloride, to keep off the grass, to keep out of the ponds, to go to fires where more H<sub>2</sub>O is put on the "rubber necks than on the fire," to cut (classes) without an axe, and to treat hog cholera with carbon.

Now that vacation is near the Freshmen are getting sorry, for they are forced to make room for the class of 1903.

HISTORIAN.

## Freshman Class Roll.

---

- ALLEN, WILLIAM FRANKLIN . . . Meridian, Lauderdale County, Miss.  
B. S. ; Δ K E ; Φ Σ.
- ANDERSON, GUY C. . . . . Abbeville, Lafayette County, Miss.  
B. S. ; Φ Σ.
- BAKER, SAMUEL WILBURN . . . Woodson, Monroe County, Miss.  
B. A. ; Φ Σ.
- BECKETT, BERGIE BARRY . . . West Point, Clay County, Miss.  
B. A. ; Δ K E ; Hermæan.
- BILLUPS, JAMES SYKES . . . Columbus, Lowndes County, Miss.  
B. P. ; Δ K E.
- BLUM, MARKS Y. . . . . Nittayuma, Sharkey County, Miss.  
B. P. ; Φ Σ ; Class Historian ; Hermæan ; Second Medal in Elocution.
- BOATNER, FRANKLIN PAUL, JR., Potts Camp, Marshall County, Miss.  
B. S. ; Φ Σ.
- BRAY, WILLIAM EDWARD . . . Winona, Montgomery County, Miss.  
B. A. ; Φ Δ Θ ; Hermæan.
- CAMPBELL, ALICE . . . . . Sherman, Pontotoc County, Miss.  
B. A.
- CAMPBELL, EDWIN PATERSON Greenville, Washington County, Miss.  
B. P. ; Δ Ψ.
- CARR, OLIVER FRANKLIN . . . . . Pontotoc, Pontotoc County  
B. A. ; Δ Ψ ; Class Poet.
- CHILDRESS, WOODY LAURENCE . . Harmontown, Lafayette County  
B. S.
- COLLIER, TOM JAMES . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. A. ; Δ Ψ.
- CONN, ABE H. . . . . Hazelhurst, Copiah County  
B. S. ; Φ K Ψ ; Full-back on Varsity Eleven.



- CURLER, FRANK M. . . . . Corinth, Alcorn County  
B. A. ; Δ Ψ.
- DUBARD, WILLIAM VASSAR . . . . . Grenada, Grenada County  
B. A. ; Σ X ; Hermæan.
- ELMER, FREDERIC WILLIAM, JR. . . . . Biloxie, Harrison County  
B. S. ; Manager of Baseball Team, 1902.
- FORD, PERCY HAWTHORNE . . . . . Columbia, Marion County  
B. S. ; Σ X.
- FORD, ROSSIE DOUGLASS . . . . . Columbia, Marion County  
B. S. ; Σ X.
- FURR, JOHN DEWITT . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. A.
- GEE, CLINTON L. . . . . Carrollton, Carroll County  
B. S. ; Σ X ; Φ Σ.
- GENTRY, KATE . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. S.
- HODGE, JOHN SAMUEL W. . . . . Delay, Lafayette County  
B. P.
- HORTON, COWLES EDWARDS . . . . . Grenada, Grenada County  
B. A. ; Σ X.
- HUTCHINSON, JAMES WILLIAM . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. A. ; Δ K E ; Hermæan.
- JAMISON, ALFRED . . . . . Riverside, Quitman County  
B. S. ; Φ Σ.
- JOHNSON, ANNIE . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. P.
- JONES, LOU NEAL . . . . . University, Lafayette County  
B. P. ; T Δ Θ.
- LEONARD, HENRY O., JR. . . . . Coffeetown, Yalobusha County  
B. P. ; Σ X.
- LEONARD, WILLIAM EDWIN BATES . . . . . Coffeetown, Yalobusha County  
B. P. ; Σ X.
- LYON, BETTIE T. . . . . Houston, Chickasaw County  
B. P. ; T Δ Θ.
- MCCORKLE, SAM WILLIAM . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. S.
- MCINNIS, JOHN DANIEL . . . . . Meridian, Lauderdale County  
B. A. ; Δ K E.
- MARKS, MARCUS L. . . . . Riverside, Quitman County  
B. P. ; Φ Σ.
- MEEK, NANNIE . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. P. ; Σ T.

- MILES, WILLIAM HAYES . . . . . Banner, Calhoun County  
B. S.
- MILLER, HUGH BARR . . . . . Hazelhurst, Copiah County  
B. P. ; Δ Ψ ; Φ Σ ; Manager Class Football Team ; First Medal in Elocution.
- NICHOLS, REBECCA . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. P.
- OLIVER, ARTHUR W. . . . . Courtland, Panola County  
B. A. ; Δ Κ Ε ; Class Editor on *University Record*.
- POINDEXTER, J. B. . . . .  
B. A. ; Δ Τ Δ.
- POINDEXTER, WILLIAM GREEN . . . . . Carrollton, Carroll County  
B. A. ; Δ Τ Δ ; Varsity Baseball Team.
- PRICE, BEM, JR. . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. A. ; Φ Δ Θ ; Hermæan.
- REDHEAD, JOHN AGRIPPA . . . . . Centerville, Wilkinson County  
B. P. ; Sub-Tackle on Varsity Football Team.
- RICKS, HERBERT POINDEXTER . . . . . Canton, Madison County  
B. P. ; Δ Ψ ; Glee Club ; Orchestra.
- RICKS, VIVIAN QUARLES . . . . . Canton, Madison County  
B. P. ; Δ Ψ ; Vice-President Class 1902 ; Orchestra.
- ROANE, FROSTE, . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. P. ; Σ Τ.
- ROBERTSON, JOHN WESTBROOK . . . . . Hernando, DeSoto County  
B. P. ; Δ Κ Ε ; Hermæan.
- ROBERTSON, VIRGIL OTIS . . . . . Hattiesburg, Perry County  
B. P. ; Hermæan ; President Class 1902 ; Second Medal in Elocution.
- ROBINSON, GEORGE OSCAR . . . . . Brandon, Rankin County  
B. P. ; Φ Δ Θ.
- SCALES, SAMUEL WEBB . . . . . Starkville, Oktibbeha County  
B. A. ; Δ Τ Δ.
- SEXTON, JOE PRICE . . . . . Wesson, Copiah County  
B. S. ; Δ Ψ ; Orchestra ; Glee Club.
- SHANDS, CECIL . . . . . University, Lafayette County  
B. A. ; Δ Κ Ε ; Hermæan.
- SHEPHERD, KATIE EVA . . . . . Lexington, Holmes County  
B. A. ; Τ Δ Θ.
- STEVENS, WOODSON ANDERSON . . . . . Amory, Monroe County  
B. S.
- STONE, JAMES, JR. . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. P.
- SULLIVAN, MURRAY . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
B. A. ; Δ Ψ ; Hermæan ; Secretary Class 1902 ; First Medal in Elocution.

- TAGGART, JACK QUITMAN . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
 B. P. ;  $\Phi$  K  $\Psi$ ; Captain of Baseball Team of 1902.
- TOWNES, EVANS . . . . . Minter City  
 B. P. ;  $\Delta$  K E.
- WADLINGTON, MARY EMMA . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
 B. A.
- WALKER, LILLIAN F. . . . . Increase, Lauderdale County  
 B. P.
- WARDLAW, EDITH . . . . . Oxford, Lafayette County  
 B. P. ;  $\Sigma$  T.
- WHITE, HUGH LARSON . . . . . McComb City, Pike County  
 B. A. ;  $\Delta$   $\Psi$ ; Hermean; Center-Rush on Varsity Football Team; Captain of  
 Football Team, 1902
- YEATES, CHARLES WILLIAM, . . . . . Starkville, Miss.  
 Varsity Baseball Team.

## SENIOR LAW CLASS.

### Officers.

W. B. RICKS . . . . .	President.
WALTER WEATHERBY . . . . .	Vice-President.
J. E. HOLMES . . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer.
D. M. KIMBROUGH . . . . .	Editor.
H. R. BROWN . . . . .	Historian.

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### History of the Law Class of '99.

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THE historian of the Law Class of '99 starts on his work heavily handicapped; for his class said unto him, "Write not our history as it is, we have no wish to cause the would-be lawyers of the future to despair, or go elsewhere rather than stand so far below our record."

So having learned well the maxim *Salus populi suprema lex*, we, for the sake of the youth of Mississippi, will try to hide our light under a bushel, or if that sufficeth not, we will try a hoghead.

So, remembering the above and aforesaid fact, listen to a few minor incidents merely thrown in to cover the page, to-wit: We, the aforesaid Law Class of '99, on the fifteenth day of November, 1897, did individually and collectively, jointly and severally, compose and create ourselves an organization, to be known as the Law Class of '99, created subject to the laws of Mississippi, and the by-laws of the University of Mississippi, situate in aforesaid State, county of Lafayette, and near the small and dependent town of Oxford. This organization did also consent to be under the rule, supervision and care of the Honorable Chancellor of the above-named University, provided, nevertheless, that each member should be fully and unreservedly authorized to disregard such of Chancellor's rules as such member should feel it incumbent upon him to ignore. All these things, especially the last, have been faithfully performed.

The first meeting of this class was held on the aforesaid day of its organization and from then each member has not failed to "crack 'em up." For some time there has been a standing offer of a set of law books to the member of the Senior Law Class who should write the best thesis, only those being permitted to contest who should graduate with a grade of ninety or above. The Faculty of the University soon saw that every member of this quiet but determined class would take away from the law professor the grade of ninety, in spite of his efforts to hold them down, and that the faculty would spend the rest of their probable and natural terms of existence in examining prize theses. So the Faculty did call a meeting to consider the case, and there and then did decide, and subsequently did publish, proclaim, advertise and promulgate their decision, to-wit, that only those whose grades were among the first five could compete. As part of the *res gesta* we mention the fact that several light-headed Juniors did declare and affirm that the aforesaid proclamation was prompted by fear that none of the class would make the required grade of ninety. Upon this, and the spirit prompting it, we make no comment.

Among our numbers we have a great variety of types, some of whom are worthy of special description. We have first the man of the wonderful memory, who, when called on to recite, fixes his eyes on an imaginary book and rattles off page after page of law, only hesitating while he turns a leaf of the book before his mind's eye.

Then comes our class orator, who clinches each legal principle by such emphatic gestures that he keeps our beloved professor ducking his head in nervous fear of the orator's hands becoming detached.

Last comes our criminal lawyer, who says, "yes, the professor may tangle me up on civil questions, but just let me get him before a magistrate in a case of a criminal nature and I will show him a few things."

We have four or five members who labored under a strange delusion that their duty was to assist in quizzing the class, but one by one each learned the folly of his ways and grew silent.

To us was accorded the honor of being the first class to wear the cap and gown, the Faculty feeling that any one who can engineer a cap and gown around the campus with dignity, is fitted by nature to wear the robe of the chief justice or even to grace the chair of a justice of the peace.

In athletics, we are represented by members on the football, track and gymnasium teams. The school, feeling the need of a steady head to care for athletics, elected from our class the managers of the baseball, football and track teams.

As we have before remarked, and as the discerning reader will have found by reading these lines, we are exceedingly modest and not at all inclined to brag and have written these few facts merely that that great tribunal, the public of Mississippi, may not enter against the Law Class of '99 the judgment *nil dicit*.

So we record not our greatness, we grave our names on no marble tablets before the Lyceum, as "We know that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. \* \* \* We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone."

HISTORIAN.

## Roll and Statistics of Senior Law Class.



J. M. ARNOLD . . . . Walthall, Miss.  
"Poor chin, many a wart is richer."  
Blackstone Club.



J. W. P. BOGGAN . . . . Fulton, Miss.  
Oh he 's as tedious  
As is a tir'd horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill far  
Than feed on cakes and have him talk to me  
In any summer house in Christendom.  
Blackstone Club.



B. C. BOWEN . . . . Ellisville, Miss.  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words  
Since first I called my brother's father dad.  
Φ K Ψ; Varsity Football Team.



J. M. BROOKS . . . . . Sardis, Miss.

“ But O ye lords of ladies intellectual,  
Inform us truly,—have they not henpeck'd  
you at all ? ”

President of the Blackstone Club.



HUGH R. BROWN . . . . . Holly Springs, Miss.

“ His wit invites you by his looks to come  
But when you knock it never is at home.”

Δ T Δ ; Blackstone Club.



E. L. CALHOUN . . . . . Mt. Olive, Miss.

“ And when he is out of sight quickly also he  
is out of mind.”

Secretary and Treasurer of Blackstone Club.



W. E. COX . . . . . Harrison, Miss.

“ I dote on his very absence.”

Blackstone Club.

J. E. EMERSON . . . . . Pope, Miss.

“ I have neither wit nor words nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech to stir men's blood.”

Blackstone Club.





H. P. FARISH . . . . Mayersville, Miss.  
"The worst of madmen is a saint run mad."  
Δ T Δ ; Blackstone Club ; German Club.



N. B. FELD . . . . Vicksburg Miss.  
"Why should a man whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?"  
Blackstone Club ; Associate Editor "*Record*."



W. J. GEX . . . . Bay St. Louis, Miss.  
"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."  
Blackstone Club.



R. J. GRISHAM . . . . Ashland, Miss.  
"A very gentle beast and of good conscience."  
Blackstone Club ; Law Librarian.



W. L. GODBOLD . . . . . Allen, Miss.

“A pearl may in a toad's head dwell  
And may be found, too, in an oyster shell.”

Φ K Ψ; Blackstone Club; Gun Club; Jackson  
Hall Egg Club.



L. L. HENNINGTON . . . . . Tryus, Miss.

“Maidens beware! This lord hath his eyes  
upon you.”

K A; Blackstone Club; “All Right Club.”



J. E. HOLMES . . . . . Plum Point, Miss.

“I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!”

Σ X; Θ N E; Anniversarian of Blackstone Club;  
Secretary of Class; Business Manager OLE MISS;  
Blackstone Club; Senior Speaker.



D. M. KIMBROUGH . . . . . Oxford, Miss.

“So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue  
and loud withal that would not wag nor  
scarce lie still without a fee.”

B. A.; Σ X; Θ N E; Blackstone Club; First Soph-  
omore Medal, '93; Editor of *University Magazine*;  
Associate Editor of “*Record*”; President of Phi  
Sigma Society; Manager Field Sports, '99; Val-  
dictorian.



P. M. KING . . . . . Durant, Miss.

“A bold bad man.”

Δ K E; Member of Junior Promenade Committee, '98; Member of German Club, '98; Vice-President German Club, '99; Gun Club; Jackson Hall Egg Club; Glee Club (Primus Donnus); Blackstone Club; Tennis Association.



L. H. MCGEHEE . . . . . Summitt, Miss.

“Conspicuous for his absence.”

Σ A E; Blackstone Club.



W. B. RICKS . . . . . Canton, Miss.

“He mistook his calling.”

A. M. (Georgetown College); Δ Ψ; President of Law C'ass; President of German Club, '97, '98; Orchestra, '97, '98; Secretary and Treasurer of Junior Promenade Committee, '98; Manager of Varsity Football Team, '98; Mandolin and Guitar Club, '99; Glee Club, '99; Editor-in-Chief of OLE MISS, '99; Member of Executive Committee of German Club, '99; Member of Board of Control of Athletic Association, '99; Blackstone Club; Boxing Club; Jackson Hall Egg Club; Town and Gown; Senior Speaker.



H. R. SPIGHT . . . . . Ripley, Miss.

“What 's in a name?”

Σ X; Blackstone Club; Mandolin and Guitar Club.



J. M. THOMAS . . . . . Tupelo, Miss.

" Why should every creature drink but I,  
Why, man of morals, tell me why ? "

Σ A E ; President Blackstone Club ; Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Club ; Chairman Statistics Committee OLE MISS ; Hayner Club ; Irish Club ; Member of Executive Committee German Club.



WALTER WEATHERBY . . Durant, Miss.

" Wild flows his hair, his talk still wilder flows  
His hands in frenzied gestures cut the air. "

Φ Δ Θ ; Θ X E ; Vice-President of the Law Class, '99 ; Manager Varsity Baseball Team ; Blackstone Club ; Jackson Hall Egg Club ; Bell Buckle Club.



C. R. WHITE . . . . . Memphis, Tenn.

" He 'd undertake to prove by force  
Of argument, a man's no horse.  
He 'd prove a buzzard is no fowl  
And that a lord may be an owl,  
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,  
And rooks committeemen or trustees. "

Δ Ψ ; Hermæan Society ; Blackstone Club ; State Historical Society ; German Club ; Chess Club, '98 ; Glee Club, '98 ; Captain Sophomore Football Team, '98 ; Tennis Club ; Winner First Medal State Oratorical Contest, '98 ; Secretary State Oratorical Association, '99 ; Y. M. C. A. ; Association of College Physical Directors of America ; Physical Director University of Mississippi.



W. M. WHITTINGTON . . Roxie, Miss.

" Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes  
with books. "

Δ Ψ ; A. B., Mississippi College ; Blackstone Club ; Winner of Second Prize in State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, '98.

# JUNIOR LAW CLASS.

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## Officers.

J. R. McDOWELL,	. . . . .	President
T. H. JOHNSTON,	. . . . .	Vice-President
H. C. WILLIAMSON, JR.,	. . . . .	Secretary and Treasurer
T. L. HAMAN, JR.,	. . . . .	Historian
N. B. FELD,	. . . . .	Editor

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## Junior Law Class History.

WE OFFER no apology for presenting to the public the history of the Law Class of 1900, because the people generally are eager to know something of our class and to have an account of the year. Their desire in this respect is natural and proper. The eyes of the whole country are on the men of the class and mighty things are expected of them. A review of the personnel of the class would be proper here, but space forbids. Suffice it to say that each

man is a man indeed, " With Herculean shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies," and that the earlier the people see fit to thrust on them the management of the affairs of state the better for the country. Already some of our men have responded to the calls of their countrymen to sit in the councils of the State.

This class has overcome difficulties and passed through trials unheard of in former class histories. Born in the time of war and pestilence it sprang into manhood in one night and now waxes strong as a giant, able to contest its rights with all comers. The Governor has tried his hand against it in three pitched battles. The first time we were taken unawares and the blow dealt us was severe, crippling some of us and causing much confusion. Our first contest served us however as a lesson and having learned the tricks of our wily foeman, the results of our late engagements with him have been different. On another field too have our men won glory. Inhabiting the neighboring country there is a certain band of people called Co-eds, which has for some time most cruelly as well as destructively waged war on the different law classes. Not wishing for various reasons to meet them in open battle we have at proper times put forward to treat with them for us different men of the class, the success of whose mission may be judged from the fact that we now count these people friends and allies.

To conclude: The year has been for us one of conflicts and victories. We have forced the " Governor " to yield and we have made of our strongest enemies our best friends. We have put champions on every field open to us and they have everywhere held high the reputation of the class, winning for themselves and the class fame and honor.

And thus our class finishes its work for the year and strides forth to prove its worth on new fields as it has done in the past.

HISTORIAN.

## Junior Law Class Roll.

### Members.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.
ALCORN, RANDLE WOODFORD . . . . .	Clarksdale.
Δ K E; University Mandolin Club; University Glee Club; German Club.	
BEAN, WILLIAM ALFRED . . . . .	Cardsville.
CLAYTON STUART PHILIP . . . . .	Tupelo.
Δ T Δ; Blackstone Club.	
HAMAN, THOMAS LUTHER, JR. . . . .	Vaiden.
Δ K E; Historian Junior Law Class.	
HOOKEE, HENRY SMART, JR. . . . .	Lexington.
Δ Ψ; Blackstone Club.	
JOHNSTON, THOMAS H. . . . .	Coldwater.
Σ A E.	
JONES, C. C. . . . .	Port Gibson.
JONES, S. W. . . . .	Independence.
Vice-President Law Class.	
KIER, W. H. . . . .	Crawford.
Δ T Δ.	
LAWRENCE, OTTO M. . . . .	Caledonia.
Φ K Ψ.	
MCDOWELL, JAMES R. . . . .	Holly Springs.
Δ T Δ; Blackstone Club; President Junior Law Class; Associate Editor OLE MISS; Varsity Baseball Team; Varsity Football Team; Track Team; Executive Committee Athletic Association; Junior Ball Committee, '98; President Hermean Literary Society, '98; Business Manager <i>University Record</i> , '98; German Club.	



NAME.	RESIDENCE.
PERKINS, MARSHALL LEWIS . . . . . Δ Ψ ; Blackstone Club ; Tennis Club.	Batesville.
RAY, GEORGE LATHAM . . . . . Ph. B., '98 ; Φ Δ Θ ; Θ Ν Ε ; V ; Class Baseball Team ; President Phi Sigma Literary Society ; Blackstone Club ; Junior Orator's Medal ; Senior Debater's Medal.	Carrollton, Miss.
RICHMOND, W. M. . . . . Φ Δ Θ.	Port Gibson.
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## Comites in Urbe.

TALLU HARGROVE,                      ELLIE KIMBROUGH.



### Burial of an Old Slave.

Around me, brambles tangle on the graves,  
 And ivy sprays are creeping on the stones;  
 Beside one shattered urn a foxglove waves,  
 While awe-struck thrushes chirp in undertones.

Outside, a field of broomsedge, waste and bare,  
 And thickets of the red and yellow plum,  
 And nearer, on the purple thistles there,  
 Goldfinches in a brilliant cluster come.

Here headstones hanging sideways to the earth  
 By winds and rains are dappled into gray;  
 Brown lichens have erased the dates of birth  
 And years in which the sleepers passed away.

Grim sentinel, still facing to the west,  
 The old slave-master's granite tombstone looms;  
 His young wife and her baby lie at rest  
 Where yon wild rose sheds pink and pearly blooms.

Almost effaced, you read a young girl's name;  
 Just sixteen when she died! Here passed away  
 The first-born son, who like a triumph came;  
 In whose dead hands Hope crumbled into clay.

Down there are buried all the family slaves,  
 Relics of ways and customs obsolete;  
 A few head-boards of wood slant on their graves,  
 As, year by year, weeds grow and weathers beat.

Up yonder lane, a strange procession comes,  
 And sounds of weird, sweet singing strike the ears;  
 Then a shrill fife, and then the roll of drums,  
 A chant that seems the ghost of bygone years.

Ah, many lives have passed since neighbors came,  
 Bringing a sleeper to this home to abide;  
 But this gray negro, last of all the name,  
 Has sought again his old-time master's side.

Nearer they come, a wagon for a bier;  
 The rails are lowered at the roadside fence,  
 The team pulls through—two mules in well-worn gear—  
 Welcome, old friend, to your last residence!

What songs are these, so mellow, wild and sweet,  
 Of Salem and its glories far away,  
 Where change and death glide not on stealthy feet,  
 Nor leaves in dim October skies decay.

What childlike faith, that sings of princely palms,  
 Of fountains gushing through the fields of green!  
 What childlike faith, that sings of blissful calms,  
 And splendors that no sage has ever seen.

Strange, a poor negro in this far-off place,  
 Trusting a Friend, sinks in his coffin low,  
 Believes that Friend, forgetting not his face,  
 Will find him where these weeds and brambles grow.

Rose-breasted grosbeak, lighting on yon limb  
 And singing as no bird hath sung before,  
 Is it a note of triumph trilled for him,  
 The dead slave, free and happy evermore?

—WALTER MALONE.



## Opals.

---

I have heard this tale of the olden days,  
Of the time when elves, and sprites, and fays,  
    With laughter and gleeful mirth,  
On the meadows danced 'neath the moon's soft light ;  
And their joyous songs woke the sleeping night ;  
    A tale of the opal's birth.

In a spot remote from the haunts of men,  
On the grassy slope of a lonely glen,  
    A bevy of peris danced.  
And a limpid brook, with its dashing sound,  
As it joined the chorus of those around,  
    The melody much enhanced.

In a gloomy cavern not far away,  
An ill-humored imp heard the music gay ;  
    The merriment vexed him sore.  
So the peri queen and her retinue  
He imprisoned each in a drop of dew  
    By means of his magic power.

And each sparkling drop of impris'ning dew  
Thus becomes an opal of varied hue—  
    For such is the tale they tell.  
The capricious mood of each sprightly fay  
Is revealed to us in the changing ray  
    That shines from his crystal cell.

—ANON.

## Transience.

---

Flaming across midnight skies,  
    A meteor shot its brilliant spray ;  
Tossed through this life of sighs,  
    Genius comes to pass away.

As darts sped from bows unseen  
    To cleave an unseen mark,  
Are hurled through existence mean,  
    Lives lived in mundane dark.

Swelling chords in cadence sweet,  
    Stir the soul to vanish quite,  
Existence draws its net complete  
    To free its prey in Stygian night.

One thing is certain, this life flies ;  
    A tremor, a flutter, 't is past !  
The flower once blown forever dies,  
    We live but to die at last.

—L. A. SMITH.

## The Devil Knows.

---

EVERY one who visits the campus of the University of Mississippi is struck with the beauty of the place. Perhaps June and October never find a more splendid situation for their gorgeous displays in all our picturesque Southland than within that sacred grove of the goddess of wisdom. But those mighty forest trees and vine-clad buildings often wear a gruesome aspect under the shade of night that banishes all memory of their beauty by day.

The University chapel was used as a Confederate hospital during the Civil War, and within that building and the surrounding groves the deadly misfortunes of that fatal strife were in ample and ghastly evidence. Perhaps some cool-headed student residing upon that campus to-day has never noticed the weird and uncanny influence which those historic groves exert by night. If such is the case, I would ask that student, bearing in mind the mournful war record of the place, to choose some dark, starless night, best of all a midnight in October, when a low east wind is mourning among the treetops and the sere autumn leaves float slowly to earth, whispering vaguely the while,—choose such a night as this, and take a walk all alone around the chapel building and on down through those dark woods past the Dead House in the direction of the railroad depot.

The anteroom of Hermaean Hall, in the northwest corner and third floor of the Chapel building, is of all the lonely nooks of that gloomy structure the loneliest and gloomiest. Isolated, still, unfrequented, perched like an owl's den up among the treetops, it is especially suited for observation and reflection upon the uncanny aspect of those venerable shades by night.



During the session beginning in September, 188—, I occupied Hermaean anteroom in company with my friend Tomson. He was a big, fearless, lazy fellow who could never sympathize with me in the terrors that tortured my soul on ascending those winding stairs surrounded by Stygian darkness, nor hear the whispered echoes, rumbings, and groans that smote upon my more imaginative ears. Although I found little pleasure in such a situation, yet I resolutely remained an occupant of the room from the beginning of the session until the March following, when our residence there was brought to a sudden termination by the event which I will here narrate.

One stormy evening when a high wind was roaring and a cold rain falling outside, I sat with my books in my room, Tomson having gone up town to visit some lady friend. Bob Fitz, a large brindled cat that had strayed to our quarters near the beginning of the session, lay dozing before a smouldering fire in the grate. As he dozed he seemed to dream, and awoke at intervals with uneasy growls and whines. Being vexed at length by his quarreling, I arose from my work and sent him to his pallet just outside the door and shut him out of the room. Returning to my work, I had sat for perhaps an hour with concentrated attention when I was struck with a sudden impression that some great danger was impending. A distinct odor of smoke, as of burning sulphur, pervaded the room. Going to the door, I peeped out into the dark corridor. The odor of smoke was still more pungent there, and I noticed Bob Fitz standing erect upon his pallet, trembling as if in a chill, the hairs standing out like porcupine quills upon his body, whining in a terrified manner, and gazing in the direction of the stairs. At that moment I heard a low footstep upon the stairs below, and an occasional knocking, as if some one were carrying a heavy stick as he ascended. Retreating into the room, I closed the door softly and turned the key and thumb latch. As I sat down, Bob Fitz gave a wild, piercing shriek that chilled my very blood; and a moment later there was a soft tapping at the door. I sat riveted to the chair, scarce daring to breathe. Presently, though I did not hear the bolts turn, the door opened wide, and in walked the most startling vision these eyes ever beheld.

He seemed to be a soldier, being dressed in a ragged gray military suit, a battered black hat upon his head, and a tall old army musket

at his side. His face was as pale as a bone, and his deep-set eyes peered forth with a varying light like opals, while his dry lips were set in a mirthless smile. As he entered the door a bat which had been flitting around the room began squeaking and whirling about at a great rate and presently flew sheer against the wall, dropped and lay in a little quivering heap upon the floor. Fixing his glittering eyes upon me the stranger said in a deep, husky voice, speaking slowly as if unused to speech :

“All alone, are ye? Build up that fire; it is too cold for me up here.”

I tried to rise, but could not; I seemed to be paralyzed. Seeing my fright, my visitor laughed, a hollow, mocking sort of laugh, and the little wounded bat upon the floor squeaked again more loudly than before, and, attempting to rise upon its wings, fluttered into the fire and lay broiling and singeing upon the coals.

“Won't ye fix up the fire?” asked my visitor, laughing again; and then without more ado he leaned his gun against the wall and proceeded to mend the fire himself. Tossing in a few shovelfuls of coal, he blew his breath upon it, and the entire mass blazed up at once as if saturated with kerosene. Then I found my legs. Springing up from my chair, I made a dash for the door; but the soldier's arm was thrust in front of me, and at his cold touch I lost all strength again. Pointing me to a seat, he sat down opposite me, close up to the roaring fire.

“I have learned to like it,” he said.

I sat and gazed into the fire, feeling rather than seeing that his glinting eyes were fixed upon me. He sat quietly for a while, humming in his unearthly voice a queer old tune that I thought I had heard somewhere a long time ago. Then he began asking questions. Who was chancellor; who mayor of Oxford; what were we doing with the negroes; were they all killed out; and many other odd questions that I somehow found voice to answer in a timid fashion. The more I saw of him in my furtive glances the more frightened I became, and I think I should have made another dash for the door had he remained much longer. But at length I heard a faint tapping of a drum down in the grove, and my visitor sprang up from his place.

“ Good-bye, young fellow,” he said, “ ye needn’t be so much afraid, I only wanted to hear the news; I was sick in this house once. Some night when ye have time ye might look for that box of mine. Would ye like to?”

I bowed, hesitatingly.

“ Then go to the southwest corner of the Chapel, go alone, at night, walk ninety steps toward the railroad bridge, till ye come to a hickory tree; then go twenty-six steps beyond the tree, still toward the bridge, and stop,—maybe ye ’d better do it to-night,—there ye ’ll find an iron bolt driven into the ground. Dig up what ye find there. I can’t use it any more.”

Here the drum tapped again, and the soldier grasped his musket and went hastily down the stair. At his exit the fire grew faint, and in a few seconds died down to a smouldering heap.

I do not know how long I stood there like one in a dream, gazing at the open door whence my visitor had departed. When I could command myself I snatched up my hat and went running down the stairs and out of the house. The storm had ceased; I hurried down the walk toward the post-office, running bodily into the arms of Tomson, nearly knocking him off his feet.

“ How, now, what ’s the matter with you?” he gasped. “ You ’ve broken my collar bone.”

“ Oh, Tomson, for God’s sake come away from this house!” I cried, “ Come on with me. It is haunted! A dead soldier has been up there!”

“ Oh, no; the poor old soldiers are in better business than that, I hope,” he answered, “ I fear you are not well. Come and take a walk with me in this cool air; it will do you good.”

I consented to walk with him, his presence lending me new courage, but I insisted on leaving that vicinity. As we walked I told him of my visitor, and all that he had said to me. He was evidently puzzled to see me so in earnest, and became very much interested in the affair as I described it to him, but was plainly not inclined to believe all I said. At last he suggested that we then and there search out the spot designated and look for the spike driven into the ground. Accordingly we returned to the southwest corner of the Chapel—all my terror reviving afresh at sight of the gloomy structure—took ninety steps in what we

estimated in the darkness to be the direction of the railroad bridge, and, sure enough, we came up against a large hickory tree. Now it was Tomson's turn to become excited.

"This is the tree," he said, "your friend was right in his count."

I noticed that his voice trembled.

As we passed around the tree I remarked that the next count would bring us against the Library building, and indeed we had taken but eleven steps when we reached the wall.

We stood staring at one another in the darkness.

"This building was erected since the war, and the soldier's box is buried beneath it!" whispered Tomson hoarsely.

"Aye, it is lost; it is lost!" muttered a deep, husky voice, and a chorus of hollow voices chuckled in a low, repressed, unearthly fashion. I could feel my hair rising. On looking in the direction of the voices we could see nothing but gloomy ranks of forest trees and a gray fog floating among them, but upon our startled ears distinctly fell a sound as of a body of men marching to the low taps of a drum.

"Where,—what in the world are they?" I whispered through chattering teeth.

"The devil knows!" answered Tomson. I seized his arm and we started for the West Dormitory. Our walk soon became a run, and in a very few moments we reached the building, quite out of breath, not having once looked back as we ran.

There was little sleep in Madison Hall that night. We told our story and went to bed with the boys, and most of the night was spent in discussing the mysterious event. Early next morning a crowd of us hurried to the Hermaean anteroom. We found the door wide open and no apparent change within the room.

But other eyes than mine had looked upon the stranger and suffered from fear of him. On his pallet beside the door stood poor old Bob Fitz with every hair on his body erect, back bowed, tail in air, staring wildly with his cold, dead eyes in the direction of the stairway.

DURELL MILLER.

# The University Record.

VOL. 2.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, UNIVERSITY P. O., WEDNESDAY, April 23, 1899.

No. 23.

## VARSITY VICTORIOUS.

### MISSISSIPPI, 10; NASHVILLE, 7.

We Capture the Third Game From Nashville and in so Doing win the Series.

Last Monday afternoon for the second time the Light Blue and Maroon of the University of Nashville went down in defeat before the Navy Blue and Maroon. This was the third game of the series, Nashville having won the first, 8 to 7, and Mississippi the second, 7 to 3.

As this was the first time our team had ever gone up against any of the teams from eastern Tennessee the games were awaited with interest and excitement. Before this time our strength as compared with them was unknown, but now all this is a thing of the past.

A great disadvantage that we labored under was the fact that these were the first games of the season for our team, while our opponents had played several. By comparing the scores of the three games, 7 to 8, 7 to 8, and 10 to 7, one can readily see the speedy manner in which the Varsity got into shape.

But to return to the third game. As the two teams appeared on the field they were greeted by the enthusiastic yells of the rooters' brigade. After a few minutes of preliminary practice the game was begun, Mississippi going to the bat. Our boys had on their batting clothes and they opened up the fireworks immediately. When they took their places in the field they had two runs to their credit.

Hoskins was in the box for the visitors and it was in him that most of their hopes were placed. But never at any stage of the game did the Mississippi boys have the slightest trouble in lining him out for anything they wanted. At the end of the game they had piled up fifteen hits to their credit. The effective batting of Perkins, Love and Stone deserves special mention.

Once or twice during the game the Nashville team braced up and made things interesting, but all our fellows wanted was half a chance and they responded most nobly to the "Fear them up, Mississippi!" of the rooters.

The work of the Mississippi battery deserves commendation, Yates' balls being, "some several too many" for the Nashville aggregation. They only got three hits off of him. Stone held

## The University Record.

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## Gifts.

Since each on this amorous earth  
Will give to his choice,  
His music, his fame or his worth,  
The song of his voice ;

Since each in this glad world born  
Will offer his love —  
Will give to her blossom or thorn,  
A raven or dove ;

Since April will give to the pine  
A murmur of leaves  
And the night a sweet anodyne  
To the heart that grieves ;

Since the air will give to the bough  
The linnet that sings,  
And the morn to the poppy allow  
The dewdrop that clings ;

And since when it comes with a roar,  
To find there its bliss,  
The billow will give to the shore  
A bitter-sweet kiss ;

I give to you love in this hour,  
By passion possessed,  
Whatever treasure or dower  
I have in me best !

Receive then my dreamiest thought,  
Which freighted with fears,  
Like a rose from the night fields brought,  
Comes dripping with tears !

Accept then the vows without number  
My heart ever breathes,  
The love which no sorrows encumber,  
No shadow ensleaves !

My transports of maddened delight,  
From jealousy free,  
The lips of my song which alight  
On the lips of thee ;

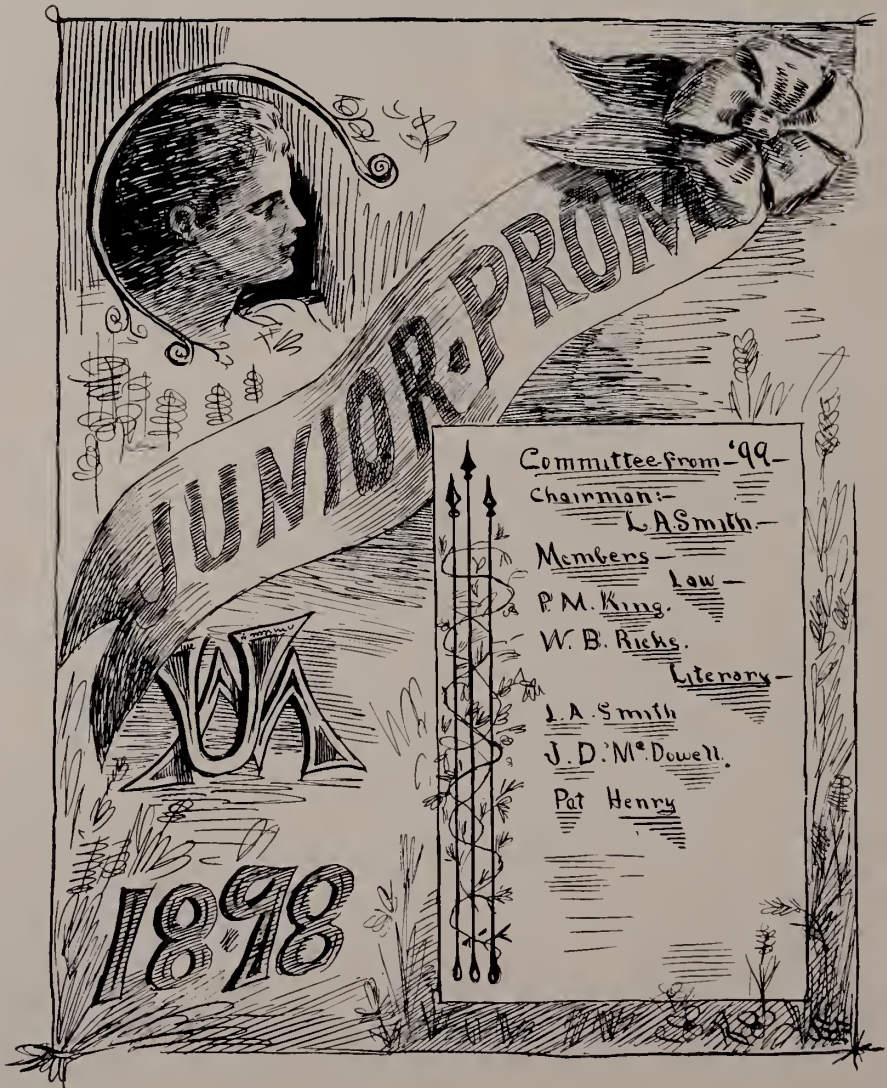
My spirit which sails afar  
On the ocean of chance,  
Which has for its pole and its star  
Only thy glance ;

My muse which the hands of the hour  
Are rocking to sleep,  
From whose eyes the tear-drops shower,  
Whenever you weep.

Accept then, my darling, my best,  
My star without stain,  
The heart of which nothing would rest,  
If love should be ta'en.

DABNEY MARSHALL.





JUNIOR PROM



1898

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WITH the end of the Junior Promenade the commencement festivities of ninety-eight come to a close, a most fitting climax to an altogether enjoyable occasion. "Old Croce" with his famous orchestra played the most entrancing music; and inspired by these strains of melody the feet of the dancers glided over the polished floor in tune with the music's rhythm. The sheen of shimmering silk, the flash of white linen, the rounded arms and shining eyes; sombre black of the dress suits and the radiant variety of hues in the costumes of the fair, all formed a vast picture of loveliness, a phantasm of richness, life and color. Many hearts were lost that night and many were found. Many were the promises broken; not a few were made. Anguish, agony, woe and misery pulsed side by side with the throb of delight, ecstasy and love.

The night was perfect. A Southern moon vied without with the chandeliers within. The music inspired, hearts throbbed, many feet danced. At twelve, the witching hour of midnight, the revelers strayed in couples, in groups, to the banquet-hall. The luxurious viands there prepared, conspired with the rest to form a perfect reign of pleasure. Through it all, however, some occasionally yielded to the melancholy thought that this ball marked the laying down of the old order and the taking up of the new. Hearts bound by ties of love must sadly part; the Seniors must leave the dear old campus where they had stayed so long; college days and college joys must be abandoned for the conflicts of life. But this melancholy was fleeting, and but added new zest to the dancers' zeal.

At the flush of dawn, as the pink rays of the risen sun glowed in the east, the sad, sweet notes of "Home, Sweet Home" stirred many a heart. To the inspiration of this tender, gentle, old tune, pledges were repledged, farewells were said, and the ball of ninety-eight became a sweet memory of the "storied past."



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W. B. RICKS,	H. C. WILLIAMSON,
H. R. SHANDS,	JAMES R. McDOWELL,
W. T. ROANE,	EVANS TOWNS,
W. G. POINDEXTER,	J. J. WHITE, JR.,
C. R. PETTIS,	T. L. HAMAN,
W. V. FANT,	R. P. THOMPSON,
W. H. KIER,	HERBERT RICKS,
E. T. JONES,	C. R. WHITE,
V. Q. RICKS,	E. R. HOLMES,
H. B. MILLER,	M. SULLIVAN,
M. L. PERKINS,	O. F. CARR,
ADD HARVEY,	H. S. HOOKER,
R. A. ALCORN,	J. S. BILLUPS,
A. W. OLIVER,	W. P. KRETSCHMAR.



**Colleges.**

University of Mississippi.	Mississippi College.
A. and M. College of Mississippi.	Millsaps College.

**Officers.**

W. W. VENABLE . . . . .	President.
Mississippi College, '98; University of Mississippi, '99.	
H. B. WATKINS . . . . .	Vice-President.
Millsaps College.	
C. R. WHITE . . . . .	Secretary.
University of Mississippi.	
W. H. KIER . . . . .	Treasurer.
Agricultural and Mechanical College, '98; University of Mississippi, '99.	

**Executive Committee.**

T. P. GUYTON.	W. M. WHITTINGTON.
N. E. WILROY.	— LOCK.
Winner of First Medal, 1898 . . . . .	C. R. WHITE.
University of Mississippi.	
Winner of Second Medal, 1898 . . . . .	W. M. WHITTINGTON.
Mississippi College, '98; University of Mississippi, '99.	

**Fourth Annual Contest.**

NATCHEZ, APRIL 28TH, 1899.

**Representatives of University.**

E. R. HOLMES.	L. P. LEAVELL.
Winner of First Medal, '99 . . . . .	J. B. LAWRENCE.
Mississippi College.	
Winner of Second Medal, '99 . . . . .	L. P. LEAVEL.
University of Mississippi.	

# GULF STATES INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

## Colleges.

University of Mississippi.	University of Alabama.
Tulane University of Louisiana.	University of Georgia.

## Officers.

MAURICE G. FULTON . . . . .	President.
University of Mississippi.	
SHELBY MYRICK, . . . . .	Vice-President.
University of Georgia.	
JOHN D. MILLER . . . . .	Secretary.
Tulane University of Louisiana.	
_____ . . . . .	Treasurer.
University of Alabama.	

## First Annual Contest.

MARCH 4TH, 1897, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Winner of Medal . . . . .	R. S. VICKERS.
Tulane University of Louisiana.	

## Second Annual Contest.

APRIL 29TH, 1898, OXFORD, MISS.

## Third Annual Contest.

MAY 12TH, 1899, UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA.

University of Mississippi Representative . . . . .	E. R. HOLMES.
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## The Tragedy.

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On a shadowed rustic seat  
Placed there beneath the trees,  
I sit with a maiden sweet,  
Not heeding time, tho' it flees.

Her dear blue eyes beseech ;  
The lashes scarce retain  
Two tears welling in each,  
So great seemeth her pain.

Lights glance from strands of gold  
That glitter on my shoulder,  
Her voice quivers with love untold  
As she begs me to enfold her.

Her lips are pursed for a kiss,  
On her cheeks glows a vivid flush  
As she seeks wildly for this bliss,  
But I still her pleadings hush.

I coldly from me shove her,  
As frigid as an icy attic, —  
For I play the angry lover,  
In these amateur dramatics.

L. A. SMITH.

---

## A Flirt.

---

When the fiery balls of the heavens first span,  
And just after God had created man,  
While planning the beings that fill all creation  
One was planned that is found in every nation.

The grace of the motion that is given the spheres,  
The smile of the sunshine which e'en Time reveres,  
The frolicsome, fickleness of the ethereal breeze,  
Low musical tones from the waves of the seas.

Bright sparkling glances from the twinkling stars sent  
With a sympathetic softness from the gentle moon blent,  
These mixed with just some ordinary dirt.  
The result, nowadays, all men call a *flirt*.

A. VINYARD.



## Which ?

---

SHE was a decided belle. Tom and Harry both loved her madly and were paying her devoted addresses. She was an enigma to them both for neither was able to say she cared more for him than for the other. They met the day before the great class football game for the championship of the University, and held a council of war. They determined upon a bold move and proceeded together to the abode of their beloved.

She met them at the door and bestowed upon each the same sweet smile and word of welcome.

"Ah, I say, Miss Grace," began Tom, hesitatingly, "we have come to-day on rather a peculiar mission and want you to decide something deucedly important to us both."

"Oh, Tom, I am so interested, do proceed," she said, innocently.

"Well-er, the fact is, Miss Grace, that—Oh, hang it! we both love you, don't you see, and we came to-day to ask you to decide between us. One of us surely has been making an ass of himself long enough."

"Well, you ought not to ask such an embarrassing question before Harry; now, perhaps, if each had asked separately I could have answered readily."

"But we are determined to know, you see," chimed in Harry, who up to this time had contented himself with admiring her personality.

"Now, let me see," continued she, thoughtfully, "you are on the Senior team to-morrow, Tom, are you not?"

"Yes," asserted Tom, "full-back."

"And you are on the Junior?" asked she, turning to Harry.

"Half-back, yes," said Harry proudly.

“ Well, I have it; if in to-morrow’s game it should chance that you two should be pitted against each other in an important play, I shall decide for him who is victorious?”

This was not satisfactory to the pair, but this and only this was all that could be gotten from her that evening. They spent the rest of the evening wishing each other in Hades.

The next afternoon the football field was crowded with spectators and the partisans of each team were rending the air with their respective yells.

Both Tom and Harry noticed Grace with a Sophomore, but he did not count. They both looked only at her and she seemed to them prettier than ever. Each took a solemn vow to conquer his rival or die.

The first half was over and neither side had scored. The crowd was wrought up to the highest pitch of expectancy. All were doubtful as to the outcome of the game between the evenly matched elevens. A few of the Juniors, who were inclined to be sporty, were waving bills in the faces of the more sedate Seniors vainly endeavoring to get a bet.

The whistle for the second half to begin was blown and each team came up determined and confident. For the first fifteen minutes the ball was worked backward and forward with no advantage gained by either team. Only five minutes more remained for play and on the next line up the Juniors, who had the ball, determined to make a touchdown by strategy. A double pass was made and Harry shot around the end with the ball, passed all pursuers, and darted madly toward his opponent’s goal. All now depended on Tom, who was the only Senior who had not been left behind. As the distance closed between them all was still; the crowd held their breath for the final moment was at hand. Tom, thinking of Grace, crouched low and prepared to spring. The next instant——

Right here we stop, gentle reader. We are loath to do so, but necessity compels. We think you have got your money’s worth, and we can’t stand here all day dealing out gilt-edged literature for nothing. ’oo.





**Officers.**

PROFESSOR A. L. BONDURANT . . . . . President.  
 DOCTOR C. C. FERRELL . . . . . Vice-President.  
 DOCTOR P. H. SAUNDERS . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer.

**Board of Control.**

PROFESSOR BONDURANT.	DOCTOR SAUNDERS.
DOCTOR FERRELL.	J. R. McDOWELL.
W. B. RICKS.	PATRICK HENRY.
H. R. SHANDS.	



VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM.





CAPTAIN EUGENE CAMPBELL.

# FOOTBALL TEAM UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

**Season of '98.**

Manager, . . . W. B. RICKS.  
 Captain, . . . EUGENE CAMPBELL.  
 Coach, . . . T. G. SCARBROUGH.

**Team.**

Center, . . . . .	H. L. WHITE.
Right Guard, . . . . .	CAMPBELL.
Left Guard, . . . . .	LONGEST.
Right Tackle, . . . . .	BOWEN.
Left Tackle, . . . . .	SHARPE.
Left End, . . . . .	FOSTER.
Right End, . . . . .	HUTCHINSON AND HENRY.
Quarter-back, . . . . .	BEANLAND.
Full-back, . . . . .	CONN.
Right Half-back, . . . . .	R. P. THOMPSON.
Left Half-back, . . . . .	HUBBARD.

**Substitutes.**

McDOWELL,	McFARLAND,	REDHEAD,
MATTHEWS,		SHANDS.

As the yellow fever epidemic delayed the opening of the University until the middle of November, it was impossible for us to accomplish much in football, but in the few weeks left to us we developed some excellent material, from which we expect great things next year.

We played only two games. University vs. Tulane, 9-14, at New Orleans; University vs. St. Thomas Hall, 9-2, at University of Mississippi.

# FOOTBALL.

## **Junior Class Team.**

FLOYD,	Left End.
EDMONDS,	Left Tackle.
SLOAN,	Left Guard.
LONGEST,	Center.
BIGGER,	Right Guard.
SHARPE,	Right Tackle.
CAIRNS,	Right End.
BEANLAND	Quarter-back.
MATTHEWS,	Left Half-back.
THOMPSON,	Right Half-back.
SHANDS (Captain),	Full-back.

## **Senior Class Team.**

HENRY,	Left End.
KIMBROUGH	Left Tackle.
LEAVELL,	Left Guard.
PETTIS,	Center.
LOVE,	Right Guard.
MCCLESKY,	Right Tackle.
DAVIS,	Right End.
SMITH (Captain),	Quarter-back.
McFARLAND,	Left Half-back.
PERKINS,	Right Half-back.
WELLS,	Full-back.



VARSITY BASEBALL TEAM.





# BASEBALL.

## Varsity Team for 1899.

WALTER WEATHERBY . . . Manager.  
 T. D. DAVIS . . . Assistant Manager.  
 C. P. PERKINS . . . . . Captain.

BEN MCFARLAND . . . . .	Left Field.
A. G. LOVE . . . . .	First Base.
C. W. YEATES . . . . .	Pitcher.
C. P. PERKINS . . . . .	Second Base.
AD. HARVEY . . . . .	Right Field.
T. D. DAVIS . . . . .	Third Base.
W. E. STONE . . . . .	Catcher.
A. H. JONES . . . . .	Short Stop.
J. R. MCDOWELL . . . . .	Center Field.

## Substitutes.

W. G. POINDEXTER.	W. N. HUTCHINSON.
H. R. SHANDS.	E. T. JONES.

## Games Played 1898.

University vs. St. Thomas Hall . . . . .	7 to 5.
At University of Mississippi, April 2d.	
University vs. St. Thomas Hall . . . . .	17 to 1.
At Holly Springs, April 16th.	
University vs. Tulane . . . . .	14 to 6.
At University of Mississippi, April 29th.	
University vs. Tulane . . . . .	7 to 3.
At University of Mississippi, April 30th.	
University vs. Southwestern Baptist University . . . . .	8 to 10.
At University of Mississippi, May 7th.	
University vs. Southwestern Baptist University . . . . .	14 to 6.
At Jackson, Tennessee, May 14th.	

## Games Played 1899.

University vs. University of Nashville . . . . .	7 to 8.
At University of Mississippi, April 21st.	
University vs. University of Nashville . . . . .	7 to 3.
At University of Mississippi, April 22d.	
University vs. University of Nashville . . . . .	10 to 7.
At University of Mississippi, April 24th.	



# CLASS TEAMS.

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## Senior Class Team.

WHITE, J. J. . . . . Catcher  
PERKINS (Captain), . . . Pitcher  
LOVE, . . . . . First Base  
McFARLAND, . . . . Second Base  
DAVIS, . . . . . Third Base  
SMITH, L. A. . . . . Short Stop  
WELLS, . . . . . Left Field  
HENRY, . . . . . Center Field  
BRIDGFORTH . . . . Right Field

## Junior Class Team.

SHANDS, . . . . . Catcher  
SLOANE, . . . . . Pitcher  
TAYLOR, . . . . . First Base  
THOMPSON (Captain), Second Base  
ROANE, . . . . . Third Base  
MATTHEWS, . . . . . Short Stop  
BEANLAND, . . . . . Left Field  
CAIRNS, . . . . . Center Field  
FLOYD, . . . . . Right Field

## Sophomore Class Team.

STONE, W. E. . . . . Catcher  
JONES, E. T. . . . . Pitcher  
HUTCHINSON, . . . . . First Base  
JONES, A. H. (Capt.) Second Base  
MORGAN, . . . . . Third Base  
HARVEY, . . . . . Short Stop  
THOMPSON, D. L. . . . Left Field  
MATTHEWS, . . . . . Center Field  
SPANN, . . . . . Right Field

## Freshman Class Team.

ELMER, . . . . . Catcher  
POINDEXTER, W. G. . . . Pitcher  
WHITE, H. L. . . . . First Base  
POINDEXTER, J. B. . . . Second Base  
SCALES, S. W. . . . . Third Base  
RICKS, H. . . . . Short Stop  
COLLIER, T. . . . . Left Field  
GEE, . . . . . Center Field  
TAGGET (Captain), . . Right Field



TRACK TEAM.



# TRACK TEAM.

H. W. CAROTHERS . . . . . Manager.  
 G. P. JONES . . . . . Captain.

J. M. FOSTER.	G. P. JONES.	H. W. CAROTHERS.
E. J. HUBARD.	D. M. MYERS.	L. M. RUSSELL.
W. N. GILRUTH.	W. H. COOK.	GEORGE CAIRNS.
W. C. WELLS.	J. K. MORRISON.	C. R. PETTIS.
	J. R. McDOWELL.	

## Field-day, May 21st, 1899.

One Hundred Yards Dash—First place won by Foster ; record, 11 seconds. Second place won by Jones.

Putting Sixteen-Pound Shot—First place won by Carothers ; record ; 34 feet 7 inches. Second place won by Hubbard.

Running Broad Jump—First place won by Russell ; record, 19 feet 7 inches. Second place won by Myers.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Dash—First place won by Foster ; record 23 4-5 seconds. Second place won by Jones and Gilruth.

Pole Vault—First place won by Cook ; record, 8 feet 7½ inches. Second place won by Cairns.

Hop, Step and Jump—First place won by Russell ; record, 41 feet ½ inch. Second place won by Wells.

Four Hundred and Forty Yards Dash—First place won by Jones ; record, 1 minute. Second place won by Foster.

Throwing Sixteen-Pound Hammer—First place won by Carothers ; record, 82 feet 5 inches. Second place won by Myers.

Half-Mile Run—First place won by Morrison ; record, 2 minutes 17⅔ seconds. Second place won by Pettis.

Running High Jump—First place won by Russell ; record, 5 feet 2 inches. Second place won by Myers.

One Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle Race—First place won by Hubbard ; record, 20 2-5 seconds. Second place won by Russell.

One Mile Run—First place won by Morrison ; record, 5 minutes 31 seconds. Second place won by McDowell.



## TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

### Officers.

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VICE-PRESIDENT,	H. R. SHANDS.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER,	J. M. THOMAS.

### Executive Committee.

C. P. PERKINS,	J. E. EDMONDS,
N. F. SCALES,	E. C. SHARP.

### Members.

KIMBROUGH, B. T.	EASON,	MCFARLAND
SAUNDERS,	LANGDON,	SHANDS,
BOWEN,	JOHNSON,	THOMAS,
MCINNIS,	REDHEAD,	EDMONDS,
HUTCHINSON,	PERKINS, C. P.	L. A. SMITH,
WHITTINGTON,	SCALES, N. F.	E. SHARP.

# SOUTHERN INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

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VICE-PRESIDENT, . . . . .	M. G. JOHNSTON.
SECRETARY AND TREASURER, . . . . .	C. H. HERTY.

## Executive Committee.

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C. H. HERTY, . . . . .	UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA.
C. H. ROSS, . . . . .	ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE.
J. H. DILLARD, . . . . .	TULANE UNIVERSITY.

## Members.

AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE OF MISSISSIPPI, . . . . .	Agricultural College, Miss.
ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, . . . . .	Auburn, Ala.
CENTRAL UNIVERSITY, . . . . .	Richmond, Ky.
CLEMSON COLLEGE, . . . . .	Clemson, S. C.
CUMBERLAND UNIVERSITY, . . . . .	Lebanon, Tenn.
FURMAN UNIVERSITY, . . . . .	Greenville, S. C.
GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY, . . . . .	Atlanta, Ga.
KENTUCKY STATE COLLEGE, . . . . .	Lexington, Ky.
LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY, . . . . .	Baton Rouge, La.
MERCER UNIVERSITY, . . . . .	Macon, Ga.
SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN UNIVERSITY, . . . . .	Clarksville, Tenn.
TULANE UNIVERSITY, . . . . .	New Orleans, La.
UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, . . . . .	University, Ala.
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, . . . . .	Athens, Ga.
UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, . . . . .	University, Miss.
UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE, . . . . .	Nashville, Tenn.
UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH, . . . . .	Sewanee, Tenn.
UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE, . . . . .	Knoxville, Tenn.
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, . . . . .	Austin, Texas.
VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, . . . . .	Nashville, Tenn.

## College Customs.

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NOWHERE do customs become more firmly established than in colleges. Every institution has certain customs peculiar to itself which have existed since a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." They become a part of the college life and their strict observance is a matter of college pride. Miss. has her customs, some of which are very interesting, others amusing.

A person visiting the campus on Friday night in examination week of the last term will see a sight which may seem to him a little strange, but which the students apparently take as a matter of course.

If he believes in the existence of ghosts, he will probably be strengthened in his superstitious views. Certainly those strange sheet-enveloped figures are not of the earth; certainly their wild grotesque dance is not a human institution; certainly that low, bellowed chant is different from the music of the world; certainly those incomprehensible words belong to no language.

But there is no cause for alarm. We have not yet turned over our campus to spooks. Those dreadful objects are perfectly harmless; they are only Senior Greek students. They don't have those fits very often, only once in a lifetime; to-morrow they will be all right. They will doff the sheet and don the Senior's cap and gown; they will discard that fantastic dancing step and assume a majestic, dignified stride. They will translate those incomprehensible words "*καλωσ εκει τετελε-  
ζαμεν*" into "Thank heaven we have finished Greek."

And those words explain their behavior of last evening. They have made known to the world that they are no longer students of Euripides, Sophocles and Aristophanes by publicly and formally burning a Greek Jack.

Regularly once a year the Juniors become magnanimous and give a ball to the Seniors. This is a beautiful custom and one that we would not discontinue for any consideration. Several things may be said about this ball; it takes place in Commencement week and is called "The Junior Promenade." It is easily the most important social event of the whole year. The Seniors of course have comps, because the ball is given to them; the Juniors have comps, because they are running things, while the Sophomores and Freshmen pay the whole freight simply because they are Sophomores and Freshmen.

"Crackaloo!" yells some fellow from the gallery of the South Side dormitory, and immediately a crowd begins to assemble. Then follows a rush on the post-office and barber-shop for small change.

Now everything is ready and the game begins, a game which is regularly played at the University of Mississippi, and seldom played elsewhere.

The name "crackaloo" may suggest the character of the game and it may not; at any rate the explanation is simple. Each man tosses a nickel into the air and the one whose nickel falls closest to a crack wins the pile.

Spring is once more with us. The foliage is thick and luxuriant. Across the green grass the butterflies may be seen flitting from flower to flower. The sun casts a lazy cover over all, and a languorous breeze blows softly through the trees. The whole effect is sleepy and an irresistible laziness permeates the atmosphere.

From the dormitory galleries, half hidden by the trees, comes an occasional yawn or a drowsy song. The monotonous tinkle of a crackaloo game comes to the ear from somewhere in the distance.

Presently some one is seen crossing the campus, probably to a lecture or on some necessary errand, for people don't walk unless they have to a day like this. Then is heard from the dormitory gallery a whistle, perhaps languid but nevertheless sure and to the time of this music the pedestrian wends his way. The walker may go fast or slow, slouching or erect, but the whistler never loses time.

This is no occasional occurrence, gentle reader, but a custom deeply rooted in the hearts of every dormitory inhabitant. It began no one knows when and will cease when the circle is gone and the dormitories are no more. It is only the "Fool's March."



No joke works so well as an old one. The proof of this statement may be seen in the annual dormitory fire. It comes with as much regularity and certainty as the Freshman Class, nevertheless it never fails to work most successfully. Let us "join the crowd" for one evening and see how it is done. Part of our number get things in readiness for the blaze, while the others pay a visit to the chapel bell. Let us stay with the first division.

One of the large ash-pans which sits in every hall is seized upon and its contents emptied in the middle of the floor. Then it is filled with some inflammable substance, usually matting, and placed in the hall that is to be the scene of the conflagration. The coal oil cans of several kind neighbors are surreptitiously extracted from their rooms and the contents poured upon the matting. When all is ready a match is dropped into the pan and in a moment the whole hall apparently is in a blaze. We are the first to see it and are not slow in giving the alarm. Now the boys at the Lyceum do their part, ring the bell furiously for a few minutes and "then tear it out" before the proctor has time to reach them. Things take care of themselves now. We retire to the upper gallery and arm ourselves with several buckets of H<sub>2</sub>O with which to receive inquiring rubber necks from the other dormitory.

It is hard to understand why a circus should ever come to Oxford. If the clowns had their way about it I am afraid they would never honor us with a visit. We always sit together; this is a case of must for as soon as a student enters the tent his name is yelled by a hundred voices until he joins the crowd and becomes one of us. As soon as our forces are assembled we invariably set up a yell for Dixie and woe to the circus whose band disregards this request. We usually expend most of our energy in making life miserable for the showmen, but sometimes for the sake of variety we roll a Freshman or two. On one occasion we felt sorry for a clown whose desperate efforts to be funny had brought down upon him several horse-laughs, and we helped him out by suggesting the following joke, which worked admirably. He walked into the ring with a serious expression on his face and a telegram in his hand. Holding out the telegram he said, "If Mr. M—— is in the crowd he will please stand up." Mr. M—— being an unsuspecting Freshman, rose to his full height. "Mr. M——," continued

the clown, "please announce to your friends that there will be a concert after the big show is over."

Nobody who comes to the University of Mississippi escapes the horse-laugh. It greets every new man soon after his arrival upon the campus. Not only does it select new men for its victims, but no student is out of danger until he has received his dip, and said good-bye to Oxford.

The horse-laugh is the most cruel invention of all ages. As an instrument of torture it surpasses all the engines of the Inquisition.

A group of students are discussing the weather or a kindred subject. Some fellow is imprudent enough to make a pun or get off a gag. Then he is sorry that he spoke for he has brought down upon himself the vengeance of the crowd. He is overwhelmed by an awful chorus of sounds in which are combined the hiss, the laugh, and the groan. If you have never received a horse-laugh you can not understand the feelings of the victim. His agony is intense. His first thought is of flight, but escape is impossible for the crowd has surrounded him. His face assumes in turn every color of the rainbow, and his attempted smile is a sickly grin. But the horse-laugh, though severe, is very useful. Without it life at the University would be a burden for it is our only safeguard against stale jokes, and our most effective means of making Freshmen cautious about expressing their opinions.

A new custom has recently sprung up among us. The musical organizations of the University have instituted a series of out-of-door concerts. It is at the hour of gloaming, the time of reverie and dreams, when the "cares that infest the day" are silently fading, that the mind is most sensitive to the softening influence of music. Once or twice each week at this time a dozen or so students lazily reclining upon the grass, "soften rocks," and "bend the knotted oaks" by their Orphean strains. We earnestly hope that these concerts may be continued until we can call them with confidence an established custom.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ;  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears ; Soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony."



## Junior Promenade.

“ Home, Sweet Home ” old Croce is playing, and the gray dawn comes in the eastern windows. The years have passed as the ball has passed—like a dream in a summer night. Ah, the thoughts and memories that flood the brain! The time is almost over now. With the rising sun comes a new era. Youth, with its golden, glorious freedom and fire, is passing—boyhood is gone. The dawning day brings manhood with all its cares and troubles growing year by year.

“ Home, sweet, sweet home.”—the music is low and tender now—a moment more and all my college days will be placed in the quickly fading colors of the past. My arm draws closer 'round the little form within my clasp. A word, whispered low and soft—an answering look, a breathed reply.

“ Home, home! sweet, sweet home!”—but in my life there will be a new home, and by my side a partner fair and sweet and dear; and the realities of manhood surpass the dreams of youth. E.

# BELL BUCKLE CLUB.

---

COLORS : Black and Blue.

FLOWER : Beech.

## **Members.**

J. B. POINDEXTER,

M. G. MORGAN,

N. F. SCALES,

W. WEATHERBY,

D. L. THOMPSON,

L. A. SMITH.

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# ST. THOMAS HALL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

---

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W. S. PETTIS,

A. HARVEY,

H. RICKS,

L. A. SMITH,

J. M. STONE,

H. L. WHITE.



H. B. MILLER.

J. A. REDHEAD.

M. G. FULTON.

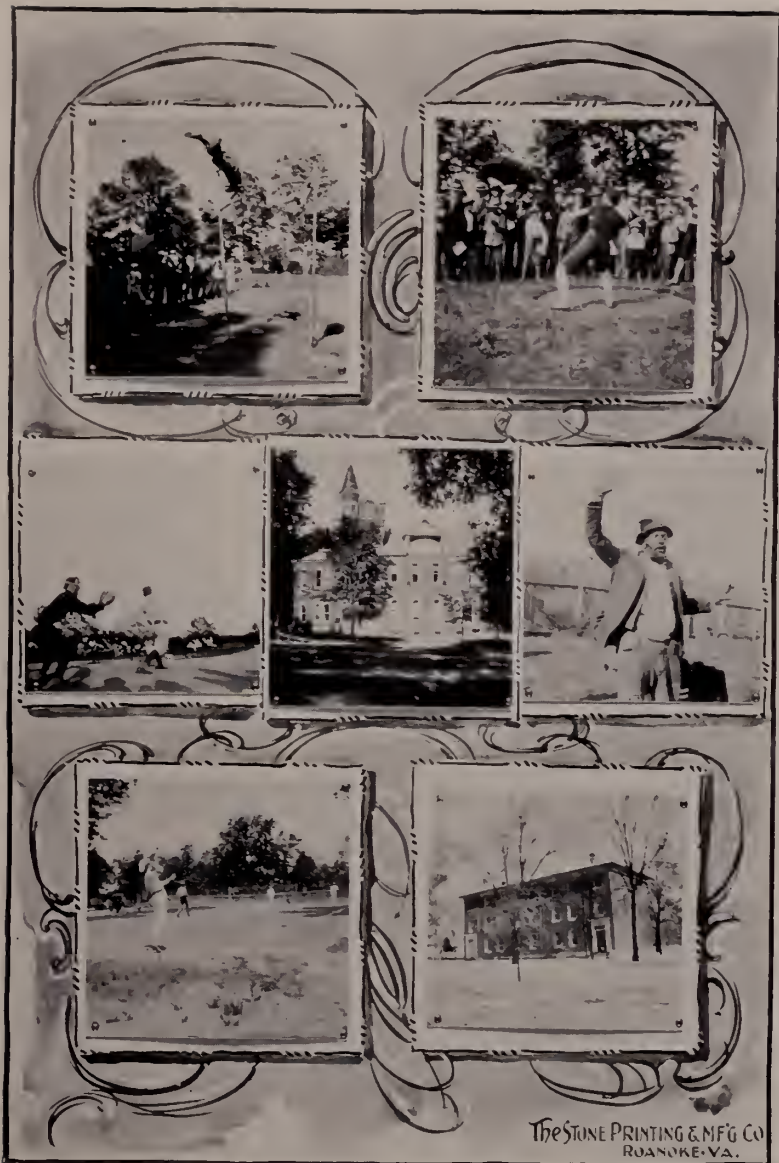
M. SULLIVAN.

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The Stone Printing & Mfg Co  
Roanoke, Va.







MOTTO : ERIN GO BRAUGH !

COLOR : Green.

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[Established November, 1897.]

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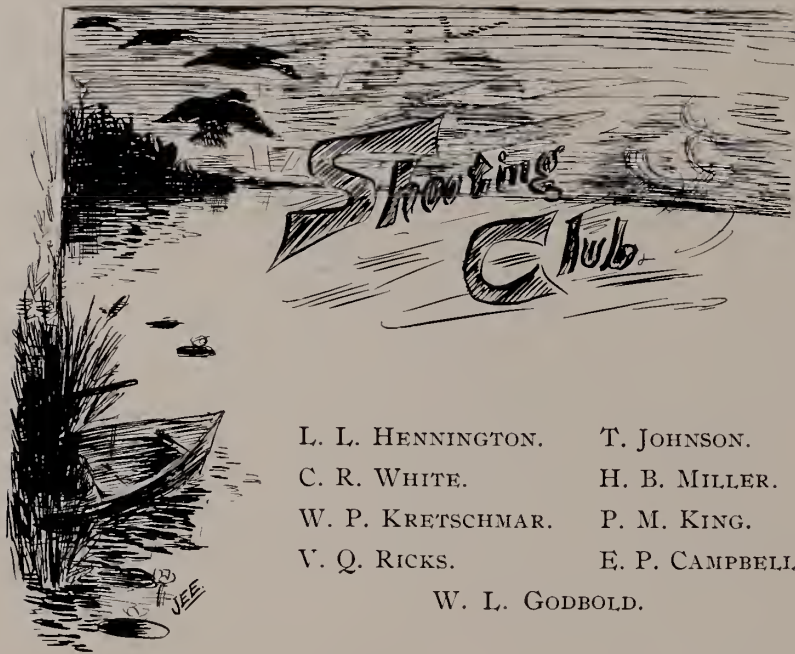
D. M. KIMBROUGH.	L. L. HENNINGTON.	
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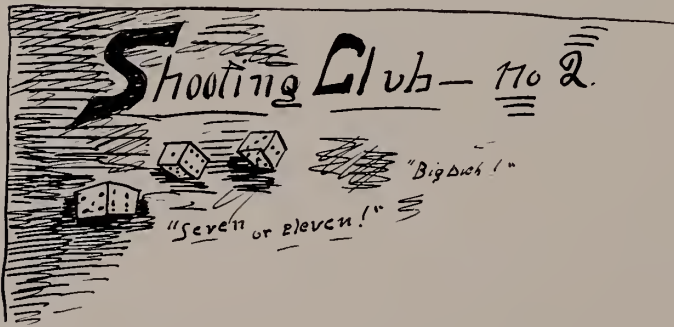
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P—R—E—Double S !  
U. of M. ! U. of M. ! U. of M. ! Press !

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The RABBIT CLUB meets once in a while at any suitable place.

Its OBJECT is to relieve the appetite when  
getting only two meals per day.

**Color.**

SNOW WHITE.

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CATCH DAT RABBIT.

**Yell.**

RA, RA, RABBIT!  
RA, RA, RABBIT!!  
BR'ER RABBIT!!!

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**Gormandizers.**

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**Sufferers With Hollering Morbus.**

PEETIT FANT, BILLIE BOY ALLEN.

**Commissary.**

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OSBORN SMYTHE



## HAYNER CLUB.

Founded at the University of Mississippi, in Jackson Hall, on the first Friday night after the Sixteenth of November, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-eight.

COLORS : Rye Red and Old Crow.

SONG : " Oh ! Give Us a Drink, Bartender."

PLACE OF MEETING : Where the Faculty is not.

TIME OF MEETING : From six o'clock Friday night  
" till daylight doth appear."

PROPERTY : One bar-table,  
One side-board,  
One " Govan,"  
One Belmont cigar box,  
One case Bromo Seltzer,  
Infinite number of cork-screws,  
Uncountable empty bottles.





MANDOLIN, GUITAR AND GLEE CLUB.



# MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

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W. E. FLOYD . . . . . Manager.  
A. G. CROCKETT . . . . . Leader.

**First Mandolins.**

A. G. CROCKETT.  
W. E. FLOYD.  
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# GLEE CLUB.

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**Sopranos.**

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C. P. PERKINS.  
G. C. BEANLAND.

**Tenors.**

R. W. ALCORN.  
A. G. CROCKETT.

**Basses.**

W. B. RICKS.  
W. C. WELLS.  
J. P. SEXTON.

P. M. KING, "Primus Donnus."



## Marie.

By James Vance Bowen.

[The scene of the story is the New Orleans of the last century, just preceding and immediately following the arrival of "Bloody" O'Reilly with authority as Governor.]

**B**UT I myself tell you it is so. I received the letter from the hands of Monsieur Villeré himself. I met him on the rue Bourbon and he was so excited that he did not notice my snuffbox. He called to me when I was a hundred steps away and gave me the letter, and it says that an enormous Spanish fleet is at the Balise and Lieutenant-General Count O'Reilly is to be our Governor."

The speaker was a medium-sized man of middle age, and his companion was a young man of rather slender build, with well-formed features and handsome black eyes now snapping with eagerness.

"But we will fight," said he, laying his hand on his rapier. "Or, if they are too many, why not cut their cable and send them drifting, as we did with Ulloa and his vile crew?"

"Alas, Noyan! O'Reilly comes with troops behind him; Ulloa was at the mercy of five hundred brave citizens. We are lost! We will be crushed beneath the heel of the foreigner and our children will forget la belle France! Come to Madam Pradel's to-night if you have no more pressing engagement. The matter will be discussed."

"Oh, Monsieur Lafrénière, I do not tie myself to Marie's apron-strings so closely. She will free me at a word if it is important to be at Madame's, and I plainly see that every moment is precious. Adieu, Monsieur!"

Madam Pradel's residence was one of those large two-story mansions with pillars reaching to the slated roof, so rarely seen nowadays. It was situated beyond the fortifications, about where Common and Carondelet Streets cross to-day. Its rooms, large and stately, were filled with handsome furniture and hung with tapestry which rumor said had once adorned the dwelling of royalty, and the cabinets were filled with rare china and souvenirs of younger days in France. And then the gardens! With loving care her gardeners tended the rare and handsome flowers with such success that many a sigh could be detected as some less favored dame grudgingly admitted the superiority of Madam Pradel's roses. And there it was in the sweet evening-tide that some few of the gentlemen of Nouvelle Orleans—the bluest blooded of those blue blood French—delighted to meet and sup with the brilliant Madame, who, it was rumored, was setting her cap for Monsieur Foucaut, the King's Commissioner. And in those quiet gardens how many of these brave men—Marquis, Milhet, Masan, de Boisblanc, Villeré,—discussed the policies that guided the life of the young colony. The sweet odor of the magnolias and the jasmynes commingled with the pungent fumes of tobacco as these men sat beneath the boughs in the cool of the evening and mapped out the destiny of this miniature Paris set down in the wilderness of the New world. Here had been written that protest and demand upon Governor Ulloa, signed by the delegates to the convention called by these men from all parts of the province, which resulted in the departure of the Spaniards and the leaving of Louisiana to its own devices for a short breathing spell. Here had been discussed the war, and here were heard the mutterings of rage when the news had come that the colony had been filliped to Spain by Louis XV as one casts aside an empty filbert shell. And from these counsels went the commissioners to Paris to protest and explain, returning in a twelve-month, not having been allowed even to present their petition.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ But your father told me he had read the letter, Marie, and that I was to come to Madame Pradel's to-night and talk over the matter.”

“ O Henri, you are not going, I trust? I would that you might keep aside from such entanglements. To think of them makes me feel—oh! I know not what! O Henri, do not go! What if you do not

succeed? What if this O'Reilly sends you to exile, or worse? Henri! Henri! meddle not with these things, and do not go to the Madame's, I beseech you!"

"Why, Marie, are you jealous of her charming niece? In sooth, I am sorely tempted to join the ranks of her already large number of admirers," said he. She rose with a frown and an impatient gesture. He, too, arose, and as he turned, the portieres were brushed aside. Bowing low, he kissed the hand of a lady some forty years.

"Your daughter desires me, Madame, not to follow the example of your illustrious husband and take to affairs of state. A plantation life, I presume, is more to her taste. I trust you will show her otherwise. But I must hasten. Adieu, Madame! Adieu, Marie!"

How pleasant it is to behold the handwriting of one we love! Next to the actual presence it is of all things most desired. No wonder, then, Noyan kissed the note handed him next morning, saying: "Ah! the dear one wants me to come early to-night to atone for my absence last evening. And so I will!" He broke the seal:

"MONSIEUR HENRI NOYAN DE BIENVILLE:

"Since my commands rest so lightly upon you, I release you from all obligation to me. I trust that Madame's beautiful niece may fill my place most acceptably.

MARIE."

"July 25th."

The next month was spent in feverish work in the interest of the uprising. It was a race between work and the pistol. The latter were the quicker way of finding surcease, but the world still had attractions, even in his great grief, and work finally conquered. His attempts to see Marie were fruitless, and her father, who had deeply sympathized with him, told him her mind was set on going to Paris on the first ship and becoming a religieuse.

He became a leader of the hot-headed impetuous younger faction. No voice was raised so high, no fist struck palm more forcibly. But his counsels were soon set aside, and submission to the Don was decided upon. Lafrénière, Milhet, and Marcus went down the river and endeavored to explain to O'Reilly the expulsion of Ulloa. The Count received them kindly, the delegates were kept to dinner, and

went away full of hope. On the next morning the Spanish fleet lay before the town, and Lieutenant-General Count Alexander O'Reilly took the reins of government into his own hands. History tells us of the reports of the traitor Aubry, and the arrest of the leaders of the protest, charged with being rebels and conspirators against the King of Spain. Among these were Noyan de Bienville and his brother: Lafrénière, Caresse, Masen, Petit, Doucet, Marquis, and others.

They were placed in the barracks under guard and finally brought to trial. They made no defense, denying the jurisdiction of the court. This being overruled, they were tried to the satisfaction of O'Reilly, and the first five were sentenced to be hanged the following day.

Henri Noyan was taken to the eastern end of the barracks—two long, low buildings stretching for the length of a block near the western fortifications, with a high wall between, in which swung the massive outer door which had in times past opened to the command of some of these now transported here to spend the last few hours before a death of degradation.

Noyan's cell was bare save for a chair and a pallet, and after a careful examination the captain of the guard bound his prisoner's hands behind him and turned to go.

"Prepare thyself as best thou canst, Monsieur, for to-morrow thou diest. I will return at sunrise to conduct thee."

"Without confession, Senor? Surely you will not deny me the offices of the Holy Church?"

"Not I, surely, but my master. Thou hast been rebellious against thy lawful king and deserve most justly the rope's end which he grants thee. But he would not that our Holy Church defile herself—Nay, tug not so at thy bonds! I do but repeat my master's words. As for myself—peace be with thee."

Left alone, the young man sat down on the pallet and tried to think. But the thoughts came too fast for thinking. The mind, though fifty times as quick as lightning's flash, sometimes is overwhelmed in thoughts—and then God pity the man who has not the strength to say and force obedience: "Avaunt, ye unknown and unknowable, and leave me to rest in peace!"

Long into the night he watched the stars twinkling through the narrow window high up in the wall, and finally sank into a troubled

sleep. He was disturbed after a few hours by the sound of voices near his cell, and lay listening, half believing it was still a dream.

“I can not read, holy father, and I have gone beyond my orders in admitting you. You will be gone quickly, will you not? for my life shall pay if you are found.”

The priest replied in a low voice which seemed thick with emotion:

“Have no fear, this order from thy master is thy safeguard.”

The soldier seized it, saying: “Nevertheless, Father, you must talk through the bars. I have not the keys to the cells.” And as the priest staggered back a step the soldier sank on one knee and said, “Your blessing, holy father.”

The priest turned away his head, and in a trembling voice pronounced almost in a whisper the sacred words. Then as the soldier rose and walked to the other end of the corridor, the priest glided to the door of the first cell and called softly: “Henri, art thou there?” He answered: “Who calls?” and then springing to the door he cried: “God is good to let me see thee once more! But why comest thou, Marie, and in this disguise?”

“Listen,” she said, “I heard thy sentence and hurried to Father Alphonse for help. When he heard he threw off this gown, saying he would see if his influence would not enable him to have your sentence modified. I waited, but he did not return, so I wildly thought of a plan, seized a prison pass upon the Father’s desk, rolled up the cassock and came away. O, Henri! every hour of waiting has been torture, but I dared not come before. And now these bars can not be passed, and I can not help thee. Thou must take this dagger and do what thou canst.”

“No, no, Marie, my life is forfeit, and it is well. It is worthless without thee. But thou forgivest me, sweetheart?”

“Forgive,” she cried in agony, “Say no more. Every word is piercing my heart sharper than this dagger. But take it, Henri! Force thy way to freedom—and to me!”

“No,” he said sadly, “I am young. I may not in honor escape unless all accompany me. But thy father——”

“O, heavens!” exclaimed Marie, “forgive thy distracted servant. Lead me to him, Henri. But thou canst not! thou canst not! I go to seek him.”

She rushed down the corridor, and as she passed out of her lover’s range of vision he saw a flash of light full on her face. And as the black-clothed arm swung swiftly forward he heard a sound as of a body falling, and then quickly another. All was silence. Then he called softly, “Marie! Marie!” A moan was his answer. At last he saw the black-robed figure slowly lifting itself up. She came back trembling and pale as alabaster.

“Marie, what hast thou done?” His voice was full of pity.

“Oh, Henri, he saw my face and seized my hood, and I—oh, what have I done? What have I done? God pity me, I struck him to the heart!”

“Thou couldst do no less, but thou must not tarry here, Marie. The captain may come at any moment. See, the crescent moon rising over the housetops yonder warns us ’t is nearing morning. Come, dearest, do not tremble so. Thou must bring the dagger to me and search for the paper thou gavest him.”

Slowly and as one in a daze, she obeyed him.

“Now go home quickly, hide thy gown, and tell no one, not even Father Alphonse. Go quickly, the door will lock itself behind thee.”

“Must we part thus,” she murmured, and then “Farewell, Henri.” And as he kissed the hand that convulsively grasped the bar, he whispered: “Farewell, Marie, forever.”

She had not been gone long when the dead body was discovered by the sergeant with the relief. Instantly all was commotion. Minute search revealed no trace of the murderer, the cells and doors were found secure, and when at last a bloody dagger was found in the straw on which Noyan was lying in pretended sleep, the mystery was deepened. “He could not have gotten out, and no one could have gotten in,” the soldiers argued, and soon worked themselves into a frenzy of superstitious fear.

Noyan doggedly denied all knowledge of the deed, and all too quickly the hour came for the execution. Their sentence had been modified to shooting.

Noyan sought and obtained permission to send a message to his betrothed, and then those five brave men marched out on that morning of October 25th, one hundred and thirty years ago, to die as glorious a death as any martyr for liberty in the history of the world.

And when, years after, the Mother Superior of a convent in the environs of Paris, noted for her piety and penances, passed into sweet rest beyond, among her few effects was found a scrap of paper, tear-dimmed and finger-worn, on which were these words :

“ Lament not, brave one! Farewell!”

And the signature, almost undecipherable, was but the word  
“ Henri.”



## To Memory.

Memory is for me a kaleidoscope into which I put every bright bit of experience, every rose-colored dream and each sunny spot of life. Then when existence seems almost unbearable, when present, past and future are the same dull gray of despair, kind Mnemosyne turns my eye to her kaleidoscope and revolves it for me, and as my mind dwells upon the pleasures that have been mine, hope comes again and courage for a new attack upon coy Fortune.

### Could I Find.

[AFTER VICTOR HUGO.]

Could I find some meadow enchanted, Kissed by the lips of the dew, By the breath of the sweet flowers haunted, The years and the seasons all through, Where the violet soft odor is sowing, Where the rose to the lily is throwing A kiss from her crimson lips glowing, I would make it a path, O sweet, For the fall of your feet!	Could I find some bosom, fair maiden, Where honor is lord and is king, Where love with no bitterness laden, With uttermost devotion should cling, If always in fair days or raining To noble ends striving and straining It would beat unstained and unstaining, I would make a cushion, O best, By thy brow to be pressed!
--	---

Could I find some love dream far sweeter  
Than the sigh of the summertime rose  
That swoons to a rapture completer,  
Each hour that over it goes;  
Some dream God's blessing, descending  
From heaven, is ever attending,  
Where soul into soul is blending,  
I would make it, O love, a nest  
Where your heart might rest.

DABNEY MARSHALL.



## Department of Elocution, Oratory, Shakespeare and Debate.

---

MANY years ago the authorities of the University appreciated the necessity of the student body having a thorough training in voice and expression, and hence established the school of Elocution and Oratory, and to-day it is one of the most progressive departments in the University; and is, indeed, the pride of every student. The course is well graded and extends through a period of two years. The work done in this department can not well be over-estimated. Every effort is made to maintain a high standard, and to make still further advances in the succeeding year. It has been said by an alumnus of the University in speaking to a body of young men, "My young friends, you will find in after life, that nothing helps you more in your dealings with your fellow man than a well-trained voice and a clear head. You can find no department better adapted to give you this training than that of Elocution and Oratory."

The present high standard of this department is due to the instructor, Miss Sarah McGee Isom. Miss Isom was graduated from the Boston School of Oratory. She has studied with the foremost teachers of America and has made a special study of her art abroad.



MISS SARAH MCGEE ISOM.



## Reverie.

THE morning of my new life has just dawned, the morning of a life which will be so unlike the old, troubled, lonely life that I can hardly believe that I am not still dreaming. Yet I am sure I am awake. I have just arisen from a troubled sleep, full of strange, incomprehensible jumbles of dreams, and sit here away up in my poor little fourth-story room, thinking of the changes to-day will work. My old life will be put behind and I will be ushered into a new one by the girl I wed to-night. Now will new possibilities be opened for me, with the entree into highest society which my wife's wealth and position will give me, ambitions which as a poor man were mere castles in the air will now become living possibilities. Congratulations of friends have been showered upon me, but I can feel none of the elation they say I should feel, instead a weary feeling of oppression holds me down. So for the last time I gaze around my poor bachelor's room and then draw my chair to the window and feast once more my eyes on the scenery of the little park beneath me. Then to catch the cooling morning breeze I desert my chair and seat myself in the window, with head leaned listlessly against the casement; and memory busies itself.

My eyes fix themselves upon the grand old oaks which for so many years have stood the same, only changing to become more strong and beautiful, standing the same year after year, to show fickle man how true to Mistress Nature they can be. Below me, in the park, a small pumping station is at work, its labored breathing sounding like the last gasps of some human being. The steam from its throat drifts up in irregular masses through the oaks, dissolving just as they pass from my view, and my mind pictures each mass as a soul freed from

earth's sorrow, wending its way to the rest and peace above. My fancy gives to each cloud the form and face of some long-departed friend. Friends of boyhood, of early manhood, float past but each face gazes into mine with such sad disapproval that my soul sinks lower and lower.

Again comes the gasping of the pump and like lightning my memory goes back fifteen years.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once more Margaret and I wander over the hills of our old home where we had grown up together, and again I live over that happy day when pulling some flowers of our favorite bower, I crown her and ask her to be the queen of this life for me, telling her of the love that has long been growing greater, till I can no longer keep it from her, and swearing to her that life for me will contain no more joy without her promise to link her young life with mine. And my darling promised. Then memory travels on to my home-leaving, how I kissed my sweetheart good-bye and assured her that soon I would wrest fortune from the great city, and then would I return and claim my own. Then with a throb of pain, memory touches lightly the next year with its discouragements and failures, with its one pleasure in Margaret's dear, encouraging letters. Then comes the last letter, telling me my love was dying. My weary heart dwells upon that last scene as sadly I kneel by my dying love and swear in my agony that never again will these lips breathe love to another woman, that till death I will be true. And Margaret, with the glory of heaven already shining in her angel face, looked long into my eyes until her gaze touched my heart's innermost recesses and satisfied with what she saw, she whispered, "Remember," and left me. \* \* \* And the old love rushes in a great tide over me and fills me with loathing for the faithlessness that to-night's ceremony will seal upon me. But honor, the honor of a man's promise to a long-lost love; the honor of a faithless man's promise to a living woman, tears me with its conflict and I wearily wish for death to solve the terrible problem.

And from below comes again those gasps, but no clouds of forms now; they have ceased as though to make way for a central figure. The moans suddenly turn into my Margaret's last sobs and feeling that

my mind is leaving me, I lean forward. I try not to listen or look, but in vain, and gazing down I see coming to me a cloud, purer, whiter than before, and from it comes the labored whisper, "Remember." Forgetting all, I lean farther, and as the shape comes nearer, my Margaret looks upon me, looks with the same smile she used to have when she asked some favor of me and in her face shone the same loving confidence, as she leaned toward me and said the one word, "come," and her thin hand closes over mine and draws me as of old. But I resist, and the dear face floats upward, looking back with such terrible despair that my love for her conquers and I cry "Margaret, wait for me," I step forth and with a swift rush through space, a terrible crash, my soul follows and honor is satisfied by death.

HUGH R. BROWN.

## The Toper's Walk.

As I ramble down the street  
In a crooked, zig-zag walk,  
Something twists objects I meet,  
And I can't understand their talk.

I hear such words as "drunk,"  
"Toper," and something like "sot."  
I know I'm straight as a monk;  
And what means their cry, "half-shot?"

Now, here comes that crooked pave;  
If I don't move I'll get a crack.  
Confound that awkward knave,  
He gave me a blow in my back.

Everybody runs right into me;  
Surely they're intoxicated.  
What *can* ail my shaky knee?  
O, whiskey, how I hate it!

Two lamps in the self-same place,  
That's the devil of a funny thing!  
And here comes, by Jove! a double face!  
Bass and tenor *it* can sing.

Science says the globe whirls around—  
I never did believe it quite;  
But here turns the whole blamed town!  
What a gol-darned twisted sight!

Maybe I'm drunk on beer,  
I did drink some paltry drops.  
Gee, my head feels very queer!  
Perhaps there's lead on top!

I'm going in here to sleep,  
My head's in such a whirl,—  
Gosh, these steps are mighty steep,—  
And at the top stands—my girl!!!

—L. A. SMITH.

## An Enigma.

IN THE spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." They sat on the smooth green grass of the campus under a tall, scrawny oak tree just back of the Chapel. They were translating French. She held the book and read assiduously while he looked at the little curls around her ears, and her long lashes and tapering fingers. Then he drew the book gently from those fingers and warned her not to work so hard. Hours came and went; procession after procession of students streamed from the Lyceum, still they sat—but they read no more French that day. It was all sunshine.

In June, the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of flunk.

She sat in the library, lonely and a little sad. She was reading French again. He came in breathless and accosted her with the remark:

"Say, do you read French? Translate this, will you?" She remembered the early springtime and it made her a little happy.

"I have not seen you in a long while," she faltered at the end of a paragraph.

"No?" he said raising his eyebrows. "Well, go on, please."

At the end of another paragraph, she stopped for a breath and stole a glance at his face and hair.

"I was thinking of you the other day and wondering," she began. He snatched the book from her tapering fingers and thrust it under his arm.

"Guess I'll go to recitation" was all he said.

Then she got up and looked out of a window at the tall, scrawny, oak tree.



## His Last Appearance.

ALONE in his room, with its bare uncarpeted floor, stood Benoli, the singer. Many years had passed since he had stood behind the footlights of the Italian stage. It did not, however, seem so long ago to him, for, though he had had no human company for many years, yet an old piano in the corner had been his constant friend. With it he had passed many an hour, and had poured out to it his soul's full yearning. No human companion, did I say? but the piano was almost human to Benoli. To it he told his sorrows and his joys, and in it he had the warmest of sympathizers.

Benoli stood with his hands folded behind his back, and in a sad, dreamy manner looked out of the narrow window. A smile came across his face, and turning his head, he looked with a tender glance at the old friend in the corner. "No, I'll not be with you long, friend of my life," he said, "for time is adding wrinkle after wrinkle to this old face of mine. We have grown old together and have blessed each other's lives; I would that we could pass beyond together." He bowed his head upon his chest for a moment, then walked over and sat down before his piano. An old and much-used copy of "Il Trovatore" was on the stand before him. "Seems to me," he said, as he opened the book at the "El Miserere," "it seems to me when I sing this, that I am young again." He struck the opening chord. "My old-time fervor comes back to me, and I long to be on the stage again. But they say I am old, too old. There, I love that chord, for it stirs my soul within me. It brings back to me the memories of a distant past, when life in me was young." He raised his voice, and with infinite tenderness and feeling sang the "Miserere." Benoli bowed his head in reverie, while in spite of him a tear stole down his cheek.

He was awakened from his dreaming by a knock at the door. The knob turned, and a stranger entered. Benoli rose to greet him.

"Is this Signor Benoli?" the man asked.

"I am he," replied Benoli. "And who, may I ask, are you?"

"Sir, I come to ask a favor," said the man, paying no attention to Benoli's question. "And as I have much to say, let us be seated that we may the better hear one another."

When they seated themselves, the stranger continued. "Sir, this is to be the last night of "Il Trovatore" and we are without a leading tenor. There is no one to take his place,—unless—unless you are willing to sing your old role again. I have come to ask you this."

"Sing my old role again?" thought Benoli. "Why should I not? Why should I not?" and a smile came over his face.

\* \* \* \* \*

A great crowd had gathered to hear the last rendition of "Il Trovatore." The old singer sang as he had never sung before. It was as if his whole soul was being poured forth in notes almost divine.

"I am not too old to sing," he thought. "My voice still has its sweetness." And he breathed a prayer that he might sing as he felt. The "Miserere" ended. A moment's hush; and then the crowd went wild with applause. Benoli did not respond. Benoli the singer was dead. Rest had come to him who had "sighed to rest."

## A Drag or Two.

Sample of a Freshman's petition to the Faculty:

DEAR FACULTY:—I want to drop math. and English and Latin and Chemistry and Rhetoric and take up Prep. Math. and Pedagogy and Elocution. Please let me do it. Lovingly,

VIVIAN RICKS.

Kretschmar's Soliloquy:

Nature is indeed inconsistent. Why should such an intelligent animal as a dog be unable to express his opinion while ignorant Freshmen spout theirs on all occasions.

The arrangement of courses of study has changed in almost every university in the last few years. Formally the courses were ironclad. In order to get a certain degree every man must do the same specified work. Now we have prescribed and optional studies.

Laughing at the Chancellor's chapel jokes forms the principal part of the prescribed or compulsory "work" at the University of Mississippi. It is essential to every degree.

It is also necessary for candidates for certain degrees to appreciate Dr. Johnson's jokes (?) but this is dead easy, because the Doctor is very lenient and always helps the class out by his own hearty laughter.

DEAR BETE:—As you know, I am a full-fledged Varsity man now—when you speak of the University you must always say Varsity, you know.

I like it fine here. The only things I find that are not to my liking are dressing and undressing. College life would be "bully," if a man

could sleep all the time except when he was eating and wearing golfs and smoking. Say, Bete, I have got the cutest girl stuck on me; dead gone, wants to marry me. She 's got eyes that shine and a mouth,—but I never was a poet.

What do you reckon, the fellows here don't know who wrote Thanatopsis. Professor Lipscomb asked the other day and I told him William Jennings Bryan, and the whole class laughed.

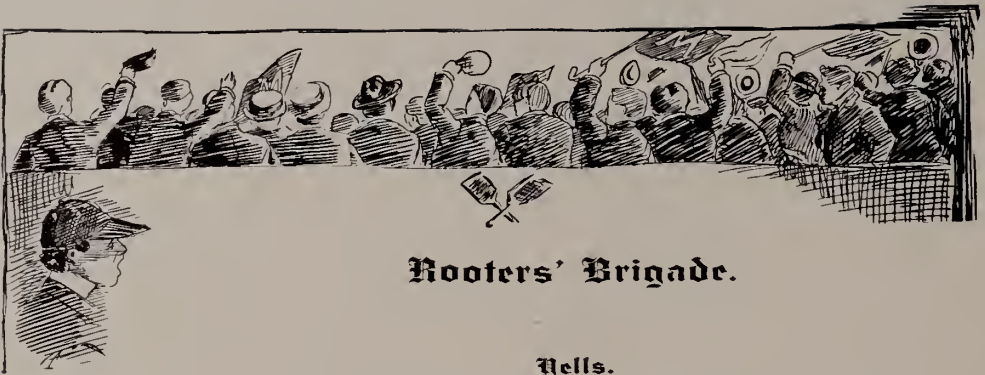
Bete, I have turned out to be what you call an athlete. Play baseball, put up a mighty hot race for first base on the Varsity and came pretty near getting a place on the Freshman team, but Hugh White got it, though everybody knows I can beat him.

You ought to come here if you like to go in swimming. Tult, that 's what we call Chancellor, has built two places on the campus for fountains without the fountains. Well, the other night it rained and about two inches of water was caught in them. Gee! what a time we did have swimming that night, I and Oliver, he 's my roommate, " Kid " I call him. Had an awful time last night; went calling and it was dark, black as tar. I fell in a ditch and you can bet I did " cuss " that old fool St. Venus, the god of night. What did he turn on his weather for the very night I went to see that girl, a veritable queen?

Well, Bete, it waxeth late, as the upper classmen say. Say, those fellows, the Juniors and Seniors won't let a Freshman carry a cane, and we have to call them " Mister " and lift our hats to them. I thought once I wouldn't, but now I've changed.

Good-bye, Bete, indite an epistle (that 's smart, ain't it?) to  
Your bosom friend,

JAMIE BILLUPS.



## Rooters' Brigade.

### Bells.

Hobble gobble, razzle dazzle, sis ! boom ! bah !  
 University Mississippi, Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Ris ! Ris ! Ris ! University Miss. ! Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !!  
 Tear 'em up, tear 'em up, tear 'em up !

Boom-a-lacker, Boom-a-lacker, bow, wow, wow !  
 Chick-a-lacker, Chick-a-lacker, chow, chow, chow !  
 Boom-a-lacker, Chick-a-lacker, wah, hoo, wah !  
 University Mississippi, rah, rah, rah !

We run this town, we do !

We run this town, we do !

When Nashville comes, we play pretty well !

When Tulane comes, we play like hell !

We run this town, we do !

Tear 'em up, Mississippi !

Tune: "HOT TIME."

I.

Hip, Hip, Hurrah ! Hip, Hip Hurray !  
 The Varsity won another game to-day !  
 She would have won two, but one is all she'd play.  
 There 'll be a hot time on the campus to-night.

II.

Hurrah for Mississippi ! O, my ! How she did play !  
 She beat ————— another game to-day !  
 And as she did well, you can safely say :  
 There 'll be a hot time on the campus to-night !

Don't you see those boys? Don't you see those boys?  
They are playing for the glory of Mississippi!  
Don't you see those boys? Don't you see those boys!  
They are playing for the glory of "Ole Miss."

We won't sit down till we make a run!  
We won't sit down till we make a run!  
We won't sit down till we make a run!  
Hey!!

Tune: "TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING."

I.

Here 's to dear old Mississippi,  
And her team so tried and true!  
Play ball forevermore;  
We will beat them as before.  
Hurrah for the dear old red and blue!

II.

Now, give a good old razzle dazzle  
As our team comes on the field.  
Anderson 's a pitcher—nit!  
Every batter raps a hit;  
And old Tulane knows full well that she must yield.

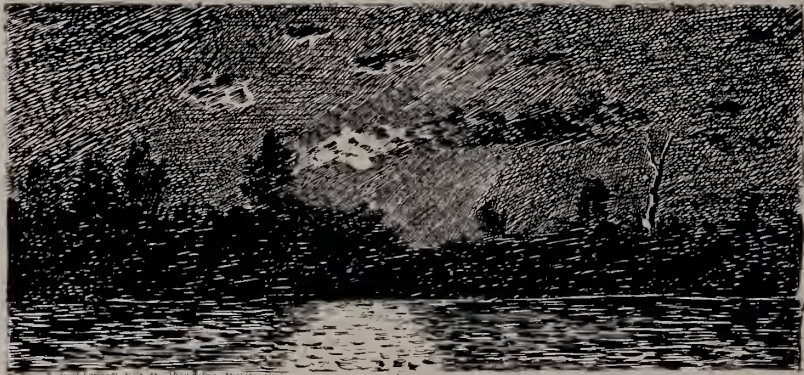
III.

Now, to the bat Tulane comes strutting,  
And old Billy twirls the ball.  
It is only one, two, three—  
Stone has caught the ball you see—  
And the batter 's simply fanned, and that is all.

Tune: "WHO DAT SAY AIN'T A CHICKEN IN DIS CROWD."

Who dat say Mississippi can't play ball?  
Whoever said so lied, and dat ain't all—  
We ain't skeered of any ole team;  
'Cause we ain't as weak as we seem.  
Who dat say Ole Miss can't play ball.





**Twilight on the Mississippi.**

I

Twilight falls as we are drifting  
A-down the darkening stream,  
The bell booms deep ; the leadsmen call ;  
The boat vibrates to the throbbing steam—  
And thee, and thee alone, my love ; I 'll love with my soul's last gleam

II

The shadows hide the darkening hill,  
The shores grow dark and dim,  
The lights come out on the distant land,  
The river moans a vesper hymn  
And thee, and thee alone, my love ; I 'll love till my eyes grow dim.

III

The moon comes o'er the far-off shore  
And floods the floating skies—  
And back to the dreamy heavens then  
The waters woo with their gleaming eyes,  
And thee, and thee alone, my love ; I 'll love  
to the star-lit skies.

IV

The wind, and the waves and the waters love  
The mistress of the night.  
For her are their murmuring mystic songs,  
For her are their charms with beauty dight.  
But thee, and thee alone, I love ; and I 'll  
love till heaven's light.

E.

Δ K E, 1900.



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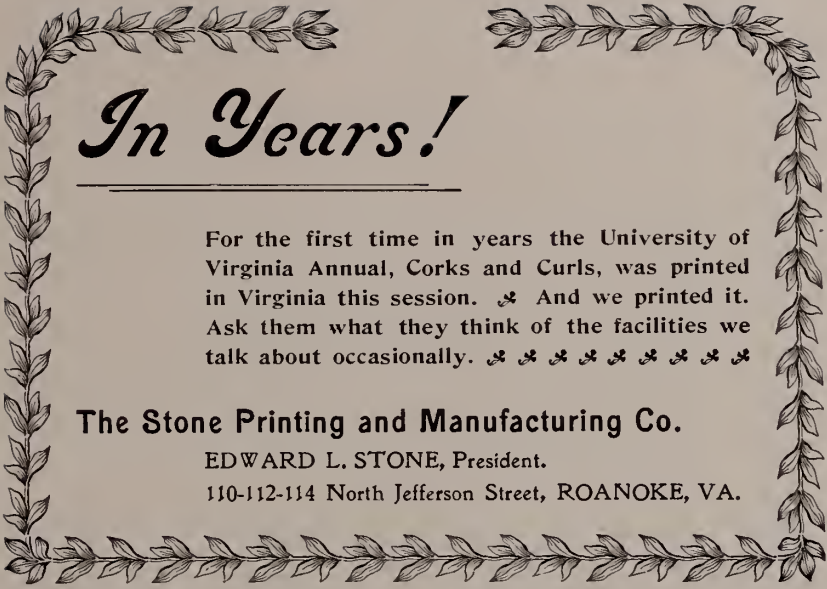
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