IN. NEWTON C. BLANCHARD, Governor of Louisiana, was born, reared and educated in Louisiana. He is an alumnus of both the Louisiana State University and of Tulane University—law department of the latter. He began the practice of law at Shreveport in 1871; came rapidly up at the bar and enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. He served in the Constitutional Convention with such credit to himself and satisfaction to the people of North Louisiana, that the following year, 1880, he was nominated for Congress. Following this for seven consecutive terms he was nominated by his party and elected to Congress, serving thirteen years in all in the Lower House. He rose to distinction and achieved a national reputation as Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee.

While serving his third term as Chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, Mr. Blanchard was appointed U. S. Senator to succeed E. D. White, resigned to become Justice of the Federal Supreme Court, and was afterwards elected Senator by the General Assembly. At the close of his term in the Senate, March 4, 1897, he was tendered an appointment on the Supreme Bench of Louisiana, and served until the Fall of 1903, when he resigned to make the race for the Democratic nomination for Governor. In the primary he received the nomination of his party and was elected Governor of Louisiana on April 19, 1904, and inaugurated May 16, 1904.
University Calendar
Session 1903-1904

Session Opens Wednesday, September 16, 1903

Entrance Examinations:
Wednesday and Thursday, September 16 and 17, 1903

First Scholastic Month ends Friday, October 16, 1903
Second Scholastic Month ends Friday, November 13, 1903
Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 26, 1903
Third Scholastic Month ends Friday, December 11, 1903

Christmas, Friday, December 25, 1903
Fourth Scholastic Month ends Friday, January 15, 1904
Intermediate Examinations begin Saturday, January 16, 1904

Second Term opens Monday, January 25, 1904

Fifth Scholastic Month ends Friday, February 19, 1904
Washington's Birthday, Monday, February 22, 1904
Sixth Scholastic Month ends Friday, March 18, 1904
Good Friday, Friday, April 1, 1904

Seventh Scholastic Month ends Friday, April 22, 1904
Eighth Scholastic Month ends Friday, May 20, 1904
Final Examinations begin Saturday, May 21, 1904

Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, May 29, 1904
Commencement, Tuesday, May 31, 1904
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Board of Supervisors

Ex-Officio Members
Governor Newton C. Blanchard, President
Hon. Jas. B. Aswell, Superintendent of Public Education
Thomas D. Boyd, President of the Faculty

A. T. Prescott, Secretary ........................................ Baton Rouge
H. Skolfield, Treasurer ............................................ Baton Rouge

Terms to Expire January 1, 1905
J. M. Smith ........................................ Union
Philip S. Pugh ........................................ Acadia
George Hill ........................................ West Baton Rouge

Terms to Expire January 1, 1906
W. H. Price ........................................ Lafourche
H. S. Chenet ........................................ Orleans
C. J. Ducote ........................................... Avoyelles

Terms to Expire January 1, 1907
C. C. Davenport .......................................... Morehouse
George K. Pratt ........................................ Orleans
F. W. Price ........................................... Lincoln

Terms to Expire January 1, 1908
Hy. L. Fuqua, Vice-President ................................ East Baton Rouge
Samuel McC. Lawrason ................................. West Feliciana
J. G. White ........................................... Rapides

Executive Committee
Hy. L. Fuqua, Chairman ................................. Samuel McC. Lawrason
Jas. B. Aswell ........................................ Jas. M. Smith
George Hill ........................................ Thos. D. Boyd
H. Skolfield, Secretary
THOS. D. BOYD, A.M., LL.D., President.

A.M., Louisiana State University, 1872; LL.D., Tulane University, 1897; Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Louisiana State University, 1873-77; Commandant of Cadets, 1877-79; Professor of English, 1879-83; Professor of History and English Literature, 1883-88; President Louisiana State Normal School, 1888-96; President Louisiana Educational Association, 1891; President Louisiana Chautauqua, 1893; President Louisiana State University, 1896.

JAMES W. NICHOLSON, A.M., LL.D., Professor of Mathematics.

Student Homer College, 1861; Confederate Army, 1861-65; A.M., Homer College, 1870; LL.D., Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1893; LL.D., Tulane University, 1904; Public School Teacher, 1866-77; Professor of Mathematics, Louisiana State University, 1877; President of Louisiana State University for twelve years; originator of the Bureau of Agriculture and Immigration of Louisiana; President Southern Educational Association; Author of Nicholson's Arithmetics, Nicholson's Algebra, Nicholson's Trigonometry and Nicholson's Calculus.

WILLIAM C. STUBBS, A.M., PH.D.

Graduate of Randolph-Macon College, 1862; University of Virginia, 1868; Professor of Natural Science in East Alabama College, 1869; Professor of Chemistry in Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College, 1872; Director of Alabama Experiment Station, 1881, and State Chemist of Alabama, 1882; Director of Louisiana Sugar Experiment Station, 1885; Professor of Agriculture, Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College, 1885; Director of Louisiana State Experiment Station, 1886; Official Chemist of Louisiana, 1886; Director of North Louisiana Experiment Station, 1888; member of J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry in Confederate Army.
JOHN HARCOURT ALEXANDER MORGAN, B.S.A., Professor of Zoology and Entomology.

B.S.A., University of Toronto, Canada, 1889; Student in Post-Graduate Work, Summers of 1897 and 1899; Student in Wood's Hall Biological Station, Summer 1895; Entomologist State Experiment Station; President Louisiana State Naturalist Society; Secretary Louisiana State Crop Pest Commission, 1904.

EDWARD LEE SCOTT, A.M., Professor of Ancient Languages.

A.M., Richmond (Virginia) College, 1884; Instructor in Greek and German Hanover (Virginia) Academy, 1884-85; Instructor in Latin and Greek, Doyle (Tennessee) College, 1886-87; Instructor in Greek and Modern Languages, Ruston (Louisiana) College, 1887-90; Student University of Texas, 1890-91; Professor of Modern Languages, Louisiana State University, 1891-93; Professor of Ancient Languages, Louisiana State University, 1893.

CHARLES EDWARD COATES, Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry.

A.B., Johns-Hopkins University, 1887; Ph.D., Johns-Hopkins University, 1891; Westtown School, 1884; Student in Freiburg, 1888; Student in Heidelberg, 1889; Professor of Chemistry and Physics, St. John's College, Annapolis, 1891-93; Professor of Chemistry, Louisiana State University, 1893; member of German Chemical Society, American Chemical Society, Society of Chemical Industry, Association of Official Agricultural Chemists, A. A. A. S.

THOMAS WILSON ATKINSON, C.E., Professor of Physics and Mechanics.

B.S., Louisiana State University, 1891; C.E., Louisiana State University, 1892; Instructor, Louisiana State University, 1891-94; Student of Johns-Hopkins University, 1894-95; Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Louisiana State University, 1895-96; Student, Cornell University, 1896-97; Professor of Mechanics and Drawing, Louisiana State University, 1897-98; Professor of Physics and Mechanics, Louisiana State University, 1898.

CHARLES HENRY STUMBERG, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages.

A.B., Missouri State University, 1889; A.M., Missouri State University, 1892; Instructor, St. Charles College, St. Charles, Mo., 1889-91; Principal, High School, Fort Smith, Ark., 1891; Instructor, Walther College, St. Louis, Mo., 1891-92; Student abroad, 1892-93; Principal, Buchanan College, Troy, Mo., 1894-95; Professor of Modern Languages, Louisiana State University, 1895.
WILLIAM H. DALRYMPLE, M.R.C.V.S., (Great Britain) Professor of Veterinary Science.

Honorary Fellow of the Glasgow (Scotland) Veterinary Medical Society; Vice-President, American Veterinary Medical Association; Vice-President Louisiana State Sanitary Association; Honorary Member, Louisiana State Medical Society; Honorary Member, East Baton Rouge Parish Medical Society; Member, American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member, American Public Health Association; Member, Louisiana Society of Naturalists; Member of Executive Committee, National Live Stock Association; Member, Louisiana State Press Association; Secretary, Louisiana State Agricultural Society; Secretary-Treasurer, Louisiana Stockbreeders' Association; Editor, Agricultural Department, New Orleans "Twice-A-Week Picayune;" Member of Staff of Collaborators, American Veterinary Review; Author of a Text Book on Veterinary Obstetrics; Author of several Text Book Articles on Veterinary Pathology; Member of Staff of Conductors, Louisiana State Farmers' Institute; Veterinarian, Louisiana State Experiment Station; Professor of Veterinary Science, Louisiana State University and A. & M. College.

BOYKIN W. PEGUES, B.S., Professor of Civil Engineering.

Student, Keachie College, La., 1890-91; B.S., Louisiana State University, 1895; Recorder of Government Survey of the Ouachita River, 1895-98; Professor of Civil Engineering, Louisiana State University, 1898.

ARTHUR TAYLOR PRESCOTT, B.S., M.A., Professor of Economics and Political Science.

B.S., Louisiana State University, 1884; M.A., Louisiana State University, 1885; Law Student, University of Virginia, 1890-91; Teacher in Public Schools of Louisiana; President of Marshall College, Marshall, Texas, 1886-87; President, Louisiana Industrial Institute, 1894-99; Professor of Economics and Political Science, Louisiana State University, 1899.

FRANCIS HIRAM BURNETTE, Professor of Horticulture.

Graduate of Phelps High School, Phelps, N. Y., 1885; Teacher in Public Schools, Ontario County, N. Y., 1885-89; Special in Agriculture, Cornell University, 1889-90; Horticulturist, Louisiana State Experiment Station; Member of Cornell Horticultural Club, New Orleans Horticultural Society, Louisiana State Agricultural Society, American Pomological Society; Secretary, Louisiana Horticultural Society.

ROBERT L. HIMES, Professor of Commerce.
FREDERICK H. BILLINGS, Ph.D., Professor of Botany.

A.B., Stanford University, 1896; A.M., Harvard University, 1897; Ph.D., University of Munich, 1901; Assistant Professor of Natural Science, Pomona College, California, 1892-94; Student at Hopkins Biological Station, Summers of 1894 and 1895; Student at Harvard Medical School, Summer 1898; Assistant in Botany, Harvard University, 1898, Professor of Botany, Louisiana State University, 1901.

ALBERT MARVIN HEGERT, Professor of Mechanic Arts and Drawing.

Graduate, St. Louis Public Schools, 1886; Graduate, Manual Training School of Washington College, St. Louis, 1890; Instructor in Mechanic Arts and Drawing, Agricultural and Mechanical College, Mississippi, 1891-94; Designer of Corliss Engines with the Ranking, Fritsch Foundry and Machine Company, St. Louis, 1894-95; Professor of Drawing and Mechanics, Louisiana Industrial Institute, 1895-1901; Professor of Mechanic Arts and Drawing, Louisiana State University, 1901; Member of American Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, 1903.

WILLIAM A. READ, Ph.D., Professor of English.

B.A., King College, 1888; Graduate Student, University of Virginia, 1892-94; University Gottingen, 1894-95; University of Heidelberg, 1895-97; Ph.D., University of Heidelberg, 1897; British Museum, Summer 1895; Instructor in English, Southwest Virginia Institute, 1897; Graduate Student, Johns-Hopkins University, 1898; Lecturer in English Literature, West Virginia University, Summer quarter, 1898; Adjunct Professor of English and Modern Languages, University of Arkansas, 1899-1900; Professor of English and Modern Languages, University of Arkansas, 1900-02; Professor of English, Louisiana State University, 1902.

ALVAN C. READ, Commandant of Cadets, Professor of Military Science and Tactics.

A.B., Louisiana State University, 1892; M.A., Louisiana State University, 1893; Graduate, West Point, 1898; 2nd Lieutenant, 13th Infantry, 1898; 1st Lieutenant, 1899; Battalion Adjutant, 1901; Captain, 12th Infantry, 1903; Commandant of Cadets, 1903.
CHARLES HENRY KRETZ, B.S., Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

B.S., Louisiana State University, 1897; Student at Cornell University, 1897-98; Candidate for M.E., Cornell University; Assistant Engineer with rank as Ensign, United States Navy, 1898; Instructor in Mechanics and Drawing, Louisiana State University, 1898.

S. T. SANDERS, A.B., Principal of Sub-Freshman Department.

Graduated at Southern University, Greensboro, Ala., 1890; taught private schools ten years in Alabama and Louisiana; Principal of Sub-Freshman Department, Louisiana State University, 1902.

B. S. PITTCUCK, B.S.A., Adjunct Professor of Agriculture.

B.S.A., Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, 1904; Agricultural Newspaper Work, 1894-96; Assistant Professor of Agriculture, A. & M. College of Texas, Assistant Agriculturist to Experiment Stations, 1896-97; Agriculturist of Texas Experiment Stations, Special Agent U. S. Department of Agriculture, 1897-1903; Secretary-Treasurer, Texas Farmers' Congress, 1898-1903; Adjunct Professor of Agriculture, Louisiana State University, 1903.

ALFRED BEST, B.S., Assistant in Chemistry.

B.S., Louisiana State University, 1898; Instructor in Chemistry, Louisiana State University, 1898; Student, University of Chicago, Summer 1900.

HENRY K. STRICKLAND, A. M., Assistant in English.

A.B., Louisiana State University, 1898; A.M., Louisiana State University, 1899; Assistant in English, Louisiana State University, 1901.

BRAXTON HONORÉ GUILBEAU, B.S., Assistant in Zoology and Entomology.

B.S., Louisiana State University, 1901; Assistant to Director of State Biological Station, 1902; Instructor in Sub-Freshman Department, Louisiana State University, 1902-03; Assistant in Zoology and Entomology, Louisiana State University, 1903; Student, Cornell University, Summer 1903.
JOSEPH WOOD KING, B.S., M.S., Assistant in English and Latin.
B.S., Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1898; M.S., Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1899; Tutor in History and Latin, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, 1898-99; Student, Chicago University, 1901; Student, Harvard University, 1902; Student Chicago University, 1903; Assistant in English and Latin, Louisiana State University, 1903.

CECIL McCORRY, M.S., Instructor in Mathematics.
B.S., Louisiana State University, 1902; M.S., Louisiana State University, 1903; Assistant Commandant of Cadets, 1902-03; Instructor in Mathematics and Secretary to the Commandant of Cadets, 1903.

Officers
THOS. D. BOYD ............................................. President
ALVAN C. READ ........................................... Commandant of Cadets
JAMES W. DUPREE ........................................ Surgeon
WILLIAM C. STUBBS ..................................... Director of Experiment Stations
CHARLES H. STUMBERG ................................. Librarian
EDWARD L. SCOTT ....................................... Secretary of the Faculty
HARNEY SKOLFIELD ..................................... Treasurer
J. L. WESTBROOK ......................................... Secretary of the University
JOSEPH R. HOLMES ...................................... Steward
MISS INEZ MORTLAND ................................. Assistant Librarian
ROGER P. SWIRE ......................................... Assistant Treasurer
CECIL MCCORRY ......................................... Secretary to the Commandant
JOHN A. MEHLER ......................................... Janitor
Class of '04

Motto: "Make Sixty or Bust"

Yell

Rackety-yack! yack! yack!
Rackety-yack! yack! yack!
Naughty-four! Naughty-four!
Naughty-four's a crackerjack!

Officers

G. Donnauaud Bentley ............... President

John J. Coleman ....................... Vice-President

Gaston L. Porterie ................... Secretary and Treasurer

Edward S. Hardy ...................... Historian

James M. Fourmy ..................... Prophet

Morgan M. Hamner .................... Poet

Thomas Crichton ...................... Representative on "Gumbo" Staff

Morgan M. Hamner .................... Representative on Reveille Staff

Colors: Purple and White
John James Coleman, Σ. A. E
Mechanical Engineering Course; Vice-President Senior Class, '03-'04; Captain Co. D.; German Club; Pipe and Mug Club; Tennis Club; 'Varsity Football Team, '00, '01, '02, '03; Captain 'Varsity, '03.
"Every inch a KING, and monarch of all I survey."

Edward Willis Burgess
Civil Engineering Course; Town Student; University Band; Dramatic Club.
"My Life is one dem'd horrid grind."

Charles Cecil Bird
Latin Science Course; President Junior Class, '02-'03; Sociology Club, Livingston Literary Society; Class Representative on "Gumbo" Staff, '02-'03; Class Representative on Reveille Staff, First Term, '03-'04; Editor-in-Chief, "Gumbo," '03-'04.
"I should have been a woman by right."

Granville Donnau Bentley, K. A.
Civil Engineering Course; President Senior Class, '03-'04; Class Representative on Reveille Staff, '00-'01, '01-'02; Class Representative on "Gumbo" Staff, '00-'01, '01-'02; Managing Editor Reveille, '02-'03; Editor-in-Chief Reveille, First Term, '03-'04; Athletic Editor "Gumbo," '03-'04; Secretary-Treasurer German Club, '02-'03; Pipe and Mug Club; Dramatic Club; Sub-Captain Scrub Football Team, '02; 'Varsity Football Team, '03; Assistant Manager Football and Baseball Teams, '02-'03; Cadet Member Athletics Executive Committee, '03-'04; Junior Representative on Senior Class Night, '02-'03; Second Lieutenant Co. A.

Hamilton Pope Agee, K. Σ.
Sugar Course, including Audubon Sugar School; Town Student; German Club; Tennis Club; Agricultural Club; Retired Officers Club.
"The best in this kind are but shadows."
LINTON LEANDER COOPER
Mechanical Engineering Course; First Lieutenant Co. C.; Captain Co. B.
“A moustache is a lovely thing.”

THOMAS CRICKTON, JR., Σ. A. E.
Literary Course; Class Representative on Reveille Staff; Second Term, ’03-’04; Managing Editor Reveille, ’04; Class Representative on “Gumbo” Staff, ’03-’04; Secretary-Treasurer German Club, ’03-’04; Fencing Club.
“Has this fellow no feeling of his business?”

GEORGE LYNN DAVIS, K. E.
Mechanical Engineering Course; First Lieutenant Co. D; German Club.
“Why, ’tis good to be sad and say nothing.”

JOHN KOUNS FAHEY, Π. K. A.
Mechanical Engineering Course; Captain Co. A; German Club; Pipe and Mug Club; Varsity Football Team, ’03.
“I know a trick worth two of that.”

JAMES MCCARDELL FOURMY, Σ. A. E.
Civil Engineering Course; President Sophomore Class, Second Term, ’01-’02; Town Student; Senior Class Prophet; Dramatic Club; Vice-President German Club, ’03-’04; President Livingston Literary Society; Retired Officers’ Club; Business Manager Reveille, ’02-’03; Assistant Business Manager “Gumbo,” ’02-’03; Athletic Editor Reveille, ’02-’03; Business Manager Reveille, ’03-’04; Business Manager “Gumbo,” ’03-’04; Captain Scrub Football Team, ’02; Varsity Football Team, ’01, ’02, ’03; Varsity Baseball Team, ’02.
“To all mankind a constant friend,
Provided they have cash to spend.”
ALBERT JULES GUENO, K. A.
Mechanical Engineering Course; Town Student; Retired Officers Club; Tennis Club; Pipe and Mug Club; 'Varsity Football Team, '01, '02, '03.
“'Aye, verily, the hairs of his head are numbered.'”

MATTHEW MORGAN HAMNER
Commercial Course; First Lieutenant and Quartermaster; Musical Club; Secretary Sociology Club; Livingston Literary Society; German Club; Class Representative on Reveille Staff, Second Term, '03-'04.
“'Framed to make women false.'”

EDWARD SIMMONS HARDY, K. A.
Agricultural Course; President Sophomore Class, First Term, '01-'02; Senior Class Historian, '03-'04; Captain Co. B; Agricultural Club; Fencing Club; Editor-in-Chief Demeter, '03-'04.
“'Dressed in a little brief authority—like an angry ape.'”

ROBERT CATLETT HOWELL, K. A.
Agricultural Course; Secretary-Treasurer Sophomore Class, '01-'02; First Lieutenant Co. B; Fencing Club; Tennis Club; President Agricultural Club; 'Varsity Football Team, '03.
“'Among women he is counted handsome.'”

LOUIS HOLLINGSHEAD JOHNSON, K. A.
Commercial Course; Vice-President Junior Class, '02-'03; First Lieutenant Co. A; Pipe and Mug Club; Fencing Club; Sociology Club.
“'Faith, his hair is of good color.'”
RALPH MORTON KENNEDY
Sugar Course, including Audubon Sugar School; Town Student; Retired Officers Club; 'Varsity Football Team, '00, '01, '02, '03; 'Varsity Baseball Team, '00, '01, '02, '03; Captain 'Varsity Baseball Team, '02.

"How is it that this man goes loose?"

JOAQUIN FLORENTINE LOPEZ
Agricultural Course; Town Student; Agricultural Club; Foreigners Club.

"Times have been that when brains were out the man would die."

CHARLES ANDERSON MATTHEWS
Special Course; Candidate for B.A. Degree; Town Student.

"A very gentle beast and of good courage."

LOUIS HOWARD MEEKER, K. A.
Agricultural Course; Second Lieutenant Co. B; Agricultural Club.

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

ROSELL MCGLATHERY, K. E.
Agricultural Course; German Club; Agricultural Club; Tennis Club.

"Let the world slide."
WILLIAM DAVID PHILLIPS, Σ. N.
Agricultural Course; First Lieutenant and Adjutant; President German Club, '03-'04; President Tennis Club; Business Manager Demeter, '02-'03, '03-'04; Agricultural Club; Fencing Club.
"Oh! To dance all night and dress all day!"

GASTON LOUIS PORTERIE, Κ. Σ.
Civil Engineering Course; Secretary-Treasurer Junior Class, '02-'03, and of Senior Class, '03-'04; Vice-President Livingston Literary Society; Vice-President Rooters Club; Pipe and Mug Club; Second Lieutenant Co. D.
"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

WILLIAM TUCKER RASCOE
Civil Engineering Course.
"All do not have the same face."

COLUMBUS REID
Latin Science Course; Sociology Club; Livingston Literary Society; Second Lieutenant Co. B.
"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."

ANDREW SHUTTLEWORTH REISOR, Κ. Σ.
General Science Course; Second Lieutenant Co. C; Pipe and Mug Club.
"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a folding of the hands to sleep."
Louis Rincon
Agricultural Course; Agricultural Club; Town Student; Foreigners Club.

"A merrier man I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Joseph Arthur Verret, K. Σ.
Sugar Course, including Audubon Sugar School; Town Student; Agricultural Club; Retired Officers Club; Associate Editor Demeter; Editor-in-Chief Revelle, Second Term, '03-'04.

"Then he will talk—good Gods! How he will talk!"
NOW that we have reached the highest pinnacle of our college days, we are brought to the consideration of our numerous feats both classical and otherwise, and it is with the highest satisfaction that we herewith recall the facts that have gone to make up a "bully good time" for us of what would have otherwise been a four year's duration of hallucinations and "long-drawn-outs." We feel free to say that no previous class has had so completely under control the Faculty and the University in general, and in return none has been more thoroughly "fried" than the jolly two-dozen-and-a-half that will with due dignity don the mortar-board at the final round-up.

During the undisputed reign of these dauntless monarchs, both commandants and faculties have trembled. The joval "Coxey" and the foxy "Dinky" have succumbed to our prowess, and the sweet "Tootles" would also have answered to reveille in the land of the "far-off" had not the hardships of the Philippines hardened him to just such trials. Now indeed, it was during our Freshman days that architecture made its first great strides, and since then the Hill Memorial, Foster, Heard, Alumni, and Robertson Halls have arisen to satisfy our demands. A trip to St. Louis has been planned just for our pleasure; confinements, tours, etc., have all been revived for our convenience; and in short, everything has been done that could in any way add to our comfort. Our Sophomore year includes the date on which our President, in a fit of magnanimous generosity, turned the entire University over to the students, and our Junior, that on which we returned it to him with the proper revisions. In justice, only volumes could deal with our life and customs, and could the habits and individualities of some be recorded,
animalization would have a few grand ideals to point to, and the tales of Earnest Thompson-Seton and Rudyard Kipling would be seated on the very back row of obscurity.

'Tis no wonder that lower-classmen have looked with so much awe and respect on the class of '04; no wonder that members of the Faculty have felt so much pride in jotting down wreaths of honor in their grade books. The motto “Make Sixty or Bust” has carried us through, and now that the hardest of all our trials are over, we wave our cap to our Alma Mater and take posts in other fields of duty, with a fond wish for her future success and prosperity.
Class of 1905

Motto: Be Your Own Leader

Yell

Ki! yi! Ki! yi! Siss! Boom! Bab!
Juniors! Juniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers

A. L. LOUSTALOT .................. President
J. S. FAUNTLERoy ................ Vice-President
F. S. ROBERT .................. Secretary and Treasurer
J. S. FAUNTLERoy ................ Representative on “Gumbo” and Reveille Boards

Class Roll

A. L. LOUSTALOT
J. S. FAUNTLERoy
F. S. ROBERT
J. S. FAUNTLERoy

Baker, L.
Brogan, W. E.
Butler, R. E.
Connelly, E. M.
Corvison, R.
Dreyfus, H. C.
Fay, Thornwell
Fisher, W. L.
Fridge, E.
Gibson, A. S.
Guell, A.
Hamner, W. P.
Jarman, S.
Joffrion, A. B.
Kilbourne, J. H.
Lee, W. B.
Martin, W. O.
Menville, R. L.
McGlathery, S.
Robert, E. S.
Smith, V. E.
Staudinger, L. P.
Swart, R.

Taylor, J. W.
Wolff, Adolph

Biberon, W. H.
Buckner, A. W.
Coincon, O. J.
Cormier, A. J.
Daigre, H. C.
Faunt Le Roy, J. S.
Felt, A. T.
Flynn, C. W.
Garrett, J. B.
Green, H. L.
Hall, W. M.
Heard, J. E.
Jenkins, H.
Kaffie, I.
Klock, E. L.
Loustalot, A. L.
Matsue,
Majors, A. L.
Pearce, W. F.
Rousseau, E. H.
Smith, W. B.
Stayton, W. D.
Tarleton, P. C.

Colors: Orange and Blue
Dear Smithy:

To-night I have that tired, weary feeling—a sensation that so often steals over a Cadet doomed to waste nine months of his existence in the so-called "pursuit of knowledge." Throw aside text-books, jacks, and other educational apparatus, and after wasting about ten sheets of Stummy's 20c regulation cut, in attempting to write a class history for "Gumbo," fell to musing, kind o' half-way dreaming. You know the effect the "father of waters" has on a fellow in the Spring time? Somehow or other my thoughts wandered to you way off in the land of nowhere, who are plagued by men, beasts, insects, reptiles, and perhaps devils, in your patriotic zeal for Uncle Sam's expansion policy; and I knew it would do you good to jog your memory with a bit of old times, brace you up as it were. So here goes.

Tonight I am going to unbosom myself; tell you of deeds done, stripes won and lost, etc. You see, I remember that you were a most enthusiastic cuss in regard to your class, although you only stayed at this wisdom spot two months before old "Dinky" (would that he were back again!) sent you "to seek paths of usefulness in other fields," as he so politely put it. You were always prophesying great stunts for us, and so far you have been correct.

Old boy, you wouldn't any more recognize the present Junior Class as the same ill-sorted bunch that you grazed with for a brief two months than you would that this is the same place it was two years ago. Things have changed, greatly changed; it is not the cinch I wrote you of last year. The Aguinaldo commandant that Dodo imported from the Philippines is holding things down; for instance, that wild bronco crowd that were called Sophomores when we were "Freshies" have been checked up with gold cap cords and fed on privileges until they are the most docile set you ever saw. Strange what a soothing effect those things have!

Our band wagon carries about fifty players, all having good, well-tuned instruments, from lowest bass to highest flute; the rest of the 130 performers that started out in the Freshman year have either jumped their contract or were fired. But these fifty, my lad, are a powerful set of tooters; any time there is anything on and they not next, why there has been a misdeal, and probably done by our slight-of-handers, too! We are it, that's...
all there is to it. Are just rolling over everything that happens to blockade our path. It does us good to hear those other guys toot their horns once in a while. Truth of the business is, we have automobile attachments, while they still cling to horses and mules. The Seniors had a pretty good team when they started out; but their horses were poorly driven; burned them out the first three heats, so that now in the fourth and last, when they should be running at full speed, they are moving slowly; at times they have to get out and push.

We are the largest Junior Class that has ever graced this institution of learning, and when First Sergeant Boyd calls the final roll you may rest assured that we will all be on hand. When it comes to “book larnin‘,” otherwise known as gray matter, why it’s a shame to see our arc lights outshine the smoked lamps and candles of the other classes. And out on the campus, such things as waltzing with the peanut or tossing the globe are our natural callings. It would have done your heart good to see us go up against the Senior football team—(they were a pretty tough prop, by the way)—wrestle with them for a while, and then call time with the score o-o. Oh, it was a sight to behold! Then again, we can give a few lessons in class spirit. Several times this year we have had to toot against that feeble band of ’04, the custodians of all law and order, and maybe we didn’t fix them;—just consult any authority except the Reveille, which has become their official organ. Smithy, we expect to show up great next year, but things are getting mighty bumpy; however, if we do, just keep your peepers on us, some doings will be recorded.

Should like to tell you all about the other wagons, but already the bugler’s ten o’clock solo is being rendered and the lights are flickering. Take care of yourself. As ever,

Your friend,

Swipes.
Sophomore Class

Officers

First Term

SCARBOROUGH, D. C. ........................................... President
WEBER, D. L. ................................................. Vice-President
EDWARDS, F. M. .............................................. Sec'y-Treasurer

Second Term

WEBER, D. L. ................................................. President
EDWARDS, F. M. .............................................. Vice-President
MADERE, E. L. ............................................. Sec'y-Treasurer

Class Roll

Bernard, L. T. .............................................. Cross, B. A. .................. Fisher, R. H.
Berret, F. A. ................................................. Currie, W. C. .................. Fulton, R. E.
Boote, C. R. ................................................. Daly, O. P. ......................... Gibson, T. C.
Brant, S. G. .................................................. Dendy, L. B. .................. Giroud, L.
Brogan, L. E. ................................................. Desobry, E. C. ................. Golsan, G. B.
Butler, R. E. .................................................. Doherty, P. H. ................. Grevemberg, F. B.
Butler, S. L. .................................................. Dougherty, M. ................ Guidry, L. T.
Catlett, W. R. .............................................. Dreyfus, L. H. ................ Hardy, J. C.
Corley, M. F. ............................................... Feitel, N. H. ....................... Harris, L. B.
Hyde, A. S. .................................................. Marshall, C. ..................... Nicholson, M. D.
Kearney, P. A. ............................................. Mayer, B. R. .................... Noblet, J. W.
Knox, W. B. ............................................... Miller, C. S. .................... Osborne, M. G.
Lafargue, A. H. ............................................ Montalvo, J. A. ............... Perrault, L. L.
Lansing, E. E. ............................................. Moore, C. M. ................. Place, L. L.
Lee, J. G. ..................................................... Muller, J. G. ................. Quereau, F. C.
Lombard, J. O. ............................................ Naquin, W. P. ................. Ribas, C.
Malhiot, R. G. ............................................ Vignes, E. ......................... White, W. S.
Riverrlo, V. V. .............................................. Strenzke, S. ................. Williamson, G. M.
Rougou, I. B. .............................................. Tanner, R. D. ................. Wilkinson, H. P.
Scarborough, D. C. ..................................... Tillery, R. G. ................. Wright, W. S.
Shackelford, F. H. ....................................... Vignes, E. ....................... White, W. S.
Sayings of the Sophomoric Sage

Being a few chunks of scintillating sapiency handed down from the fountain-head of wisdom for the guidance of the unsophisticated Freshman

1. My son, if thou wilt receive my words and hide my commandments with thee, thy footsteps shall be safe from the snares of the ungodly, and the flesh of thy bones wilt thou preserve from the greased bowl and the leathern strap of the wicked.

2. Hearken to my precept, and when thou hast labored many moons in this vale of sorrow they shall present unto thee the skin of a sheep, and thou shalt lift up thy voice and rejoice.

3. When they shall make merry upon thy back with the heavy slat of thy couch, even as thou wert a drum, ye shall make no demur, lest they fall upon thee and devour thee, for then will they know that they have got thee going.

4. When they ease thy throat with a draught of hellish tabasco, though thy heart runneth over, yet shalt thou hold thy peace.

5. For a silent frechye affrighteth them; yea, they are astonied at him. They stumble and fall them down; there is no way to work him.

6. They give into thy hands a vessel of tin and bid thee go forth and seek thy details: I say unto thee, verily, stand not upon the order of thy going, but hike thee.

7. When a patriarch among the Juniors shall address thee, unloose thou the shoes from off thy feet; aye, verily, and the panama from off thy brow, for his head waxeth large and his chest protrudeth withal.

8. There be three things which shall be difficult for thee, yea, four which thou must strive hard to learn:

9. The way of the President when he handeth out unto thee warm air; the way of thy preceptors when thou absentest thyself from quizzes; the way of the bison of the prairie when he whispereth softly of ye law of marginal utility, and the way of ye Senior when he robeth his person in ye cap and gown.
10. My son, when thou shalt be summoned into the presence of ye main guy, let the words of thine mouth be true and speak thou no lie.

11. For it availeth thee little; already he hath thee spotted.

12. When thy preceptor shall rid himself of an venerable jest, respond thou with exceeding mirth; repeat thou often ha-ha!; let thy countenance be wreathed in smiles;

13. For in this wise, my son, shalt thou assuredly possess thyself of his leg; for then shall he marvel greatly at thy intelligence.

14. When the time approacheth for thy knowledge to be tested, think thou not at the eleventh hour to cram into thine head the accumulated wisdom of all ages;

15. Verily, it's no use.

16. Think not because thou hast an diploma from ye Squashtown Academy that thou canst pass thy days in idleness, yea, and thy nights in ye corner tavern.

17. Verily I say unto thee, go to the ant, thou sluggard, unless, peradventure, thou hast still something to hang up.

18. Then, my son, shalt thou seek thine uncle.
### Freshman Class

#### Officers

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<th>Position</th>
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<tr>
<td>President</td>
<td>J. A. Jones</td>
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<td>Vice-President</td>
<td>J. H. Jackson</td>
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<td>Sec.-Treasurer</td>
<td>W. J. Sherrouse</td>
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#### Class Roll

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<tr>
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<td>Adams, F. R.</td>
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<td>Seralles, J. J.</td>
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Open the incidents that are closely connected with the present Freshman class would, so far as can now be seen, fill innumerable pages. We, therefore, note only a few doings of the onward-moving and upward-aiming class of Naughty-Seven. By capturing some of the honors in wait for those who are eager to take them, we of the dauntless and well-known class which now leads the tail end of the academic department, hope to, are striving to, are going to show the pompous and too-dignified upper-classmen that it does not necessarily have to be one of them who seizes an honorable thing; that is to say, it is not to them only to whom knowledge consentingly shakes her weary head.

Some misfortunes, however, may come to us. We may not be the champions in baseball, although the best pitcher in college is a notable Freshman. We may not graduate on time, yet we—and particularly Jake—are determined to do so in eight or more years from now, at any rate.

Exceedingly popular in the commandant's office are some of us. Take Rip, for instance. He has paid very frequent visits to the office, calling so often that the commandant knows by that heavenly, Hoyt's-German-like scent, when he makes his approach.

The Freshman class is composed of men. We tie, as it were, ourselves to our promises. We stand by the upper classes in cases in which the welfare of the University may be benefitted; on all other occasions, we act according to the dictates of our mind and conscience.

As we look, as we ponder upon the future which these ever-commanding years force upon us, let us every one deal with her so that, when it becomes necessary to furnish references as to what a part of his past has been, he may be able to say, "I was a member of that illustrious class of Naughty-Seven."
In
Memoriam

Clarence Stern
CLASS '05
Born Aug. 5, 1887
Died May 31, 1903

Joseph P. Atkinson
CLASS '07
Born July 13, 1884
Died Feb. 12, 1904

John Cobb Pryor
CLASS '07
Born May 26, 1886
Died Feb. 14, 1904
SUB-FRESH

B.R.
## Sub-Freshman Class

### Officers

- **Andrews, C. L.** .............................................. President
- **Goodrich, J. F.** .............................................. Vice-President
- **Cheesman, A. B.** .............................................. Secretary-Treasurer

### Class Roll

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<tr>
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<td>Frieder, A.</td>
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<td>Secretary-Treasurer</td>
<td>Frierson, M. L.</td>
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54
SEPTEMBER 24—We've been here just one week—or is it one year? At this rate, I'll die before June, a mercilessly lingering death. But I'm not going to stay here; I've already written home to that effect. This is a ______ of a place. It seems to me that I came here for the purpose of being hazed. Possibly you don't know what hazing means? I do. During the day we attend classes, and between time we are marched almost to death. But it is at night that the real interesting part begins. First, we must take the center of the stage and play star parts in a performance bearing a startling resemblance to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show; then we are made to do a Graeco-Roman stunt, and the one falling on top is warmed up with trunk straps and belts—(Gee! and I used to think Pop was somewhat of a persuader!); finally, after many more such interesting turns, we are made to stand on a table and recite or sing in a most undignified manner, to the huge enjoyment of a bunch of highly appreciative barbarians. Say, it's awful. I don't want an education—not at this cost, anyway. Wish I were home.

November 28—I believe I take back, in part, what I said last time. This is not such a bad joint after all. We are more accustomed to things now, and the initiation ceremonies do not take place with such monotonous frequency. And there are many diversions with which to while the time away. The fellows have scouted out to a certainty the location in the neighborhood of every one of those "feathered songsters" so alluring to the dark-skinned sons of sunny Africa. They go fine after "taps." But "taps"—that takes me back. We live by that old horn; we eat by it; we sleep by it; we think by it; we pray (when we pray at all) by it; sometimes ("long roll"—3:30 a. m.) we dream by it. There is much about this place I do not like yet. The orderly system, for instance, is by no means pleasant. It is hard to tell whether you're a porter or a chambermaid or—well I won't say what. Sometimes, I am sort o' reconciled to my fate; but on the whole, I should like mighty well to be "t' hum on the farm."

January 27—The exams are just over. Some of the fellows passed in everything. I didn't. A strange fact has come to my attention: in spite of all the picturesque cussings I've indulged in about this pestiferous spot, blamed if I haven't formed a peculiar liking, a
sort of grim attachment, for it. It's as though the place belonged to us and offered us a snug shelter; guess it must be that peculiar ownership the Colonel spoke of. I can understand what old Spartacus must have felt when he said, "Rome, Rome, thou hast been a tender nurse to me."

With the passing of time, we have become accustomed to the atrocities perpetrated on us in the mess-hall. Our teeth are sharpened like the beaver's from long use, so that now we no longer fear that abnormal and formidable dish mess-hall steak. However, I wish they would provide us with cold chisels, so that we could more easily break the stuff up into chunks. I have grown really fond of flies.

April 2—Tempus, according to custom, continues to fugit, and the finals are fast approaching. We've been having a good time, in a very mild sort of way. Our class had a love-feast the other night, and maybe we didn't have some fun. No joshing, I think the Sub Freshmen are the most promising bunch of young ideas that the old sports who comprise the Faculty have ever taught to shoot. In addition to the many other marvelous precedents which she has established—no other class has quite reached her degree of perfection—'08 has achieved no small distinction academically. Furthermore, we have made up our minds to come back next season and transcend even our brilliant record of this year. We have not been altogether without misfortune. Some of our talented members have been unable to evade Captain Read's peculiar methods of obtaining testimony, and have departed from among us. We sincerely hope that they will return to the fold and take up anew the good fight when the next stage of our journey is reached in the Fall.

May 28—The finals are upon us, and the time has come when we must separate: some for only a few months, others for all eternity. I do not at all view this breaking up as I used to; it has lost much of the joy and exhilaration I anticipated. The fellows will go their several ways and take up the various vocations and avocations of Summer: a few will tour—not, however, as they are accustomed to the delightful pastime here; others will seek the sea-shore, the mountains, or the shade of the majestic pines; some will work. But wherever they may be found, or in whatever walk of life, I feel assured that they will always be proud of and stand up for '08 of old Louisiana.
The Staff

CAPTAIN ALVAN C. READ, 12TH INFANTRY, U. S. A.
Commandant

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM D. PHILLIPS . Adjutant
LIEUTENANT MORGAN M. HAMNER . Quartermaster

W. B. LEE . . . . . . . . . . . Sergeant-Major
F. S. ROBERT . . . . . . . Color-Sergeant
H. L. GREEN . . . . . . . Hospital Steward
J. S. Y. FAUNT LE ROY . . . . . . . . . Quartermaster-Sergeant

McGLATHERY, R. } Color-Guard
KILBOURNE, J. A. }

60
Company B

Edward S. Hardy ........................................... Captain
R. C. Howell ................................................. First Lieutenant
L. H. Meeker ................................................... Second Lieutenant
I. Kaffie .......................................................... First Sergeant

A. T. Felt
H. Jenkins

N. H. Feitel
L. J. Voorhies

Sergeants

W. M. Hall
T. Fay

Corporals

J. G. Lee
C. Marshall

L. B. Harris

Privates

Beard, W. E.
Bille, W. H.
Blanchard, B. O.
Blanchard, P. G.
Bodemuller, H.
Borg, J. G.
Bouanchaud, J.
Brooks, S.
Brooks, W.
Buckner, A. W.
Clark, C. L.
Dendy, L. B.
Dial, W. H.
Dyer, T.
Fernandez, O.
Frierson, M. L.
Hendricks, S.
Hewitt, M. R.
Hope, C. E.
Kernaghan, W.
Knox, W. N.
Lassalle, L. J.
Lawrason, T. B.
Love, L. A.
McCook, J. W.
Marmande, M.
Marshall, D.
Melancon, O.
Melancon, P.
Mitchell, E. A.
Mouch, E.
Nelson, J. D.
Newton, E. S.
Osborne, M. G.
O'Shaughnessy, J.
Pearce, W. M.
Picard, D. S.
Place, L. L.
Plaisance, B. P.
Rascoe, W. T.
Sample, G. G.
Sherrouse, W. J.
Smith, H.
Stebbins, E. A.
Stivison, A. L.
Tarleton, P. C.
Templet, E. J.
Thompson, C. R.
White, H.
White, W.
Wright, W. S.
Company C

THOMAS CRICHTON............................................. Captain
L. L. COOPER......................................................... First Lieutenant
A. S. REISOR......................................................... Second Lieutenant
W. P. HAMNER......................................................... First Sergeant

Sergeants

J. S. Y. Faunt Le Roy ........................................ W. B. Smith
V. E. Smith ...................................................................... W. L. Fisher

Corporals

E. L. Madere ...................................................... A. H. Lafargue
W. R. Catlett ...................................................... P. A. Kearney

Privates

Adams, F. R. ...................................................... Milling, R. C.
Alford, B. R. ...................................................... Mollaison, L. A.
Bailio, G. A. ....................................................... Muller, J. C.
Baker, L. ............................................................ Naquin, W. P.
Barham, J. R. ...................................................... Newton, T. C.
Bernard, J. H. ...................................................... O’Neal, L. S.
Boney, W. L. ........................................................ Owens, S. L.
Bowden, N. W. ..................................................... Scarborou, D. C.
Claiborne, N. ........................................................ Schiele, J. E.
Cole, J. D. ............................................................. Vigo, S. G.
Cooke, G. B. .......................................................... Villa, C. R.
Daigre, H. C. .......................................................... Williamson, G.
Da Ponte ............................................................... Wise, G. A.
Estess, E. .............................................................. Wise, J. Z.
Estess, E. J. ............................................................ Wolff, A.
Fargerson, R. ........................................................ Wolff, A. J.
Ferguson, A. .......................................................... Womack, T. G.
Company D

John J. Coleman ........................................... Captain
G. L. Davis ............................................... First Lieutenant
G. L. Porterie ............................................ Second Lieutenant
E. L. Klock .................................................. First Sergeant

Sergeants

A. S. Gibson
S. L. McGlathery

Corporals

D. L. Weber
A. S. Hyde

Privates

Ansley, E. C.
Babington, W. M.
Boyden, R. G.
Brandon, R. E.
Broussard, H.
Golsan, G. B.
Hamilton, J. C.
Heard, J. E.
Heard, T. J.
Hero, L. P.
Lyles, W. M.
LeBleu, F.
Laroussini, G.
McCaleb, J.
McCaleb, F.
Smith, W. H.
Strickland, D. B.
Staudinger, L. P.
Tyce, T. A.

Broussard, L.
Bryant, H. H.
Carter, L. G.
Cole, J. D.
Corley, M. P.
Holbrook, C. S.
Holstead, C.
Huckaby, G. C.
Hundley, A. V.
Hempel, A. G.
Magee, E.
Magruder, C.
Morgan, W. D.
Moyse, I.
Mangham, M.
Terzia, F. A.
Tanner, R.
Tanner, J.
Tillery, R.

Cheesman, A.
Coincon, O. J.
Daniel, F. W.
Edgerly, W. J.
Edwards, O. C.
Hunsicker, G.
Kilbourne, J. H.
Kilbourne, A.
Leary, R. R.
Lehmann, L.
Martin, A. M.
Nelson, E. E.
O’Neill, H. E.
Perrault, L. L.
Phillips, F.
Tillery, F.
Womack, J.
Womack, W.
Yeager, V. G.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Instrument</th>
<th>Instrument Family</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ashmore, G. L.</td>
<td>French Horn</td>
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<tr>
<td>Baus, R.</td>
<td>&quot;B&quot; flat Tuba</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Bird, S. A.</td>
<td>&quot;E&quot; flat Clarinet</td>
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<td>Brian, E. F.</td>
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<td>Burgess, E. W.</td>
<td>&quot;E&quot; flat Tuba</td>
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<td>Burnham, H. E.</td>
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<td>&quot;B&quot; flat Clarinet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Evans, O. A. V.</td>
<td>Bass Drum</td>
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<td>Gaulden, C. L.</td>
<td>&quot;B&quot; flat Clarinet</td>
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<td>Greveenberg, F. B.</td>
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<td>Piccolo</td>
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<td>HannagriFF, M. L.</td>
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<td>Hochenedel, B. F.</td>
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<td>Hymel, D. P.</td>
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<td>Keller, H. D.</td>
<td>&quot;E&quot; flat Alto</td>
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<td>Larrieu, A. C.</td>
<td>Cymbals</td>
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<td>Lombard, J. O.</td>
<td>Slide Trombone</td>
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<td>&quot;B&quot; flat Cornet</td>
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<td>Menville, F. A.</td>
<td>Snare Drum</td>
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<tr>
<td>Menville, R. L.</td>
<td>Snare Drum</td>
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<td>Morales, A. L.</td>
<td>&quot;B&quot; flat Cornet</td>
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<td>Moore, J. A.</td>
<td>French Horn</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ney, H. E.</td>
<td>&quot;B&quot; flat Tenor</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pearce, W. F.</td>
<td>&quot;E&quot; flat Alto</td>
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<td>Percy, E. M.</td>
<td>&quot;B&quot; flat Cornet</td>
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<td>Rincon, L.</td>
<td>&quot;B&quot; flat Clarinet</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rousseau, E. H.</td>
<td>&quot;E&quot; flat Tuba</td>
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<td>Sanders, H.</td>
<td>&quot;E&quot; flat Tuba</td>
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<tr>
<td>Spencer, L.</td>
<td>Baritone</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wilbert, J. A.</td>
<td>Baritone</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Taylor, J. W., Drum Major**
Fraternities
Order of Establishment of Chapters at Louisiana State University
Kappa Alpha
Kappa Sigma
Sigma Nu
Sigma Alpha Epsilon
Pi Kappa Alpha
Kappa Alpha

Founded at Washington and Lee University, 1865

Roll of Chapters

Washington and Lee University, Virginia
Wofford College, South Carolina
Randolph-Macon College, Virginia
Kentucky State College
University of Virginia
Polytechnic Institute, A.
University of Texas
Davidson College, North Carolina
Southern University, Alabama
Tulane University, Louisiana
University of the South, Tennessee
William Jewel College, Missouri
William and Mary College, Virginia
Kentucky University
Missouri State University
Millsaps College, Mississippi
University of California
University of West Virginia
Georgia School of Technology
University of Mississippi
Kentucky Wesleyan University
North Carolina A. and M. College

University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia
Emory College, Georgia
Richmond College, Virginia
Mercer University, Georgia
Southwestern University, Texas
and M. College, Alabama
University of Tennessee
University of North Carolina
Vanderbilt University, Tennessee
Center College, Kentucky
Louisiana State University
S. W. P. University, Tennessee
Westminster College, Missouri
Centenary College, Louisiana
Johns-Hopkins University, Maryland
Columbian University, Washington, D. C.
University of Arkansas
Leland Stanford Jr. University, California
Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia
Trinity College, North Carolina
Florida State College
Alpha Gamma Chapter of Kappa Alpha
Established July 2, 1885

Fratres in Facultate
Arthur T. Prescott  
S. T. Sanders  
Edwin L. Scott

Fratres in Universitate

Special
Butler, Richard Ellis  
Wakefield, La.
Whited, Barry Worth  
Alden Bridge, La.

Class '04
Bentley, Granville Donnaud  
New Orleans, La.
Gueno, Albert Jules  
Crowley, La.
Hardy, Edward Simmons  
Lecompte, La.
Howell, Robert Carlett  
Wilcox, La.
Johnson, Louis Hollingshead  
Bunkie, La.
Meeker, Louis Howard  
Meeker, La.

Class '05
Brogan, William Elmer  
New Orleans, La.
Fay, Thornwell, Jr.  
New Orleans, La.
Kilbourne, James Holcombe  
St. Francisville, La.
Klock, Ernest Lorne  
Cheneyville, La.

Class '06
Butler, Samuel Lawrason  
St. Francisville, La.
Doherty, Percy Hereford  
Baton Rouge, La.
Hardy, Julian Carr  
Lecompte, La.
Scarborough, Daniel Culpepper  
Natchitoches, La.

Fratres in Urbе

M. C. Aldrich
L. B. Aldrich  
R. H. Aldrich
Stewart Bynum  
Wade Bynum
Walter Bynum  
C. A. Holcombe
J. G. Lee  
M. C. Smith
Chas. McVea  
C. D. Reymond
C. F. Duchein  
J. H. Sanford
Kappa Sigma

Founded at University of Virginia, 1867

Roll of Chapters

University of Virginia
University of Alabama
Trinity College
University of Maryland
Mercer University
Vanderbilt University
University of Tennessee
Lake Forest University
Southwestern Presbyterian University
University of the South
Hampden-Sidney College
University of Texas
Purdue University
Centenary College
University of Maine
Southwestern University
Louisiana State University
University of Indiana
Cumberland University
Swarthmore College
Randolph-Macon College
Tulane University
University of Nebraska
Brown University
Washington and Jefferson College
University of Wisconsin
Alabama Polytechnic Institute
New Hampshire College
Kentucky State College
University of California
Dickinson College
Washington University
North Carolina A. and M. College

William and Mary College
University of Arkansas
Davidson College
University of Illinois
Pennsylvania State College
Columbian University
University of Michigan
Southwestern Baptist University
Baker University
Missouri School of Mines
University of Washington
Cornell University
University of Pennsylvania
University of Vermont
University of North Carolina
Wofford College
Wabash College
Ohio State University
Bowdoin College
Georgia School of Technology
Millsaps College
Bucknell University
William Jewell College
Richmond College
Missouri State University
Leland Stanford Junior University
Lehigh University
University of Georgia
University of Minnesota
University of Denver
University of Iowa
Case School of Applied Science

79
Gamma Chapter of Kappa Sigma
Established 1885

Special
Dr. H. J. Feltus

Class '04
Davis, G. L.  McGlathery, R.
Reisor, A. S.  Verret, J. A.

Class '05
Agee, H. P.
Porterie, G. L.

Class '06
Gibson, A. S.
Martin, W. O.

Class '07
Marshall, C.
Osborne, M. J.

In Facultate
Atkinson, T. W.

In Urbne
Magruder, C. W.

Loustalot, A. L.
McGlathery, S. L.

Miller, C. S.
Voorhies, L. J.

Wilson, W.

Kleinsmith, J. D.
Odom, J. F.
Roberts, C. M.
Wall, W. D.
### Sigma Nu

#### Roll of Chapters

| University of Virginia | Mount Union College |
| University of Georgia | University of California |
| University of Alabama | University of Iowa |
| North Georgia Agricultural College | William Jewell College |
| Howard College | North Carolina College of A. and M. A. |
| Washington and Lee University | Rose Polytechnic Institute |
| Central University, Kentucky | University of Vermont |
| Bethany College | Lombard University |
| Mercer University | Albion College |
| University of Kansas | Georgia School of Technology |
| Emory College | Stevens Institute |
| Bethel College | Lafayette College |
| Lehigh University | University of Oregon |
| University of Missouri | Cornell University |
| Vanderbilt University | State College of Kentucky |
| University of Texas | University of Wisconsin |
| Louisiana State University | University of Illinois |
| University of North Carolina | University of Michigan |
| DePauw University | Missouri State College of Mines |
| Tulane University | Colorado State College of Mines |
| Alabama A. and M. College | University of Colorado |
| Purdue University | Ohio State University |
| Stanford University | |
Phi Chapter of Sigma Nu
Established in 1887

Fratres in Universitate

Class of 1904
Will D. Phillips

Class of 1905
Percival C. Tarleton

Class of 1906
Robert O. Killgore
Malcolm S. Dougherty
Robert P. Reymond
Bolling A. Cross
Philip A. Kearney
George M. Williamson
Alvan H. Lafargue
Henry Goodrich

Frater in Facultate
Alvan C. Read

Fratres in Urbe

E. M. Jolly
F. T. Maxwell
J. L. Young
F. B. Jones
T. S. Jones
H. Jastremski
T. S. McVea
E. B. Young

Sanderford Jarman
William M. Hall

C. M. Brooks
W. M. Barrow
G. C. Mills
G. K. Favrot
T. M. Hunter
C. K. Fuqua
L. J. Williams
A. K. Read

84
Sigma Alpha Epsilon
Founded at the University of Alabama, 1856

Roll of Chapters

University of Maine
Boston University
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Harvard University
Worcester Polytechnic Institute
Cornell University
Columbia University
St. Stephen’s College
Allegheny College
Dickinson College
Pennsylvania State College
Buchnell University
Gettysburg College
University of Pennsylvania
University of Virginia
Washington and Lee University
University of North Carolina
Davidson College
Wofford College
University of Georgia
Mercer University
Emory College
Georgia School of Technology
University of Missouri
University of Nebraska
University of Colorado
Leland Stanford Jr. University
Louisiana State University
University of Mississippi
University of Wisconsin
Virginia Military Institute
Colorado School of Mines

University of Michigan
Adrian College
Mt. Union College
Ohio Wesleyan University
University of Cincinnati
Ohio State University
Franklin College
Purdue University
Northwestern University
University of Illinois
University of Minnesota
Central University
Bethel College
Kentucky State College
Southwestern Presbyterian University
Cumberland University
Vanderbilt University
University of Tennessee
University of the South
Southwestern Baptist University
University of Alabama
Southern University
Alabama Polytechnic Institute
Washington University
University of Arkansas
Denver University
University of California
Tulane University
University of Texas
University of Chicago
University of Kansas
La. Epsilon Chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Established 1897

Special
M. J. Foster, Franklin, La.

Class of 1904
J. J. Coleman
New Orleans, La.
J. M. Fourmy
Franklin, La.
T. Crichton
Minden, La.

Class of 1905
W. B. Lee
Monroe, La.
J. S. Y. Faunt Le Roy
Natchitoches, La.

Class of 1906
M. Nicholson, Baton Rouge, La.

Fratres in Urbe
R. S. Swire
J. S. Parish
J. E. Byram
L. D. Beale
C. J. Huguet
King Knox
G. Schoenberger
Pi Kappa Alpha
Founded at University of Virginia, 1868

Roll of Chapters

University of Virginia
William and Mary, Virginia
Southwestern Presbyterian University, Tennessee
Presbyterian College, South Carolina
South Carolina College
Cumberland University, Tennessee
University of North Carolina

University of the South
Davidson College, North Carolina
University of Tennessee
Hampden-Sidney, Virginia
Wofford College, South Carolina
Washington and Lee University, Tennessee
Vanderbilt University, Tennessee

Alabama Athletic and Military College
Roanoke College, Virginia
Richmond College, Virginia
Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded at the University of Virginia
March 1, 1868

Alpha Gamma Chapter
Established 1903

Class of 1904


Class of 1905


Class of 1906

Football
Baseball
Tennis
Fencing
Athletic Roll

John J. Coleman
Captain Football Team

E. L. Klock
Captain-elect Football Team

W. D. Slayton
Captain Baseball Team

W. S. Borland
Coach

Prof. C. H. Kretz
Manager Football Team

Sanderford Jarman
Manager Baseball Team

Executive Committee

Mr. Henry Fuqua
Prof. Henry Kretz
Prof. H. A. Morgan
Col. A. T. Prescott
Mr. Jules Roux
'Varsity Football Team

Fontenot . . . . . . . . . . . Full Back
Coleman, (Captain) . . . . . Right Half Back
Kennedy . . . . . . . . . . . Left Half Back
Fourmy . . . . . . . . . . . Quarter Back
Stayton . . . . . . . . . . . Center
Edwards, F . . . . . . . . . Left Guard
Fahey . . . . . . . . . . . Right Guard
Klock . . . . . . . . . . . Left Tackle
Guidry . . . . . . . . . . . Right Tackle
Gueno . . . . . . . . . . . Left End
Howell . . . . . . . . . . . Right End

Substitutes

Bentley . . . . . . . . . . Quarter Back
Martin . . . . . . . . . . . Tackles
Magruder . . . . . . . . . . .
Whited . . . . . . . . . . . Backs
Loustalot . . . . . . . . . . .
Bates . . . . . . . . . . . End
# Baseball Squad

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Players</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Captain</td>
<td>Stayton</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pitchers</td>
<td>Weber, Edwards F.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catchers</td>
<td>Voorhies, Hunsicker, Lombard, Kennedy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Infielders</td>
<td>Blanchard, B., Goodrich, J., Smyth, C., Slabotsky, Sanchez, Wilbert, Womack, W. T., McCook, Bruce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outfielders</td>
<td></td>
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</table>
Tennis Club

Officers

W. D. Phillips ........................................... President
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Patron Saint, Henry VIII.

Song: "If Ever I Cease to Love."

Motto: Place aux Dames

R. C. Howell ....................................................... Most Favored of the Foxy Fair
Thos. Crichton .................................................. Esteemed Leading Gay Lothario
L. H. Johnson ..................................................... Receivers of the Mitten
R. McGlathery

Also Rans

R. E. Butler V. Rivero A. J. Gueno
A. T. Felt W. D. Phillips L. H. Meeker
J. J. Coleman A. L. Loustalot M. M. Hamner

Hangers-On

J. W. Taylor C. W. Flynn L. G. Carter

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Mandolin and Guitar Club

W. Burch Lee, ...................... Manager

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Chas. W. Flynn, Mandolin
A. T. Felt, Mandolin

W. S. White, Mandolin
L. J. Voorhies, Mandolin
E. M. Percy, Mandolin

M. M. Hamner, Guitar
W. P. Hamner, Guitar
E. S. Hardy, Guitar

A. W. Buckner, Guitar
E. S. Newton, Guitar
E. H. Rousseau, Banjo

W. S. Wright, Bass Violin
Sons of Sapphira

Organized February 22, 1732

Patron Saint—Annanias
Emblem—“My Little Hatchet”

Fratres in Facultate

Thos. D. Boyd
F. H. Burnette
J. W. Nicholson
Alvan C. Read
C. H. Kretz

Fratres in Veritate

A. de St. Amant
W. D. Phillips
James M. Fourmy
J. S. Y. Faunt Le Roy
H. E. Ney

Exalted Exhaler of Baked Atmosphere
Most Worshipful Grand Fabricator
Esteemed Lecturing Knight
Venerable Walking Delegate
Rt. Rev. Exhorter

Cherubim and Seraphim

Carl Marshall
Columbus Reid
Edward Hardy
A. S. Reisor
A. S. Gibson

Fratres in Urbe

Newton C. Blanchard
John T. Michel
Jared Y. Sanders
James M. Smith
Martin Behrmann
Walter Guion
T. Sambola Jones
Knights of the Knock

Motto: When in Doubt, Knock
Patron Saint—Carrie Nation
Escutcheon—Woodpecker Rampant on a Field of Rye

C. H. Stumberg ............................ Champion Hurler of the Hammer
C. E. Coates ............................... Distiller of Knock-out Drops
W. A. Read ................................. Automatic Perpetual Motion Trip-Hammer
A. T. Prescott .............................. Tapster

Anvil Chorus

Reisor, A. S. ............................... Martin, W. O.
Bird, C. C. ................................. Verret, J. A.
Bentley, G. D. .............................. Faunt Le Roy, J. S.

Understudies
The Junior and Sub-Freshman classes
The Prestidigitators

Motto: "Après moi, le police"

Patron Saint — Madame Therese Humbert

J. K. Fahey
Chief Trickster

A. J. Gueno
Magic Hair Renewer

R. C. Howell
Mysterious Opener of the Jack-Pot

J. M. Fourmy
Leading Coin Extractor

Kleptomaniacs

W. Burch Lee       E. M. Connelly      W. F. Brooks
Wearers of the "White Ribbon"

Gaston Louis Samuel ........................................ Main Guy
Favorite Song: "Give Me My Red Top."

"Pat" O'Neill .................................................. Assistant to Main Guy
"Booze, Booze, Any Old Booze Will Do."

Favorite Songs of Others

Gee Dee .................................................. "Schlitz, Schlitz, Glorious Schlitz"

Snatch ........................................................ "Bourbon, Sweet Bourbon"

J. Kouns ...................................................... "I Want My Red Pop"

Johnny ....................................................... "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows"

Beers .......................................................... "Old Rye Will Do"

Charles Cecil .................................. "Lemonade, Sweet Lemonade, I’d Drink Thee Every Hour"
My Thoracic Friends:

You stand on the threshold of a world, to cope with which you have spent long years in preparing yourselves. Right well have you learned to wrestle with a geometric theorem and throw it down to second. You can spill a fit in calculus, discuss football rhetorically, heap imprecations on the O. D. in several shift languages and two dead 'uns, and argue to a logical conclusion the many reasons why you are bound to make a ten-strike in life's big game. You have learned to figure out with a mathematical precision that can be naught but astounding to less lofty or less elaborately trained intellects, the propriety of pulling down on three passes. A mere instants' parboiling in your mental alembics gives you the advisability of going in on an ace high when the ante has been raised and the other fellow has stood pat. You have grown sufficiently familiar with Pliny, Homer, Plutarch, Josephus, Petrarch, Virgil and other out-of-daters to call them by their first names. You can oraculate to the farmer on the best method of inducing the pioneer boll weevils to go back to Texas after their families and immigrate en masse; you may spare from your store of accumulated wisdom and instruct the poor Reuben as to the most effective manner of warring on the relentless mosquito, without risk of hurting this frisky insect's feelings to any extent; and when you tell Josh how to get the most vegetation out of his farm with the least sweat out of his brow, he will meditatively pull the cockleburs out of his front hair and reverently wonder whether he could make good use of your erudite and stalwart selves in harvest time, when the frost is on the pumpkin and the nigger is on the scoot. You have learned the proper amount of
sodium-chloride required to assimilate the legend of William Tell, the anecdote of the little cherry tree or the promises of a South American treaty, and you are duly impressed with the fact that the ever-increasing size of the navies of the world makes it imperative that all the available “Haitch,-too,-oh” should be left to float them in, and a due sense of patriotism will prevent you from imbibing this precious fluid, lest the ships of war of your own country should be left high and dry while the Kaiser's tubs sail insolently by.

In the matter of accomplishments you are equally well equipped. You have read books on etiquette and acquired the art of dissimulation to a degree that would make Chesterfield look like a reform politician four years afterwards, and you have hopped and minced through the fantasies of the German until you should have all the grace of a cavalier. None better than you know how to tear down a barber's sign and use it to advantage on the roof of a milliner. You have no peers in the coloring of a pipe, the quaffing of a bowl or the lusty winding of a college yell, and the least favored of you can, without spreading the rails, entertain a fair demoiselle by the hour, should you find sufficient motive in the premises, with anecdotes of his own prowess and encomiums of her beauty—aye, e'en though she were as ugly as a mud fence saddled with frogs.

Neither has the muscular department of your make-up been neglected. While preparing to maintain the honor of the old gold and purple on diamond and and gridiron, you have undergone Spartan training that should enable you to choke a bear with Teddy or saw a cord of wood for breakfast with the utmost ease, and you have nerve enough and steady enough nerves to hang on to the rods from here to Oshkosh.

In fact, young gentlemen, you have learned so many things so well, you are so well versed in all that is taught at the grand old “Louisiana,” that it is quite pardonable in you to think yourselves armed cap-a-pie for your battle with the world, and I scarce can find it in my heart to tell you that you have still to take up two all-important studies, an intimate knowledge of which is required to prevent your continually being flinched when you enter upon man's estate in earnest. And yet, there is no better time than this at which I could urge you to ponder the wisdom of the sage's epitome of all knowledge indispensable to man—“Know Thyself,” to which may be added the no less sage injunction, “Get Next to the Other Fellow.”

To learn one's self, dear friends, is no easy matter; it requires long years of contact with an unfeeling world. There is not one of us who, in his own estimation, is not an epic hero, as ready to do and dare as ever was knight errant of old. Your very first year
in business or whatever other pursuit you may chose to undertake will convince you that the world most strenuously objects to being done, and that the daring of a knight errant would be deemed arrant arrogance and perhaps land you in the calaboose, this fickle society of man having adopted laws for the suppression of hoboedom, forgetful of the days when it crowned the weary willies who blacksmithed out a victory in the joust and the tourney. To know one’s self necessitates an analytical scrutiny of one’s footprints in the sands of time and constant vigilance over one’s foibles and idiosyncracies, which must be contemplated through the eyes of others. The best authorities on this subject agree that the most efficient method of prosecuting this particular study is to announce one’s candidacy for a political office when all of the information sought for is furnished in print by the other fellow. A great disadvantage of this mode of procedure, however, is that it affords the other fellow too free an opportunity to acquire the very knowledge one is seeking—that is, the knowledge of one’s self. Still this unfortunate condition is to a great extent compensated for by the incentive it, per se, gives one to study the other fellow. Now, while the study of yourself is a task beside which the labors of Hercules fade into insignificance, it is but child’s play as compared with the study of the other fellow, and yet, this is a science you must absolutely master if you would achieve success in profession, business, trade or craft.

To know the other fellow as he should be known, requires constant study and unflagging determination. It is more difficult, by far, than it would be to follow Browning if the pages were flashed by a cinematograph flimflam. The other fellow is an ever changing animal in every characteristic, save in the fixity of his purpose to do you. You meet him at every turn, and he turns whenever you meet him. Perhaps he is to be jollied, mayhap he must be brow-beaten, and, again it is possible you will have to shoot him into compliance with your wishes. These are problems that will require close attention and infinite tact on your part. Maybe, like Achilles, he will only be vulnerable in the heel, and you will find it impossible to get next to him without judiciously placing tacks on the floor and striking an opportune combination between these tacks and the baby he walks with at night. Generally, you will find him most amenable to flattery. Occasionally, you butt into a specimen of him who piques himself upon the fact that he loves not flattery. In that case, profit by the wisdom of the words Shakespeare puts into
the mouth of his Brutus, discussing Caesar: . .  

“...But when I tell him he hates flatterers, 

he says he does, being then most flattered.”

The most perplexing of this particular genus of the other fellow is he who must be humored. Almost invariably the sole indulgence he craves is an opportunity to do you—sometimes by letting him make a touch for a mere few—and you will find it scarcely profitable to grant the boons upon which he makes his good-fellowship conditional.

Sometimes the other fellow belongs to that half of humanity which looks under the bed for the other half. Then the study enormously increases in interest, but becomes more difficult and expensive in the same ratio. Some men manage, after periods varying in length of repining, to understand at least a portion of this study—that is they begin to grapple with the fact that under any circumstances the particular portion of the problem referred to, viz: the mother-in-law, will do and say and think precisely the reverse of what the student in question is praying to high heaven she will do and say and think. No poet has ever immortalized the mother-in-law in ringing verse, but it is an established fact that many a poet has dodged a mother-in-law, well content that she is fully competent to immortalize herself in rolling prose. But this mother-in-law subdivision of the human family is but an inconsiderable and inconsiderate proportion of the genus to which the student must devote his attention. The all-important branch of this study is that which pertains to the blushing young maiden and the giggling, more-or-less recent widow, both to be classed among the most dangerous enemies of mankind.

We will first take up the coy maiden—figuratively, of course.

On rare occasions the true inwardness of the subject under consideration may be revealed by a treatment to ice cream soda; at other times a lobster salad and seats at a ha-ha factory for a protracted length of time will be necessary; and fortunate indeed, is the student who may solve this problem by such easy and simple means. At other times, a burglar or runaway horse must be brought into requisition, and it may even be found necessary to upset a boat or set fire to a house; still, even these desperate measures may be reckoned cheap, should they be fruitful of the desired solution. The odds, my young friends, are a few million halidomes to a Poydras Market doughnut that even a life-time spent in her company after a visit to the Reverend Tie M. Fastandloose will but lead to
the conclusion that the solution of the problem is as hopeless as the attempts to surmise the
degree of antiquity of one Ann. Difficult as are the studies to which I have already called
your attention, there still remains one as baffling and as dangerous as the awarding of
the first premium at a baby show. To master this, you must dig under the very stones
at the fathomless bottom of the Pierian spring. I refer, my friends, to the young
widow. Whether she be of grass or well cured hay, the difficulties attending a thorough
analysis of her well nigh incomprehensible nature are not one whit less than the study of
the latest fashions on the planet Mars. She has all the sweet viciousness of the maiden
and all the experience of the mother-in-law. She is a riddle that would have made the
Sphinx go into bankruptcy and would have driven Oedipus to drink. She is more deter-
mined than a western sheriff, more fascinating than a stack of blues and more shrewd than a
Chinese diplomat. Of all the perils that man has faced in his recklessness on mountain
peak and ocean wave, in beast ridden jungle and on fiercely-fought field, among savage
tribes and shell-game men, there are none to whom he will more readily fall an unsuspec-
ting, helpless prey than the widow. And still, dear friends, you must study her, for it is
in the order of things to be expected that she may be keeping your boardinghouse, and it
will behoove you, in the defence of your precious liberty, to be fully competent to detect
her beautiful snares. You may be called upon to sell her a life insurance policy—were
she wise she would take fire insurance—and you will then have to use more strategy,
wisdom and prudence than a democrat in the presidential chair. The best way to study
the widow, take my word for it, is through a telescope with smoked lenses.

In conclusion, I will strongly recommend that you keep one eye everlastingly turned
on the other fellow, male and female, and the other optic just as unremittingly fixed upon
yourselves. Your upper lip must be well starched, your spinal column scarcely less so. Your heart must
be securely bolted in place and your foot-print-
makers must be as indefatigable as though made of
steel with brass trimmings, and they must work as
freely as if they were mounted on ball bearings.
Your conceit will suffer many an unmannerly jolt,
and you will find that it will take much more than a
knowledge of Latin derivations and Greek roots to
work a railroad company for a pass. You will be
confronted with the stern fact that a prodigality of hustle, rather than intimacy with higher
mathematics, will be required to replenish your exchequer and fill your pipes after the
plumber has called. All your knowledge of botany, anatomy and bugotomy will not
suffice to determine the component parts of a mess of non-manducable boardinghouse hash.
Sonnet to a Mess Hall Biscuit

Oh, wondrous bit of undigested lead,
Why must thou wake me to a vague unrest
And lie so still and changeless in my breast?

Even the worm will turn, I’ve heard it said;
And yet I wonder if ’twere thou who led
Jim Dumps to smite thee as a last resource
And smash thy constancy by using “Force?”
Producing thus the smile that won’t rub in.

The sunny smile of Predigested Jim?
Avaunt! thou strange disturber of my dreams!

No maiden haunts my sleep as thou, it seems;
I am no lobster Jim or Quaker clam,
Yet, lo! when I behold thy form I am
Just tempted to remark a gentle “damn.”
HEN the twilight comes and the shadows lie warm and fragrant under the whispering trees, you sometimes sit and watch the single steadfast star that burns like a golden thought in the hollow of the west, and dream, and dream, and dream.

There was a time when every hour was a song. The birds and the breeze made music for you through the day, and the stars were notes of an unheard melody in the night; from the safety of your little crib you smiled sleepily at those watchful fragments of light shining like golden buttercups in a misty meadow till the angels gathered them in at dawn. Each day was a new delight to be lived in field and garden, to garner fresh wisdom from the rose, to wonder at the beauty of the brook, to marvel at the warm, sweet softness of the rain. Oh, the summer rain! that silver mystery which shrouded the shining rainbow at whose end lay the storied pot of gold. Do you remember the day you started in its quest, stout of heart, your small soul thrilling with its first endeavor? How bravely you trod through the dripping grass, lifting your eager face to the benediction of the rain — how wearily you returned in the hush of twilight to sob out your heartbreak against your mother's breast.

Oh, little Man! the days have lengthened into years and your greater manhood has come upon you as softly as the shadows out there have fallen under the whispering trees, but still the rainbow — prismatic glory of your hopes! — shines through the summer tears that Fate has sent you. And still at its end, the pot of gold, which is the sweet fruition of your dreams; is waiting, waiting!

When the twilight melts into the deeper tones of night and the single star has burned itself away upon the bosom of the west, your heart is full of a waking thought, stirred with the things you mean to do and keen for the search of the pot of gold! Oh, Dreamer! The world was built for such as you in all the glory of your youth and strength and pride; go forth and seek your rainbow gold secure in God's benediction of Life and Hope!
Some Blank Verses

You meet her there on the silvery strand,
Where the pale moon gleams above you,
She softly sighs, casts down her eyes,
And you whisper low: (Just what any other darn
fool would under the circumstances.)

You place on her lily finger fair,
Sweet token of the love you spoke—
A solitaire. What do you care
Though you had to put your watch in (the care of
one of your Hebrew relatives, perhaps.)

* * * * *

One morn there comes a perfumed note,
You read with rage that’s scarcely shammed,
Your love sent back; she’ll keep the ring!
Sweetly you murmur: “I’ll be— (You doubtless
know the conventional ending to that remark.)

Note: Any party unable to complete the rhymes may write to the editors, enclosing two cent stamp, and receive missing portions under cover of plain, sealed envelope containing no advertising matter whatever.
Some moons ago I sent you a package of language-contortion anent a batty social which was pulled off at one of the high society joints in this iniquitous burg. Weary days have since passed, but I am still at a loss to know whether or not you received the bunch of edification. What’s the matter with sobering up long enough to act decent about it? There’s no new scandal worth mentioning. What I started to write you about was the anniversary celebration of the P. and M. Club, which happened along last week. I had a bid, and as there was nothing else stirring I put on that boy’s size dress suit of mine and blew out there. A number of the fellows were on hand, and after the eating part of the entertainment had been concluded a bunch of us started out to see the sights of the town. You know the finish, Jim; I got a beautiful josh on, and performed my usual stunt of making William H. Vanderbilt look like a hundred-to-one-shot. Before the fireworks, I had twenty V-notes anchored in my jeans; next morning I was there with a dollar-eighty, and that was the draw out of a two dollar touch. If there is any truth in the old saying that money talks, I was certainly deaf and dumb just about that time.

But to return to the question before the house. I was right guide when Johnny came marching home, and it hit me that we would all be better qualified to discuss Ibsen, John Drew, and the Duchess if we took the precaution to line our underclothes with a few rounds of inspiration at Teddy’s. A strategically beautiful flank movement brought us safely into Teddy’s place, but there was no pilot handy and we couldn’t get past the bar.

Well the more inspiration we licked up, the more we aspired to inspire. Every time somebody came in that we knew we’d take a drink, and from the way I felt next morning we must have known every soul in the village. After a while somebody moved that we take a wrastle out of osseus prodders—I mean the poker bones. Say, that was a fierce entertainment. One of the fellows was trying to drink a cocktail through his ear with a perseverance that was sublime; another chap was running a race with the corner of the counter and coming home in the bunch; a third was trying to figure out whether the ceiling was the floor or the floor the ceiling, and which was trying to come down and why the other wouldn’t
stay up, and he insisted on proving the whole performance was dead wrong, according to old Nicholson’s philosophy. I was the only sane buck in the drove, being so absorbed with trying to understand how to play poker dice with ten bones that I just didn’t have time to join the loco-squad. Pretty soon, the duffer with the ceiling-and-flooring problem got a Graeco-Roman on the sugar bowl and fancy bottles in the middle of the counter, and for a time the air was literally crowded with toothpicks, spices, pretzels, showers of orange water, and everything that wasn’t chained down. Teddy laid low and jumped high for a chance at a half-Nelson on the syndicate’s exchequer, but the wad was non est and the debris had to be charged to the profit-and-investment column. Then there were doings; his Teddyship started in to make a few remarks—but I won’t bore you with details. When the smoke cleared away I was occupying my regular position in the center of the car-track, and the rest of the crew looked like a lot of stage supes posing for a battle-field scene the day after the scrap.

That rang the curtain on the first act, and we started down the street—or, rather, up the street, for it seemed to me that the blamed thoroughfare continued to lead unsteadily upwards. I guess the wind must have been against us, as we were tacking. When we reached the corner, a big policeman very kindly helped one of the fellows pull a cigar out of his eye and put us all in a nice, big cab with brass railings running back of the seats. We didn’t have any trouble registering at the hotel. The clerk put our names down for us—said we might blot the book—and we each had two bell-boys in neat blue livery to show us to our rooms. The manager liked us, too, and insisted on our staying with him over-night, but we told him we had a date to size up the sunset down by the river bank, and would have to be moving along. He couldn’t exactly understand the situation until we had settled for our rooms in advance, after which he seemed to catch the drift of our remarks and stood us a round of drinks like a good fellow. He must be a generous sort of chap, for I saw him divy-up with the bell-boys.

After we had floated around for a time, following old lady Nation’s teachings in regard to putting as much liquor out of commission as possible, one of the fellows remembered that he had a date with a couple of swell bundles of clothes out on the Boulevard. He asked us to sit in the game and we decided to stay with him. After considerable cruising, we wound up in front of the redoubt manned by the aforementioned peacherinas, and dropped anchor in the offing. Just about that time, the whole squadron was nearly torpedoed out of business by the sound of Joe Nagel’s lung exercise, squaring it with one of the girls for a seance at “The Christian” the following night. You remember Joe, don’t you? He is the little son-of-Israel who said that it wasn’t the American Jews that killed Christ, but the Russian and German sheenies. Well, that was the limit.

The admiral signaled the attack, and we sailed into the bay—I mean the porch. After the hand-mashing stunt had been worked over-time, everybody commenced jockeying for position. I drew the younger of the two dames. Her name was Mayme—Mayme Callahan. Wouldn’t that scald you? The other fellows made a few flank movements and discovered all kinds of islands that never were on the chart. If it wasn’t so hazy, I
should think that the elder of the Callahan couplet has a lovely neck and black hair, but she was sort-of continually waving it so that I couldn't quite catch the outlines. Well, Mayme and I were getting on great, although the blamed chandelier got vicious and I had to keep dodging, when that foolish little Joe came butting in. He must have brought a twin brother along, because I am sure I remember seeing two of him rubbing his hands together as though he were about to say, "Well, how moj galigo zhall I gut vor you?"

About that time I commenced to forget. I remember that one of the fellows—the President of all the trouble-makers got an awful rise out of Mayme's sister by remarking that she looked like a change in the weather. Jim, you should have seen the damsel do the offended-dignity stunt. She came up like a human yeast-cake. Joe sided with the dame and indulged in a nutty monologue to the effect that we might at least try to act like gentlemen, even if we weren't. Somebody took a shot at him with the piano stool, and there was "three minutes rough house," as they say in Texas. You'd have taken us for a lot of women playing "Pit." Old man Callahan came in to investigate, and it didn't take him as long as one of these Congressional committees to do it, either. Did it ever strike you that he is a stirring old fellow? Well, it struck me—somewhere about the water line, I believe. If it hadn't been for the garden wall, I'd be going yet.

Next morning I climbed up on the water wagon with a season ticket. After this, just scratch your Fra Wilhelm out of any race where they enter booze. That narrow-path gag for me for a long time to come. Not that I'm a quitter; but you know yourself, Jim, when you get to throwing your money away there is nothing doing.

By the way, Jim, did you know that I am billed to cop out a degree next June? Sure thing. I've covered the whole course at this wisdom mill, and it is almost time for me to sally forth to save the nation. Maybe I won't be glad to separate myself from this benighted land of the spree and home of the knave. Talk about your progressive towns and broad-minded communities? Why, the deserted village they tell about in that time-worn story has this behind-the-times hamlet skinned to death, and the people are so cramped in their belfries that their minds would find plenty of room to lie at full length on the point of a cambric needle.

Enclosed please try to find a few chunks of the currency of the realm, and for Heaven's sake send my percentage if you succeed.

Well, that'll be about all. I'm for the sleeps.

As ever, your brother,

BILL.

P. S.—Far be it from me casting up, neither am I a hard loser, but I certainly could use that hundred.
You are the Morning of my soul!
  Serene and calm and flushed with love's first light,
  The blue of whose young eyes is like the whole
  Of heaven's softness stirred to glowing sight;
  And shining with a dew of holy thought
  Transparent in the sunlight of your heart.
You are the fragrant morning of my soul!

You are the Noon-tide of my soul!
  Aglow with love and passion's golden fire
  Whose flashing eyes entreat, bewitch, control,
  Enticing to a high noon of desire!
  A day's epitome of full delight,
  Contrived of mellow tones and warmth and light . . .
You are the golden noon-tide of my soul!

You are the Twilight of my soul!
  Soft and elusive and with silence fraught,
  Leading my fainting spirit to a goal
  Of peace and calm content; whose gentle thought
  Shines in your eyes like stars that thread a way
  Across the afterglow of love's dear day;
You are the peaceful twilight of my soul!

You are my all, my all, my all!
  What if I weary of the morning's blush?
  Lo! the noon invites with siren call;
  Lo! beyond there waits the twilight hush.
  I am like night replete with thoughts of you
  Expressed in golden stars and silver dew . . .
You are the perfect day that lights my soul!
A Summing Up

He

Oh, Love is a delusion and a snare
Which, like a rocket, soars through the air—
(Look out, then, for the matrimonial stick!)
So, why should man be blinded by the trick
And throw aside his careless ease and peace
To be a captive to a girl's caprice?
Now, I prefer beyond the least regret
Eternal bondage to my cigarette,
With now and then the cup that cheers to lend
Its fragrance and its flavor to the end;
So, I'll not seek for matrimonial care—
Ah, me! Love's a delusion and a snare!

She

Oh, Love is a delusion and a snare
Which leads a woman in the path of care,
And for the full, sweet freedom of her life
Returns but this—the bondage of a wife,
And substitutes a Master and a Lord
For all the dreams that youth and life accord,
Making her lot to honor and obey
While He commands, as is the time-worn way;
Oh, life's too short to spend the fleeting span
Submitting to the foibles of a man,
So, I'll not seek for matrimonial care—
Ah, me! Love's a delusion and a snare!
It

They call me a delusion and a snare,
A synonym for every woe and care,
They chide me for the trouble that I brew,
And sneer at me and lightly scorn me, too.
But when I weary of their foolish words
I tune their fancies to the songs of birds,
I weave myself into their noblest thoughts,
And enter in the throne rooms of their hearts
A king, by right divine; I reign and smile
While they pay homage who did once revile;
And though they'll always link my name with Care,
I'll still delude them and I'll still ensnare!
The Song of the Sword

So you say
The blade doth need a pedigree?
Gadzooks! 't shall not need long.
What! Hang unsung upon your walls?
Never! Here's the song.

History of a Blade
(Somewhat on the blankety-blank order of verse.)

'Tis true Damascus steel
Wrought by Tubal's sons, long ages past,
By secret arts, that went with them
As goes the shadow with the light.
Ah! cunning is its temper, e'en
As that of fitful Dame —
Her of haughty mien and queenly stare
That doth freeze the very marrow in one's bones;
And then, anon, with am'rous glance,
Doth bend at will: Nay! all but break,
Until — whirr!
Flying back with swiftly changing phase
She's straight, and hard,
And tongued as sharp as keen-edged mockery.

* * * *
(Exclamation by the fellow writing this, who was evidently sick of his job.)

"Ah! thou wondrous blade!!"

(Aside.)

"That thou shouldst need a pedigree!!"

* * * *

In the good old days
when Leonine Richard hied abroad
And flung aloft the banner of the Cross,
This sword he bore.
Nor Saracen did meet but looked with awe
Upon the doughty blade.
Forth from its lance-like point was flung
Full many a gilded crescent borne
By sturdy Moslem hands.

"For God and Right," it oft-times reeked with ruddy gore.
But came the time when Richard's voice was stilled;
The sword was sheathed,
And laid away,
And lost.

At Crécy's bloody field 'twas flashed again,
And later on, caressing, hung by mighty Marlbro's side.
'Twas jeweled then; its brilliants brightly shone
As genius' crown, that Fame had placed
Upon the peerless War Lord's brow.

Alas! Alack! Once more 'tis lost to sight.

* * * * *

(Reflection by the party that did this.)

"Oh, elusive sword! You do but dodge the issue.
Each disappearance marks a flight of time
That hist'ry-making saves."

(Apostrophe by the same fellow.)

"Immaculate Blade of Blades,
Though thy steel be still the same
Thy handle's changed as often, e'en,
As have the hands that grasped thee;
But thy temper still thou hast,
Thy secret; held by artisans of old,
And thee."

* * * * *

(A reverie of the Blade, whispering its history for a period.
This much was ground out of it.)

"Immortal Maid of Arc!
By thee, sweet Joan, was I held;
And when with thy mailed hand
Thou raised me to thy lips
And devoutly kissed the cross that marked my hilt,
I heard thee softly murmur,
E’en as did of old the Lion-Hearted Dick,
For God and the Right.
Startled at thy nerve
Down unto the pave below, I fell;
When ringing out the metal in me pealed:
For God and the Right.
And the echoes from us twain
Did faintly mock:
‘For God and the Right.’”

* * * * *
Bereft of gems, (which added to it naught),
It leaps again from out its sheath,
The same proud steel,
To meet the vaunted blades Toledo made;
Nor hosts of France’s mighty Consul feared to meet,
Nor Moorish hordes.
’Twas after borne by he whom hist’ry knows
As England’s Iron Duke,
And in campaign Peninsula (’tis said)
Was lost again.

Note.—The fellow who compiled this is not responsible for the manner in which the knife has been swapped around.
Of course, it must have changed hands, for Richard, whom the records show as the earliest possessor, isn’t here now.

* * * * *

Mark well the dents!
Each one you see denotes a spark
That caught and set the world afame.
Here Hist’ry’s eyes are somewhat dimmed,
(By smoke that ever sorts with flame),
Nor long time knew whence went the blade;
Till Weyler, son of Ma(r)s, (Pa’s Dutch, they say),
Bade his royal mistress hope
And vowed her Pearl of Antilles
He’d cleanse of all impurities
And polish well:
With friction got from war.
Despoiled of jewelled handle bright, and scabbard e'en,
It passed beyond the Butcher's care,
And as some leprous thing was shunned
By Blanco and his hordes—
Not all for look!
A son of Spain doth seize and swear,
"I'll sheath in scabbard, ripped from Yankee pig."

**Retrospective**

Ah! bright Damascan sword!
Thou counterpart of Damoclesian blade;
The ages that thy secret hold —
That link thy mottled surface to the past—
Have naught for thee: nor has the NOW.
Thy mission's done, thy hist'ry's made.
(Nay! mission have thee yet: submission.)
When crossed thee blades at San Juan
'Twas more than match,
That Yankee blade thou met.
Mayhap 'twas, too, from Toledo,
O! Heigho!
A Few Hints on Table Etiquette
For Freshmen

It is a well-known fact that a great many Freshmen who behave well otherwise, at table are guilty of things which, if not absolutely outre ensemble, are at least pianissimo and ad hoc. If by writing an article of this kind, we can induce the man who picks his teeth at the table to come up and take higher ground and pick them in the drawing-room, we shall feel amply repaid. If you cannot accept an invitation to dinner, do not write your regrets on the back of a rain check with a charred match. This is now regarded as ricochet. A simple note to your host telling him that your room-mate has first call on the cooperative dress suit is sufficient.

Under no circumstances must you eat with your knife. This is not only uncouth, but in the best society is looked upon as blase and vice versa. Besides, if your neighbor should have a habit of spreading his elbows, you might cut your mouth.

If a lady should drop a spoonful of ice cream inside of her dress, very probably she would not be able to repress a few squirms. It would be altogether parfaitment for you to evince any signs of amusement, neither must you presume to assist her in recovering it.

When you see that your neighbor is rolling a hot potato in his mouth, do not persist in asking him questions. It might cause him to be vis a vis, and, besides, is conducive to silent profanity.

If by accident you should overturn a plate of hot soup in your lap, by no means roar out or spasmodically clutch the part affected. The trousers should be firmly and quickly grasped, and slowly raised so as to relieve the contact. A glass of water might be surreptitiously poured on the scene of action in order to produce a cooling effect, as well as to mitigate the variegated appearance of the trousers. To show any signs of discomfort in such an emergency is now condemned by the best authorities as entirely faux.sande.

When you perceive that the man opposite you has an irrepressible desire to cough at the same time he has a mouthful of water, do not ostentatiously dodge or retreat as though you feared a waterspout or at least a light shower. The napkin should be calmly but quickly spread so as to protect the eyes.

When eating a dill pickle, both hands should be held over the mouth or the head should be placed under the table. The facetious style of squirting the juice into the eye of your hostess is, to say the least, au revoir.

If you should discover a fly swimming about in your tea or coffee, do not take up the insect in your spoon and playfully ask your host if it is dead. Remarks about death at table are in very poor taste.

If you should knock over an article of tableware and break it, do not offer to make good the damage. Such a course would probably injure your credit in the community, and is not considered embonpoint, anyway.

When dining out, remember that you are no longer in the mess-hall. It is exceedingly remise de la dette to call out "next!" on something.
Straws show which way the wind blows—but so do felts.

A woman's post-script is an afterthought which generally conceals a foremost desire.

Your logic may seem conclusive, but try pitting it against the argument of a woman's smile.

Fame comes to some people only at death; like Milwaukee, it takes a bier to make them famous.

I know how it feels to be electrocuted—I've been kissed by a pretty woman.

A beer in the hand is worth two in the Busch factory.

In the matter of a kiss, a great many men would follow up the lead, but a good many wouldn't.

Concerning things that have happened beneath the moon, it is a woman's privilege to forget, a man's prerogative to remember.

Familiarity breeds content.

Evil communications generally result in a howling good time.

Treat, and the world drinks with you;

Swear off, and you go it alone.

Consider the rabbits in the field: They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon with all his wives was not more averse to race suicide than one of these.
The Worst Ever

It is said that there is a professor, not a thousand miles from Baton Rouge, who certainly bears off the palm when it comes to absent-mindedness. The other day he walked along for a quarter of a mile in the gutter instead of on the sidewalk. He would have kept on in the gutter indefinitely had not the polished back of a cab which was drawn up before a store brought him to a halt.

The absent-minded professor stopped within a foot of the cab. He looked at the smooth, black, lustrous surface, and to his mind it suggested a blackboard. Accordingly, he drew a piece of chalk from his pocket and began to work out a chemical equation.

On and on he worked, covering the carriage with symbols, when presently it started off. Still working, the professor followed it, holding on to the body of the vehicle with his left hand; and not until the pace became too quick for him did he realize that something was wrong. Then he sighed, looked about him in a dazed manner, and, pocketing his chalk, continued his walk homeward.
A Parallel Case

Cadet—"But, Colonel, why can't I have this permit?"

Col. Boyd—"My young friend, suppose Rip Van Winkle had slept ten years instead of twenty, or that a man drove in from the country and hitched his horse in front of the court house. A dog runs out into the street and is killed by a passing street car. About the same time, another Russian battleship is sent on a submarine expedition, and Senator Foster gives a realistic imitation of a man keeping his mouth shut. The man goes back to the country and several months later reads in the paper that the owner of the dog is suing the street car company. Does not this justify Louisianians in voting the Democratic ticket? And was I not right in letting the band attend the Blanchard rally? Am I not always right? Therefore, my young friend, you cannot have the permit."

Prof. Stumberg—"Yes, Mr. Naquin, in French you would call a Louisianian a LOUISIANAIS, but what would you call him in German?"

Mr. Naquin—"I reckon maybe you'd call him a LOUISIANHEUSER."

M. Joffrion—"I cannot very well understand this English language. Now take this word n-o-w-h-e-r-e. Why don't you call that NOW HERE?"

The Commandant's "court": A peculiar tribunal in which the unfortunate defendant in all cases of "Skeedet v. University" has to be not only attorney for the defense, but star witness for the prosecution.

Brogan, L., (writing for seats at the Tulane)—

Box Office, Tulane Theater,
New Orleans, La.

Dear Mr. Box Office—

Deeds and Sayings That Have Made Great People Famous

"Gentlemen, I leave this with you: Can an honorable man ever be honorable?"
—Col. Boyd.

"I can prove that I am a humming-bird."—Prof. Himes.

"This is simply an extension of the principle that a man is supposed to lie."
—Capt. Read.

"Silence."—Prof. Stumberg.

Their struggle for privileges.—The Junior Class.

Their attempt to squeeze into the Faculty.—Guilbeau, St. Amant and McCrory.
Petition

To the President and Faculty of the Louisiana State University:

In view of the fact that life for us at this terrible abode of evil spirits has by no manner of means lain along the primrose path of ease and happiness, we have met and agreed to submit the following requests, in order that those following us may pursue the even tenor of their way among more pleasant and congenial environments:

I. That on visiting Baton Rouge, each student be accompanied by at least two members of your honorable body, that he may be adequately protected from the dangers and pitfalls of this evil city.

II. That each new student, on matriculating, be presented with a bright new rattle and a bottle of Mellin's milk.

III. That the whipping-post be substituted for chapel as a mode of punishment.

IV. That the Dramatic Club be enjoined from further paralyzing a patient public.

V. That we be allowed to visit the library without being shadowed by more than one pair of Pinks.

VI. That we be granted permission to bat our eyes twice and sneeze once while in the library without receiving reprimand for creating a disturbance.

VII. That we be allowed to wear our hair long enough to part.

VIII. That the repertoire of the hospital corps be no longer restricted to quinine and dovers powders.

IX. That the Scott-King model of bicycle be replaced by the 1891 model, with the view of encouraging a spirit of up-to-dateness among the students.

X. That the "Doctor Fizz" beard be regarded as non-regulation, this applying especially to the department of political science.

XI. That your honorable body wear masks on all public occasions, in order to safeguard against panic and riot.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1904.
The Hauledoff-Fostoria
Formerly Known as Foster Hall

Oncle Joe ........................................ Maitre d’Hotel
Jean S. Y. F. L. Roy ............................ Chef
Guilliam Phillips ................................. Garçon
M. Hamner ........................................ Fille de Cuisine

MENU

SOUPES
Gumbo au pot chaud comme Diable
Oyster Soup sans oystaire

ENTREES
Onions odeur d’enter
Steak à la Rock of Ages, avec sauce de salpêtre et mouches
Poulet au Bonaparte, nourré de gun-wadding
Sausage de petit chien galeux

Eggs d’une poule avec mal de mer Pommes de terrible, user la Force

Péts à la vaché

Quaker Oats à la sourriure ne se détache

DESSERTES

Pommes sec Pears de tincanne
Mince Pie dyspepsie magnifique Prunes and Assorted Wormlets

WINE LIST

Eau au naturelle Milk, quality of mercy
Oleomargarine, vintage of ’42
Toothpicks in season

191
A Course of Lectures Delivered by Members of the Faculty

**Race Suicide,** by the Professor of Sociology

At a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, there existed a venerable female who possessed her legal domicile in an edifice primarily designed for the accommodation of the pedal extremity. She was the progenitress of so numerous an offspring that her convoluted cerebrum was incapable *per se* of resolving upon a method of procedure for maintaining the proper standard of living. Thereupon the aforesaid party bestowed upon each individual one of her progeny a modicum of distilled quintessence of a marketable commodity, unaccompanied by an unit of that meretricious pabulum so universally denominated by the misnomer "staff of life," (this being due to the irrevocability of the indubitable hypothesis of marginal utility.) Pursuant to this action, she administered to the posterior protuberance of each of her infantile scions, corporeal castigation in a conclusive manner, after which heavy-handed moral chastening, she directed all of them to proceed instanter to their several couches for the accomplishment of their physical well-being.

Now, gentlemen, is it competent for this antiquated dame thus summarily to discipline the aforementioned multitudinous minors, or, on the other hand is it not in direct contravention to the inherent supremacy of law and equity? The question here promulgated involves serious consideration. Ponder upon it.

"The Parallellopipidon," by the Professor of Mathematics

Now boys, we'll take up this morning the subject of limits. In this problem it says that a man and a woman went up a hill *n* feet high to fill a cylindrical receptacle with water. At a distance of an iambic foot from the apex, the man yielded to the force of gravitation and was projected down towards the limit to *h*——. The woman was attracted in the same direction and proceeded to follow her companion towards *b*——. Now the thing is to compute the area of the spherical segment detached from the man's
head when it reached the base, and also to determine the number of gills in the well and the age of Ann. Let $df$ represent the man, $x$, an unknown quantity, the woman, and let the paths traversed by the two be denoted by $\Pi$. By the way, boys, did I ever tell you that little story about Colonel Dumpty at the battle of Sioux Falls? He was one of the worst old fellows in the division, and we nicknamed him "Humpty." Just about the time our detachment came up, old "Humpty" was sitting on top of a rail fence. Well, just then he described a parabola and hit the ground with such force that he went all to pieces. Now do you know, I sat right down there behind a tree and figured out by calculus exactly how many pieces of mince pie the old fellow had had for dinner. Wasn't that remarkable? By remarkable, I mean both curious and wonderful.
Wild Animals I Have Known Too Well

Short Lessons in Natural History for Little Boys and Girls

The Prexy Bird

This is the very strangest an-i-mal we have. Do not go too near the cage. It has teeth. No, it does not belong to the Red Raven fam-i-ly. It is a do-do. Give it a pea-nut and hear it smile and say, "The school is yours in a pe-cu-li-ar way." Does it not look harm-less? But show it a wick-ed bot-tle of be-er. O my! How it will hop about on its perch and say ugly words. Is it not fi-erce?

My child, what les-son do we learn from this bird? We learn that there is no king but DO-do.

The Commandantus

What have we here? What is the an-i-mal with a face like a cher-u-bim? No, indeed! It is not the stren-u-ous-ted-dy. It is only a com-man-dan-tus. Do not an-noy the an-i-mal. If it catches you it will make you walk TOURS. What a dan-ger-ous cre-a-ture!

You ask what it is good for? My child, the Lord never made any-thing that did not have SOME use.

The Stum

See the love-ly Stummy! Is it not a hand-some fowl? Can it speak? Yes, it can say "Si-lence" in seven dif-fer-ent lan-gua-ges. On what should you feed it? Why, you will have to use your own judg-ment, my child. O, no! That thing in the back of the cage is not an-other Stum; it is mere-ly a little drum-ajor.

We learn from this that things are not what they seem.
FEARFUL FAMINE NOW RAGING

AT LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY

EVERYTHING "JUST OUT" IN THE MESS HALL

Uncle Joe to the Rescue

Special to Yellow Yeller:

MAGGIE HILL, May 14.—Repeated appeals for relief have been sent out from the Louisiana State University, where a terrible famine is now raging. The causes assigned for the scarcity of food are various, such as the shutting down of the Bacon Range gas works, the sawdust trust’s corner on hash, and the small proportion of roast meat in beef cake, etc.

Uncle Joe has generously volunteered to assist in relieving the situation, and from his magnificent two-acre farm he will donate, twice a week, two head of cabbages and ten feet of macaroni, which will be equally apportioned among the four hundred starving students.

Such open-handed liberality is not often met with, and should command the admiration of every person who can properly appreciate a noble act. It is to be hoped Uncle Joe will receive his just reward in the next world.

WILD RUMOR

CREDITED BY FEW

Special to Yellow Yeller:

ELSEWHERE, May 14.—Wild rumors were afoot here last night to the effect that the Louisiana State University Football Team of 1903 had scored. The reports cannot be confirmed, and were probably started by a clique of unsuspicious spectators.

Questions and Answers

The Editor of this department earnestly assures that as long as he shall live he will be the first person to get a report of such an occurrence.

Important notice to the reader of this section: this is not a section in which the Editor invites letters concerning wild rumors. He declines to print any of them. The Editor is not responsible for wild rumors appearing in this section.

THE GREAT SUPPER FOOD

USE FIERCE

The Great Supper Food

Our Tom keeps on the lowest shelves, That little man may slip himself, The food that’s light is as a bomb. “It’s Fierce for all,” says Shady Tom.

Our TOM declares the stuff we eat In Foster Hall can’t be beat. "Well, maybe that ain’t feeding some; It’s Fierce that fills,” says Shady Tom.

Yellow Yeller Form Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Horse</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Sex</th>
<th>Color</th>
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<tr>
<td>Always Best</td>
<td>4</td>
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The W. C. T. U. Home

Officers

Florence Helen Burnette ........................................... Governess
Birdie Pegues ......................................................... Assistants
Josie Billings

Chambermaids

Agatha Gibson
Carrie Flynn
Hortense Green
Mary Hamner

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Henrietta Ney
Virgie Yeager
Fannie Quereau
Jonquil Jones
Mollie Corley
Wilhelmina Fisher

House-Girls

Fannie Adams
Theodora Gibson
Roberta Killgore

Salesladies

Annie Buckner
Trixie Taylor
Cynthia Andrews
Amelia Miller
Edwina Fridge
Flora Shackelford

Suspended Members

Carlotta Marshall
Jemima Fourmy
Evelyn Rousseau

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Grand Opera at the Garighall—“Parsifal”

This week Signor Tomaso duKett, the renowned impresario, presented for the first time his troupe of high-priced song-birds, in “Parsifal,” with the captivating prima donna, Fraulein Pegues, and Herr Burnetto in the principal roles. At the climax, where Kundry, the enchantress, (Fraulein P.) tries to lure Parsifal (Herr B.) from the path of duty and is virtuously repulsed, the whole house was moved to tears by the duet there rendered. The management is to be congratulated on securing such gifted songsters.

Mlle. Nosukta Stug, the new leader of the ballet, is as airy and graceful on her feet as a hippopotamus, and her pirouettes are quite entrancing.

Next week we are promised “Faust,” with that lively little soprano, Mme. Prescoot, as Marguerite.

“The Stummy and the Humming-Bird”

At the Librarium last night the graceful matinee idol, Judgment Stumberg, made his appearance supported by that buxom blonde, Trixie Taylor. The play “The Stummy and the Humming-Bird,” is a story of life in the Dutch army and contains many strong situations. The three acts are entitled “The Bookstore,” “The Drum-Major” and “Two Strings.” The scenery is superb, and the curtain contains a picture of the fabled stork floating on the wings of “Silence.” Miss Trixie’s costumes are gorgeous and her voice is what the Russians would call qdamskivitch.

“The Sorrows of Satan”

Last Monday at the Dodo Theatre, Mr. Teedee Bee, the gruesome comedian, appeared in his favorite role, supported by Mr. Tootsiwootsy Tootles who played the part of Count NOTTABITAWISKI, the Russian Nihilist. The scene of the play is laid in the infernal regions, and in the mess-hall. The plot tells of the rebellion of the Junior imps, and how it was quelled by Satan and his satellite. The last act shows the presumptuous Juniors roasting peacefully, while the haughty villain and the fierce count stand gleefully by and occasionally punch the fire.

We have often heard of hailstones falling as large as hen’s eggs, but this was the first time that we had ever heard of hen’s eggs falling as thick as hailstones.
Envoy

And so the Finish:  If the whole is fraught
With little things which made a laugh worth while;
If fact or fancy but provoked a smile . . .
It has achieved the end for which 'twas wrought.
Finis.
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May 22  “Gumbo” for 1903 arrives.
May 24  Himes feeds sawdust to his hens.
May 26  Himes is cross in class because he did not get eggs for breakfast.
May 29  Himes’ hens are caught laying wooden eggs and knot-holes.
May 31  Baccalaureate sermon.
June  3  Degrees awarded to graduates.
       4  Students leave for home.
       7  Himes puts hen to set on twelve wooden eggs.
       9  Sanders buys a new frock.
      12  Stumberg caught jumping fence to keep from wearing out gate hinges.
      15  Himes and Atkinson decide to spend the summer down on the farm.
      18  Stumberg spends all day viewing new library.

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MARCH 29TH, 1904

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George Hill  Edward Schloss  Samuel G. Laycock
O. B. Steele  Wm. J. Knox
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>June 21</td>
<td>Himes' hen hatches eleven chickens with wooden legs and one woodpecker.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 1</td>
<td>Scott decides to get married, but thinks better of it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 2</td>
<td>Pegues decides to get married, but the girl thinks better of it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 4</td>
<td>Reception and dance at Pavilion.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>July 24</td>
<td>Atkinson appointed Master Mechanic, Chief Cook and Bottle Washer at the spoke factory.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 2</td>
<td>Stumberg leaves for Europe.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 8</td>
<td>Stumberg wires home that he has learned to say “silence” in two new languages.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 30</td>
<td>Ashley, St. Amant and Go-get-a-chair have blow-out on roof garden of workshop.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 24</td>
<td>In explanation of his having been seen entering a saloon with a pitcher, Herget said he was going for oysters.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aug. 27</td>
<td>Herget elected President of the Liars Club.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sept. 3</td>
<td>Coates absent-mindedly uses Kretz for a paper weight, and Best narrowly averts a scrap.</td>
</tr>
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D. M. REYMOND, President
Calendar—Continued

Sept.  9 Go-get-a-chair leaves for Cuba.
Sept. 12 Billings, Pegues, Atkinson and Strickland form a vocal quartette and serenade Col. Boyd.
Sept. 13 Col. Boyd complains of having been annoyed by peculiar noises during the night.
Sept. 15 Steward Holmes prepares for the return of the students by purchasing two pounds of grits and ten cents worth of meat.
Sept. 16 Aguinaldo announces the promotions.
                The Retired Officers Club is formed.
Sept. 16 Session opens.
Sept. 17 Freshies wish to be at home.
Sept. 18 First general order by Aguinaldo.
Sept. 19 New attraction for tennis players.
Sept. 21 Col. Boyd impresses on Freshies that the University is theirs. Freshies believe same until old boys take a hand at 11 p. m.

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Sept.  25  Burgess gets stool made on which to stand while using transit.

Sept.  29  Carter says that an aquiline nose is a watery one: aquiline being derived from noun *aqua*.

Oct.  1  First issue of *Reveille*.

Oct.  5  Seniors meet and Bird registers first kick.

Oct. 13  'Varsity donates a drubbing to the Alumni.

Oct. 18  Methodist students entertained by Baton Rouge’s fair church-goers.

Oct. 20  Band plays first selection.

Oct. 21  Band ordered to take up quarters at most remote corner of the grounds.

Oct. 24  Eagles went up against it in yard lengths and bounced back.

Oct. 29  Coates does not recognize Pegue’s voice over ‘phone and calls him ‘sweetheart.’

Nov.  1  'Varsity defeats Ruston Jayhawkers.

Nov.  2  Ditto Shreveporters.

---

**Calendar—Continued**

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Baton Rouge, L.A.

212
Calendar—Continued

Nov. 4  'Varsity leaves for Eastern trip
Nov. 13  'Varsity returns.  Details of trip and results of games suppressed.
Nov. 16  Entire Cumberland mountain range piles in on  'Varsity.
Nov. 21  Football season ends in game with Mississippi at New Orleans.
Nov. 22  The students unanimously decide to let the dead past bury its dead.
Nov. 24  Dramatic Club organized.
Nov. 25  Bird sprains his back doing poses.
Nov. 26  Bentley resigns as editor-in-chief of *Reveille* and is succeeded by Verret.
Nov. 28  Chicken served in usual way (with feathers) at mess-hall.
Nov. 30  Band attempts to bluff Dodo.
Dec.  1  Tables turned and the band members look for chance to call in their bluff.
Dec.  2  Scott goes sailing in winter and finds it chilly.
Dec.  3  Morgan goes daffy on Mexican boll weevil problem.

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LE ROY, N. Y.
Calendar—Continued

Dec. 6 Dupree and Morgan organize the "Consolidated Mosquito and Boll Weevil Breeders' Association," with membership limited to two.

Dec. 10 Aguinaldo inspects barracks at 1 a.m. and cadet goes into spasms on waking up and finding that physiognomy above him.

Dec. 14 Coleman gets hat enlarged to fit his head.

Dec. 19 Christmas holidays begin.

Bird sets Senior class up to a banquet. Fahey, Coleman, Reid and Crichton arrested for disturbing the peace.

Jan. 4 Christmas holidays end.

Jan. 10 All commissioned officers get caps from one to two sizes larger than before.

Jan. 16 Intermediate exams begin.

Jan. 18 Services held in Garig Hall in memory of Gen. Gordon.

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Calendar—Continued

Jan.  23  Intermediate exams end.
Jan.  28  C. E. Prof. gets sporty.
Feb.  6   Seniors attend street fair in a body.
Feb.  8   Agee mistaken for the "little man" at the street fair.
Feb. 10   Herget has roulette machine stationed in front of his house so
           that it will be handy.
Feb. 11   Herget loses on roulette machine and begins kicking about the
           immoral influence of such a thing.
Feb. 14   King writes a poem and tries to make his class believe it is one of
           Keats'.
Feb. 20   Himes was seen buying a sack of peanuts.
Feb. 22   Atkinson censures Himes for extravagance.
Feb. 28   Prof. Strickland gets off a joke.
Mar.  1   McCreary finds a new field in which to exercise his authority.
Mar.  6   St. Amant sees "The Four Cohans" from the pit, and says he could not get
           another seat.
Mar. 12   Senior Class has a unanimous opinion.

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**Calendar—Continued**

Mar. 18  Texas Taylor wears his drum-major’s uniform for the first time.

Mar. 21  Juniors get the idea that they are the whole shooting-match, and attempt to run things.

Mar. 25  Aguinaldo and Dodo form an alliance, and suppress the Junior rebellion.

Mar. 31  Easter holidays begin.

April 4  Holidays end.

Fahey returns on furlough with a clothes-bag over his shoulder, and grows confused when asked if he spent the holidays at the wash-house.

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Calendar—Continued

April 6 Col. Boyd and Capt. Read put up a bet, to be won by the better looking of the two.
April 8 Aforesaid bet decided a draw.
April 11 Himes gives less than thirty-five pages for next Psychology lesson.
April 14 Col. Boyd destroys the last vestige of college spirit by refusing to let the student manager of the baseball team have any authority, whatever.
April 15 Baseball team disbands.
April 20 Stumberg tries to become chief of the fire department and gets wet.
April 21 Burnette performs his usual stunt of butting in, and is called down by the fire laddie who played the hose on Stumberg.
April 23 Screens are put in mess-hall.
April 25 Kennedy gets to breakfast on time.
April 26 Copy for “Gumbo” sent to publishers.
April 20 Himes rooster makes good target and does the disappearance act.

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Chas. A. Belisle

Roux’s Barber Shop

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A. H. HANSON, G. P. A.
My Dear old "Public":

Don't be surprised to get this short but well meant missive. Here of late I have been thinking of you almost constantly. Things up here have been running smoothly—unusually so—yet at the same time we are in the midst of a boom. We have just received "GUMBO" from the publishers, and all of us are elated. As a work of art it's the best G-D-piece of work ever gotten out. Oh it's a BIRD! It is something after Roycroft, but it has Roycroft oozes and split-leathers skinned to death. Some Rich Guy wanted to buy the whole edition of a THOUSAND COPIES at $10 per, but in that event the purpose of the book would have been lost, consequently the management declined. Knowing your fondness for good things, I managed to swipe a few at $2.25 each for you, which you can get by sending that amount to FOURMY & LEE, Mgrs. When you begin reading it I want to advise you to select an afternoon when business isn't rushing, for once begun it can't be dropped. It's like a "short toddy," creates a longing for the big brother; and you want to keep out of your wife's way for she will think you have taken laughing gas, or more likely, a bottle of MUMMS Extra.

Well, old man, as I have an engagement with Louise and her MILLIONARE dad, to show them through the ISTROUMA hotel, I must be Moseying. By-the-way, her dad is trying to buy the Istrouma—says its the best in the southern states.

Write me when you have time, I am anxious to know how the world is treating you.

Yours in a hurry,

JIM.
THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS BOOK WERE MADE BY THE ELECTRIC CITY ENGRAVING CO. BUFFALO, N.Y.