Commencement Issue

..The..

Georgia Tech.

— June, 1899.
THE GEORGIA TECH.

Published Monthly by the Students of the
GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY.

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"Art is long, and time is fleeting," and again we find ourselves brought to the end of one more scholastic year, with which comes many vicissitudes. Among others is a change in the staff of this journal.

It is a universal law that the old must make way for the new, and in taking our departure we seize this opportunity to say a few words of thanks and appreciation to our supporters.

In editing this paper we started with little or no knowledge of the trials and tribulations which confront the editor, but we remained in that happy state of ignorance only a short while. We have, as a body editing the college paper of our institution, realized the importance of our positions and endeavored to publish a paper that would be a credit to the institution that is destined to become one of the leading colleges of its kind in the country.

We have striven to please everyone, but of course have realized the enormity of our undertaking, and regret that we have fallen so far short.

We have, of course, with our limited experience made some grievous mistakes but we plead forgiveness on the grounds that to err is human."

We wish to thank our advertisers and subscribers for their kind and liberal aid, and sincerely hope that in return we have given full compensation for help received.
SHOPS.  TEXTILES.  ACADEMIC BUILDING.
Georgia Crackers.

Among the many peculiar sights that a traveler sees in a Georgia town is the gathering together, on some streets, of rough and rickety carts, covered with mud and generally drawn by a bull or an old mule. There is something about them that at once attracts you; a piece of rope for a trace, the harness patched up with wire or cord, or maybe the driver is a tall, lank man with long hair and beard, a broad-brimmed hat drawn over his ears, and a general appearance as if it were too laborious a thing to live.

Whatever it is that attracts you, whether mule, or cart, or owner, or perhaps curiosity as to the cart's contents, at any rate you stop to inquire of a bystander who those fellows are and where they come from. He will say: "Oh, they're some po' white trash that live in the country—Georgia Crackers, we call 'em."

A person cannot travel very far through the South without hearing frequently of the Crackers, and curiosity at once prompts you to learn more of them. You go up to the group and ask one of them what he has in his cart, and a reply will come back, in a peculiar,
drawly tone: “Fat-pine kin’lin’s, two bunches for a nickel. Come twenty miles with it since mornin’.”

Since you are not in immediate need of kindlings, you move on to the next cart which looks more pretentious. Its load consists of two or three pairs of chickens, some eggs and a small general assortment of dairy products. Another cart has wood, a hog or small calf, or some holly or bay trees for garden decoration.

The whole group forms a picture which is highly interesting. These are some of the poor Southern farmers, called pretty generally throughout the South “Crackers,” famous alike for their peculiar mode of life, their hospitality and their laziness. As is generally the case with a truly lazy man’s philosophy, they take great pains to attain a very small result, often coming miles to a town to sell a dollar’s worth of goods.

Now we will turn to their homes. The houses have no windows at all, but the logs are so loosely and unevenly put together that the cracks are large enough to let in plenty of light and also rather more air than would be pleasant on a chilly night. The roof is made of rude slabs and hewn shingles, nailed on in a way that is very typical of its builder and owner, but which could hardly be called water tight.

The chimney is built entirely on the outside of the house, the lower part being made of stones picked up off the farm and cemented by the common red clay on which the house rests, while the upper portion is made of sticks laid crossways and cemented on the inside and outside with the same clay, and, finally, to hold the clay in place, boards are braced against it from the outside.

The cultivated land generally consists of a small cotton patch, next to which is a cornfield of about two or three acres in extent.

The children seem strong and healthy, their faces tanned by contact with the weather, and although they could hardly be called intelligent looking, yet they are not always without good looks, especially the younger ones.

The boys are clothed in rough cotton jeans, home-spun and home-made, and are generally barefooted. The girls are also clothed in home-made cotton cloth, without ribbons or decorations of any kind, and are generally barefooted. Inside the house the fireplace serves the double purpose of heat and light. No lamps are used nor even candles, and the only light obtainable is that of the fat-pine fire.

There is little attempt at order or decoration in the
FRONT VIEW OF THE TEXTILE BUILDING JUST BEFORE COMPLETION.
house. A few cheap pictures, mostly advertisements, deck the walls, and a piece of looking-glass about a foot square is fastened up over a table which holds the common basin and pail of water. In one corner stands the spinning-wheel and loom, with which the mother makes all the clothes. Near it is a little cupboard, loosely built of rough boards and containing a few dishes, many of which are worse for wear, and also a few cooking utensils, chief among which is a large iron pot. On top of the cupboard is a small wooden clock that has long since ceased to tell of flying moments, whether from lack of winding or not is a question unanswerable. Two chairs drawn up before the fireplace, and three beds complete the furniture of these one-roomed mansions. These beds are arranged side by side at the farther side of the room, one for the girls, one for the boys and the last for the parents.

The breakfast generally consists of a pot of steaming meal and probably coffee, but without sugar or milk; dinner, perhaps a piece of pork with meal, and supper on the same order.

To those whose ideal of life is one close to nature, there might be many points of attraction in the lives of these people. They retire early and rise with the lark; they do no more work than is absolutely necessary for an existence, rarely looking ahead, living in one room together, eating their standard dish of yellow meal out of a common pot, and drinking their home-made corn whisky out of a common bottle, caring little or nothing for education or religion in any form, hospitable and kind to all and fairly moral and honest. But to those who care for any of the comforts or advantages of civilization one visit to the homes of the Georgia Crackers will be enough, and they will never more long for an earthly ideal perfection, where wants are few, and all things are held in common.

S.
An Event.

It was one of those afternoons during the early summer which makes a person feel like reading in some cool corner. On this same day the young people attending Mabel Belmore’s house party had assembled on the large veranda surrounding the Belmore home in North Georgia, for the purpose of reading and discussing the various books, as it was too warm to indulge in any out-door sport. Major Belmore was a purely unreconstructed rebel, with an immense fortune obtained in some Georgia gold mine some years before.

He had given his only daughter a liberal education, including three years abroad. He had taken particular pains to have her prejudiced against the North and anything connected with the North.

Among the guests attending the party was a young Northerner whom Miss Belmore had met while in Paris the last year she was there. They had been together a great deal while abroad, and the natural result was that she had lost a great deal of her prejudice against the North. He was the son of a Wall Street banker who, as it seems, had lead a charge against a body of Major Belmore’s men during the war. The major remembered Colonel Bankston with little pleasure, as it was by his hands the major had received the wound which caused his retirement from the army.

Mabel had some difficulty in persuading her father to let her invite Ralph Bankston to the party, but in the end she succeeded; so Ralph came with the full intention of knowing his fate before he left.

It is of no consequence to go into any description of the other guests, except to say that they were a happy, jolly crowd. Mabel Belmore was a tall, graceful girl, with a beautiful face and figure. Her hair and eyes were of a dark-brown color. You could see culture and refinement in every line and curve of her beautiful figure. Let the reader imagine her beauty, for no words of mine can portray it to his mind.

Ralph Bankston was a man of spirit. His regard for honor and self-respect knew no bounds. He was tall and had a splendid bearing. His hair was black, and he always wore it brushed back, exposing a high forehead.

He was extremely handsome and had been the aim of many a disappointed mother. He had fallen in love with Miss Belmore while in Paris, and had accompanied her to America. Now he was happy, for he could see and talk to her as much as he liked, that being as much
as she would let him. She knew her duty too well and divided her time among all her guests.

On the summer afternoon Ralph had succeeded in getting her to sit in the farther end of the veranda with him mainly for the purpose of discussing a book they had been reading together. After some time he succeeded in carrying the conversation along other lines, gradually bringing it to the subject nearest his heart. She loved him with her whole heart and soul. She would die for him, but her proud nature would not permit her to give him any encouragement for she knew that if he loved her and wanted her to marry him, her father would sooner see her dead than for that to happen.

He told her of his love. He told her how he had loved her ever since he had first seen her. He implored her to answer and become his wife. She was steady and calm. She told him it was impossible for them to wed because her father would object.

"Fly with me to the North. No, I cannot ask you to do that. You would despise me then," he said.

"I would not despise you, but I could not go. I have not told you that I love you. I am so grieved that you love me so, and I am unable to reward you." Just then she was interrupted by her mother calling them to tea.

There was to be a dance the following night and all were looking forward with pleasure to it. Ralph was down-hearted and disappointed. He made up his mind to talk to Major Belmore. After tea he immediately sought him, finding him in the library alone. The major stormed and raved at first, but was quieted by the never of the young man. Ralph talked on in a low persuasive voice which surprised the old gentleman greatly. At last he got the major's consent to marry Mabel if she loved him, and that he mustn't speak to her on the subject until the next night.

The next morning he was full of fun, and everybody was wondering why so, especially Mabel. But that night just before the dance her father handed her a slip of paper on which was written: "A happy surprise to-night." When the dance was at its height Ralph asked Mabel to go with him into the conservatory. She consented as she was tired and wanted some air.

"Mabel," he said, "your father has——"

"Yes, I know, dear. Ralph, I love you with my whole heart and soul. I have loved you ever since I saw you," she said, half crying, half laughing.

He folds her to his breast and kisses her. Before they return to the ballroom, she has promised to go with him to the North when he returns. R. J. B.
Ananias Jenkins is Reminiscent.

It has been said by some poet that in the spring the "young man's fancy turns lightly to thoughts of love," and it also might be said that as the end of June approaches the average Tech's heart palpitates with painful pleasure at the happy anticipation of meeting once more his own particular "chunk of sweetness." This thought makes me contemplative.

The season of hard work is well-nigh ended, and the Tech student is about to enter into his well-earned rest. The period of "shooting" and of "getting shot" is nearly o'er, and the student will soon be traveling toward the Beulah Land of home and mother. Then the pies and cakes and cookies and doughnuts that mother used to make will no longer be a dream but a reality. And then there will be chicken—yes, nice tender fried chicken; but it will not be like unto the dormitory chicken which makes the midnight hour hideous with its unmentionable tortures.

Yes, and then there will be those fishing trips and those hunting trips and picnics and parties and all those different things that go to make up a happy summer holiday. Ah! the very thought of it is a pleasure.

But the most prominent of all is the thought that she will be there. Perhaps she is a black-eyed little witch that keeps you in a perpetual state of doubt.

Sometimes you think she really does care for you then again you are not so sure about it, and sometimes—yes, sometimes, she seems absolutely indifferent. And then you have the blues, and everything is dark and gloomy, and you wonder what pleasure there is in life at all,—everything goes wrong. But the next time you see her she seems so pleased to see you that your fears and doubts vanish like the mist before the rays of the early morning sun, and you wonder why anybody could feel miserable in this bright and happy world, and you wonder whether the birds are as happy as you as they flit about twittering joyously,—even the feast of the persistent mosquito is to be respected. And so the summer holidays will go by altogether too quickly.

Well, I find I have grown rather sentimental; but while I am on this lovely subject, that is to say, on this subject of love, I think it would be worth while relating a little incident that befell an unwary "Tech"—of course he is a "Sub." This innocent and unsuspecting youth is very much in love with a certain young damsel who lives in the city. Now it happens that a friend of mine lives not many doors from this charming
young lady, and it is from his lips that I get the story, and as he is a young man of good character the story may be accepted as being fairly correct.

This friend of mine was one night sitting on his piazza smoking a fragrant cigar and drinking in the beautiful moonlight (nothing stronger, gentle reader). He was also gazing at the twinkling stars and thinking about—well, I don't know just exactly what he was thinking about, but I expect his thoughts were dwelling tenderly on his "owny ownest," but that doesn't matter, and I am wandering from my story. He observed the susceptible "Sub" stroll down the street and enter the house a few doors beyond. My friend did not think much of that, for it was quite a frequent event, and he was not jealous. Now the papa of that establishment is rather strict and objected somewhat to such doings. My friend continued to enjoy the pleasant evening and also another cigar and thought many thoughts of bliss, when the serenity of the evening was disturbed by the heavy foot-falls of said parent in said residence meandering nervously round the house and out on the porch, where the young couple were sitting, and down the steps onto the sidewalk. He gazed into the heavens and looked down the street, and then he gazed down the street and looked into the starlit heavens and went back into the house. For half an hour all was silent and serene, not a leaf stirred, or a — well, out came papa again, his foot-falls disturbing the evergreen silence and hit the sidewalk again. He gazed into the heavens and looked down the road and gazed down the street and looked into the heavens. Then he opened his watch and then he shut it, and then he repeated the action, and as he did so, remarked that the moon shone very brightly at 10:30, with such marked emphasis on the 10:30 that the guileless "Sub" took just exactly thirty seconds to say good-night.

That happened a month ago, and he has not been able to screw up enough courage to make another test of the old man's endurance. I might add that he has been getting "deflunk" in all his recitations ever since.

Now, as every story is supposed to have a moral, I will point out the moral in mine, although it is self-evident. Whenever you make love to a girl, be sure and get on the right side of papa. You will find it profitable.
A'11 Tau Omega.
Founded September 11, 1865.

CHAPTER
Georgia Beta Iota.

FLOWER
White Tea Rose.

YELL:
Hip, Hurrah! Hip, Hurrah!
Three Cheers for Alpha Tau!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

COLORS
Old Gold and Sky Blue.

Beta Iota, of Alpha Tau Omega, was founded on the 18th day of September, 1888, by Mr. F. G. Corker of the Emory Chapter. He was assisted by Dr. I. S. Hopkins, who was president of the institution at that time, and Prof. Chas. Lane, Professor of English.

The Chapter has initiated one hundred and five men, and has an active membership of seventeen, and two professors in the faculty, Dr. W. H. Emerson and Prof. J. Harden Jones.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.
F. C. Turner, '99, P. R. Lamar, '00, D. D. Akers, '02, R. M. Morrison, '02, W. W. Hazzard, '03,
Word Leigh, '99, Willard Newsom, '01, W. A. Young, '02, W. H. Pinson, '03, Edward Cay, '03,
C. L. Ruse, '99, E. G. Cole, '02, I. Hardeman, '02, T. J. Fisher, '03, E. W. Hazzard, '00,
J. M. Harby, '99, R. D. Merry, '02,
ALPHA TAU OMEGA FRATERNITY.
# THE GEORGIA TECH #

## Alumni Roll.##

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COLORS
Royal Purple and Old Gold.

FLOWER
Violet.

YELL:
Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Ruh! Rah! Bonton, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Ruh! Rah! Rah! Ruh! Rah! Rah! Reel
Ruh! Rah! Rah! Rah! S. A. E.

This Chapter was established at the Georgia School of Technology March 9th, 1892.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

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E. D. Sheffield,
A. W. Hall,
T. Holmes,
R. D. Draper,
G. F. Forrest,
W. C. Jordan,
G. H. Harrison,
F. W. Hull, Jr.,
W. B. Nunnally,
R. N. Towers,
W. P. Heath,
W. O. Chears,
J. W. Furlow,
W. H. Patterson,
J. A. Stewart,
L. N. Trammell,
C. W. Hill,
G. Z. Echols,
T. P. Thompson,
F. C. Furlow,
E. L. Wight,
J. H. Etherage,
C. Lynes,
H. B. Amsworth,
R. L. Meador,
T. D. Meador,
H. Montgomery,
A. T. Mathews,
S. M. Hill,
E. J. Peters,
J. A. Betzeman,
L. C. Heart,
R. A. Alston,
S. M. Carter,
R. V. Glenn,
J. C. Roney,
F. G. Ford, Jr.,
J. C. Kirkpatrick,
J. F. Glenn,
H. W. Kirkpatrick,
W. T. Wheeler,
F. M. Butner,
G. N. Barker,
D. W. Jordon,
D. Donaldson.

*Deceased.
Kappa Sigma.
Georgia Alpha Tau Chapter.

COLORS.
Maroon, Old Gold and Peacock Blue.

FLOWER.
Lily of the Valley.

YELL:  Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Crescent and Star;  
Vive la, Vive la  
Kappa Sigma.

BIRTH—The Georgia Alpha Tau Chapter of Kappa Sigma was established at The Georgia School of Technology, October 5th, 1895.

CHARTER MEMBERS.

James Thompson Wikle,  Frank Barrows Freyer,  Bert William Seawell,  
Birton N. Wilson,  John Gillespie Johnson,  Frederic Earle Solomon,  
Walter Brooks West,  Chas. Pinkney Rowland,  William Bartow Reynolds.
KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.
Kappa Sigma.

ALUMNI MEMBERS.

James Thompson Wikle,
Birton N. Wilson,
Bert. William Seawell,
Walter Brooks West,
Frank Barrows Freyer,
John Gillespie Johnson,
Chas. Pinkney Rowland,
Frederic Earle Solomon,
William Bartow Reynolds,
Orlando Scott Sheppard, Jr.,
Marion Claiborne Snead,
Ralph R. Shropshire,
Frank Wilson Cahn,
Henry Ludlow Jordan,
Andrew Allgood Holmes,
Frederic Dupree Appleby,
Wade Hampton Field,
Edward Campbell Davis,
Shepherd Augustus Lane,
Joseph Pelham,
John Logan Jones,
Henry Crumbliss, Jr.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Justin Boardman Powell,
Milton Graham Smith,
Paul Howes Norcross,
William Darius Ferris,
John Flynn Seawell,
George Jefferson Howard, Jr.,
Mallory Reynolds Flournoy,
Chas. Hall Taylor,
Lewis Gardiner Yankey,
Paul Wesley Matherson,
Washington Goldsborough Owen,
Gerald O'Keefe Kendrick,
Hugh O'Keefe Kendrick,
Howard Austin Murph.
Sigma Nu.
Gamma Alpha Chapter.

COLORS
White, Black and Old Gold.

FLOWER
White Rose.

YELL: Hi! Rickety! Whoopety! Do!
What's the matter with Sigma Nu?
Hallabahoo! Terragahoo!! Ansneziencick
Sigma Nu!!!

The Sigma Nu fraternity was founded January 1, 1869, at the Virginia Military Institute, by cadets J. W. Hopkins, of Mablevale, Ark.; J. W. Hopson, of Memphis, Tenn.; Greenfield Quarles, of Helena, Ark.; J. M. Riley, of St. Louis, and R. E. Semple, of Mississippi.

This order, called “White-feet,” was organized mainly to oppose the “Black-feet,” as the A. T. O.'s were known. There are forty active chapters and twelve inactive ones. The membership is about 3,000.

Gamma Alpha chapter, situated at Georgia School of Technology, was founded November 25, 1896, by Mr. W. L. Kemp, of Atlanta, at the Kimball House. The charter-members were initiated by the Georgia State Convention, and are S. A. Bullock, J. C. Crawford, H. H. Ehle, R. T. Waller and A. J. Robertson. There have been thirty-one initiates and one affiliate.

ALUMNI OF CHAPTER IN CITY.
T. D. Killian, J. C. Crawford.

ACTIVE MEMBERS '98-99.
C. M. Binford, F. T. Wright, Linton Maddox, R. J. Binford, Weldon Henley, A. F. Kaufman,
E. P. Williams, J. M. Markley, Jr., W. L. Clarke, A. S. Mead, W. M. Hardwick, E. H. Bacon, Jr.,
Talfourd Fisher.
SIGMA NU FRATERNITY.
The Georgia Tech Oratorical Association.

When the Georgia Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association was first organized, the Tech was a charter member, the other colleges being the University of Georgia, Mercer, Emory and the North Georgia Military and Agricultural College. At the first contest of the association held in Atlanta in '97 the Technological College was represented by Mr. Versatile Glenn. This is the only contest in which an orator from the Tech has taken part, which fact is due to circumstances over which the student-body of the college had no control. The only person who was in position to know the actions of the State Association left the Tech to resume studies at another field of learning and before going neglected to mention to any one when the next meeting of the association would occur. This being the case, the Tech failed to send a delegate to the association convention, and on account of the non-payment of dues, due at that time, the Technological College was dropped from the association. The treasurer of the State body then wrote a letter to the local association, but for some unaccountable reason, received no answer. He then wrote to Captain Hall who replied that he had not the time to attend to the matter. Matters stood in this position until the latter part of '98 when some of the students placed a movement on foot to have the Tech reinstated. W. Philip Simms and H. L. Freeman were named as a committee to attend to this matter and after some time a letter was received from Mr. P. H. Doyal, of the University of Georgia, who gave the date of the next meeting of the State Association and other necessary information. A meeting of the student-body was called, and Mr. Simms was elected delegate to the State Convention. The Tech was not only reinstated, but by unanimous vote it was agreed to allow the Tech all privileges and benefits that would have fallen her lot had she not been dropped from the association.

A local body was now reorganized, Mr. Lee Roy Camp, '99, being chosen president, with W. Philip Simms, '00, as secretary and treasurer. The Tech is now a member, in full standing, of the Georgia Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association, and there is absolutely no reason why she cannot furnish speakers the equal of any college students in Georgia. Because the Georgia School of Technology is a college for the instruction in the Mechanic Arts is no reason, whatever, why there should not be orators among her students. History
shows some of the most brilliant speakers to have been men who were not afraid to soil their hands with the oil and dirt of the machine-shop, or to put them to the plow.

At the recent preliminary for speaker's place at the State contest next October not a superabundance of interest was taken, as was shown by the number of contestants and the small attendance. Mr. Simms was given the decision of the judges, and will represent the Tech in the next contest of the State Association. Mr. F. C. Flynt was chosen alternate. In giving the decision of the judges Prof. Matheson made some remarks which were very encouraging indeed. He promised the aid and interest of the faculty, and that henceforward he himself would give every assistance in his power to help develop the interest of oratory at the Tech. Next year, in order to encourage the boys to efforts at speaking, a valuable gold medal will be offered by the Georgia Tech Oratorical Association for the best original speech delivered at its annual contest for speaker's place. This medal will be well worth trying for and every student in college who desires to contest is more than welcome to try for it. Students, wake up! Do not think that the sole object of your presence at the Tech is to learn how to make steam engines and T squares, but remember that those who make the greatest success in life are those who can talk, as well as work. Who knows but in your tongue there may be concealed a mine of silver that will fill your pockets to overflowing? Develop this talent of which you yourself may be ignorant, and in days to come the name of Brown, and Jones, and Smith may be associated with the immortals Webster, Clay, Henry and Calhoun.
OFFICERS OF THE
THE GEORGIA TECH ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

LEE ROY CAMP.

W. PHILIP SIMMS.
The athletics at the Tech have been slowly but surely growing better and better every year. It won't be very long before the Tech will be at the top.

In '93 the Tech showed up wonderfully in football and baseball.

Next year we hope to have another such successful year. We hope to get the services of Mr. Hiseman as coach for the '99 football team. We have the material for the best football team that any college in the South has, and we have had it for several years. All we lacked was a coach, and the reason that we lacked this was because there was not enough college spirit to raise funds to hire one. Now Manager R. B. Sullivan is doing his best towards this end, and every student should see that he gives his part of the support needed. If this is done every one will get his reward by seeing the Tech turn out a winning team.

Our Athletic Association has also been in a bad fix for some time, but we hope to alter this next year, and have at least 150 members. At present there are only about 25 per cent. of the student-body members of the Association. This is not as it should be. Every man who is able should show enough interest in his college to join the Association, and in this way advance athletics at the Tech.

Below is given the list of those who have given their support towards hiring a coach for the '99 football team; also the amount subscribed:
<table>
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36
Crabb 100  Robinson 50
Daniel 100  Rogers 100
Dav's 100  Scott 100
Doster, M. G. 100  Seddon 50
Felker 100  Smith 50
Fisher, F 100  Swanson 100
Fisher, T 200  Taylor, H. H. 100
Hardeman 100  Thompson, W. C. 100
Harris 100  Thompson, W. A. 100
Harrison 100  Wagener 100
Hazard 200  Wayne 100
Hearn 100  Weatherly 100
Houston 100  Wiggs 100
Kelly 100  Wing, A. M. 200
Kendrick 300  Wing, R. C. 100
Kerr 100  Woolley (special) 50

Total $242.50

Here we have $242.50 promised. If the students raise $400 the remaining sum has been promised by some of the professors. Boys, let's do our best and show what the Tech can do.
THE KNOWLES DORMITORY—DORMITORIES E AND F IN THE BACKGROUND.
Prospects Bright for our '99 Football Team.

At present the prospects seem very bright for our coming football team. The Athletic Association is trying very hard to raise money enough to obtain the services of one of the finest and best coaches in the South. Now, if we are successful in raising the amount necessary to engage this coach for the next season there is no doubt that the old gold and white will be represented by one of the fastest, grittiest and pluckiest teams on the Southern gridiron. With this man to coach, the material that we have and will have back next September, we can put out a team that will be a credit to the institution, students and faculty.

There has long been a cry for a first-class coach for our football team. Now, fellow students, our success next season depends on whether we get this coach or not. If you ever intend to be loyal to your college, now is the best opportunity you will ever have to do so, by subscribing freely to get a coach for our next football team. There is about 30 or 40 per cent. of the students who have not given anything yet; now, boys, show your college spirit by helping the team of '99 out and not let them have to play under great disadvantages and with a small number of the student-body supporting them. It is every student's duty, in college, to support his team. It makes no difference who you are or what class you are in, it is as much your duty to support it as any one in school. Captain Hall has made as liberal an offer to help us get this coach as any president of any institution ever made. He said if the student-body, rest of faculty and outside parties would give $400, that he would give $140.

Now let us show our appreciation of the offer he has made us, by raising the $400.00 and putting out by far the best team that has ever represented the institution. Capt. Hall puts this condition on the $140.00 he promises: that the boys will come back on the 9th of September and be ready for practice on the 10th. Hard training and practice is, of course, essential to our success, and we must be back at least two weeks before school opens and go in training. If we do not train and practice hard we cannot expect to be victorious. Now let this forty per cent. of the students who have not yet given anything, come up and give their part and let's have a coach. Also let's have a good second team to give the varsity a hard practice every afternoon. Manager Sullivan is trying hard to arrange it so that we will
play at least three (if not more), of the best teams that we meet, in Atlanta. So when you return be sure that your lungs are in perfect condition, so that you can cheer your eleven on to victory. Let every man be back two weeks before school opens, to go in training. Other schools do this, and if we expect to have a team that will win we must do the same. M. P. W.

Do It.

If you have a task to do, lad, do it.
Do not dally half a day; get through it.
Do not mix your work with play,
Do not loiter by the way,
Go and do it right away—do it.

If a lesson you should learn, then learn it.
If a grindstone you must turn, then turn it.
Strike out boldly like a man;
’Tis by far the better plan.
Do the very best you can, lad—do it.

If the garden you should till, then till it.
If the woodbox you should fill, then fill it.
Though the task be not so fine,
Do not fret nor mope nor whine,
Do your duty, line on line, lad—do it.

Should the woodpile need your strength and muscle,
Get your coat off with a lively hustle.
Every stick that you shall split
Is a tribute to your grit,
And will harm you not a whit; then do it.

Never mind it if your task seems lowly,
Never mind if your reward comes slowly,
Keep your conscience clean and white,
Keep your courage strong and bright,
And you’ll surely win the fight; then do it.

If you’re good for anything you’ll show it.
Never fear but that the world will know it.
Just pursue your quiet way,
Make the best of every day,
Do your duty while you may, lad—do it.
STUDENTS, NOTICE!—I wish to state for the benefit of the students, that the ads which are to be found in this paper, represent the very best houses in the city, in their respective lines, and the students who patronize them will receive the very best attention and will get value received for their money.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

ATLANTA BAGGAGE & CAB CO.
Established 1865.
General Office: Baggage Room, Union Station.
Telephone 205.
SOL. N. CLARK, Suppt.

The only chartered and reliable Baggage Express in the City. Strangers and visitors will find us prompt and always reliable.

JAMES SHARP.

HARRY SHARP.

Sharp Brothers,
Druggists and Pharmacists,
Junction of Marietta and Walton Streets.

Fine Cigars, Soda Water
and Drug Sundries.

CARDON
FINE FOOTWEAR

36 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga.

GET YOUR...

BLANK BOOKS, LEDGERS.

Printing

The Franklin Printing and Publishing Co.,
GEO. W. HARRISON, Manager, (State Printer.)
ATLANTA, GA.

Consult them before placing your orders:
OUR STOCK OF
CLOTHING FOR SUMMER

Is now complete. We are showing the very swellest
and nobbiest styles in Summer Suits. Every
novel fabric, pattern and color combination is
represented here.

$10 $12 $15 $18

The foregoing prices command greater value than
ever before. Every garment is our own pro-
duction, manufactured by our great organization,
and is guaranteed to possess sterling wearing
qualities. We skip the middlemen’s profit, and for
that reason can sell from 20 to 30 per cent. under
retail competition.

 Stores
 EISEMAN BROS.,
Our only store in Atlanta. 15-17 Whitehall St.

Summer Hats,
Summer Underwear,
Summer Neckwear.

The variety is at its zenith. The warm
weather styles are cast, and we have the
best and richest
Exclusiveness, originality and compre-
hensiveness mark our display of these
goods. We strive for the preference and
favor of young men. That means we ex-
hibit nothing but strictly up-to-date effects.
A tour of all the stores in town and an
intelligent comparison will prove our
leadership.

 Stores
 EISEMAN BROS.,
Our only store in Atlanta. 15-17 Whitehall St.
Before Vacation Have Your Picture Taken.
Mrs. Condon will do this for you, and finish them up in the most artistic manner. Call and see Studio.

MRS. CONDON, 28½ Whitehall Street.

R. H. COMER, . . . DEALER IN . . .
.. Fancy and Staple Groceries . .
Soda-Water at New Fount.
Fresh Fruits and Fancy Cakes a Specialty.
Cor. Hemphill and North Aves.

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