

Blue and Gold

1907

George M^e Murtrie Moore,

Jackson,
Minnesota.

Staunton Military Academy,

Staunton,
Virginia.

May 4th 1907



BLUE & GOLD

VOL III

1907

The
Blue and Gold

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BY THE

CORPS OF CADETS

OF THE

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY



Staunton, Virginia

1907



CAPTAIN WILLIAM GIBBS KABLE, PH. D.,
COMMANDANT.

Dedication

TO CAPTAIN WILLIAM GIBBS KABLE, our efficient commandant and magnetic gentleman, whose genial sympathy and attractive personality lend a charm to every duty, we respectfully and affectionately dedicate the second volume of the "BLUE AND GOLD."



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
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BUSINESS MANAGERS
Harrison — Kimball

LITERARY
Ragan Brown, L. A. Armsby Blum

ATHLETIC
Brast — Fretwell

SOCIAL
King — Crawford

MILITARY
Kerr — Daugherty

ART
Small — Bryson

MISCELLANEOUS
Elder Goodhue Tanner

BOARD OF EDITORS.



PREFACE

GREATER interest has been shown in the "BLUE & GOLD" this year than last, as manifested in the spirited organizations of the school. The editors are not ungrateful for this hearty co-operation and sympathy. They have endeavored to make this year's "BLUE & GOLD" one of the best preparatory school annuals in the country. The editors can only say they have done their best. More you could not reasonably expect, for the college has not yet been reached. Asking for a kindly criticism, they offer to the friends of S. M. A. the 1907 "BLUE & GOLD". They add in conclusion that the collection and the preparation of the various material, and the reading of illegible manuscripts have left them sane, cheerful and full of hope for the future.

Bugles

Bugles !
The imperious bugles !
Still their call
Soars like an exhalation to the sky.
They call on men to fall,
To die.—
Remembered or forgotten, but a part
Of the great beating of the Nation's heart !

—Hovey.

"Possum" Knott

"POSSUM" KNOTT, whose right name is Percy,
Is thought by some to resemble Joe Searcy;
For at the Emmanuel Church he is always seen,
Looking for Francis, his V. F. I. queen.

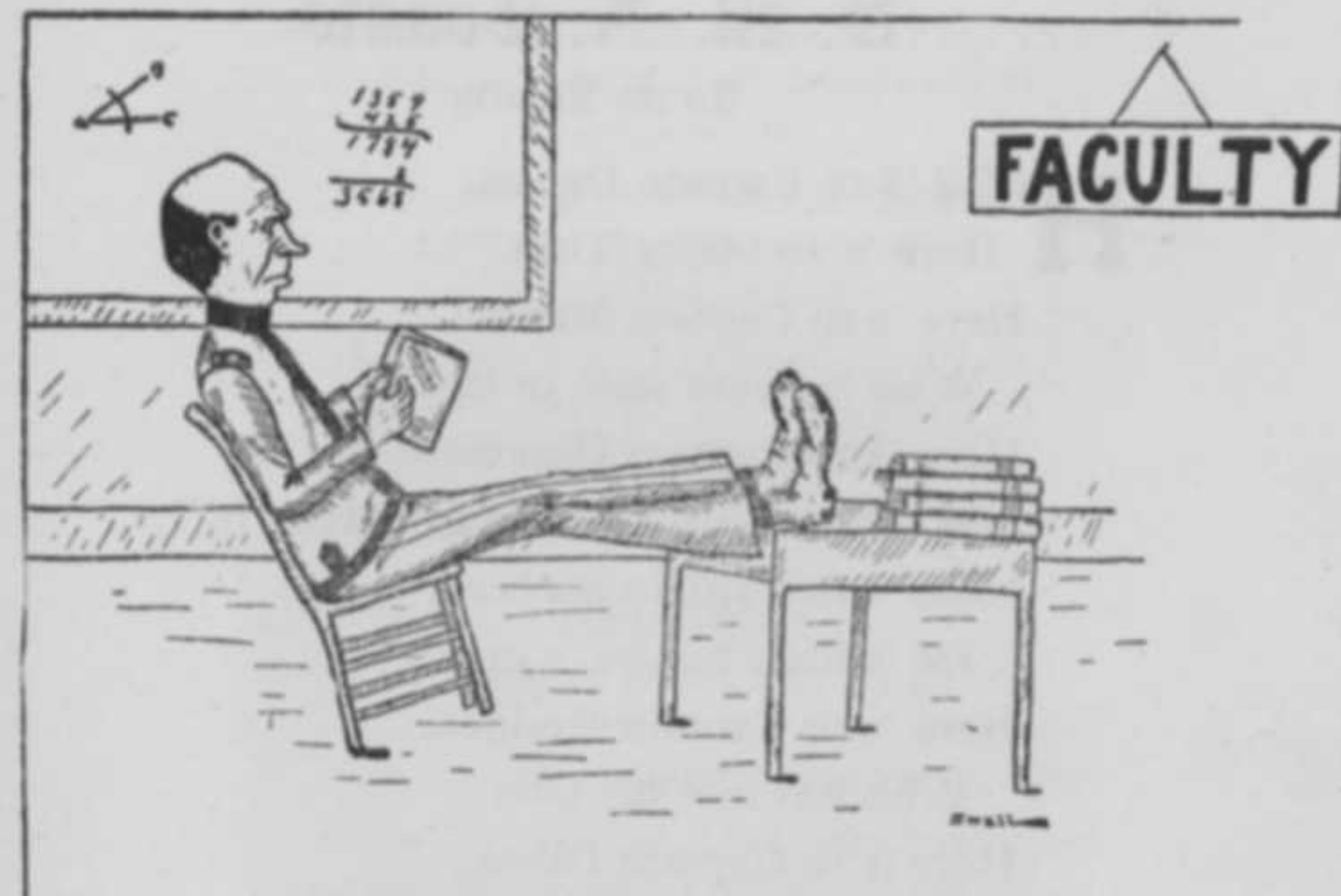
When the doors are thrown open, old "Poss" you will see,
Scramble up the church aisle to the big settee.
Here he will sit, so very sedate.
Hoping V. F. I. wont be late.

When Percy does see them, he suppresses a shout;
And sits up very straight, with his chest all swell'd out.
Francis walks right straight by, and to Percy it seems,
That he has been snubbed by his V. F. I. queen.

S. M. A. Toasts

To the Faculty

HERE'S to Captain Daniel,
 Here's to Major Tom,
 Here's to Captain Manuel
 Who's never seen in town.
 Here's to Captain Hammett,
 Whose favorite phrase is "Hang it."
 Here's to Captain Stevens,
 He's little but he's great.
 Here's to Captain Hodges,
 Who has met his fate.
 Here's to Captain Dillon,
 Whom all the girls adore.
 Here's to Captain Dick,
 Who's opened the marriage door.
 Here's to Captain Drummond,
 To Captain Tiller, too,
 And Captain John Maloney,
 Who's Irish through and through.
 We'll drink our fill
 To our Captain "Little Bill"
 And also to Captain Sharum,
 Who's better than all the men,
 And last of all I drink to one,
 Our venerable Captain Kable.
 —W. E. G.



CAPTAIN W. H. KABLE, A. M.,
 PRINCIPAL.
 CAPTAIN W. G. KABLE, PH. D.,
 COMMANDANT.

CAPTAIN C. E. DANIEL, B. S.,
Assistant Commandant,
 ("The Citadel," S. C. Military Academy,)
 MILITARY TACTICS, FRENCH.

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Headmaster,
 ("The Citadel," S. C. Military Academy,)
 MATHEMATICS.

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LATIN, GREEK.

MISS LORETTA WALTER
(Mary Baldwin Seminary, Peabody Institute,)
MUSIC.

MRS. MABEL R. SHARUM,
(Chautauqua School, New York,)
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Our Commandant



OUR able and popular Commandant, to whom this edition of the BLUE AND GOLD is affectionately dedicated, was born September 10, 1872, at Kabletown, the home of his ancestors for generations back. Here at the lower end of the far-famed Valley of Virginia and near the rippling waters of the beautiful Shenandoah, William Gibbs Kable spent his childhood days. He first attended school at the famous Charles Town Academy, an institution founded by Lord Fairfax, but presided over at that time by Captain William H. Kable, father of our Commandant. At the age of twelve the subject of our sketch came to Staunton, Va., with his father, who founded in this city the Staunton Military Academy. Here the boy remained continually under his father's able instruction until 1890, when he graduated as the honor man of his class, and Senior Captain of the Cadet Corps.

After graduation, young Kable, then eighteen years of age, went to Cincinnati to begin a business career, but he had been there only one year when he decided to better equip himself for a business profession. Accordingly he left Cincinnati and went to Baltimore, where he entered the Business College of Bryant & Stratton.

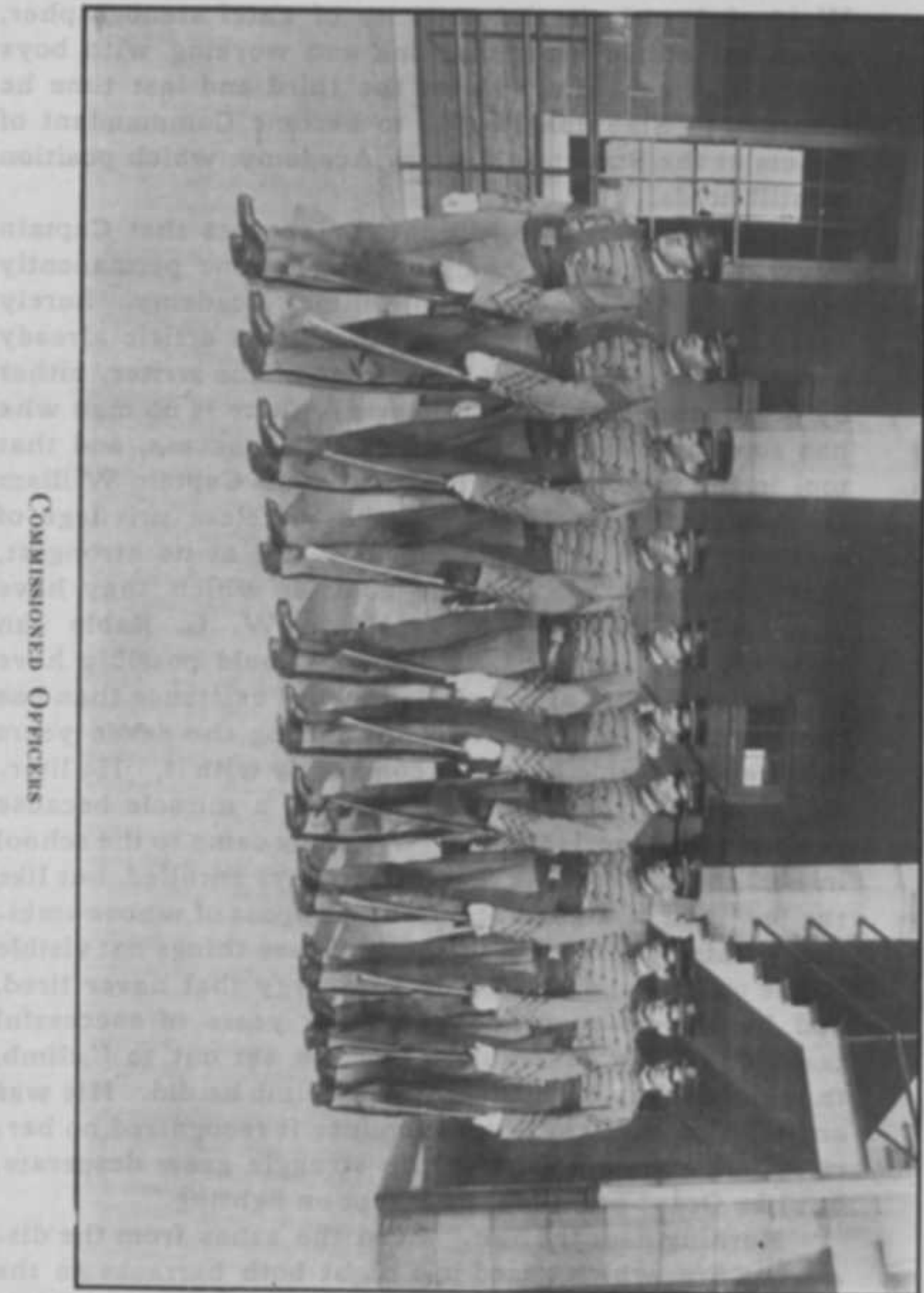
After graduation from this institution, he worked three years in the city, being associated with some of the most prominent business houses in the Metropolis of the South. From Baltimore he came back to Staunton to become a member of the faculty in the Staunton Military Academy. Here he taught for two years, when he again left Staunton, this time settling in New York City. His success in this great empire city is attested to by mentioning some of the large firms with whom he was associated: The Caledonia Fire Insurance Company, Mills & Gibb, the largest

importers in the United States; R. T. Wilson & Company, bankers and brokers of Wall Street; and he was at the Waldorf-Astoria in the capacity of chief stenographer, when his old love for teaching and working with boys again overcame him, and for the third and last time he returned to Staunton in 1900 to become Commandant of Cadets at the Staunton Military Academy, which position he still holds.

It seems useless to recount the success that Captain W. G. Kable has attained since he became permanently connected with the Staunton Military Academy. Surely every one who should chance to read this article already knows of it. Within the knowledge of the writer, either by personal observation or hearsay, there is no man who has so nearly reached the pinnacle of success, and that too, in the very prime of his life, as has Captain William G. Kable. To few men falls the priceless privilege of realizing, when their life blood is still at its strongest, that they have reached the goal for which they have struggled so hard. Among these, W. G. Kable can certainly be numbered. No school could possibly have encountered more of the vicissitudes of existence than has the Staunton Military Academy during the seven years that Captain Kable has been constantly with it. He literally raised it from the dead; no less a miracle because performed by mortal hands. When he came to the school in 1900 there were less than fifteen boys enrolled, but like the few men of a generation, the compass of whose ambition points only to success, he could see things not visible to the others, and backed by an energy that never tired, and by the co-operation and forty years of successful teaching of his venerable father, he set out to "climb, though the way be rugged." And climb he did. His was an ambition that knew no restraint; it recognized no barriers. Many, many times the struggle grew desperate, but like Grant at Shiloh, he "kept on fighting."

Nothing daunted him. Even the ashes from the disastrous fire, which razed in a night both barracks to the ground, brought him visions of a grander and more glorious building yet to come. Let his record be spoken for

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COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

by the Staunton Military Academy as it stands to-day. From twelve boys just seven years ago the enrollment for the current session shows three hundred and thirty-seven cadets, and from forty-five States of the Union, making it unquestionably the largest unendowed, non-governmental military school in the United States.

But this article would be incomplete without a word concerning the character and personality of Captain W. G. Kable as a man. When one considers this marvellous institution, built up in so short a space of time, the prosperity that is everywhere evident, the perfect system that pervades every department of the school, the happiness and contentment of each cadet and his loyalty to the institution; when one considers all these, he knows full well that such a state was not gained by brains and energy alone. It is likewise due to the winning personality of the man who is at the helm. No one who is associated with Captain Kable fails to appreciate this fact. A man of broad sympathy is he, and to whom any cadet in school can bring his most trivial troubles and get the comfort that he needs. A man with a heart as large as the barracks he has built, and in that heart each cadet knows that the warmest spot there is for him. A man who is loyal and true to every one with whom he comes in contact, and who receives in return the fidelity and confidence of all his boys and co-workers.

Such are the elements of manhood and industry that have contributed so largely to the success that Captain Kable has attained. We all love to be with him, we love to work with him, and with him stand by the flag that waves all the more proudly because raised to its eminence by the ceaseless toils of a man who was willing to pay to Success the price that she always demands.

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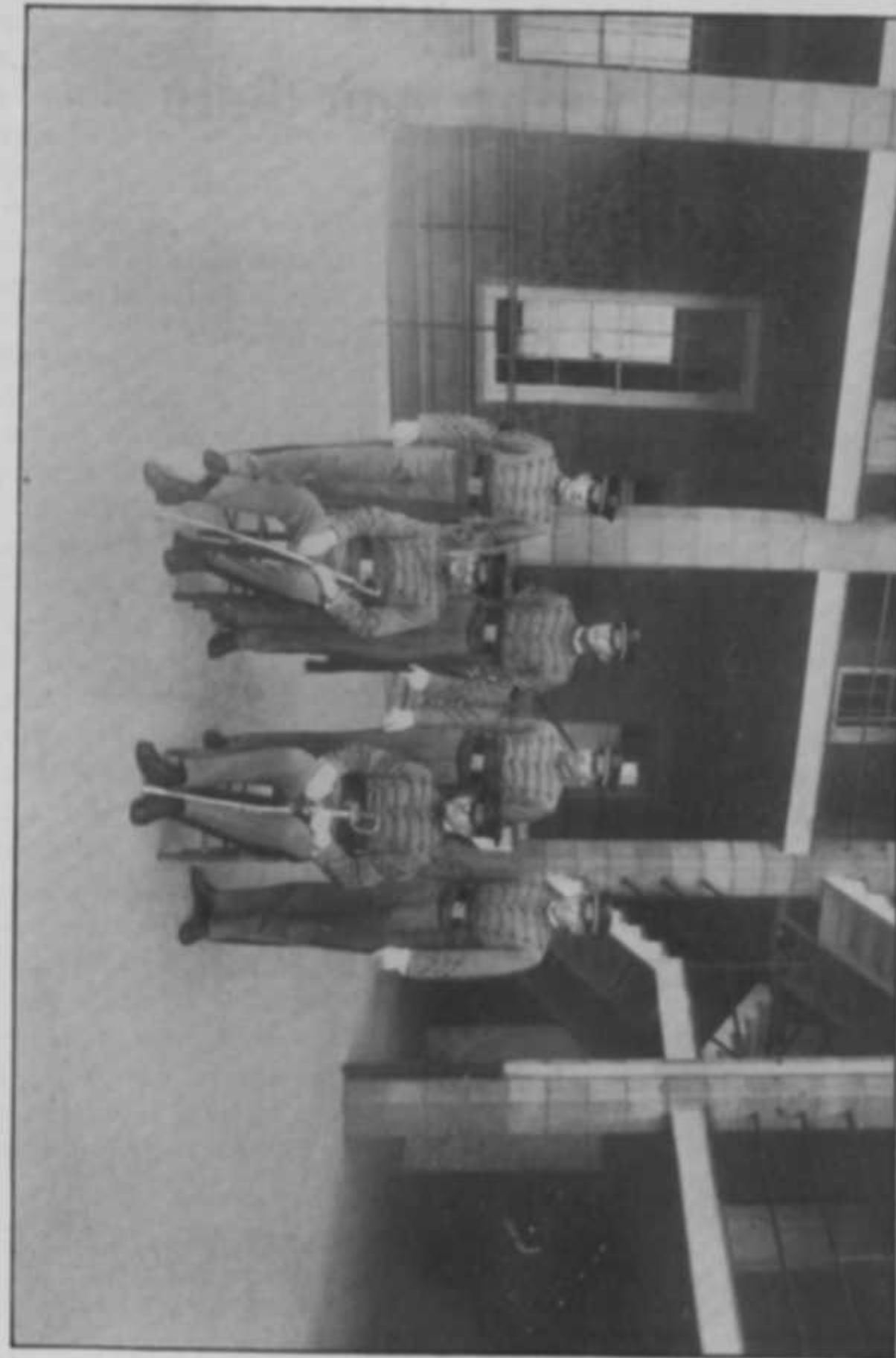
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Blue and Gold

GOLDEN are the stars as they rule thro'
The night, and reel as a rollicking crew,
Golden are the fields where ripens the grain
And golden the moon on the harvest wane
All hail! to the colors we uphold
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Blue and Gold.

Blue are the billows that dance for the sun
When golden-robed morning is due,
Blue are the curtains that evening has spun
The slumbers of Phœbus to woo,
Then hail! to the colors of a gallant crew
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Gold and Blue!

—Logan.



STAFF.

Calendar of the Year 1906

- Sept. 20. School opens.
Sept. 21. Captain Hodges shaves.
Sept. 23. The "Rats" begin to make acquaintances.
Oct. 2. Sadler and Mead mix.
Oct. 3. Sadler has a shiner.
Oct. 11. Dr. Jones begins practice.
Oct. 25. Staff takes a bath.
Nov. 5. Appointments. What did you get?
Nov. 6. Ragan O. D. from now on.
Nov. 13. Fant wrestles (fights) with the angel.
Nov. 14. Fant fell on the corner of a trunk, injuring his optic.
Nov. 29. "Good grub."
Dec. 2. Sister Wilhelm makes final call on many weeping admirers.
Dec. 4. Logan called Non Com's. to sign petition for silver hat cords.
Dec. 5. Kerr wants to install a West Point here.
Dec. 8. Elder wears long pants.
Dec. 11. Dublin's uniform arrives.
Dec. 13. Cake and sauce for dessert.
Dec. 19. The war cry is MAIL.
Dec. 20. Where is my ticket.

SENIOR



Senior Class '07

MOTTO:

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

FLOWER:

Myrtle.

President

W. H. Kerr

Vice-President

M. Frost

Secretary

J. R. Horton

Treasurer

R. H. Walker

Historian

W. T. Stewart

Prophet

H. H. Hamlin

Poet

N. H. Grosvenor

C. R. Daugherty,

J. C. Thompson,

K. S. Tanner,

J. B. Riddlemoser,

L. G. Poole,

D. N. Crawford,

R. H. Kimball,

R. M. Logan,

J. A. Harman,

R. H. Blum.

S. M. A. Toasts--2

THEN here 's to our Virginia
 She 'll bring out all there 's in ye;
 They 'll make you bright
 And treat you right,
 But if you 're bad,
 Why then they 'll fight,
 In Fair Virginia.

—E. L. P.

The Seniors

Knowing I lov'd my books.—Shakespeare

*Devise, wit; write pen; for I am for whole
 volumes in folio.* —Shakespeare.



NEWELL H. KERR, (Upsilon Gamma
 Sigma).

The town of Huron, South Dakota, gave birth to this illustrious youth. But Huron being unable to hold him, Dayton, Ohio, claimed him, from whence he came to us. He is Class president, Senior captain, President Literary Society, President Y. M. C. A. '06, Military Editor of BLUE AND GOLD, German Club '07, Swager Club '06-07, etc., etc. He intends seeking a surgeon's degree at the University of Michigan. He is one of the best all around men in the class.

Frosty, but kindly.

—Shakespeare.

MILWARD FROST.

First saw the light of day at Lexington, Kentucky. He was caught making moonshine whiskey, and had to leave for S. M. A. to save his neck. He is Vice-President of the Class, and weather prophet. The University of Minnesota (in time to come) will open her arms to deliver to him the degree of M. D.





*I had most need of blessing, and amen stuck
in my throat.* — Shakespeare.

RAYMOND HORTON, (Sigma Kappa
Literary Society).

The town of Elmira, New York, was made famous by this "son of rest." His military abilities being recognized, he was appointed a Sergeant in C company, Secretary of Class, and soon intends trying for a M. E. at the University of Michigan. His sole aim is to achieve the reputation of a firstclass spike-driver on some unfortunate railroad.

Life's uncertain voyage.
— Shakespeare.

RALPH H. WALKER, (Sigma Kappa).

Appleton, South Carolina, awoke one morning to find this noble son of the South in her midst. Being a good financier (?), the class was honored by his acceptance of its treasureship. He is a member of the Executive Committee of the Rho Epsilon Delta, Foot-Ball team '06, was Vice-President of Y. M. C. A. '05-'06, and a member this year. He is uncertain as to whether he should try for an M. A. or Ph. D. He is one of our faithful and industrious students.



*Smooth runs the water, where the brook runs
deep.* — Shakespeare.

WILLIAM T. STEWART, (Sigma
Kappa).

Lexington, Georgia, surrendered this famous stenographer to us, and in all his glory he came to us, in time to make substitute pitcher of our 1905 Baseball team, Class Historian, Secretary of Rho Epsilon Delta, and a member of the Y. M. C. A. The law having attracted him, some day he hopes to achieve his LL. D. at the Washington and Lee University. He has "made good" in every way at S. M. A.

O, my prophetic soul. — Shakespeare.

HOWARD H. HAMLIN, (Sigma Kappa).

Eaton Rapids, Michigan, gave birth to this natural prophet. In being Class Prophet he profits by his ability to prophesy the coming profits of the profitable members of this class. In this he is aided by his ability as a mathematician. He can sing (?) well, so he was placed a member of the bloody three in the play of Julius Seizer. He intends taking a six year course in the University of Michigan to obtain his M. C. E.



Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.
— Shakespeare.



NAPOLEON F. GROSVENOR, (Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

The city of Memphis, in the State of Tennessee, became panic-stricken when it was known that this, her son, was going to leave for S. M. A. Wailing women crowded the streets, and even attempted to stop the train which was going to take this second Walter Raleigh from them. A flood seemed imminent, but the reserves were called out, and the tumult ceased on his agreeing to return to take charge of the city female seminary. He will soon seek a B. S., and may he find it. He is an excellent type of the senior class gentleman.

A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.
— Shakespeare.

C. RAYMOND DAUGHERTY, (Literary Society).

Yankton, South Dakota, sent this infant prodigy to us; with his spurs and six-shooters, he appeared in our midst. Panic ensued. However, in time he shook off his terror of civilization and made the '04-'05-'06 Foot-Ball teams. Soon the University of Minnesota will begin training him for a A. B. He is Captain of Company B. He is one of our best men.



Well, honor is the subject of my story.
— Shakespeare.



DEWEES N. CRAWFORD, (Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

The School tenders a vote of thanks to McKeesport, Pennsylvania, for the contribution of this youth to us. During the four years of his attendance here, the school has discovered no better man. He was the Secretary of the Athletic Association '06, the Vice-President in '07, Manager of Baseball team '07, a member of the Foot-Ball team '04-'05-'06, member of Alpha Literary Society '06, Social Editor of ANNUAL '07, member of Swager Club '06-'07, Captain of D Company, and Vice-President of the German Club '07. Gettysburg College will soon claim him.

And thereby hangs a tale.
— Shakespeare.

JOSEPH C. THOMPSON, (Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

Lima, Ohio, gave birth to this ball-player, and sent him to us. No need to affiliate the lemon with the lime. He has risen rapidly from the ranks, and is now Adjutant. He has played on the Basket-Ball team for two years, and was Captain of this year's team. He is also Secretary of the Athletic Association '07. Next season he intends going to Amherst, there to take the business course.





I am not in the roll of common men.
— Shakespeare.

RUSSELL H. KIMBALL, (Literary Society).

He was born in Hongkong, China, undoubtedly during the Boxer uprising, in which he was captured, but by Herculean strength he broke through his guards and escaped to Chicago, Ill., from whence we received him. Because of his ability with a pen(ny), he was made Business Manager of the BLUE AND GOLD. Member of second Foot-Ball team '06, and manager of Basket-Ball team '07. He will try for a C. E. at Dartmouth.

Sweets to the sweets; farewell.
— Shakespeare.

KENNETH S. TANNER, (Tau Eta Chi).

The world first welcomed this future Bacon at Charlotte, North Carolina. He is one of the Miscellaneous Editors of THE ANNUAL, President of the T. E. X. fraternity, and a member of the Y. M. C. A. '06-'07. Soon Cornell will be honored by conferring M. E. upon him. He has been a good and faithful student.



Brain him with a lady's fan.
— Shakespeare.

JOHN B. RIDDLEMOSER, (Upsilon Gamma Sigma).

McKnightstown, Pennsylvania, sent this famous athlete to us. Our readers are asked to take a second glance at this future inter-collegiate champion. Member of Foot-Ball team '05-'06, manager of team '06, member of Baseball team '05-'06, Captain of team '06, member Executive Committee of Athletic Association, and member of German Club. He looks forward to a M. D. at Gettysburg College.

*I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells.*
— Shakespeare.

ROSSINGTON M. LOGAN, (Literary Society).

This son of Texas came to us from Ft. Worth. He was soon granted a seniorship, and he was found to be "worth for't." Because of his ability with a camera, he was elected president of the Kodak Club '07. He was also a member of second '06 Foot-Ball team. He will soon endeavor to obtain a E. E. at the University of Texas.





As musical as bright Apollo's lute.
— Shakespeare.

LUCIUS G. POOLE.

The silver tongue of the bugle awoke St. Paul, Minnesota, to allow the inhabitants to discover this second Sousa in their midst. From there he came to us. He soon found a place in this Class. He is a fine mathematician, and he even blows the calls by Calculus. He intends returning to Minnesota, and entering the State University, will try for a M. A. He is a good student and a "fine fellow."

I am no orator as Brutus is.
— Shakespeare.

RALPH K. BLUM, (Literary Society).

Los Angeles, California, gave birth to this son of Erin. But in his infancy, seeking broader fields, he changed his address to New York City. From there we received him and beg to acknowledge same. Because of his ability with the pen (?) he is one of the Literary Editors of THE ANNUAL. Belongs to Tennis Team '06. He intends seeking a LL. D. at Yale University.



Love's labor lost. — Shakespeare.

JOHN A. HARMAN.

Staunton gave birth to this future Napoleon. His taste for things military caused him to select the S. M. A. The first day he appeared on the ground the battalion was called out and ordered to present (bayonets) to him. This so affected his mind that he is thinking seriously of entering West Point to try for his sabre and laundry money.

I know a hawk from a handsaw.
— Shakespeare.

MYRON C. SUMMERS, (Literary Society).

Struthers, Ohio, desires to have it known that this descendant of the kings of England chose it as his birthplace. But he arrived here fresh from Youngstown, Ohio, so we deem it as also deserving of mention. He is Manager of the Second Baseball team '07, and a member of the Athletic Association. Purdue hopes to be allowed to grant him a M. E.



History of the Class of '07

On September 1905, you might have observed a bunch of innocent looking lads in "Citizens" making their way through the gates of S. M. A., where they were received by the old boys with rejoicing.

The first two or three months were spent under the eagle eye of an old boy, the strict discipline of the "Major" during school hours, or under the close supervision of the various teachers during recitation periods.

Soon, however, we began to have company drills under arms; and many were the groans uttered against the weight of Uncle Sam's ordnance. After the first appointment of officers, and we were divided into five companies, we began to take pride in our battalion, and to watch each other jealously at drill to see which made good, and those that seemed to have a rather hard time to understand the why's and wherefore's of the "Strenuous Life."

Meanwhile, we were all studying hard in order to make good on our monthly exams. Naturally, of course, some were eliminated on account of failure to pass all these tests, and our class became reduced in numbers.

Christmas vacation came next, and we all returned home for a short two weeks, proud to "show off" in our new uniforms. After our return to school every one set to work good and hard; and the time passed quickly. Before we knew it June had come, and with it the final drills and commencement. We all experienced a keen sense of pleasure at the last parade, for we knew that when next we answered to the bugle call, we would be "behind the lines," with a new set of "Rats" in ranks; and great would be the pleasure thereof.

We assembled with furiously beating hearts at the Opera House to see the Seniors graduate and walk off

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with the honors. How many of us wondered, then, if we would ever see the day when we could step up on the platform and have our diploma read out.

That summer, with all its pleasures, passed quickly, and we found ourselves back to old S. M. A. again, ready to take the new "Rats" in hand and show them the "straight and narrow path" of obedience and respect.

Then came the appointment of officers again, and we all listened with anxious hearts to the different ranks to which some of our Class were promoted. Commissioned officers and sergeants made up the most part, while a few of our less fortunate comrades were made corporals; but we all felt happy, for we were to graduate this time.

Naturally, of course, we all took great pride in our battalion. Before Christmas came, the battalion was fairly efficient in the manual of arms, and the Cadets were certainly a credit to the old school.

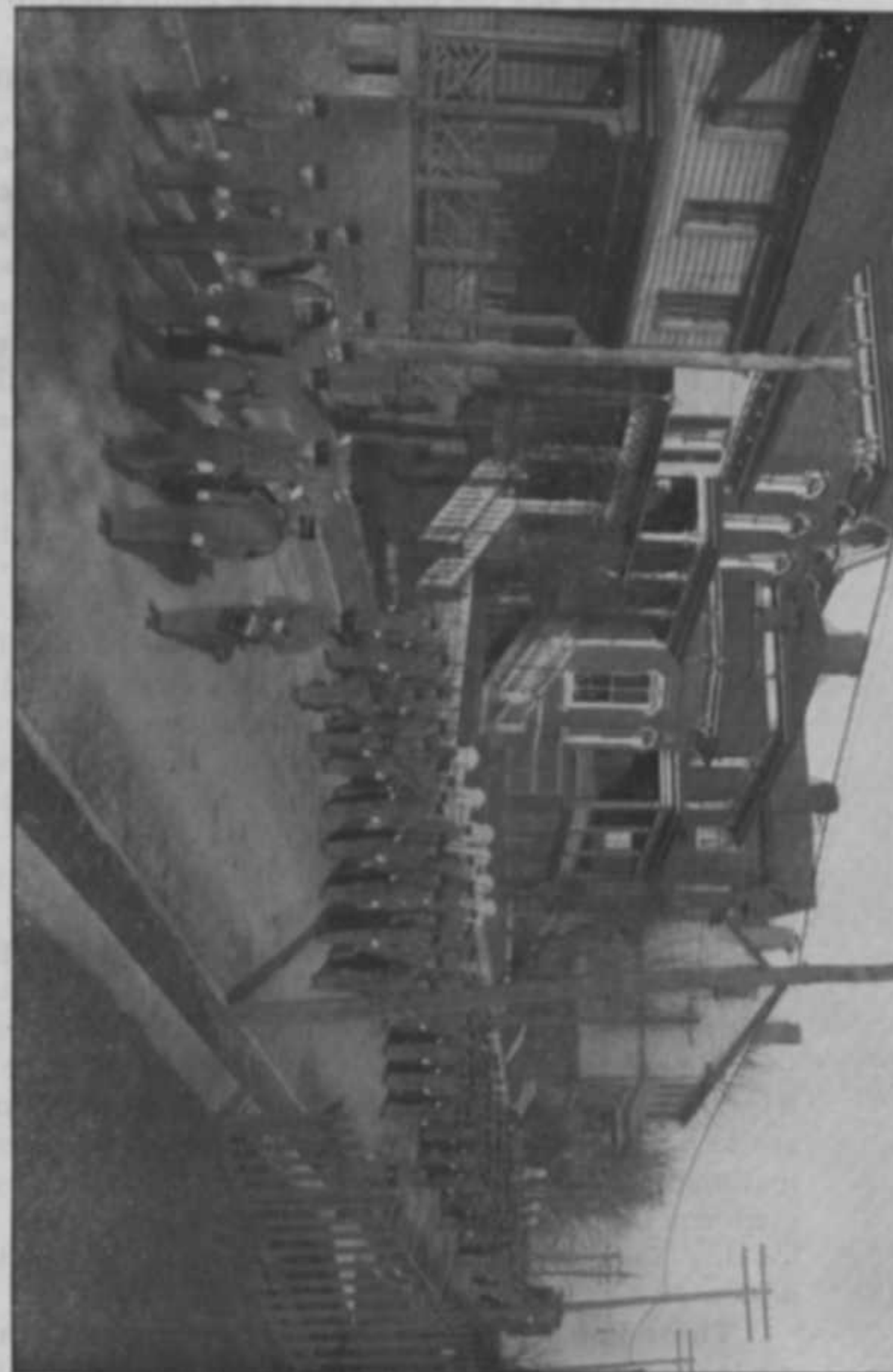
Our studies went harder this year, as we all took a look at "Trig" and were often non-plussed at our inability to work some of the problems, but after careful training by the "Major" we soon had confidence in ourselves, and were able to be "heard from" on examinations.

Christmas came once more and we enjoyed about two weeks of vacation again. Most of us went home — some to New York, some to Georgia, others to California and Maine.

Upon our return, we settled down for the last six months of our stay at S. M. A. Our studies and military duties made the time pass quickly, and it was soon May.

We are looking forward with no little pleasure to the trip to the Jamestown Exposition, and the good times we are to have while in encampment there. The keen anticipation of this trip is only exceeded in excitement by Commencement and the final drills. With great pride we are looking forward to June, when we are to receive our diplomas.

These fine old days will never be forgotten by us. As we leave Staunton we will turn for a last look at the old Barracks and and for a last hand-shake with our friends, who are to graduate in future years; and then with some



STREET PARADE.

regret for leaving a home we have grown to love, will
travel homeward to decide whether it shall be Harvard,
Yale, or a wife, and the business world.

Always in our hearts will linger fondly the memory
of our Cadet days at S. M. A. Perhaps in old age, when
time hangs heavily upon us during the long evenings,
we shall draw from the library an old faded volume
of the BLUE AND GOLD, reading how Elder wore his
trousers short, and how Captain Drummond shut up Cap-
tain Daniel in the Mess hall; and may be these kindly
reminiscences will renew again our youth, and stir anew
the old ambition.

However, we admit this is looking far into the future,
and the historian should be concerned largely about the
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Memory

R. H. BLUM, '07.

(Class Poem)



WHEN the golden sun has set beneath the mountains,
And the evening calm and peaceful guards the earth,
Then's the time when thoughts of long ago come thronging,
Thoughts of present, to the thoughts of past, give birth.

When the index of our mind sums up the loved ones,
Names the things that we have known and knowing loved
Then our minds will travel back to far off Staunton,
And the friends who long ago 've been called above.

And the sun reflecting on the bright gun barrels,
Tipped with bayonets of pointed burnished steel;
And the memory of the duck and grey still linger
As the whole will 'till our minds have ceased to feel.

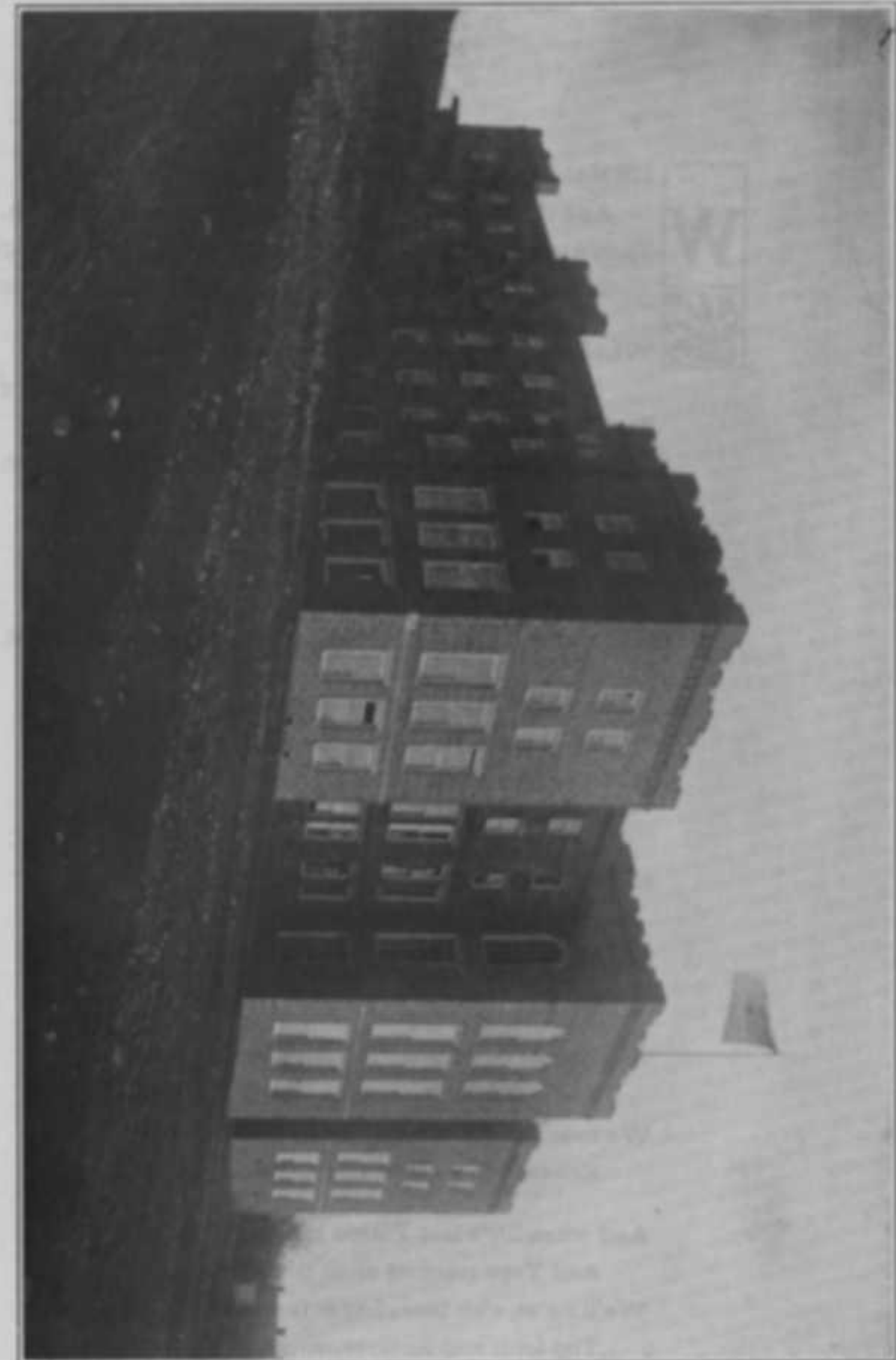
Many a time and often into the hall we enter'd
To prepare our lessons for the morrow's work,
And o'er Latin, Math and Literature we labor'd,
Striving our lessons not to shirk.

Sweet memories, life's most beautiful of pictures
Engraved on the tablet of the heart
The ever present, e'er loved recollections
From which the soul never will depart.

And school day's mem'ries held by all the dearest,
The joyful, fond remembrance of our youth,
We ever these will hold within our bosoms
Encased in incense sweet, embalmed in truth.

And when life's last Tattoo has solemn sounded
And Taps resound upon the evening air,
We'll ne'er, e'en then, forget thee, fair old Staunton,
Thy form and features, sweet and pure and fair.

BARRACKS.



FIRST CLASS STATISTICS

NAME	Favorite Study	Chief Characteristic	Ambition	Favorite Amusement	Postoffice
Kerr, N.	"Cicero"	"Stickin'."	To be Commandant at West Point	Playing Foot-ball	Dayton, O.
Frost	Chemistry	Forgetfulness	To become Secretary of State	Playing (?) Mandolin	Lexington, Ky.
Grosvonor, N.	Chemistry	Worrying about "Goils."	To get Married	Going Calling	Memphis, Tenn.
Horton	Spanish (!)	Music	To be a "Spidoosy."	Going to Baltimore	Elmira, N. Y.
Hamlin	Physics	Reciting Julius Cesar	To Outshine Dick Mansfield	Roughing Small	Eaton Rapids, Mich.
Walker, R.	Spelling	Smiling	To be Capt. at "Citadel."	Arguing	Appleton, S. C.
Stewart	"Trig."	"Caput."	To be Admitted to the "bar" (?)	Typewriting	Lexington, Ga.
Logan	Penmanship	Singing (?)	To cultivate a voice like Madame Calve	Going on Duty	Ft. Worth, Tex.
Daugherty	"Trig."	"Give me a nickle's worth of chips."	To make U. of M. "Varsity	Roughing (?) Wickman!	Yankton, S. D.
Crawford	Geometry	Playing Mark Anthony	To get Married	Talking about "Her."	McKeesport, Pa.
Thompson	Same as "Buzz"	Laughing	To please Captain Daniel	Twirling Guns at G. M.	Lima, O.
Kimball	"Trig." (?)	Stuttering	To be Guide at West Point	Arranging Games	Chicago, Ill.
Riddlemoser	Spelling Third Grade	Showing off his "Cheese-Knife."	To be a Captain	Going to Guard Mount	Gettysburg, Pa.
Poole	Chemistry	Keeping Silent	Professorship at Yale	Blowing Bugle	St. Paul, Minn.
Tanner	"Trig." (?)	Missing	To be Sergeant-Major	Calling Step at Drill	Charlotte, N. C.
Harman	English Literature	Puttees	To go to West Point	Dancing	Ye Towne of Staunton
Summers	Has None	Demureness	To be a Baseball Player	Drilling	Youngstown, O.
Blum	Literature	"Cribbing"	To be a Lawyer	"Riding a Pony"	New York



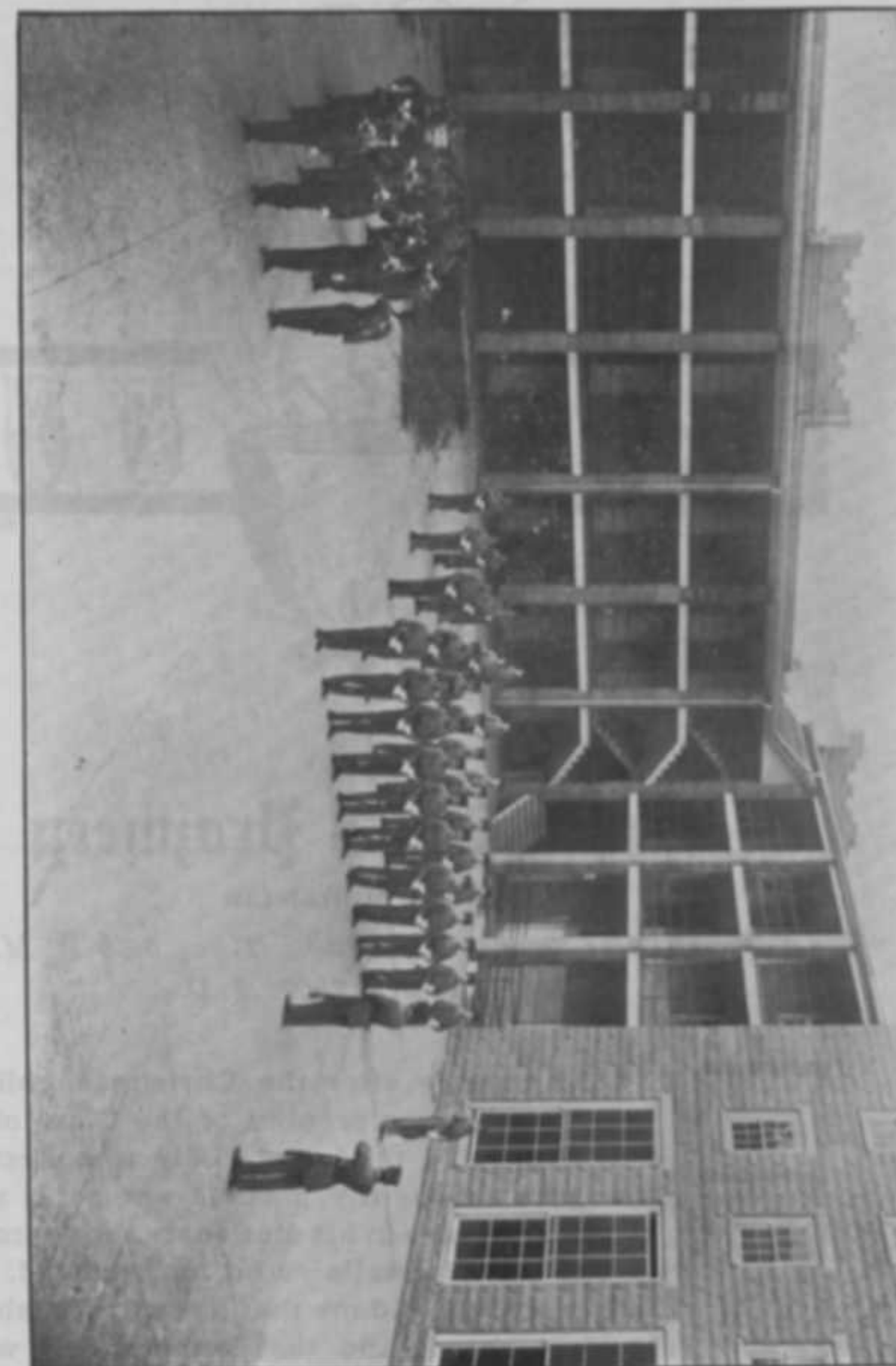
Senior Class Prophecy

HOWARD H. HAMLIN

*Place : Near Verona on the Pike. Time : 5:30 P. M.
Ides of March, 1907, A. D.*



I T WAS shortly after the Christmas holidays that I was chosen prophet of the Class of '07, but, although I tried repeatedly to collect my thoughts sufficiently, I could not get a start. Webster tells us in his dictionary that a prophet is one who foretells—who looks ahead. My father always told me that I was incapable of looking ahead, and that sometime it would place me in an embarrassing position, and now I began to see the wisdom of his prophecy. I had about given up, and I decided to take a "run," seeking an "inspiration," as I have heard our great writers often



GUARD MOUNTING.

did. I saw a neat little cabin on my right, set back some distance from the pike, amid an inviting grove of trees, and trusting in that generous hospitality for which Virginia people are noted, I boldly walked up to the house. The door was open, and although a kettle was merrily singing over the fireplace, I could discover no one. Seeing what appeared to be a family photograph album on the table, I picked it up and began to look at the pictures while awaiting the owner of the cabin to put in his appearance, but imagine my surprise when I discovered a large skull drawn on the cover. "They must be very queer people," I muttered, as I opened the book. But to my great disgust I read on the title page

DR. X. Y. STARR'S
REVISED ASTROLOGY

(ABRIDGED)

Turning over a few pages, my glance chanced to drop on a familiar name—RALPH H. BLUM! Surely that could not be the Ralph Blum of S. M. A.! But I read on. After receiving his diploma from S. M. A. in 1907, he will enter the law school of Yale College and will show them a few running "stunts" before he will receive his degree in 1911. He will immediately be admitted to the bar of the State of New York and will enter the office of Ketchem & Fleecem of New York City, in whose employ he will remain until 1915, when he will open an office of his own. By 1930 he will have amassed quite a fortune and will retire from active business. He will spend the remainder of his life with his family somewhere up in the State.

"Pretty good for Blum," I thought.

I turned over a few more pages to see if I would find the names of any more of our class. Sure enough! DEWEES N. CRAWFORD—Good old "Buzz." As soon as he gets his sheepskin securely packed in his trunk, he will buzz around in the East until school starts again, then he will enter Cornell University, taking the literary course

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and specializing in newspaper work. After graduating in 1910, he will accept the position of Society Editor of the most prominent New York daily. His experience on the S. M. A. annual in '07 will help him greatly in this, and he will be a great success; but "Buzz" will not like to write about others. His great aim will be to be written about himself; in order to accomplish his aim he will elope with the grand-daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan while attending a social function at Newport in 1912. When Buzz and his beautiful bride return from their honeymoon, they will receive papa's blessing and a million of grandpa's kopecs, and "live happy ever afterwards."

C. R. DAUGHERTY. After graduating from S. M. A., "Irish" will betake himself back to Dakota, where he will run the ranch until 1908, when a longing for his school days will manifest itself to such an extent that he will enroll in the engineering school of the University of Minnesota. At U. of Minn. he will do great credit to old S. M. A., both on the football field and in his studies, graduating in 1912 with great honors. He will then open an office in Chicago, Ill., where he will win a wife. In 1928 he will retire from business and will spend the remainder of his life on his quiet little ranch in South Dakota, surrounded by his wife and a little troop of Irish.

Next, as I turned over the pages of this wonderful book came the name of MILWARD FROST, the mother of our class. After graduating from S. M. A., 'Mother' Frost will attend the University of Kentucky for four years, taking the academic course. After receiving his A. B., he will teach in several schools in the west, and in 1925 he will be known as Mother Frost, Prof. of Ancient Languages at the University of Kentucky. Of course we know without reading that he will marry, for we have often heard him speak of "that dear, sweet girl." In 1935 he will be called to fill the dean's chair of Ancient Languages in Harvard. He will write several text-books on Latin and in 1941 he will retire, living the rest of his life on the royalties of Frost's Latin Grammars.

NAPOLEON H. GROSVENOR will not become a

great general as his name might suggest, but will continue as the "Nat of Hearts." He will secure a position in a banking house in Memphis, Tenn., where he will gradually work upward until in 1917 we will find him cashier. At this time he will suddenly disappear, causing great excitement among the depositors, but on examination the books are found to be all O. K. and Nat himself will soon return with his blushing little bride who has been waiting for him in Lovers' Lane since his school days.

J. RAYMOND HORTON will enroll in the engineering school of the University of Michigan. In 1908, however, becoming entangled in several breach-of-promise suits, he will drop engineering and study law to save expense. He will graduate in 1912, and after he wins several cases in Ann Arbor, Staunton and Baltimore, he will return to his old home in Elmira, N. Y., where he will open an office. He will marry, we know, because he was always singing, "I Want a Wife of My Own." Shortly after beginning married life he will enter the political ring, and the Senator Horton of whom you will read in 1935 will be the same old "Jay" of S. M. A. '07.

NEWELL H. KERR will also attend the University of Michigan, entering the medical department. He will receive his M. D. in 1912 and return to his home in Dayton, O., where he will practice until 1916, when he will "come in for that fortune." This will enable him to devote his time wholly to medical research, and in 1929 he will surprise the entire world with a discovery in surgery, the nature of which we cannot ascertain. Several honors will be conferred upon him, among which will be a fellowship of the Royal Medical Society of England. In 1931 he will accept a professorship at his Alma Mater, where he will alternate his lectures on surgery with stories of his cadet life at S. M. A.

RUSSELL H. KIMBALL has been longing for the land of his birth for some time, and after his course is completed at S. M. A. he will immediately return to Hong Kong, China. Upon arriving, he will find that the education of the heathen has been sadly neglected during his absence. He will immediately take up the good work

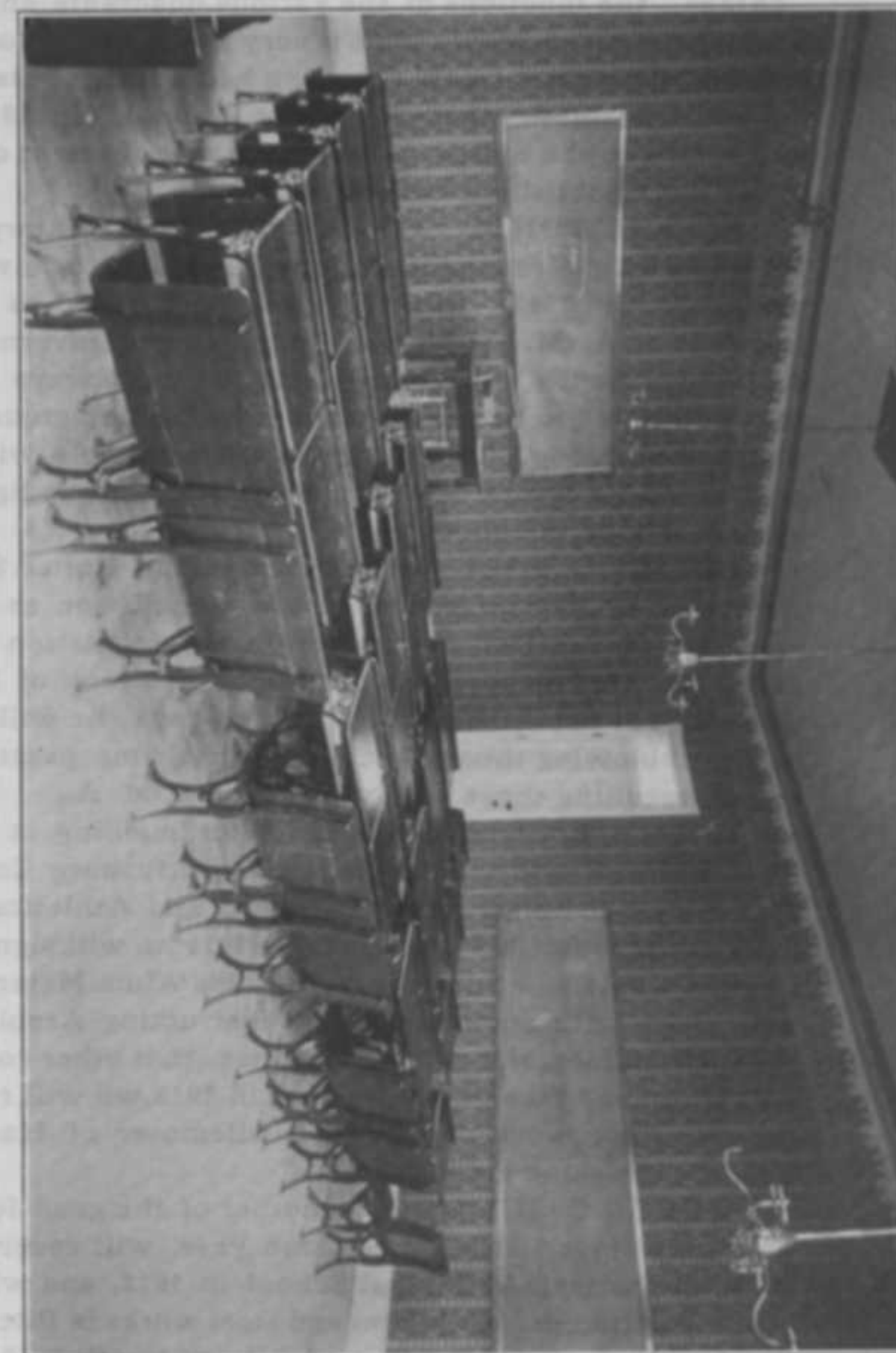
where he left it several years before, teaching the little "chinks" the functions of the various quadrants and the Spanish language, in which he is very good. But "Cohen" was not made for a teacher, having had a taste of his calling while business manager of The Annual. In 1911 he will return to the States to accept the management of one of the large publishing houses of Chicago.

ROSSINGTON M. LOGAN will stick to military life. He will enter West Point in June, 1908, and receive his commission in 1912. In 1916 he will be detailed as commandant of A. M. A. by the United States government. At last his hopes will be realized, for we always knew that he wanted to be a commandant by the numerous regulations he made. In 1919, by his indomitable will, he will found a military academy of his own, but no lighting system will be installed.

LUCIUS G. POOLE will enlist in the United States Army and in 1914 he will receive a commission as a reward for several improvements on the regulation bugle calls. By 1936 he shall have attained the rank of Major General, but notwithstanding his high rank, he will often be heard blowing those old calls, at that time passed out of use, recalling those good old days at S. M. A.

JOHN S. RIDDLEMOSER. After finishing at S. M. A., "Riddle" will take a course at Gettysburg College, Pa., distinguishing himself in Math. and Athletics, and immediately after his graduation in 1911 he will sign with Captain Kable as athletic coach at his Alma Mater. He will meet with such success in instructing Arnold and Fink, O., in foot-ball and other games, that other colleges will sit up and take notice, so that in 1913 we will read of the excellent work of Coach Riddlemoser of Harvard. Yes, it's the same old Riddle.

MYRON C. SUMMERS, another of the good fellows who only stayed at S. M. A. one year, will receive his M. E. at Carnegie Technical School in 1912, and will accept a position in a large iron and steel works in Pittsburg, Pa., in which place he will gradually rise until 1950, when he will retire from active business, spending the remainder



ENGLISH ROOM.

of his life following in the footsteps of his great predecessor, "Andy."

WILLIAM T. STEWART will enter the law school of the University of Pennsylvania, from which he will graduate in 1911. He will open an office at once in Savannah, Ga., and will steadily prosper until 1930, when he will be appointed Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, which position he will hold until 1945, when he will be appointed Chief Justice.

KENNETH TANNER will enter the South Carolina Military Institute as soon as he receives his diploma at S. M. A. He will receive his B. S. in 1911, having finished as a cadet captain. As there is always room for a good "Citadel" man, he may accept a position at S. M. A.

CLEM THOMPSON will take a special course at Amherst College. After completing his course at Amherst he will return to his native town and enter the banking business. The stars say that he will marry a light lady who will remain to share his good fortunes through the remainder of his life.

RALPH H. WALKER, like his classmate, Tanner, will enter the South Carolina Military Academy. He will become a general favorite there, both in the military and academic departments, and in social circles. Although it will be rumored several times that different Southern belles have won his heart, he will fool us all. In 1911 he will graduate as senior cadet captain, with a B. S. degree, and the papers will soon tell who wrote those letters Ralph was so eager to get while at S. M. A.

And this ends the Prophecy of the Class of 1907. Some of it may come true—some may not; but I hope and know that every member of this old class will do the best he can. Therefore, in the name of the lizards and black cats, I prophesy the greatest success to the Class of 1907, and I know that when we stop for a moment in the height of fame and glory, we will all remember those good old days at S. M. A.

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Last Will and Testament

CLASS OF 1907



HAVING found it expedient to announce our post mortem intentions before our entrance into the weary world, we, the members of the Class of 1907, being at this time of sound minds, do leave to our comrades in the Staunton Military Academy the following gifts:

I, Newell Kerr, do hereby bequeath to Cadet Thompson, C., my uniform, and to Cadet Potter, W., my knowledge of Trigonometry.

I, Millward Frost, do give to Cadet Lieberman my glasses, and to Frank Elder my credit.

I, J. A. Harman, do give to Cadet Pierson Brown my complexion, with the condition that it be daily manicured.

I, R. H. Kimball, do bequeath my nose to the Latin department, and to Major Russell my hair.

I, Rossington M. Logan, do bequeath to the school my room, and to the Infirmary my bed.

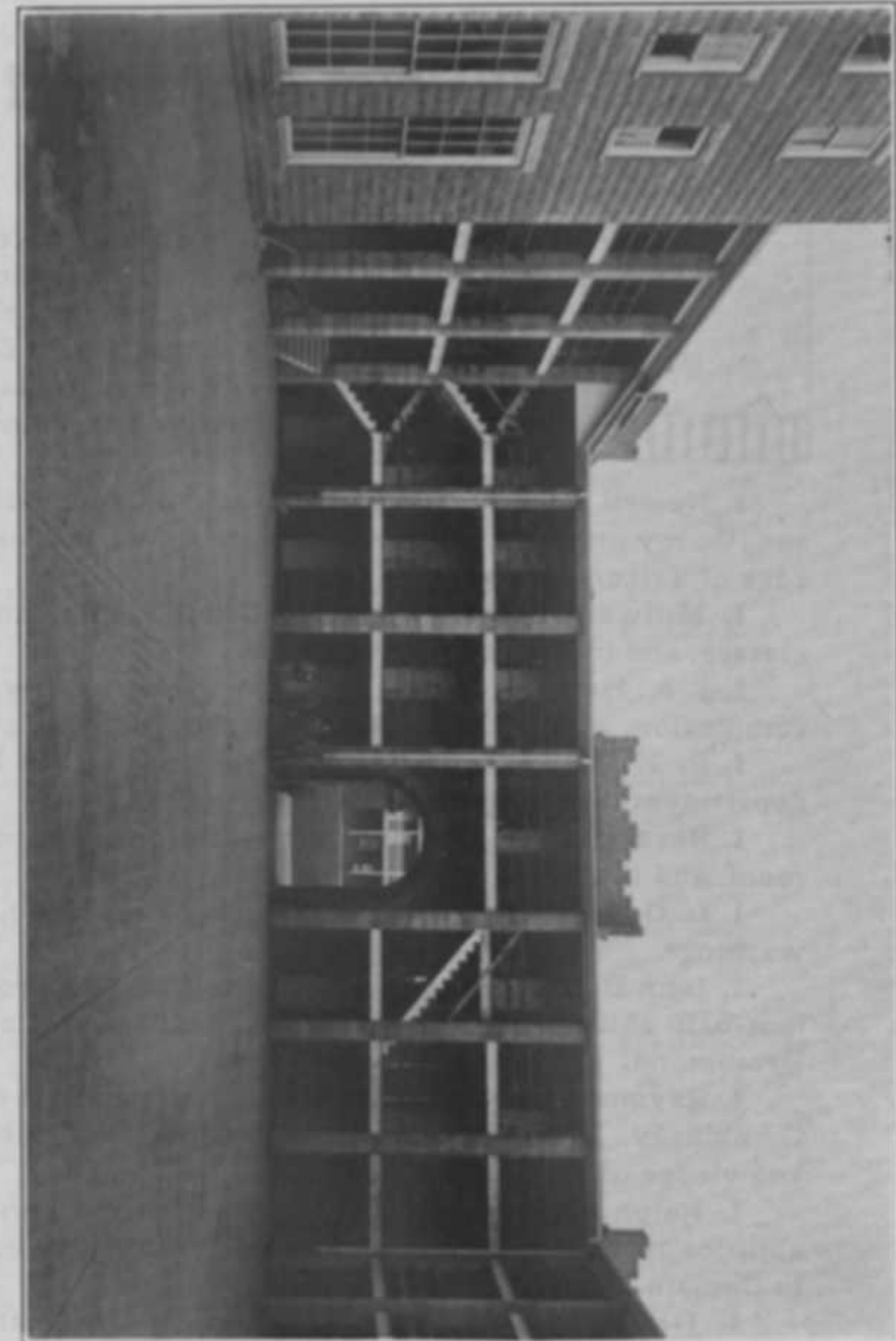
I, L. G. Poole, do give Cadet Ames, A., my bugle, with warnings.

I, John B. Riddlemoser, do leave to Cadet Monroe my foot-ball abilities, and my baseball abilities to Captain Drummond.

I, Raymond Daugherty, do give and bequeath to Cadet Gumbinsky, J., my nickname, and to Captain Maloney my knowledge of foot-ball.

I, Ralph F. Blum, do fondly bequeath my sprinting abilities to Cadet Donnelly, and my oratorical abilities to Captain Daniel.

I, Dewees N. Crawford, do hereby bequeath my photograph to Captain Kable, and my command of D Company to Cadet Spear.



PARTIAL VIEW OF QUADRANGLE.

I, J. C. Thompson, do give and bequeath my spright-
liness to Captain Fretwell, and my commission to Cadet
Campbell, R.
I, William Stewart, do, in remembrance, leave to
Captain Hammett my typewriter, and to Cadet Merriman,
my seat at the table.
I, Ralph H. Walker, do lovingly bequeath my ser-
geancy to Cadet Godwin, and my knowledge of Hoyle to
Cadet Oliver.
I, Raymond Horton, do leave my knowledge of mili-
tary tactics to William Brast, with the hope that he will
make better use of it than I have.
I, Howard H. Hamlin, do fondly give my natural jok-
ing abilities to Captain Daniel.
I, Napoleon Grosvenor, do give and bequeath my
English abilities to Cadet Ben Johnson, and my commis-
sion to Cadet Serena.
I, Myron Summers, do hereby leave to Cadet Pendle-
ton my knowledge of Latin, providing it be aired and kept
in a cool place.
I, Kenneth Tanner, do hereby bequeath my figure to
Cadet Dublin, and my membership in the Y. M. C. A. to
Cadet Devlin.
Sworn to before me this, the twenty-third day of
February, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and
seven.

HON. M. T. HEAD,
Justice of the Peace.

U. B. Wise,
I. O. Dine,



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U. B. Wise, }
I. O. Dine, } Witnesses.



S. M. A. Toasts--1

HERE 'S to old "Buzz" Crawford
With cheeks so fresh and pink.
Here 's to John B. Riddle,
Who gave a girl the wink.
Here 's to old John Bradshaw,
Who always weeps and groans
For one we know, and need I say
His name is Otto Jones.
Here 's to J. J. Fretwell,
Who has often met his fate,
Here 's to "Irish" Daugherty,
Who is looking for a mate.
Here 's to all the fellows we met at S. M. A.
Where life itself seemed brighter
When we wore our cadet gray.

—W. E. G.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



Y. M. C. A.

President H. W. Small
Vice-President C. W. Wanbaugh
Secretary R. Reynolds
Treasurer W. Converse

THE Young Men's Christian Association has shown a marked increase in membership this year. Though still in its youth, it has a bright future to look forward to; because a military academy needs an association of this kind more than any other style of school. Owing to the greater number of students this year, we have been unable to have an association room set aside for our exclusive use; but the regular Wednesday night meetings have been attended in the Senior and Junior Study Halls.

During the school year we have had some very entertaining and practical talks from the clergy of Staunton as well as from the State College Secretary, Mr. C. C. McNeill. Among our faculty, Captain William H. Kable, Major T. H. Russell, Captain Manuel, and Captain L. L. Stevens have been our hearty supporters. The regular meetings are always conducted by the cadets themselves; but talks from outsiders and the faculty always draw earnest attention and are not soon forgotten.

What the association needs is a room or building of its own; and, of course, this will be forthcoming.

The Bible classes are studying the "Life and Works of Jesus, According to St. Mark," by William D. Murray. It is an interesting book, requiring daily study in connection with the Bible. The classes are conducted under the supervision of Captain Manuel. Each class has a leader who studies with his class and in turn with Captain Manuel, thus insuring uniformity throughout the classes in the course of study.

The association has done much toward the benefiting of the moral character of the cadets; and great things are expected of it next year. Let us hope that it will soon grow large enough to claim every cadet as a member.

P. C. R.

Y. M. C. A.

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P. C. R.

Captain Daniel

(To the tune of "Mr. Dooley.")



YOUNG cadet from the "Citadel"
To S. M. A. did stray
To be Assistant Commandant,
For many a weary day.
He ditched his uniform of gray,
And donned the one of blue,
He said, "I am Assistant Com.,
I wonder what I'll do!"

CHORUS:

'Twas Captain Daniel,
But a different Daniel
From the one who lived so awful long ago.
He 's got us guessing
When he asks the blessing
And then tells Kerr to step "right down below."

He is a man of great renown
Of whom we 're justly proud,
He "calls" the corporals and the men
For yelling "Here," too loud,
One day he had an order read:
"When the ladies came inside,
By order of the Commandant
Their hats should be laid aside!"

CHORUS:

'Twas Captain Daniel,
The same old Daniel,
The one who made a hit so long ago.
He 's awfully pleasing
Except when teasing
At least the ladies certainly think so.

—P. C. R.



PHYSICAL LABORATORY.



Staff

SPONSOR

Miss Liza Shepherd

COLORS

Pearl Grey and Pink

FLOWER

Violet

LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT

J. C. Thompson

LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER

F. R. Elder

SERGEANT MAJOR

R. Campbell

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT

F. J. Cappelen

COLOR SERGEANT

E. F. Serena

HOSPITAL SERGEANT

I. Oliver

Battalion Organization



COMMANDANT
Captain W. G. Kable

ASSISTANT COMMANDANT
Captain C. E. Daniel

LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT
J. C. Thompson

LIEUT. AND QUARTERMASTER
F. R. Elder

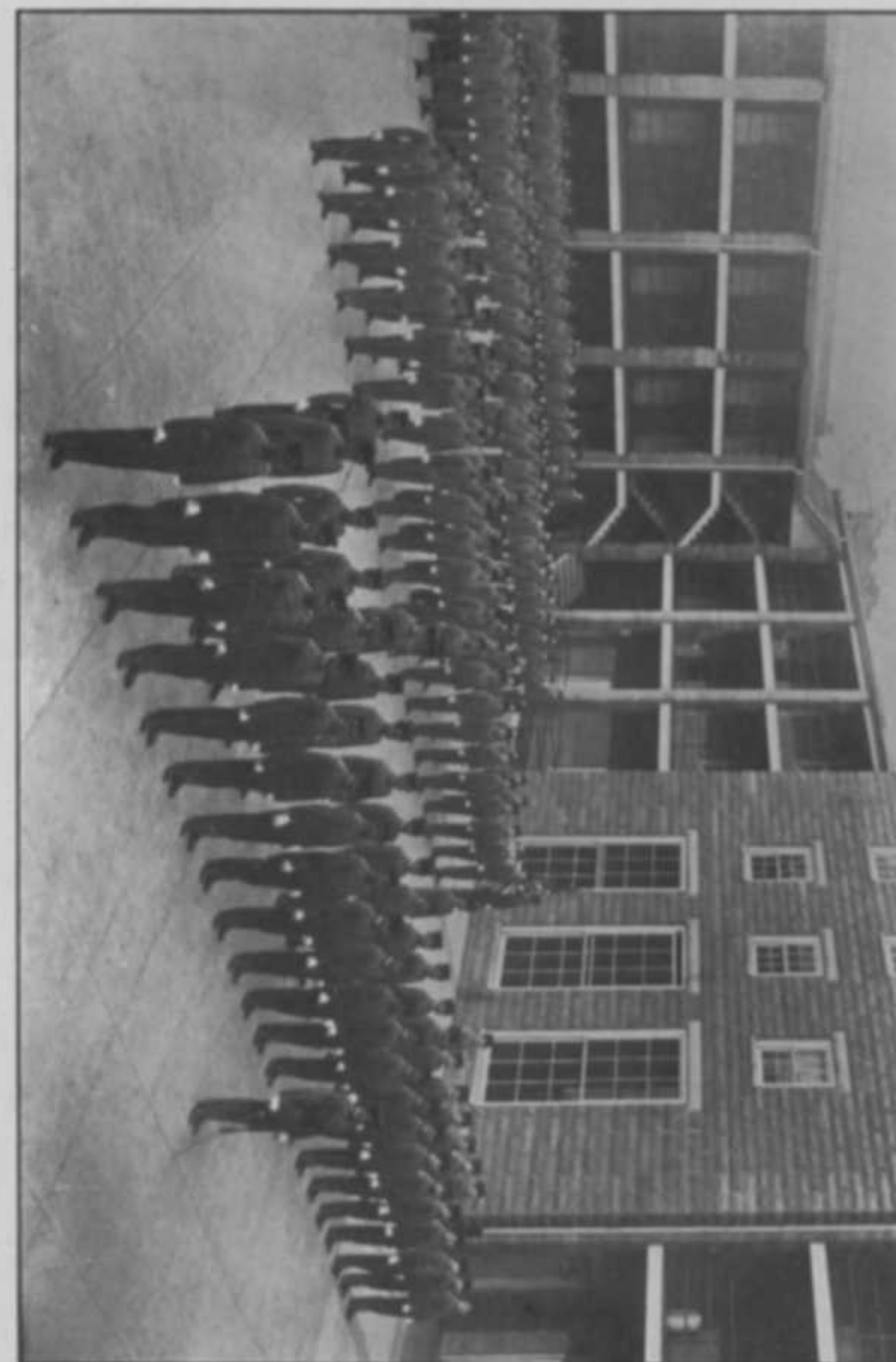
SERGEANT MAJOR
R. Campbell

QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT
F. J. Cappelen

COLOR SERGEANT
E. F. Serena

HOSPITAL SERGEANT
I. Oliver

BATTALION.



Line Officers

CAPTAINS

Company A	Company B	Company C	Company D
Kerr	Daugherty	Fretwell	Crawford

LIEUTENANTS

Grosvenor	King	Brast	Spear
-----------	------	-------	-------

FIRST SERGEANTS

Company A	Company B	Company C	Company D
Ragan	Strawn	Brown, L. A.	Riddlemoser

SERGEANTS

Company A	Company B	Company C	Company D
Smith, H.	Ferrell	Stewart	Harrison
Walker, R.	Waite	Reynolds	Kimball
Klingensmith	Hubbard	Horton	Treadway
Tanner	Brua	Davidson	DeFabry

CORPORALS

Company A	Company B	Company C	Company D
Wichman	Hardy	Olmes	Bradshaw
Mann	Small	Avery	Eldredge
Frost	Maxwell, E. L.	Riles	Buckley
Tenney	Clarke	Wanbaugh	Merriman
Knott	Ames, H	Logan	Kelly, R.
Farrington	Hankins	Brady	McKeever

Company "A"

SPONSOR

Miss M. E. Warwick

COLORS

Green and White

FLOWER

Pansy

CAPTAIN

Kerr, N.

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Grosvenor, N.

FIRST SERGEANT

Ragan

SERGEANTS

Smith, H. Walker, R. Klingensmith, Tanner

CORPORALS

Wichman Mann Frost Tenny Knott Farrington

PRIVATES

Knox

Barrett Lytle

Long Bloom

Cone Poole

Dublin Munroe

Dannelly Proctor

Moore, G. Hoskins Sanger Memory

Howard

Souter

Hanley

Hoeflich

Apgar

Johnson, B

McCormick

Hanbidge

Livington

Jarvis

Kinney

Bryson

Rivinac

Burrell

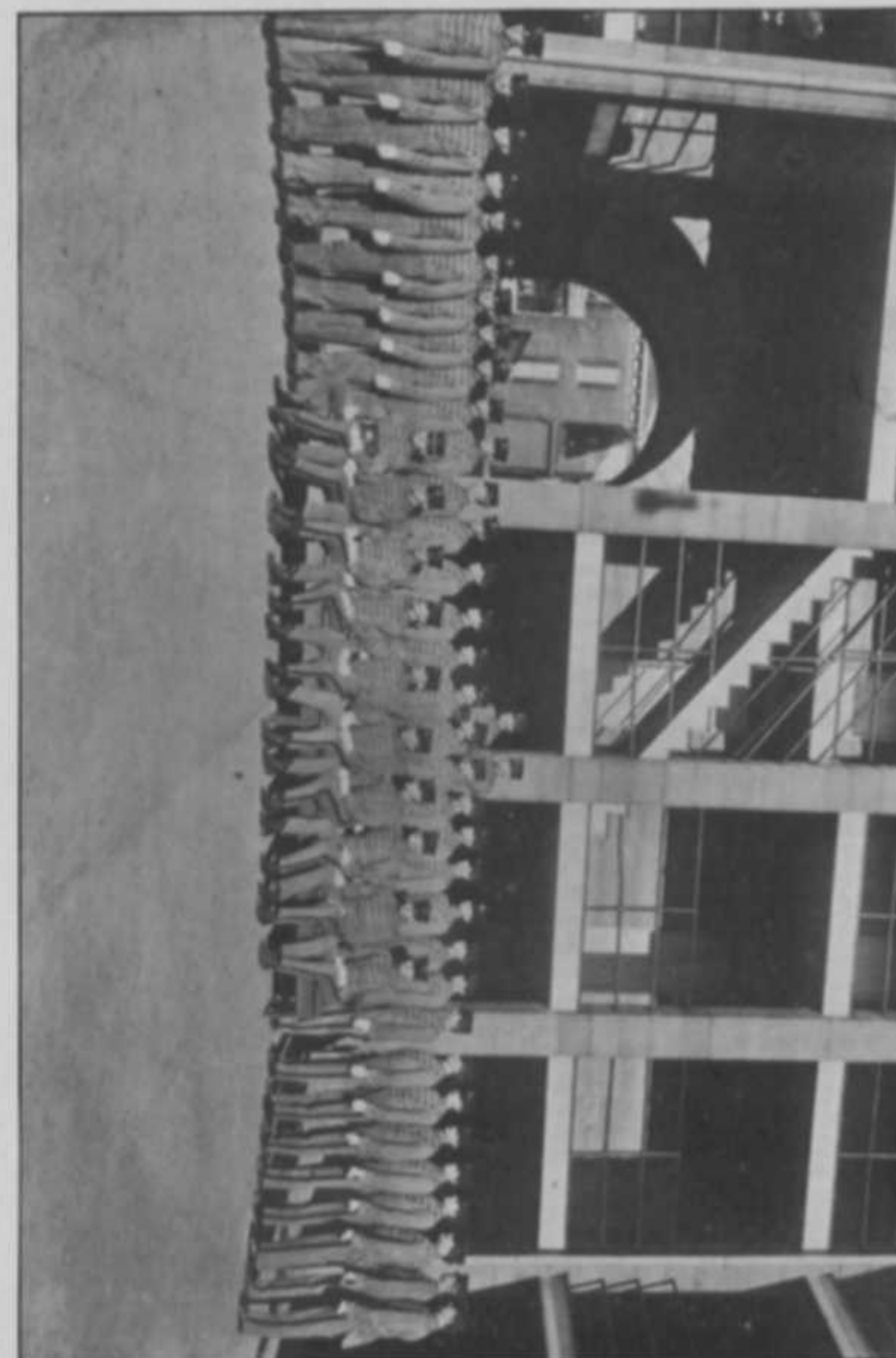
Van Story

Burnley, H.

Schrieber

McCullough

COMPANY A.





COMPANY B.

Company "B"

SPONSOR
Miss Saida King

COLORS
Black and Red

FLOWER
American Beauty Rose

CAPTAIN
C. R. Daugherty

FIRST LIEUTENANT
A. F. King

FIRST SERGEANT
Strawn

SERGEANTS

Ferrell	Waite	Hubbard	Brua	Ames, A.
---------	-------	---------	------	----------

CORPORALS

Hardy	Small	Maxwell, E. L.	Clarke	Ames, H.
	Hankins	McKeever		Brady

PRIVATEES

Churchhill, L.	Churchhill, J.	Potter, E. C.
Aaron	Malbon	Wilcox
Barton	Maxwell, C.	Pendleton
Gumbinsky, J.	Zuhorst	Barbee
Thompson, W.	McKee	Bitting
Mueller	Murray	Price, F.
Crooks	Price, J.	Dold, J.
Dodd	Potter, H.	Greenough
Granger	Rylander	Richards
Hall	Slifer	Heroy
Stout	Jay	Strong, R.
	Kerr, D.	Strong, L.
	Wallace	

Company "C"

SPONSOR
Miss Mary Watts

COLORS
Maroon and Grey

FLOWER
White Lilly

CAPTAIN
J. J. Fretwell, Jr.

FIRST LIEUTENANT
Brast

FIRST SERGEANT
Brown, L. A.

SERGEANTS
Stewart Reynolds Horton Davidson

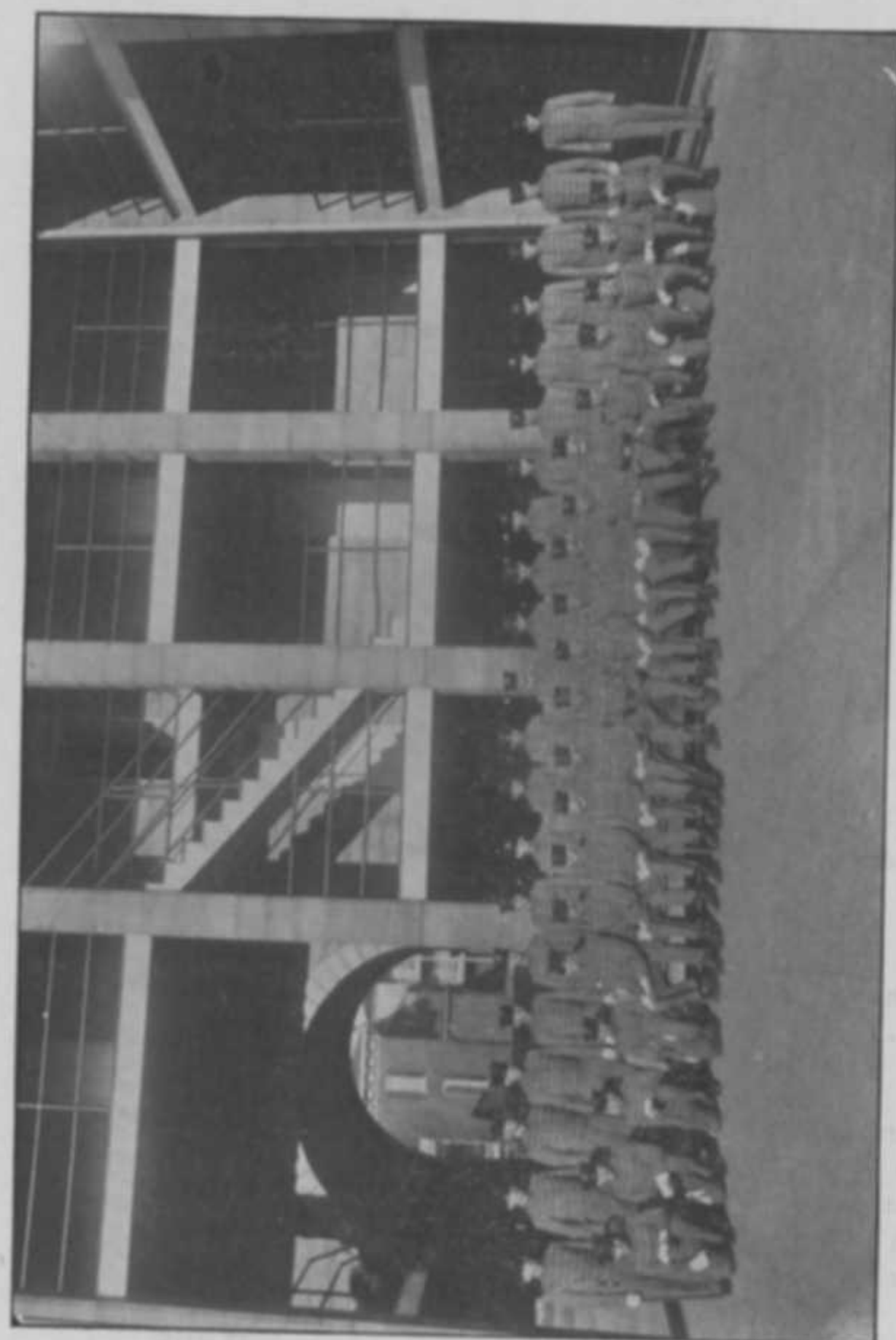
CORPORALS
Alvis Avery Wanbaugh Riles Armsby

PRIVATES

Bartholomew	Greenabaum	Oppenheimer	Withington
Grosvenor, C.	Bradfort	Donnelly	Neal
Thorpe	Blum	Van Roden	Brown, C.
McKnight	Trufant	Harris, W.	Pettis
Worden	Burnley	Hood	Randolph
Carter	Hutchinson	Rawson	Cayton
Jennings	Snively	Childs	Knap
Lee	Lucas	Snowden	Crane
Loyd	Stem	Loveland	Summers
Maxwell, E.W. Davis		Culpeper	Sunderland



COMPANY C.



COMPANY D.

Company "D"

SPONSOR

Miss Mary Hutchinson

COLORS

Light Blue and White

FLOWER

White Chrysanthemum

CAPTAIN

D. N. Crawford

FIRST LIEUTENANT

Spear

FIRST SERGEANT

Riddlemoser

SERGEANTS

Harrison Kimball Treadway DeFabry

CORPORALS

Bradshaw Eldredge Buckley Merriman Kelley, R.

PRIVATES

Halderman	Johnson, H.	Valentine
Argue	Powell	Austin
Padget	Ballou	Riley
Bright	Bright	Ryan
Fisher	Story	Greer
Swift	Tegart	Hooks
Thompson	Hamlin	White
Kious	Walker, H	Leach
Youngson	McMullen	Morrison
Maxwell, B.	Miller	Norris

Company "E"

SPONSOR

Miss Massie Kable

COLORS

Yellow and White

FLOWER

Violet

COMMANDING COMPANY

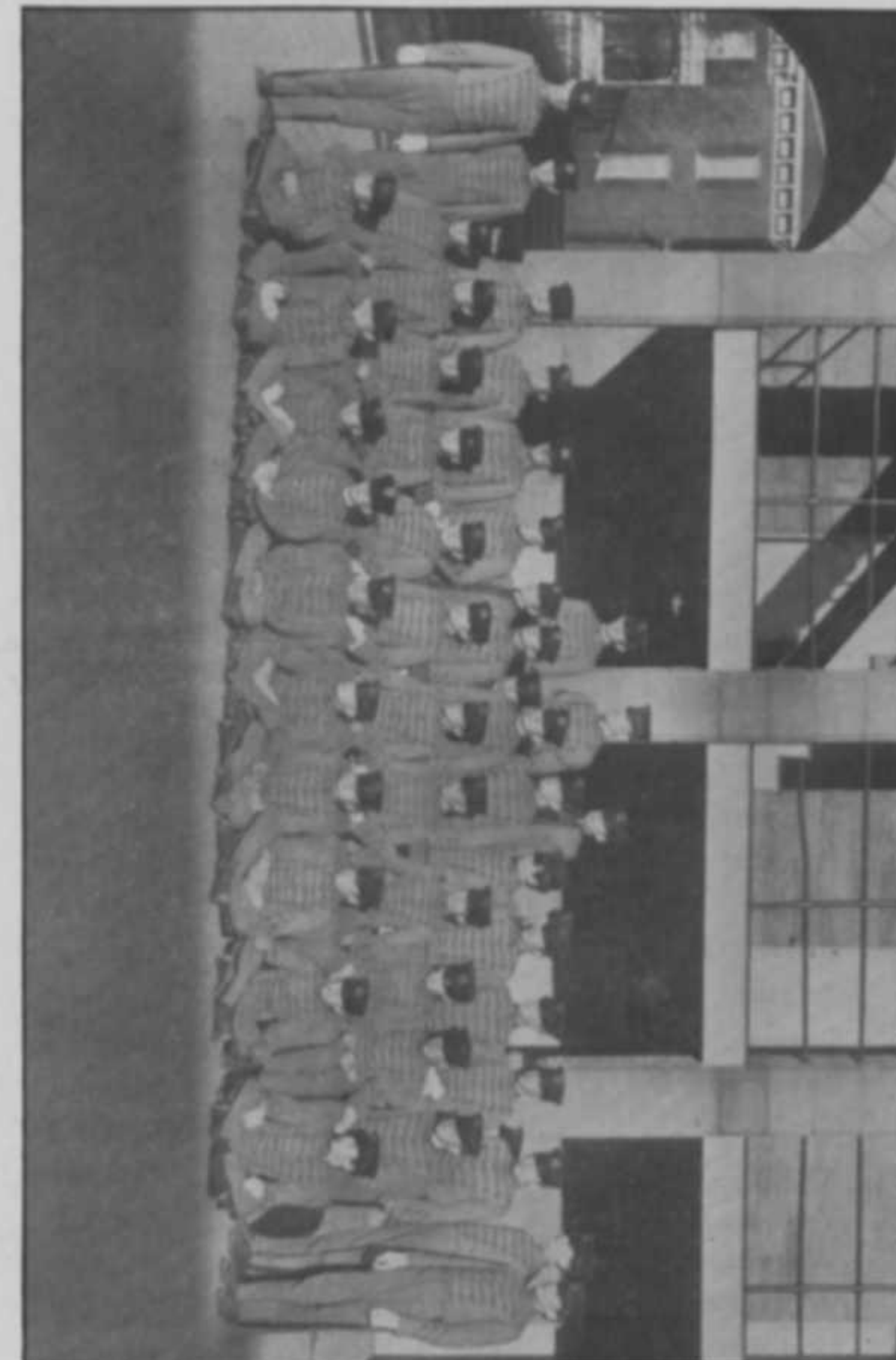
Sergeant Guard

ACTING FIRST SERGEANT

William Arnold

PRIVATES

Finkelpearl, A.	Gumbinsky, H.	Thompson, H.
Thompson, J	Arthur	Potter, W.
Browning	Harris, G.	Preston
Beck	Hornik	Provost
Bennett, G.	Harlen	Ridout
Bennett, D.	Iseinberg	Shelley
Blair	Lantermann	Snell
Brown, P.	Lanyon	Sharum
Criglar	Liberman	Saum
Curtis	Mill, B.	Mill, F.
Campbell, D.	Coleman, W.	Massey
Trost	Cox	McBride
Vorhis, W.	Devlin	Mathews
Vorhis, P.	Dold, V.	Kerr, D.
Walker, C.	Elliott, H.	Nicol
Whitehead	Elliott, M.	Ott
Godwin	Overington	Peters



COMPANY E.



DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS.

Bugle Corps

CHIEF MUSICIAN
Ames, A.

Sunderland
Knap
Lucas
Mueller
Worden
Poole
Hall

Drum Corps

HEAD DRUMMER
Robbins

Youngson
Knox
Greer
Price, F.
Grainger
Murray



Rome's Contribution to Civilization



It has been well said by another that the story of Rome is the most splendid romance in all history. Indeed the narrative of its growth seems hardly to belong to sober history. It was before authentic record of humanity that a little group of men, speaking the Latin-Faliscan tongue, wearied of their home in the rugged mountains of the Italian peninsula. They were of a shepherd-race which had watched its flocks on these hillside pastures for many generations. And tradition said they had come from the north, across the mighty mountains which flung their crested heads high into the blue. But they took their wives and children and their flocks and moved slowly toward the green and level plain and the ocean with its many voices, toward the river widening to the sea. There on the bank of the yellow stream, they found a curving plain, set like a theater in the hills, and over all its surface the saffron



ASSEMBLY HALL.

...and lay deep. For it was the spring time and the river
had but lately receded to its banks. And in the center of
this plain, hard by the river, stood two hills. It was a
fearsome place, where none had chosen to live. For the
sullen stream was man's enemy and there were fevers
and all manner of evil things. But those sturdy souls, the
forbears of a world-dominion, were cast in an heroic mold.
They climbed the steep hill, built their homes of mud and
thatched them with rushes from the river bank: then
they made a wall and trench around all and named their
little city Rome. That was the twenty-first day of April
in the year 753 B. C., and it is an important day in a
world's annals.

Such was the hill-top settlement by the Tiber and
inconsiderable indeed were its possessions and its envi-
ronment. There was a group of straw-thatched houses
and a few sheep and that was poverty. There was knowl-
edge of nothing save the visible powers of nature about
them and that was ignorance and superstition. They
were but few and their enemies surrounded them on every
side and that was weakness. Poverty, ignorance and
weakness! These were the words which they read upon
their lot as the goddess of chance whirled for them her
bronze helmet. With such poor tools did the little village
set to carve its destiny in the firm rock of history, yet
unmade. How well they wrought the world knows.

The romance of Roman history may be divided into
four chapters and the first is the chapter of early struggle
for national existence. Not often does the student of
history think of the desperate plight of the little city.
Toward the north across the Tiber were the proud Etrus-
cans, a race well civilized, highly organized and strong in
military power. Toward the east in the mountain fast-
nesses lived the Sabines and Samnites, the uncouth though
fiercely aggressive men of the Italian hills. In the south-
land were the Campanians, Ligurians, and Greeks, their
superiors in wealth and civilization, their enemies ever,
all different in language, in institutions and sympathy.
This was the time when the work of the village and the
field was the work of the women and old men; when

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Roman citizenship meant service in arms and constantly from the season when the Tiber swelled from the melting snow in the mountains until its surface was locked again by the frost. Now the stern Roman men must guard their flocks against the robber-bands from the hills and again they march away to meet their enemies in solid rank, the foretype of the world conquering legion. And in the rude homes the woman toiled and told their lisping children the warlike tales of mighty deeds and mighty men. And maybe as the battle raged in some distant vale, they taught their little ones the lesson of the sturdy Roman virtues and the priceless honor of the Roman name and impressed upon their minds the truth that there is no dishonor save in a coward's death and in disregard for the sanctity of a Roman promise and a Roman's oath. And often no doubt these mothers gave silent but effective enforcement to their precepts when, as the sun sank in the crimsoning west, they stood in their rude homes dry-eyed and heroic and looked upon the lifeless form of husband or father, or eldest son and, in the fading light of their day of sadness, gave thanks that they could do as much for their country and give their men to die a Roman's death.

These were days of crippling poverty, straitened simplicity and heroic struggle for national existence. But when they had passed and the little state could stand in safety, these Romans had established the national virtues of dignity, justice and constancy, which made every Roman a king. They had laid deep and broad the foundations for the imperial structure of later times—and they had builded better than they knew. They had forced upon their neighbors a grudging recognition of their military powers and that was the least they had done. Had that been all, Rome might not have been the Rome which we know. But they had constructed something far greater, something more essential for an imperial destiny, and that was—character. Then were established those principles of national thought and life which made it a crime for centuries that any man should take the name of a Roman upon his lips in jest or ridicule: then too that simplicity and scorn of ostentation which gave the world a Cato,

GYMNASIUM.



stern, unyielding censor, and a Cincinnatus, who left the plow to serve his state. In that time also this people learned that courage and constancy which ruled the spirit of Regulus as he returned to Carthage to die for the sake of his oath, which was a Roman oath. And last and above all they had made national and general a regard for purity of life on which rests the story of Brutus the first and Lucretia in whose chaste blood the republic was born. And that same national characteristic is responsible for the fact that for five centuries there was never a divorce in Rome. It is idle to add that in this time Rome acquired a genius for war and administration, for they bear but slightly upon the question of her greatness. The goddess of battle is fickle and any race may conquer for a season. That the little city grew to a world-dominion is explained by the fact that these years of war and hardship had created a race of men, at once pure, unostentatious, dignified, self-centered, mighty.

The second chapter in this romance of history is the story of that series of wars in which Rome conquered and Romanized the peninsula of Italy. And the third chapter, which must be treated with the second, is that in which she conquered and Romanized the world. Great indeed was the work which destiny had given her to do. Around her lay the known world, stretching from the Hymalayas and the muddy Ganges to the Pillars of Hercules and the British Isles and from the burning sands of Africa to the frozen north, and Rome was in its center. And in the civilization of that broad earth, there were three elements: first savagery, dark, cruel, ignorant; second, tyranny and oppression and third, a high order of civilization without the spirit of empire. Toward the north and beneath her right hand, as imperial Rome sat upon the hill of the capital, lay the German and the Celt, in the depths of the Black Forest or on the sunny plains of France, a mere series of disjoined tribes capable of no original government, ignorant and superstitious, without knowledge of letters or even of the possibilities and economic value of the land on which they lived, in a word savages still. Toward the south and beneath her left hand was a great

race, the Semitic, cradled in the birth-place of humanity and far advanced in all that concerns national welfare but, with the exception of one tribe, ignorant and cruelly superstitious, a people who knew not the moral law and the sanctity of the person and personal rights. In the far east, the home of luxury, were nations whose wealth was fabulous, whose manhood was weak, and the people knew no law but the cruel code of the Mede and Persian, held above them by the hand of a relentless tyrant. And still in the east but nearer lived a race, antiquity's greatest; thoughtful, imaginative, artistic, who had early sought Beauty and found it, who had lived their national life in Beauty's name. Such was the world in that distant day, and such the birth-right which destiny had given to the hill-top city by the Tiber. The broad world lay all about her and in it was every type of man and of civilization but nowhere in that wide earth did there exist well organized constitutional authority joined with law that recognized the rights of the individual.

At the dawn of Rome's imperial natal day she looked upon a world into which the spirit of law and administration had not yet breathed its unifying influence; at the noon-time of her power she saw the scattered rags and fragments joined beneath her hand; she saw order out of chaos, a world welded into a unit of empire and throbbing with the pulse which beat upon her capital and with the setting sun of her imperial splendor she might have raised her drooping eyes, strength spent, her life-work done, splendidly done, to look upon a world the better that she had lived; to know that she had created a new principle in civilization, the principle of authority, of law and order, of empire; dimly to realize, it may be, that she had given to the administrative affairs of the world an impetus which would never be spent, and a direction which should never essentially change. And that is a romance of history. From the mud huts by the Tiber to the splendor and might of imperial Rome seems a far glance but it is all within the scope of a few centuries. In 390 B. C. the city was taken and sacked by the Gauls and in 27 B. C. Augustus was crowned sole consul and emperor of the world, 363

years from ashes to a world-dominion. And the mighty fabric of empire, which Rome created, was carved in no yielding stuff, but in the firm rock of time. Her legions swept out from the fields of Mars to no easy conquest but to face bitter resistance, to crush nations wealthier and older than their own, to win battles by valor and grim determination; to make the results permanent by stern authority and administrative capacity.

And the wonder becomes greater when one considers that great national development usually comes from the union of states already existing or from a powerful impetus contributed by parent nations to colonial stocks. But the Roman empire was unique in this. It sprung from a single city which, though its sway was extended over the whole known world, never ceased to be not alone the seat of government but the government itself. Rome was the nation. And with the period of brilliant conquest, Rome's work was not finished; indeed it was hardly begun. The stricken nations lay prostrate at her feet, Mede, Persian, and Hindoo, Syrian and Phœnician, Iberian, Celt and Gaul, the children of darkness, ignorant, superstitious, oppressed, a series of disjoined tribes without a settled government, with no unifying political principle, in a word, chaos. In the year 50 B. C. Rome received as her heritage this chaos and created modern Europe. The vast and heterogeneous domain was welded into a composite whole by a wise provincial and colonial policy to which we may give the name, the assimilative principle. Not alone did the colonies belong to the empire and contribute to its wealth. Rome distributed her very self throughout the world. She gave to the people her laws and political and social institutions, her life of thought and culture, her decent and orderly civilization and her language. In a word, she Romanized the world. And that is why the Latin Language was spoken by a mere handful of people in 753 B. C. while to-day it is spoken by millions and millions of the world's population. Then the first great contribution of Rome to a world's civilization was law and order, organized government and sound methods in administration. And her work was not yet done.

In those years of marvelous growth, Rome had recognized not only the principle of conservatism but that other principle also of progress which allowed the assimilation of other elements from a foreign source. To the east lived the Greeks, a nation endowed with imagination and the instinct for the beautiful in thought and form and life. And the goddess of battle decreed that Rome should conquer them. But after conquest the imperial city of the west learned that, though its body was strong and vigorous and wholesome, its mind was uncultivated, its thought uncouth and its emotion crude. And Rome, the mistress, sat at the feet of conquered Athens and learned of art and literature and beauty of life until that great throbbing political unit, strong in the accumulated physical force of the years, was filled with Greek culture. Then, when the great wave of dominion and authority swept out from Rome, its center and source, it carried high upon its crest this new-won element of Greek art and civilization and literature and, when the great wave broke in the thunders of imperial conquest, receding, it left in every land the impress of the beautiful life in the city by the eastern sea. And Rome's second contribution to civilization is found in the fact that when she made the world Roman she made it also Greek.

Again and in the latter years Rome found another element of life better than her own. For centuries she had clung fondly to the religion of the older day; had tolerated it from her spirit of conservatism. But it could not be in harmony with her later life: it could not satisfy her thoughtful men. And so her people groped in darkness and her leaders could speak only in uncertainty, since it was not given them to see the light. But the Apostles of the Christian Church brought to Rome the Message of the Gospel. The great city first resisted and persecuted, then tolerated and finally accepted the new faith in enthusiasm. And Rome had ceased to be Pagan and become Christian, ultimately in fact the center of the church. Then the same imperial forces operated as had operated before. As law and order and Greek culture had gone forth to all the world and been reinforced in the most remote civilizations

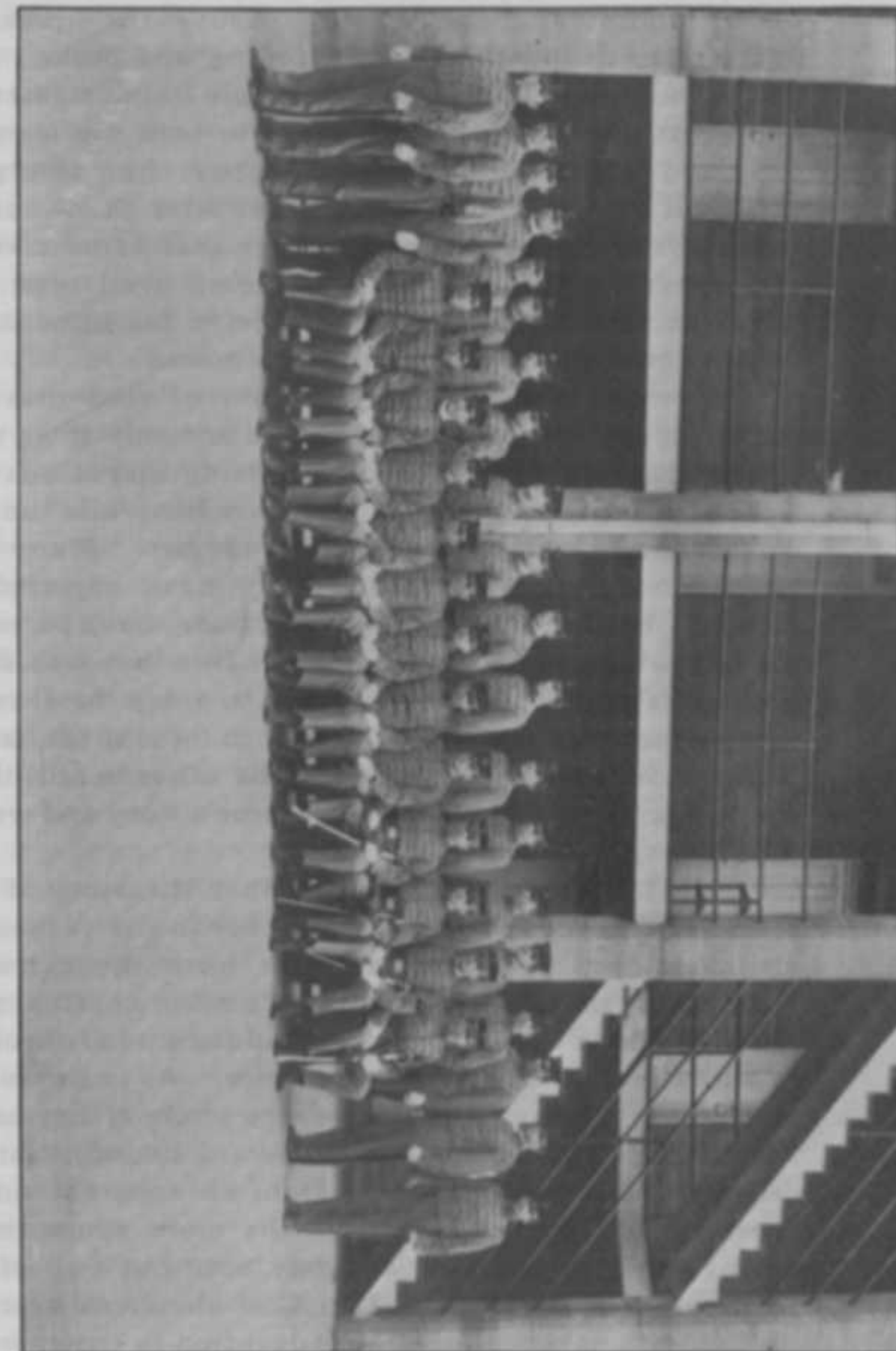
so now her strong arm gave support to Christianity and helped to spread the gospel to every part of her imperial domain. Rome's third contribution to civilization is found in the fact that she not only made the Roman world Roman and, in a measure, Greek, but that she helped to make it also Christian.

And again the student of history does well to remember that the most critical formative era in Roman development was at the time of greatest stress at the seat of government. These people were conservative and established law and custom were always favored. Hence they clung tenaciously to the old institutions of the Republic. They had established a home government exceedingly well adapted to the control of a small city but ill-fitted to direct a great and unwieldy empire. Yet it was maintained for centuries and until long outgrown. But the story of Rome is even more marvelous in the light of the consideration that expansion continued during that dark sanguinary period in which Rome was struggling to put off the old government and assume the new, a change dictated by the logic of circumstance. Those were sad and gloomy days indeed. The state was torn by civil strife and the soil of Italy and many of the provinces was reddened by Roman blood. Legions were enrolled to patrol the world in unmatched power not against Parthian or Gaul but to bring death or exile to Roman citizens. Thousands fell by proscription and millions in treasure vanished in that dreadful conflict. But the struggle went steadily on and barbarian nations fell while Romans fought their civil duel and passed through the agonies of transition from the old Republic to the policy of empire from which they shrank by the very conservatism toward which they were irresistibly driven by the sovereign impulse of necessity. First Sulla, adherent of the senate's cause, with one hand held back Marius, champion of the people, and with the other crushed Mithridates, tyrant of the East. Then comes peace for a season and after that increased confusion and despair. Out from this chaos there bursts a figure at once the most stupendous and interesting in Roman history, valiant warrior and consum-

mate captain of armies, stern ruler and unrivalled genius in administration, deep-souled, broad-minded, magnanimous man, far-seeing prophet of his people, Caius Julius Cæsar, Dictator of the World. Above the uproar this figure rises to lay the Gauls bleeding and broken at his feet, to hold foreign enemies back from Rome's gates with one great arm and with the other to lead his legions to Italy and Greece and conquer Pompey, then to organize the great empire and establish order after chaos and then to die at the hand of a friend. After that came civil war and bitter strife for a score of years, well nigh, until Octavian mounts the capital to receive his imperial title as Augustus, first Emperor of the Romans.

'Twere wonderful from any point of view that Rome should construct so great an empire and rule it as wisely as she did. But the fact seems passing marvelous in the light of what she suffered in her inner life while the stress of foreign conquest was pressing on her. Many states have conquered alien foes; many have adjusted civil discord; but few, it may be almost none, have borne both burdens at once and with success. But that was Rome's accomplishment. With one hand to grasp the throats of foreign foes leaping fiercely at her, to force them back and conquer or crush them and with the other to still the uproar in her civic life—that was Rome's duty and well she did it.

But it is an error to assume that the story of Rome seems to transcend sober history only in the respect that she developed in a few centuries from the extreme of national weakness to all power. There is a certain mystic touch of magic in all her story, a golden thread of romance in every fold of that fabric of empire. As in her military and political triumphs, so in every phase of her national life there is that same dizzy, upward bound, that same creation of something great from an apparent nothing, mysterious, incomprehensible, the more romantic as it seems the less actual. We may note but two of these further particulars. In 753 B. C. a shepherd over Tiber on the Vatican, kneeling in rapt devotion to the rising sun, his only god, could raise his eyes and see beyond the yel-



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

low stream two rounded hills yet veiled in early morning's mist. And if his gaze were keen he might detect upon the hills, low arching to the skies, the rude abodes of savage men and few at most clear marked against the radiance of the morn, their dull and somber tones in contrast with the east. For they were made of virgin clay and thatched with straw. And all around them lay a narrow plain, deep under water from the sullen stream, a damp and sodden, fever-ridden and unlovely place. And that was all. When seven hundred years had passed Imperial Cæsar might have halted at the city's gates to view the land that lay within the compass of the shepherd's gaze, to see a city with a million souls upon that homely plain, mud huts replaced by marble elegance—imperial, lovely Rome, the mistress of the world. This was the creation of a few hundred years, the true fore-type of municipal greatness and splendor. And not only was this city grander than the world had ever known. Many centuries must pass before its equal should ever rise or one comparable, and yet more before the world should know a greater.

The last of the marvelous creations of Roman genius to which attention should be given is not the least. At the beginning of the national history the Latin language was but one among many local, ancient dialects and perhaps of all the most unlovely. It lacked on the one hand the musical cadence of the Greek and on the other the forcible accent of the German. It flowed from the tongue with the monotony of a weak accent, made cumbrous by its position on the initial syllable. It was inflexible, rough and uncouth, an unschooled native tongue. So marked were its characteristics, so much did it lack literary form, that the men of thought and culture wrote for years in Greek. And this is another element in Rome's early national poverty. But again the unrivaled Roman genius sets itself the task of overcoming the misfortune of heredity and, as in her political history, so in her linguistic, the great work was in a great measure the creation of a single master mind. For years the Romans sought to mould their language into literary form but the process was slow and

chaos still ruled when her people gave to the world Marcus Tullius Cicero, orator and versatile literary genius. In the hands of this copious master of style Latin prose reached its full splendor; he gathered the fragments of that language, still a mosaic of dialects, and moulded them into literary form and the mould in which he cast it was his own imperial brain. Before his time Latin prose was an uncouth form and one only of the world's dialects. As it left his hands it had become a universal language, one which had definitely superseded all others as the type of civilized expression.

When Cicero appears in history there lay to the north and west of Rome the German and the Celt who knew nothing of literary form, whose language was a mere jargon. There were in the world but two decent, civilized languages, the Hebrew and Greek, and they were hopelessly remote from western life. Under these circumstances Ciceronian prose became the prose of the human race; not only of the Roman empire but of Erasmus and Augustine and of the mediæval church. And Cicero's glory is the glory also of Rome.

The fourth chapter in the romance of Roman history is the chapter of decadence, ruin, death. Four hundred and seventy-six years after the birth of Christ and twelve hundred and twenty-nine from the founding of the city the hoof of the Gothic steed went ringing through the forum and the palace of the Cæsars and Rome had fallen. As her life and growth had been marvelous and romantic her death was tragic, pitiful, though predestined by effective causes. But Rome died as she had lived and as some great, self-centered man, whose strength is wasted with many years, whose life work is done, lays down his weary frame exhausted and wasted by disease and gives up his life quietly without a struggle, as was predestined at his birth in the unwritten law of nature. That is the fitting close for a noble life. That any man in the fulness of years, whose toil had made its impress on his day and generation, should pass from life by ictic death or any sudden agency were grievously incongruous. 'Tis fitting that the mighty strength of such a man should change to

weakness by degrees and pass from earth surrounded by his children and proudly conscious of the work that he has done. Such was the death of Rome. She did not fall in one abrupt ruin but in a slow decadence extending over centuries of time. When the height of her power was reached her strength had all been given to the building of that colossal empire; the great brain had given its tremendous force to the problems of a world; the throbbing heart had been too long forcing its life blood to nourish that magnificent political organism; Rome had given her strength, her thought, her all to the world and there was none left to support her own aging body. Then came disease, ever ready to seize upon that which is worn by service; its advance was gradual but insidious and sure. One by one her various parts were weakened or taken from her; the strength of the political center ebbed lower and lower and finally the Goths came sweeping from the North, struck the last fatal blow and the Roman empire was no more. Her time had passed as must the time of everything mortal in nature; her work was done, magnificently done. In seven hundred years, yes, in five hundred years, Rome had grown from helplessness to colossal magnitude; from ignorance and crudity of life to enlightenment and culture, from national weakness to stupendous power and world-dominion. In one hundred years she had organized the whole known world into one great empire and had originated sound principles in law, organized government and administration, political impulses, the direction and force of which have never essentially changed and in the declining years of her life had bound to herself every element of her great domain by the marvelous force of her national character and had poured into their veins her very life blood in the form of her culture, native and acquired; her art and literature, her language and finally the Christian religion. And this she did not as other nations; not as Macedonia and France, by the genius of an individual; not as Germany, by the union of many states; not as America by inheritance and by the force imparted by a mother state. For Rome there was no inheritance; there was nothing in her past but savagery.

There was no greatness of individual genius until her palmy days were reached; there were absolutely no causes of a fortuitous or circumstantial nature which can explain her marvelous growth and power. She came from nothing and became great and nothing helped her to that greatness save that which was innate. Indeed it would seem that the goddess of destiny had given Rome a poorer clay of which to make a nation than any race in the Indo-European group. She was without territory, without strength of numbers, without imagination and fineness of feeling. And every other race had at least one of these characteristics. Yet she lived to master all the others; to blaze a pathway broad and straight through the wilderness of political chaos; to take from other nations the elements of life in which they were her superiors; to give those same elements to other peoples who had them not. That marvelous story may well seem, to the man of thought, beyond the realm of sober fact, beyond history, beyond science, and greater than both. It is a world-romance.



Some Other Day

THERE are Wonderful Things we are going to do,
Some Other Day.
There are fortunes we hope to fall heir to,
Some Other Day.
With nerve and grit, and work and pluck,
We'll show them how a Fortune's struck,
And the Wise will say "Brains," and the Fools will say "Luck,"
Some Other Day.

There are Manly Habits we are going to form,
Some Other Day.
There are Seas to cross and Forts to storm,
Some Other Day.
There are Brothers to help and Great Works to do,
Successes to win and Passions subdue,
Oh, it's a Wonderful Harbor we are going to drift to,
Some Other Day.

I tell you, My Lad, the Seed-Time is NOW,
To-Day.
I pray you, My Boy, put your hand to the Plow,
To-Day.
To-morrow is GOD'S, To-Day is your own,
I tell you again what the Old World's long known,
YOU WILL SURELY REAP JUST AS YOU HAVE SOWN,
To-Day.



The Skidoo Street Mystery

H. H. ARMSBY



ONE cool summer morning as Padlock Homes, the world-famous detective and myself were smoking our after-breakfast cigars and talking over past times, Homes suddenly said, "Well, 'Red,' I wish something would turn up, don't you?"

The words were hardly out of his mouth before we were startled by a terrific ring at the bell, and the maid ushered in a

tall and handsome man, at whom she cast admiring glances. And he certainly was a man to attract attention most anywhere, with his dark skin, coal black eyes and hair, and white teeth.

He stood looking from the one to the other of us as if uncertain which to address. Homes addressed him thus, "Ah, sir, I see you are a 'plain-clothes-man' and that you have some important news for me. Well, I am Mr. Homes."

"Yes, sir, I am, as you say, a 'plain-clothes-man,' and I have some important news for you, but I don't see how you knew all that about me before I had even opened my mouth before you."

"Very simple, very simple, indeed," answered Homes. "I saw by your face that you had something important to tell me, and as no one but the police force ever have anything important to say to me, I naturally supposed you to be a member of it, and since you had no uniform on, I took you for a 'plain-clothes-man.'"

"Why, how simple," said our visitor, "but let's get to business. I came to see you about a murder (or suicide) up on Skidoo street. There are no clues that any of us can find, and we are beginning to think that it is a suicide. But the man seems to have had no reason for wishing to quit this life. He was perfectly happy, so far as anyone knows, with plenty of true friends, business successful, and yet everything points to suicide. The chief would like you to help us out, if you will."

"I will be very glad to do all in my power to help you out," said Homes, graciously. "Will you lead me and my friend," indicating myself, "to the scene of the tragedy?"

Our guide led us to a fine mansion on Skidoo street, where we found a large crowd already gathered. The body had been discovered only an hour before, but the news had traveled like lightning; for Brown, the deceased, was greatly liked by all who knew him, and naturally his tragic death was greatly felt by all.

Homes entered, and was immediately shown into the presence of the Inspector, who received him joyfully, to say the least.

"Has anything been disturbed?" asked he immediately.

"No, everything is exactly as we found it," replied the Inspector.

"Ah, that's good," chuckled Homes, as he set to work. He entered the room where the tragedy had taken place, but stopped aghast on the threshold; even his iron nerves were shaken by the scene of murder and bloodshed spread before him. On the floor before him lay, face upward, the body of the poor Mr. Brown, with his throat cut from ear to ear. He was surrounded by a pool of blood, and in his right hand he held a murderous-looking knife, which had evidently been the instrument of death; for it was covered with blood. His hand was all covered with blood, too, and altogether it certainly looked like suicide to me; in fact, I didn't see how anybody was going to prove it a murder.

Homes, however, was not long delayed even by this

terrible spectacle. He set to work with astonishing rapidity to solve this seemingly impossible case. First he examined the floor where he stood, near the door, and then examined the floor all the way from there to the corpse, at the same time measuring that distance. Then he measured the distance from the corpse to the windows and nodded his head, muttering, "Just as I thought!"

Then he examined the body, looked closely at the wound, then the hands of the victim, and glanced at the knife. Suddenly he bent over the corpse, giving a little exclamation of astonishment as he did so.

He then arose and asked to see the man's private papers. They were brought to him, and he rumaged through them until at last he seemed to find what he wanted, for he took a little book out from among the other papers and began to read it. Suddenly he gave a little exclamation of astonishment and bent over the book, so as to give it the full benefit of his attention. He read a few lines and then turned over a few pages and glanced over a page, gave an exclamation of delight, and read two or three lines, then rose and said, "Well, 'Red,' I'm going home. Are you coming with me, or do you want to stay here and look at the corpse a while?"

"Why, of course, I'm coming with you, but you aren't going to give up this case, are you?"

"No, I certainly am not going to give it up yet, but I have done all I can do here, and I am going to finish it at home," replied Homes.

"But how in the world are you going to do it at home?" I asked.

"I will tell you that later," answered Homes, as he prepared to leave the house. "But come along now if you are coming; I can finish this better at home now."

We returned home then, and Homes immediately repaired to his private library, where he took down a large book which had no name, but simply bore on the front this label:



I had long wondered what it was, and now I was going to find out, as soon as Homes worked out his case, which I knew would not be long.

Homes rapidly turned over the pages until he had reached about the middle of the book, then he read a few lines, turned over a few more pages, seized a pen and some paper and wrote rapidly for a few minutes. He then called a messenger boy and gave him the paper, telling him to see that it was put in all the evening papers.

This is what was written on the paper:

"S. S. S.—S. S. S.—S. S. S.

No. 7776583. 5-7-'06.

12 Hudson Street.

S. S. S.

1—1."

Then, removing his coat, he sat down and picked up a morning paper and commenced to read it. He seemed to be taking his ease, and I thought he was going to wait until it cooled off in the evening to finish his work on this very difficult case. So I asked him, "Homes, aren't you going to work any more this morning?"

"No, I am going to wait until this evening to finish up this case. There is no need of any hurry anyway, for the murderer is, in all probability, in the city at this moment, and, I doubt not, will be in this room this evening," answered Homes.

"Then are you simply going to do nothing all day, and wait for the murderer to walk in here and ask you to arrest him!" I exclaimed in astonishment at what I took to be indifference to the business on hand, which I knew was something rare in him, for he was usually all business until the case on hand was finished.

"Well, no, not exactly that," replied Homes with a smile, as he glanced over the paper in search of something interesting. "The fact is, I have advertised for my man, and expect him to answer it in person here to-night."

I, being well used to Homes' ways, did not ask any questions, but settled down to try to find something to do all the long summer day.

After supper Homes said to me, "Now, 'Red,' prepare for the beginning of the end."

He had hardly spoken when there came a knock at the door and a man entered, who struck me as being a villain as soon as I saw him.

Homes spoke to him, asking him to be seated, and then he excused himself for a moment and our visitor seated himself near the window and gazed out into the street, when we were both startled by a little click, and looked up to see Homes pointing a revolver at the man.

"Here 'Red,' put the bracelets on him," said he to me. I did as he told me, for I knew that he never made any mistakes in a case like this, and therefore I snapped the handcuffs about his wrists, whereat he sank into a chair with a groan. "You've got me," he said with an oath, "but I would like to know how you did it."

"Never mind about that now, but come along with me; I will explain later," replied Homes. We took the man to the police station, where he was placed in a cell to await his trial, which would take place very soon, and then we returned home, and Homes began to tell me how he had solved this very puzzling case.

"Well, to begin with," said he, "you no doubt remember that when I first began to work at the case, I examined the floor at and about the door of the room in which the murder was committed, and then the same thing from there to the corpse. I found no traces of any-

one's having walked there for some time, so I naturally supposed that the murderer had entered the room through the windows, and when I found that he could easily have done so, I took it for granted that such was the case; then I found a footprint near the body which looked as if the person who made it had just alighted from a jump, and my suspicions were confirmed. Next I examined the hands of the corpse and found that the blood on them had been smeared on by some other person; then I suddenly found a shred of black cloth on the man's light gray suit, and I was then absolutely sure that it was murder, and it only remained to discover who the murderer was, and I knew that that would not be hard to do. You no doubt remember that I then called for the man's private papers. Among them I found a little book with this inscription on it:

"'S. S. S.—S. S. S.—S. S. S.'"

"I looked through it, for I knew that the 'S. S. S.' is a secret society of some size and importance, and that I would probably find what I wanted there if anywhere. After I had turned over a few pages I found the following written passage:

"'Have decided to break my pledge with the 'S. S. S., and will tell 7776583 about it as soon as I see him.'"

"I turned over that page and there was the whole secret of the murder before me in black and white, for on the page was written the following:

"'7776583 said he would give me three days to change my mind, and if at the end of that time I had not done so, he would murder me. I don't believe he will do it, though, and I am not afraid of him.'"

"That was enough for me, for I have a book here which tells all about the 'S. S. S.', so I came back home and looked up No. 776583 and found that he was a bondsman for No. 7776583. I looked up 7776583 and found that that number stood for Mr. S. H. Brown, pledged member, residence on Skidoo street, city. I knew that that was the murdered man, so was on the right track.

"Then I looked up their manner of calling a member in any place, and found it to be the following:

"S. S. S.—S. S. S.—S. S. S.

No.——. (Date).

(Address to come to).

S. S. S.

1—1.

"I had that put in all the evening papers so as to be sure to get my man, and then merely waited for him to show up here and get arrested."

"But why did he murder poor Brown just because he wanted to sever his connections with the 'S. S. S.', whatever that is?" I asked, in bewilderment, for the marvelous ease with which Homes had solved this bewildering case had so surprised me that I didn't know what to think about anything.

"Why, don't you see; 7776583 was the bondsman of the poor Brown, and if he didn't keep his pledge, 7776583 would be expelled, and of course he didn't want to be expelled, so he took the only means he could think of to keep the other members from finding out about Brown's breaking his bond, and he thought he could not possibly be found out, for he covered up his track so thoroughly, and I will give him the credit of performing a very clever piece of work," he added with a yawn, as he prepared for bed.

I will only add that the man whom Homes arrested was proven guilty and sentenced to be hung, but he ended his life in prison by taking some poison which he managed to conceal from the warden who searched him as he was taken into the prison.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.

INTRODUCTION

BEING convinced that the burning literary need is not for more translators; but for more Omars to translate, the editor by mere chance has had the rare good fortune to secure the original manuscript of Omar Khayyam, Jr., hitherto unpublished. It was found in Ceylon by Cadet Liberman, who had the kindness to allow it to be published in the *BLUE AND GOLD*. Great scholarship was necessary to its translation; but every difficulty has been overcome, and we submit it with the hope that it will serve to create a taste for what is best in Oriental literature. Here, indeed, is a sensation in the world of letters as thrilling as the discovery of Ossian's forgotten songs. The editor felt it his duty to lift this rare philosophy out of the Erebus that has so long cloaked it in obscurity.

It is a little matter for surprise that the discovery of these "Rubs" should have been left to this late date. The genius of the West has ever been slow to recognize the merit of the East. It took a Crusade to bring the story of Troy to the knowledge of the West, and the critical Matthew Arnold to bring the Epic of Persia into the proper realm of English poesy. Little wonder then that many centuries should elapse before these superb gems of thought and of the poetic genius of Omar, the younger, came to the intelligence of the Western world. The perusal of this choice philosophy and poetry is made possible after an infinity of "sudor et labor," spent in excavating under the 1100 irregular verbs, ninety declensions, and sixty-three exceptions to every rule that goes to make the ancient Mango-Ceylon dialect in which the poem was originally written, foremost among the dead languages!

Omar Khayyam, the elder, died early in the eleventh century. Having sold his poems profitably, he established taverns throughout the length and breadth of Persia. Omar died in the height of his popularity, but shortly after his death, his native city, Naishaphur, became a temperance town. Even the younger Omar might have lived and sung at Naishaphur had not a sect of fanatical women of the Sufi Tribe risen in a body against the house of Omar and razed it to the ground with the aid of hatchets, which at that time were the exclusive weapons of the sect and sex. Omar, Jr., it is said, had to flee from the country when a mere youth and take up his abode in distant Ceylon, the country in which his genius flowered and bore spice. Although Omar, Jr., is the greatest man that Ceylon has yet produced, he must not be confused with the Wild Man of Borneo, who, although himself a poet, was a man of far less culture than the author of the present Rubaiyat.

Omar, the younger, felt it his duty to retrieve the family reputation, and substituted in his philosophy and poetry the "Comfort of the Smoking Car" for the pleasures of wine taught by his father. Quite in accordance with his policy of improving upon his father's Muse was the frequent endorsement of the beautiful and harmless art of kissing. The kiss is mentioned twice in the following translation and seven hundred and sixty-nine times in his untranslated works, making a grand total of seven hundred and seventy-one Omaric kisses.

"Enough! — Of kisses can there be enough?"

It can truthfully be said that the father left the discovery of women to his son; for nowhere in old Omar is full justice done to the charms of the fair sex. Even in his most ardent passages, he does nothing more than utter a eulogy on friendship.

Where the philosophy of the elder Omar was bacchanalian and epicurean that of the son was tobacchanalian and eclectic, allowing excess only in moderation, and countenancing nothing more violent than poetic license.

Doubtless the preservative influence of the weed enabled Omar, Jr., to live to the ripe old age of a hundred and three, though it was eventually the means of his death. To quote from the words of the quaint old chronicler:

"While the Volcanic Singer was seated one day in the shade of a Banyan tree, he nodded and fell asleep, still puffing lustily at a panatella, sweet and black. Now the poetic beard was long and his sleep deep. The little brand of fire crept closer and closer to the beautiful hairy mantle that fell from the poet's chin. That day the Island was wrapped in a light gauze of blue mist. When the smoke had passed, we hastened to the spot where our good master was wont to sit; but naught remained but a great heap of white ashes. Thus he died as he had lived — a hero."

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Jr.

Begone, acerbid Brat of Death, that sours
The Milk of Life and blasts the budding Flowers!
Back to your gloomy, mouldering Cairns, and let
Me do my worrying in Study Hours!

Come, fill the pipe, and in the Fire of Spring
The Cuban Leaves upon the Embers fling,
That in its Incense I may Sermonize
On Woman's Ways and all that sort of Thing.

See, beautiful Zamperina, damselish,
The Day has broken Night's unwholesome Dish,
The Lark is up betimes to hail the Dawn,
The Early Worm is up to catch the Fish.

Ah, Love, th' Invisible Buskin at the Gate
Illumes your Eyes that languored gaze and wait
And in their Incandescence seem to ask
The world-old Question: "Is my Hat on Straight?"

Than Basilisk or Nenuphar more fair,
Your Locks with countless glistening Pendants glare,
Then as the Fountain patters to the brim
A hundred Hairpins tumble from your Hair.

So let them scatter, jangled in Duress.
What reckons Love of Hairpins more or less?
Guard well your Heart and let the Hairpins go —
To lose your Heart were arrant carelessness.

Acephalous Time to februous Lengths bestirred
Strips the lush Blossom and outstrips the Bird,
Makes sweet the Wine — I cannot say the same
Of Women or of Songs that I have heard.

A Grand Piano underneath the Bough,
A Gramophone, a Chinese Gong, and Thou
Trying to sing an Anthem off the Key —
Oh, Paradise were Wilderness Enow?

As one who by the Sphinx delays a space,
And on her Shoulder finds a Resting-Place,
Breathes an awed question in her stupored Ear
And lights a Sulphur Match upon her Face.

Some clamor much for kisses, some for few,
Others deep sup, their Thirstings to renew,
And mumble into Maunderings, but I,
In kissing, scorn the How Much for the Who.

But cannot Beauty render Sin the less
When Aphroditan Damosels Transgress,
Making the Error lovely with the thought —
A Dimple is its own Forgiveness.

Look to the Rose who, as I pass her by,
Breathes the fond Attar-musk up to the Sky,
Spreading her silken Blushes — Does she know
That I have come to smell and not to Buy?

What shallow Guerdon of terrestrial Strife,
For him who quits this Donjon Keep of Life,
To read the world's expectant Epitaph:
"He left a Handsome Widow in his Wife!"

Before the Dawn's Encroachment I awoke
And heard again the bodeful Adage spoke:
Society Engagements are like Eggs —
You don't know what's inside them till they're broke.

Creation stands between the Wont and Will,
Yes, and that Doubt Infinitude might fill —
It took nine Tailors once to make a Man,
It took nine more to make him pay the Bill.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
A Woman's Club and heard great Argument
Of crazy Cults and Creeds; but evermore
'Twas by much Gossip of the Fashion rent.

Waste not your Weed, the Leaves are all too few
Its nectar to defile as Others do —
And shun the Solecism and the plug
For Cattle-Kings and Stevedores to chew.

Into some secret, migrant Realm without,
By the Dun cloak of Darkness wrapped about,
Or by ringed Saturn's Swirl thou may'st be hid
In vain: be sure the Bore will find you out.

Forgive, ye Wise, the Oaf who nothing knows
And glories in the Bubbles that he blows,
And while you wrestle blindly with the World,
He whistles on his Fingers and his Toes.

What good to dread the Storm's impending Black
With woful Ululation and "Alack!" —
The garbled Tenor of a sore Desire
Can never bring your lost Umbrella back.

Notes

1. "Sours the Milk of Life!" Here the milk of life is soured by the sudden advent of the Brat of Death (Care, perhaps, who is said to have killed a cat). By some critics it is held that the figure might have been enriched by the substitution of the Cream of Life for the Milk of Life.

3. "The Early Worm is up to Catch the Fish." The worm, caught as a bait, will in turn serve as a captor for some luckless fish. This is possibly the Ceylon version of our own proverb, "The Early Bird Catches the Worm."

2. "Spring, Fling, Thing" will appeal especially to the poetical mind, the rhyme being almost perfect. A correct rhyme should have precisely the same vowel sound and the final consonants should be the same, but the initial consonant should be different. Hence, this is an absolutely perfect rhyme.

4. "The Invisible Buskin at the Gate," probably refers to the shoes left outside the Temple of Love.

5. "Pendants." Who has not noted a hairpin in the act of falling, hanging for a moment, as though loth to leave its gentle habitation? Omar, Jr., was an observer of small things as well as great. The editor would like to call attention to the rhythmic effect produced by the frequent use of alliteration or aspirates ("h" sounds) in this and the following stanza.

5. "A Hundred Hairpins." Aspirates used liberally in this line, probably to give the effect of falling hairpins.

8. "Enow." Here the poet uses poetic license, coining "Enow" for the sake of a rhyme.

11. "Forgiveness." The spelling of this word is somewhat unusual, and the editor freely confesses that he has no authority for such usage, beyond the fact that in the orthography of the ancient Ceylon dialect the strong vowels "i" and "e" were sometimes interchangeable.

12. "Attar-musk." Attar is the Persian word for druggist, but we can hardly believe that the poet would attribute an artificial perfume to the rose.

16. "Myself when young." This stanza is supposed to be biographical in its intent. It is known that before the anti-Omaric uprising in Naishapur that the younger Omar was much lionized and sought after by society. He was much prized as a lecturer before women's clubs. He appeared before several of these at Naishapur, giving recitations and readings from his father's works.

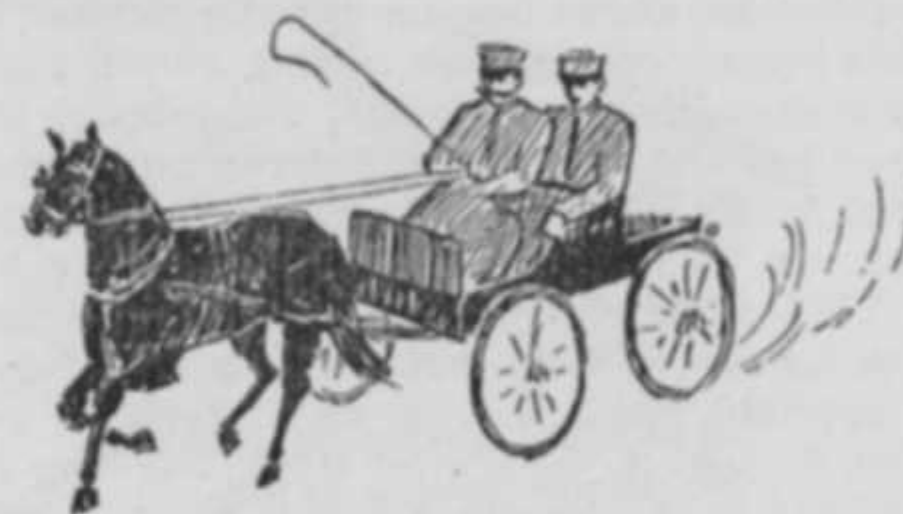
19. "He whistles on his Fingers and his Toes." Many may consider this line undignified and unrefined; but such readers should always remember that these quatrains may be taken as purely symbolical. Thus the Fingers and the Toes may be regarded as mental aspects, and the whistle as whatever best suits the reader.

A Story Without Sense

(Dedicated to Captain D.—Words and music by Schopenhaur.)

'T WAS in the spring. Yes, my dear reader, that's when this story commences. A young lady, I may say, a very young lady, was walking through an orchard of apple blossoms. Maybe you never heard of an orchard of blossoms, but I have, and this story is for instruction and not for entertainment, anyhow. She kept on walking while I was making the above disquisition, and at last arrived at a summer house of fairy-like proportions. There, taking a seat, and gazing on the multitudinous evidences of the springing spring, she reached out and procured a Maltese cat from under the opposite bench. Holding it by the neck she caressed it for some few moments, put it down and then hissed "Scat." THE frightened feline flew down the flowery aisles with fast and feverish feet and in a most ferocious fury, her agonized eyes gleaming under her dark yellow lashes with the utmost intensity of fear. The very young lady sat in the fairy-like summer house until sundown. As the last rays of the orb were settling down behind the western hills, a young man—I might say a very young man but I wont—came striding up the path through the multitudinous blossoms and seated himself by the side of the feminine puzzle. They sat thus for some time—no, not in silence, my friend, but engaged in very animated conversation—that is, the female was. Now, as we have less than nothing to do with the conversation, we will get to the heavy part as soon as possible. The young man, after listening intently for some time by smoking a pipe and reading a popular magazine, arose leisurely, and then when the young lady was not looking, emptied the still burning ashes on her her head. She, not being natur-

ally hot-headed, but seeing that circumstances were conspiring to make her so, decided that she ought to act as if she were. Therefore, immediately arising, she picked up the bench on which she had been sitting, and threw it with all the power she could summon at the retreating figure of incarnate masculine depravity. It caught him in the neck and killed him instantly. She, knowing that nothing could save her from the pen, took a hat-pin from her delicate breast and pierced her own heart after writing in the sand, "I could not live without him!"



The Seminary Girl

WE proudly walk along the street,
In hope some pretty girl to meet ;
But who is it that turns those heads around ?
"The Seminary Girl."

When by that place we often pass
Our eyes are on some pretty lass
With healthy cheeks of tender pink,
It does not take us long to think
Who is to be my girl ?"

Our hearts beat quick, we speechless stand,
Look, she is the fairest in the land,
And by my boots, here where I stand,
I'll press my suit and win her hand.



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German Club---1906-07

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Captain Fretwell, President

Captain Crawford, Vice-President

Sergeant Strawn, Secretary and Treasurer

Captain N. H. Kerr, Master of Ceremonies

FLOOR COMMITTEE

Lieutenant Brast

Lieutenant Goodhue

Sergeant Riddlemoser

Corporal Mann

Corporal Bradshaw

Social Life at S. M. A.

ALTHOUGH football, basket ball, baseball, and other athletics have been progressing at S. M. A., the social functions have by no means been thrown into the shade.

On every other Saturday night the new "gym." is thronged with the "town girls" and cadets. It is indeed a pretty sight—the brass buttons and grey uniforms of the cadets with the various colored gowns of the girls, either whirling in a glorious two-step or slowly gliding in a dreamy waltz,—enjoying life in the form of an informal dance. The "big" holidays, such as Thanksgiving, Washington's Birthday, Easter, and Commencement Week, are of course celebrated by our big formal hops.

The Thanksgiving Hop was by far the most attractive dance the school has ever enjoyed; in fact, all our social "doings" have taken a decided turn for the better.

The German Club, composed of the following cadets, Cadet Captain Fretwell, president; Cadet Captain Crawford, Vice-President; Cadet Sergeant Strawn, Secretary and Treasurer, and Cadet Captain N. H. Kerr, Master of Ceremonies, is strictly a student organization, composed of and run by cadets only; and it is their aim to make the dances the best possible.

At the Thanksgiving Hop the gymnasium was beautifully decorated with pennants, flags, etc. The Upsilon Gamma Sigma fraternity was represented by a large cozy corner, appropriately decorated, which was occupied by the members of the fraternity and their friends.

Those present at the hop were: Major and Mrs. T. H. Russell, Captain Hodges and Miss Ida Opie, Captain Dillon and Miss Loretta Walter, Captain Dick and Miss Massie Kable, Cadet Captain Kerr and Miss Mary Ellen

Warwick, Cadet Captain Crawford and Miss Ida Van Chaf, Cadet Captain Juvenal and Miss May Johnson, Cadet Captain Daugherty and Miss Madge Bucher, Cadet Lieutenant Grosvenor and Miss Annie Hoge, Cadet Lieutenant Goodhue and Miss Mary Shreckhise, Cadet Lieutenant King and Miss Janie Gilkeson, Cadet Sergeant Brown, L., and Miss Marguerite Gilkeson, Cadet Sergeant Riddlemoser and Miss Argene Andrews, Cadet Sergeant Strawn and Miss Reba Andrews, Cadet Sergeant Tanner and Miss Easley, Cadet Private Potter, H., and Miss Joe Timberlake.

The small number of couples afforded greater floor space and consequently greater comfort in dancing; and, according to the opinion voiced by all, we had a most enjoyable time.

Although the management was in new hands, the George Washington Hop came off in a manner creditable only to the excellent management of Cadet Captain Fretwell. The programs were decorated with the characteristic and appropriate hatchets, and small decorated hatchets were given as favors.



Our Thanksgiving Hop

A most enjoyable society event took place in our new gymnasium on the evening of November 26, 1906, namely, our Thanksgiving Hop, at which Mesdames Kable, Russell, Bryson, Slater, Gibson, Hanger, Curry, and Littig were the patronesses.

PROGRAM

Grand March To the Principal

DANCES

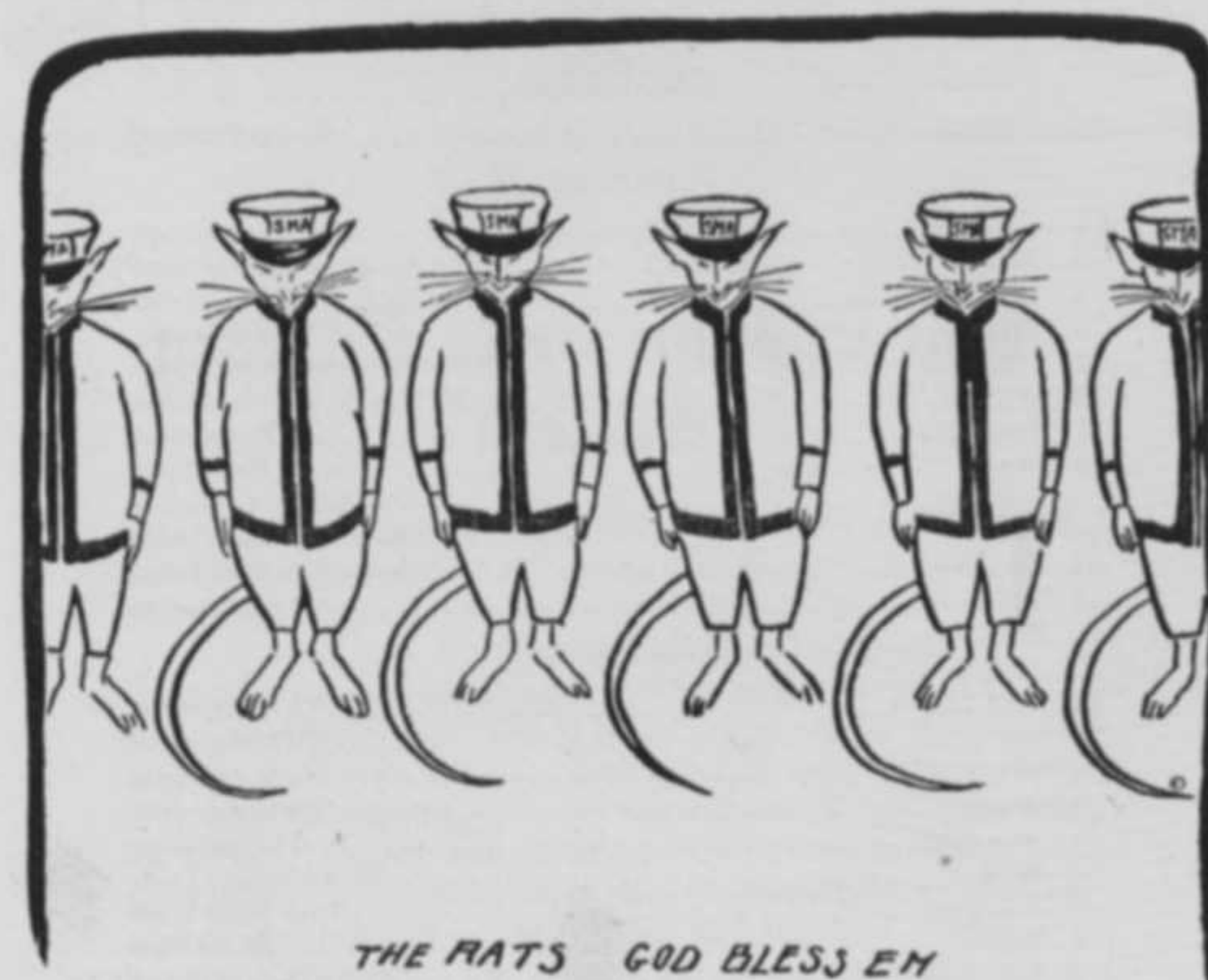
- 1 Two-Step To the Commandant
- 2 Waltz To the Assistant Commandant
- 3 Two-Step To Major and Mrs. Russell
- 4 Waltz To the Faculty
- 5 Two-Step To the Commissioned Officers
- 6 Waltz To Upsilon Gamma Sigma
- 7 Two-Step To the Staff
- 8 Waltz To the Non-Coms
- 9 Two-Step To the Men of the Ranks
- 10 Waltz To the Athletic Association
- 11 Two-Step To the Foot-Ball Team
- 12 Waltz To the Coaches

Intermission

- 1 Two-Step To Company A
- 2 Waltz To Company B
- 3 Waltz To Company C
- 4 Waltz To Company D
- 5 Two-Step To the First Class
- 6 Waltz To the Second Class
- 7 Two-Step To the Third Class
- 8 Waltz To the Rats
- 9 Two-Step To the Girls at Home
- 10 Waltz To the Girls of Virginia
- 11 Two-Step To our Company
- 12 Waltz To Home, Sweet Home

Extras

- 1
- 2



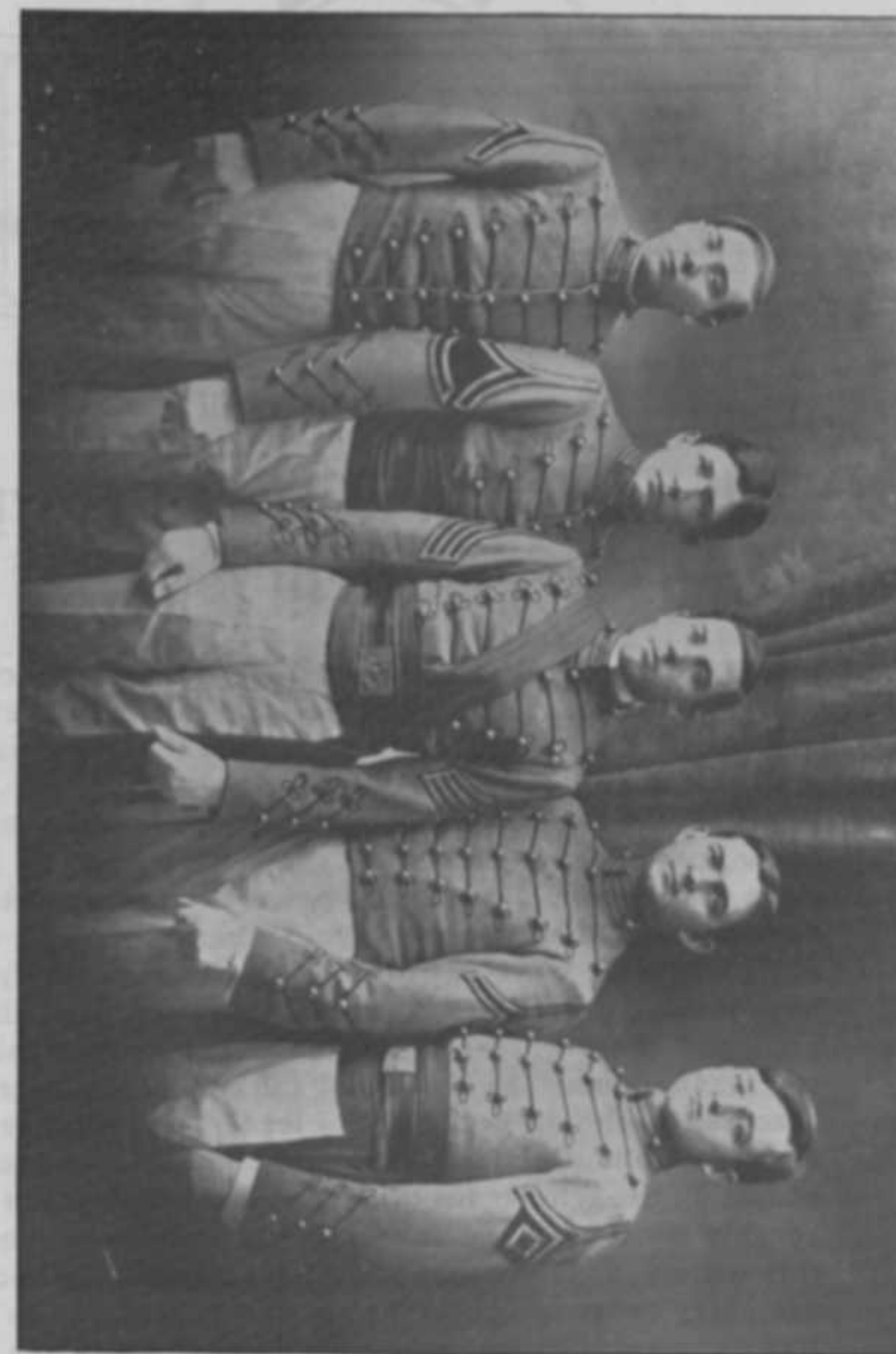
THE RATS GOD BLESS EM



Rho Epsilon Delta Literary Society

THE motto of the Rho Epsilon Delta Literary Society, "Eloquence is Power," is suggestive, in itself, of the character of the work which this organization has endeavored to pursue.

It is an indisputable fact that every young man should know how to get up on his feet and make a speech. It is right that he should have this power; necessity oftentimes demands it. These are the days—whether we like it or not—when the world is ruled by the tongue. Why not have it ruled properly? By men. Educated, well-thinking men. The scholar should be at the helm of home, state, and nation. Every school and college graduate will become, or should become, the leader who moulds and directs Public Opinion. Realizing that the burden of educating the scholar for the duties and privileges of citizenship rests upon the school, it has been the purpose of this society, as far as time has allowed, to ask and encourage every cadet to appear before the school and to give free expression to his nobler feelings and ideas in a simple, logical, impressive manner. In short, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Each



OFFICERS OF LITERARY SOCIETY.



DRAMATIC CLUB.

participant has been allowed considerable freedom in the selection, choosing according to taste; numerous recitations, declamations, orations, speeches, have been successfully rendered. And for the special entertainment and instruction of those endowed with dramatic talent, one original musical comedy, Julius Cæsar, was presented in an unusually creditable manner, before members of this school and friends. The music and plot of the latter were written and arranged by the combined efforts of cadets and instructor.

On the whole, the members of the society deserve a great deal of credit, both for the interest which they manifested in the formation of the society, and the enthusiasm shown in the programs. With the aid of an instructor, whose aim has been to draw out and encourage natural expression, each cadet has succeeded in making himself heard, understood and appreciated, thereby pleasing his auditors, and at the same time strengthening his own character and power for good. Let us hope that the same number of influential and efficient cadets will take the places of those men who graduate and do all in their power to encourage cadets en masse to come forth and let their latent speaking qualities shine among the men of S. M. A., and keep the society going ad infinitum.

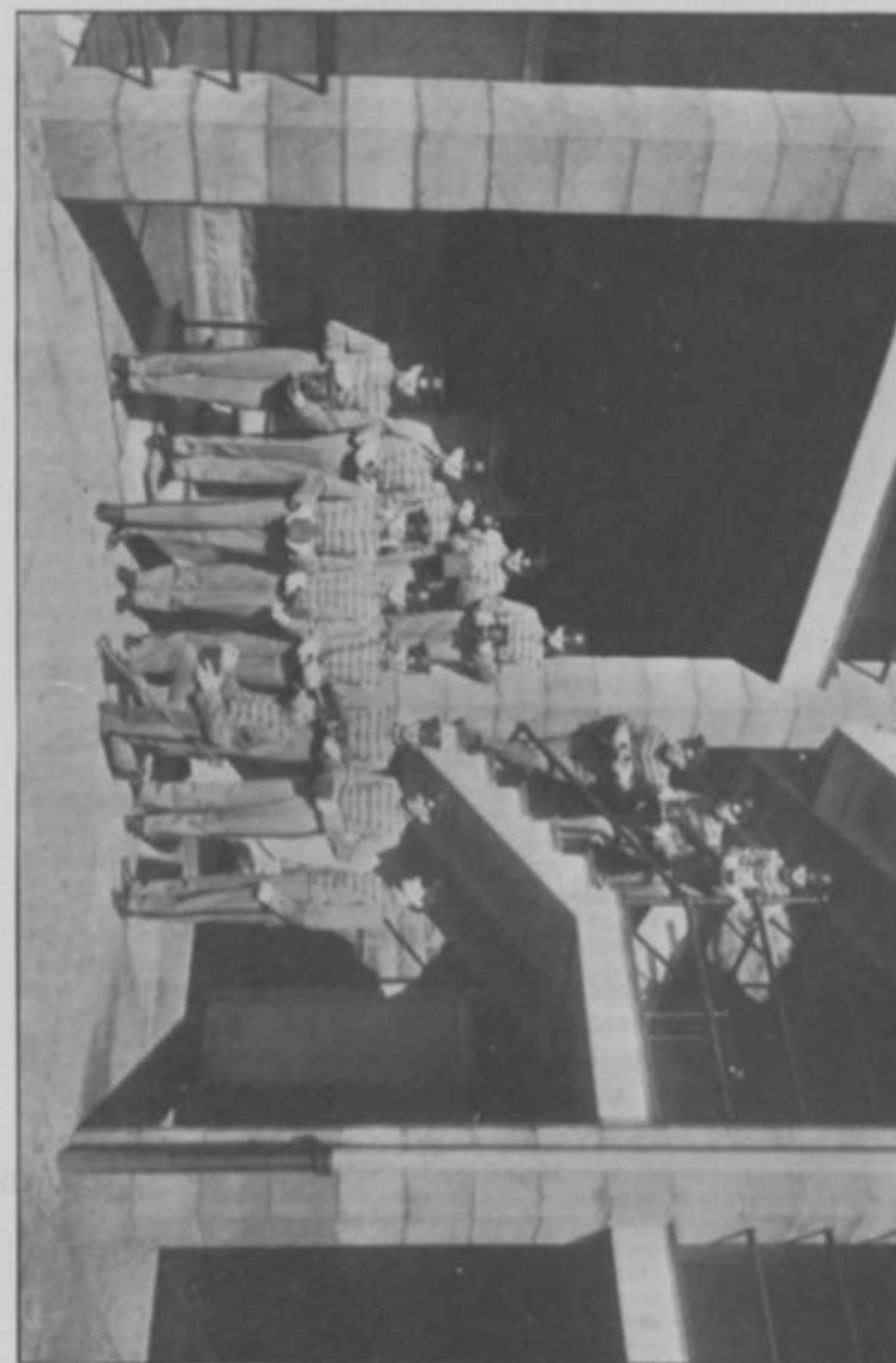
Kodak Club



Logan, President

Members

Shreiber	Farrington
Greenabaum	Padget
Brown, P.	White
Voorhis, P.	Aaron
Voorhis, W.	Ott
Hoeflich	Dannelly
Burrell	



KODAK CLUB.





ATHLETICS during the past year have been a prominent feature of S. M. A. life, and have added materially to the interest of the entire corps. Throughout the year the athletic field and the gymnasium have been occupied during the spare hours by scores of cadets finding pleasure and profitable exercise in football, basket ball, and baseball.

In our athletic contests with other schools S. M. A. teams have shown a marked advance over those of the last few years, and count as her rivals the leading schools of the State.

The football season was the most successful for many years and the S. M. A. 'varsity of '06 goes down in history as the winners of six out of seven gruelling contests.

At the opening of the season the prospects were far from bright owing to the loss of many of '05's strong eleven. Campman, Hale, Loomis, Smith, and Gaston were the missing ones, the filling of whose places caused much apprehension among the cadets, and worry to the coaches. Daugherty, Riddlemoser, Roblee, Brast, Wichman, Treadway, and Crawford returned and immediately got into harness. Around these, as a nucleus, Captain Maloney and Mr. Roller started to build up the team, having a squad of fifty, composed of new and old material to choose from.

It did not take long to see the value in this material, and it soon became evident that a good team ought to result, but it was not until the season was well advanced

that the real strength of the eleven was generally recognized.

Team after team journeyed to Staunton only to go down before the strong defense and magnificent attack of the wearers of the old Gold and Blue. Shenandoah Valley, Miller School, Washington and Lee second, Randolph-Macon, and Eastern College were among the defeated. Fishburne was tied, and Woodberry Forest beat us in the only defeat of the season.

The new rules, providing for an open game, the forward pass, and on-side kick, were advantageously adopted and these plays admirably developed.

In basket ball S. M. A. has shown her marked superiority over all preparatory school teams, so much so, in fact, that the majority of contests have been with university quintets. The team has brought out more individuality in playing than last year's championship five. But if there has been less team work this deficiency has been made up in the personal improvement of the members. All but one member of last year's team, Gaston, failed to return this year, so that the prospects were quite bright, and the victories over Staunton Y. M. C. A., Randolph-Macon, Charlottesville Y. M. C. A., Washington and Lee University, and Locust Dale places the team of '07 in a class by itself. The team lost to the University of Virginia, Staunton Y. M. C. A., and George Washington University in hard fought contests; lack of leadership and team work being sacrificed for too much "individual" play.

It is too early, at this writing, to predict much as to the '07 baseball prospects, but, if the team attains the high standard of that of '06, S. M. A. will be well represented on the diamond. Eleven out of seventeen games were won last year, while three extra inning games were lost after the hardest kind of play. Five of last year's nine — Campman, Gould, Smith, D., Smith, S., and Brooks — have left us, but with hopes and strong belief that their places can be filled from the new material, the supporters of the old Blue and Gold look forward with confidence to the season of 1907 on the diamond.



YELL

Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah—Rah
 Kable's—Kable's—K-a-b-l-e'-s
 Rah—Rah—Rah
 S.—M.—A.

Athletic Association

President—Jas. R. Taylor
 Vice-President—Crawford
 Secretary—Thompson
 Treasurer—Capt. Maloney

FOOTBALL

Captain '06, Brast Manager '06, Riddlemoser

BASKET BALL

Captain '07, Thompson, C. Manager '07, Kimball

BASEBALL

Captain '07, Riddlemoser Manager '07, Crawford

Wearers of the "S"

FOOTBALL

Potter, H.	Riddlemoser	Maxwell, E. W.
Hooks	Dold, J.	Daugherty
Wichman	Brast	Proctor
Fretwell	Halderman	Crawford
Roblee	Treadway	

BASEBALL

Riddlemoser Strawn Fretwell Treadway

BASKET BALL

Maxwell, E. L.	Thompson, C.	Kimball, Manager
King	Treadway	Apgar

Football Team--1906

Hooks—R. E.	Potter—H., L. E.
Wichman—R. T.	Brast—Q. B.
Crawford—R. G.	Daugherty—L. H.
Maxwell, E.—L. C.	Proctor—F. B.
Halderman—L. G.	Riddlemoser—R. H. (Mgr.)
Roblee—L. T.	Dold—R. E.
Fretwell—L. G.	

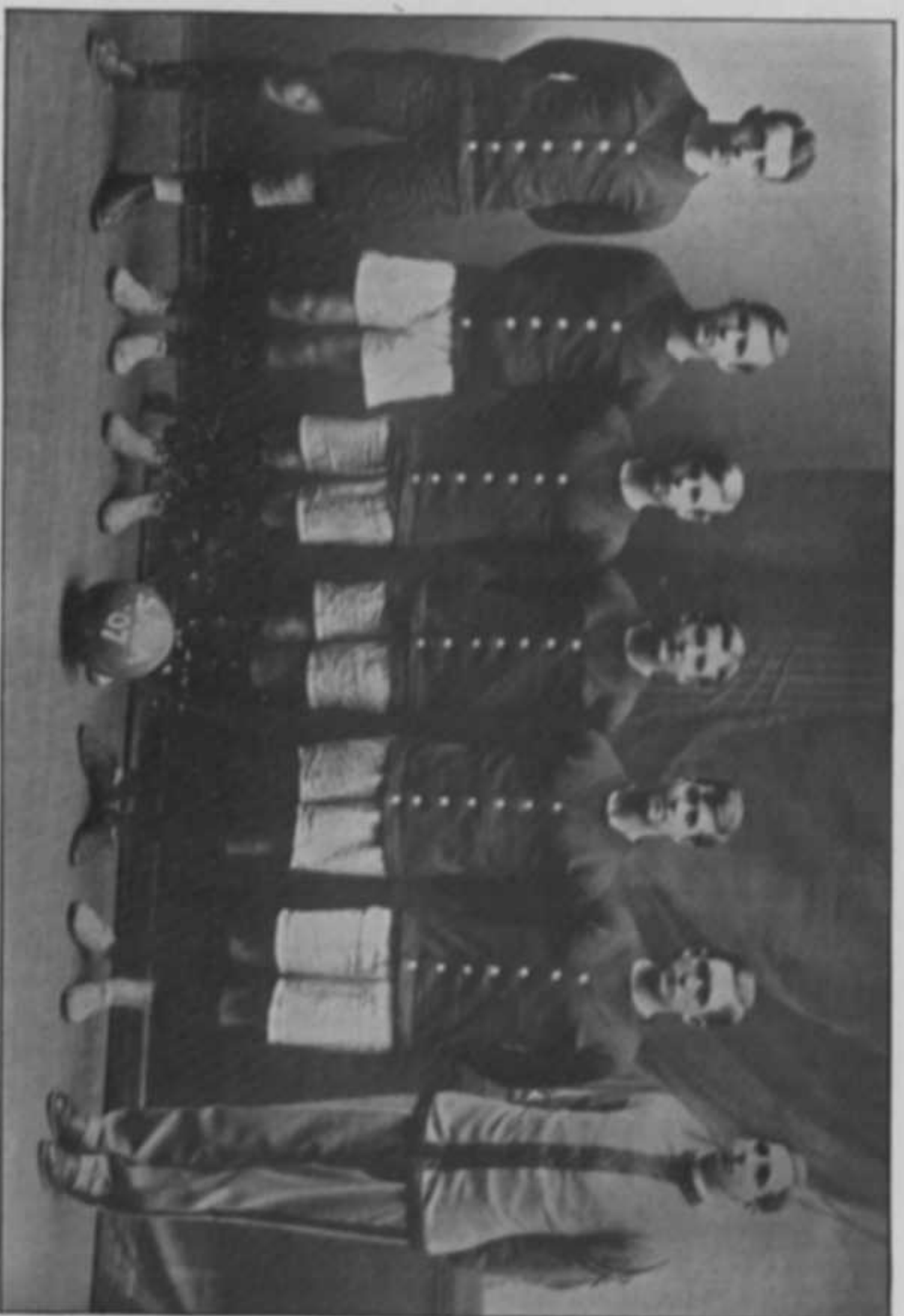
FOOTBALL SCORES—1906

Won 5, tied 1, lost 1.

S. M. A.— 6	Shenandoah Valley— 0
S. M. A.—15	Miller School— 0
S. M. A.— 6	Washington and Lee University— 0
S. M. A.— 6	Randolph-Macon— 5
S. M. A.—32	Eastern College— 0
S. M. A.— 0	Woodberry Forest—10
S. M. A.— 6	Fishburne Military School— 6
71	21

FOOTBALL TEAM, '06.





BASKETBALL TEAM.

Basketball Team---1907



Thompson, C.—R. F. (Capt.)
 King—L. G.
 Maxwell, E. L.—L. F.
 Treadway—R. G.
 Apgar—C.
 Kimball, Manager

BASKETBALL SCORES, 1906.

S. M. A.— 36	Staunton Y. M. C. A.—24
S. M. A.— 20	Staunton Y. M. C. A.—33
S. M. A.— 13	University of Virginia—16
S. M. A.— 64	Randolph-Macon—29
S. M. A.— 35	Charlottesville Y. M. C. A.—32
S. M. A.— 35	George Washington University—54
S. M. A.— 26	Washington and Lee University—22
S. M. A.—121	Locust Dale—21
Total 350	Total 231

Basketball Team---1907



Thompson, C.—R. F. (Capt.)
 King—L. G.
 Maxwell, E. L.—L. F.
 Treadway—R. G.
 Apgar—C.
 Kimball, Manager

BASKETBALL SCORES, 1906.

S. M. A.— 36	Staunton Y. M. C. A.—24
S. M. A.— 20	Staunton Y. M. C. A.—33
S. M. A.— 13	University of Virginia—16
S. M. A.— 64	Randolph-Macon—29
S. M. A.— 35	Charlottesville Y. M. C. A.—32
S. M. A.— 35	George Washington University—54
S. M. A.— 26	Washington and Lee University—22
S. M. A.—121	Locust Dale—21
Total 350	Total 231



BASEBALL TEAM.



Baseball Teams 1906-07

Campman, Catcher (Manager)	Strawn, Third Base
Gould, Pitcher	Treadway, Left Field
Riddlemoser, First Base	Smith, S., Center Field
Captain Maloney, Second Base	Smith, D., Right Field
Fretwell, Shortstop (Captain)	Brooks, Right Field

BASEBALL SCORES, 1906.

Won 11, lost 6

S. M. A.— 1	Fishburne Military School—10
S. M. A.— 7	Staunton Athletic Club— 3
S. M. A.— 6	" " — 4
S. M. A.—10	Western Maryland College— 2
S. M. A.— 4	Kentucky University— 1
S. M. A.— 5	Locust Dale Academy—10
S. M. A.— 9	Miller School— 4
S. M. A.— 5	Bridgewater College— 6
S. M. A.—10	Staunton Athletic Club— 2
S. M. A.— 6	Washington and Lee University (2nd)— 0
S. M. A.— 9	Harrisonburg High School— 5
S. M. A.—13	Bridgewater Athletic Club— 7
S. M. A.— 6	Bridgewater College— 7
S. M. A.— 1	Fishburne Military School— 8
S. M. A.— 2	Augusta Military Academy— 3
S. M. A.— 7	Miller School— 5
S. M. A.— 5	Bridgewater Athletic Club— 0
Total 105	77

Riddlemoser, Catcher (Captain)
 Maxwell B., Pitcher, Second Base
 Thompson, E. W., Pitcher, Second Base
 Maloney, First Base
 Summers, Shortstop
 Strawn, Third Base
 Leach, Left Field
 Maxwell, E. L., Center Field
 Treadway, Right Field
 Fretwell, Substitute
 Tenney, Substitute
 Price, Substitute

Tennis Club



MANAGERS

Armsby
Tanner

CAPTAIN

Knap

VARSITY SQUAD

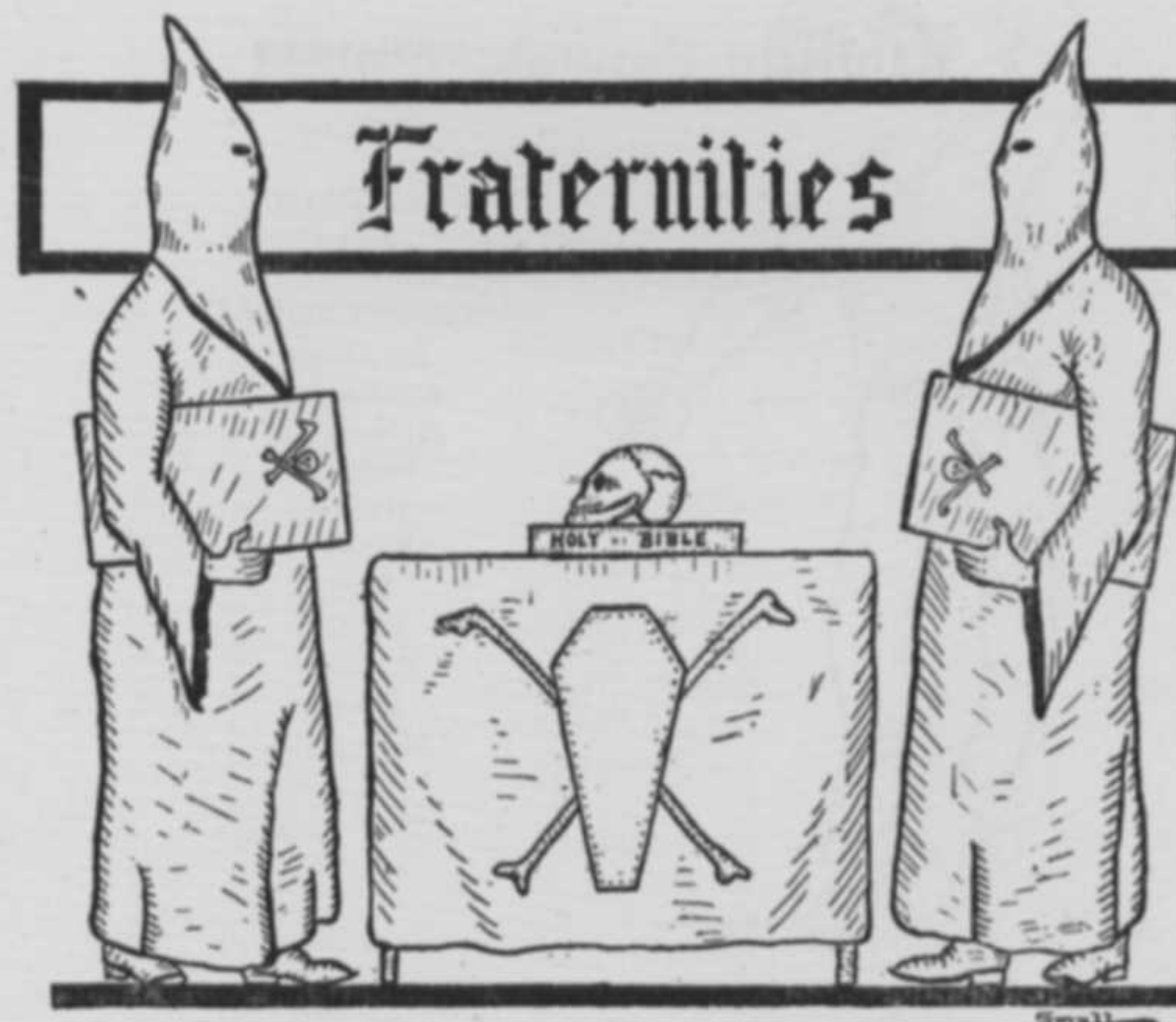
Jennings
Armstrong
Halderman
Padgett
Norris
Kinney
Story
Potter
Kimball
Crane
Morrison

A WORD OF EXPLANATION

This is the first year that there has been any attempt made to include tennis in the inter-collegiate athletics of S. M. A.

We feel that we owe an apology to the readers of the BLUE AND GOLD for not having our schedule of tournaments and a picture of our team for publication, but owing to the early date upon which the Annual goes to press we are unable to offer such. However, we are making arrangements for a series of tournaments which we feel assured will uphold the athletic record of S. M. A.

Fraternities



Upsilon Gamma Sigma

COLORS

Navy Blue and White

FLOWER

White Chrysanthemum

OFFICERS

First Sergeant Riddlemoser, President

Captain Fretwell, Vice-President

Captain Crawford, Secretary

Kerr, N., Treasurer

MEMBERS

Captain Daugherty

Adjutant Thompson, C.

Lieutenant Brast

Lieutenant Grosvenor, N.

First Sergeant Strawn

Sergeant Treadway

Corporal Mann

Corporal Maxwell, E. L.

Corporal Bradshaw

Upsilon Gamma Sigma.





TAU ETA CHI.

Tau Eta Chi

COLORS
Light Blue and White

OFFICERS
President, Tanner
Vice-President, Johnston, H.
Secretary-Treasurer, Thompson, W.

MEMBERS
Maxwell, H. B.
Blair
Hanley
Tanner
Padgett
Price, J.
Robbins
Van Story
Johnston, H.
Thompson, W.

Omega Sigma Tau

COLORS
Red and White

FLOWER
Violet

MEMBERS
President
Klingensmith
Secretary
Hardy
Treasurer
Wanbaugh

Rylander

Hooks

Tenney
Clarke

Avery

Eldredge

OMEGA SIGMA TAU.





RHO KAPPA PHI.

Rho Kappa Phi

COLORS

Brown and White

FLOWER

Violet

PRESIDENT

H. G. Walker

VICE-PRESIDENT

H. W. Smith

SECRETARY

W. S. Bryson

TREASURER

T. S. Buckley

MEMBERS

E. L. Hoskins

H. H. Armsby

J. K. Armstrong

J. N. Norris

H. M. Potter

E. W. Austin

Sigma Kappa

MOTTO

"Unitas Honosque."

COLORS

Purple and Gold

FLOWER

American Beauty Rose

OFFICERS

J. R. Horton, H. M.

Lloyd H. Harrison, C.

H. W. Small, S. P.

Milward Frost, R. of H. W.

F. P. Wichman, J. P.

MEMBERS

P. C. Ragan

L. A. Brua

W. T. Stewart

R. H. Walker

Summers

A. F. King

L. A. Apgar

Jarvis

R. J. Riles

HONORARY

H. B. Liggett

ALUMNUS

H. H. Hamlin, Delta

SIGMA KAPPA.







A History of Stantingdom

CLAUDIUS I



DURING the fourth year of the reign of Claudius the First, a conspiracy led by a certain Noble, Seur Cie, was on foot to massacre the newly captured band of barbarians, which we read of in the last chapter, known as the Tribe of Rats. Seur Cie made several well planned attempts to carry out his conspiracy, but finally, after many attempts, he was captured by a body of Royal Guards, headed by Claudius himself. After a long and tedious trial, Seur Cie was found guilty and exiled to the Island of Myssi Sype.

About this time an intelligent and very youthful captive from a small country to the northwest of Stantingdom, known as Vespertina Virginia, drew attention to himself by becoming one of the greatest Anarchists of his day. At this time a conspiracy was on foot to abolish the Daily Royal Procession known to the Stantingdomites as Guard Mounting. The conspiracy was well plotted and the attempt was made to carry it out by this brave lad, God Win. He entered the procession clothed in a pair of loose fitting black skirts and a Royal Coat, only to be worn at that time by those appointed by Claudius to take part in the procession. The coat was a magnificent one, covered with rows of solid gold Buttons. The gold lace sash, which should have been worn, was replaced by a white cotton rope, which was the insignia of Anarchy at that time. For this brave but Anarchical attempt, God Win was placed under arrest, tried and found guilty and sentenced to banishment.

During this eventful year also the court witnessed the unprecedented arrival of an enlightened and very highly cultured young noble, whose name was, of course, Lieber Man. He was a fine specimen of the youth of that time, having a splendid Roman nose with a Loop the Loop,

LAUNDRY CALL.



such as are seen on the best classes only. When he marched into the Royal Court, his purpose being to obtain his allowance of bath tickets, he was given a rousing cheer by Claudius and his Courtiers, but Claudius, being of too high rank to distribute Bath Tickets, directed him to his secretary, Blossom Face Stand Ring, who, it is thought, gave the young Noble ill-treatment instead. However that very day he was invited by Claudius to partake in the Royal Siesta on the Roof Garden at five o'clock, which Liber Man joyously attended, but being unable to speak in the language of the Nobles, was forced into retirement.

THE CABINET OF STATE

Under the reign of Claudius the people prospered well, the Government became stronger, the population increased to a greater number, the army became larger; it is said that at one time Claudius XV Legions, under the supervision of the brave and noble General Kerr, increased from E to I; but the laws became stricter and more severe.

As the Kingdom became larger and more powerful among the other nations of the world, Claudius saw that he must have a body of men selected from the people to be his advisers and help him enforce the laws which he gave his people. Not wanting to put much power into their hands he selected the small number of six men. These men were known as the Cabinet of State.

The first man selected by Claudius, who afterward became, as we would say, his right hand man, was a gentleman of the higher and richer class; his name was Augustus Thompson, a tall, young looking gentleman with a beautiful smile that always played around his lips; he was not what one would call good looking (more intelligent than beautiful) but one could tell by his big flashing black eyes that what he said was law. Tradition tells us that no man could withstand Thompson's eyes. He was greatly admired by the Ladies of Court, but not being of a very romantic nature he never married. Claudius said, "He is wedded to his job: not women."

The next gentleman selected by Claudius was a short, heavily built, elderly looking gentleman, whose name was Herculean Elder. He was not a born Noble, but what we would call in this age of Dime Novels a self-made man, one who had risen from the ranks. He was not a man of polished manners or of high culture, but a man who loved his farm, wife and children better than the high life at Court.

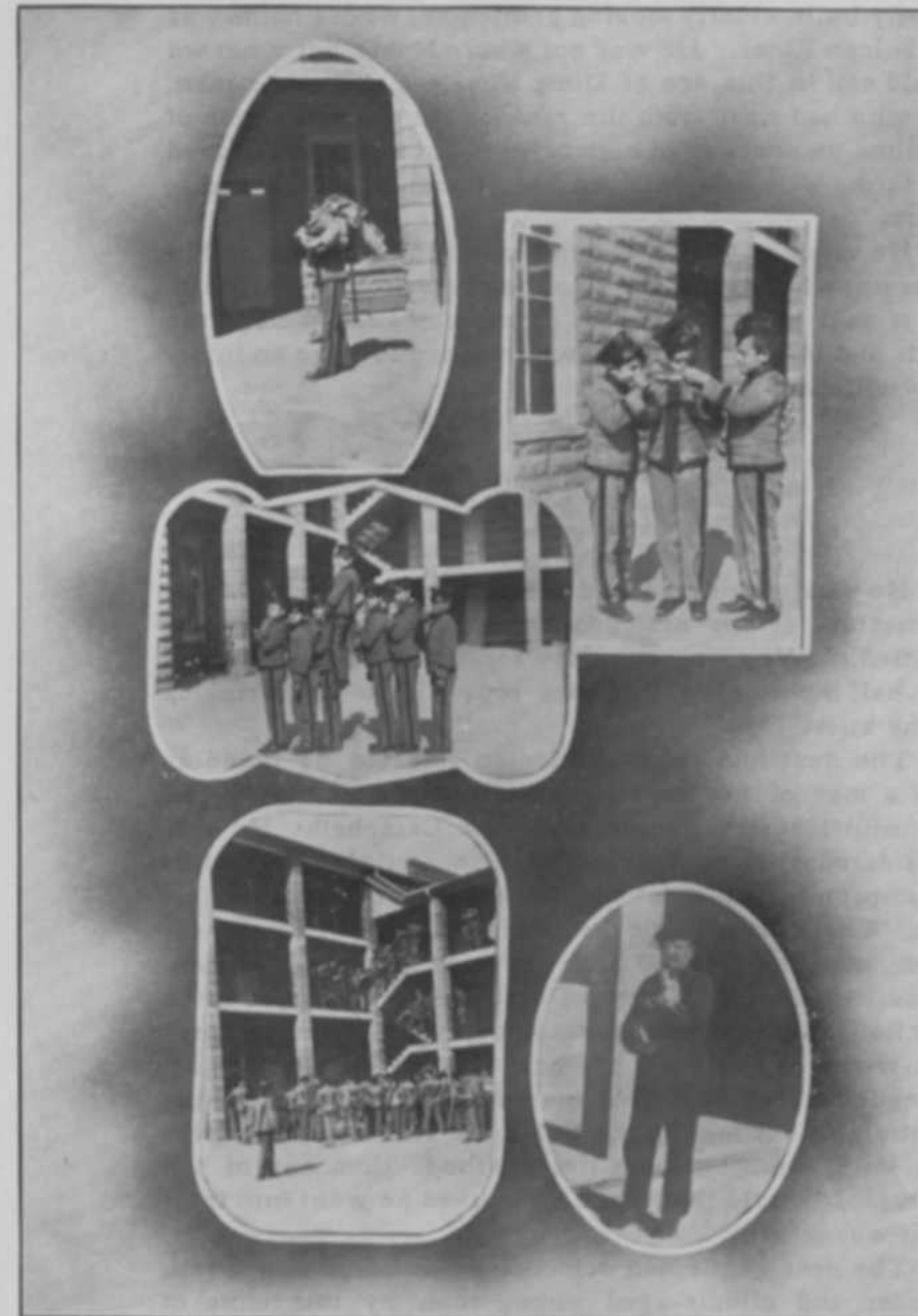
He was a man of common sense and sound brains, but he seemed to be indifferent to the great problems of State. He is said to have uttered, as he was going before the High and Mighty Claudius, who wished to have an interview with him,

" Oh to be home on the farm again,
Among my Cabbage and my hens,
But here I go to be bored so bad
That it will drive me mad ! MAD !! MAD !!!

He was considered the greatest philosophical writer of that age. The first book he gave to the world was entitled, "Why one should wear his trousers one and one-half inches above his shoe tops with a few wrinkles at the knee."

The next and third gentleman selected by Claudius was a man of not very large stature and of manly and beautiful features, known as Rouse Campbell. He was considered the most beautiful man at Court. He, like Thompson, had a great number of the weaker sex at his feet. There is only one distasteful thing that can be related against Campbell and that was, he loved women. Claudius said, "If Mormon Doctrine were allowed to be practiced in this Kingdom, Campbell would have twenty-five wives." With all his beauty and women friends, Campbell never neglected his work. He was one of the most ambitious men in the Cabinet. His department was run with more business-like methods than any of the others. It is said that when he worked he went into it for all it was worth.

The next gentleman selected by Claudius was a tall, slender and middle-aged young man by the name of



the Kingdom. Claudius, having called unto himself all the people, gave them a great talk along the lines of Government and punishment. Never was such a burst of eloquence heard in Stantingdom. He held his audience as in a spell; every man leaned forward with mouth, ears and eyes wide open for fear they would miss a word of what he said.

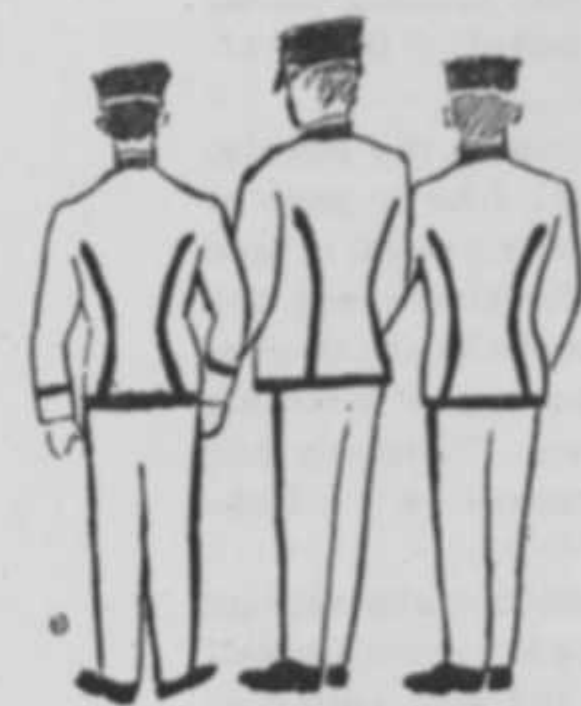
Some sound advice that Claudius gave them was, "Where ever you are, no matter who you are with, whether you are walking, riding or flying, at all times act as if you had brains. He ended with those famous words that not a man of us has not already heard, "Be ambitious to be good looking as I am."

For a second after he had seated himself, the people, as in a dream, held their breath, then, like a peal of thunder bursting from a stormy heaven, the people roused themselves with a loud cheer; cheer after cheer rent the stillness of the night air until it was thought that the people would go mad. Claudius rose and stretched forth his arms and again silenced the surging mob. "I thank you one and all," said Claudius, and left, followed by his Cabinet of State.

Another historical event was an attempt to assassinate the Great and Mighty Claudius by a peasant named Barrell Dublin. This ambitious but cowardly lad was called to account by Claudius for a very gross offence that he had committed? while in the presence of Claudius; the lad got so furious that he hurled himself with all his force against Claudius, who stood him off very bravely, but if it had not been for some member of the Royal family that happened to be near, it is feared that Claudius would have been killed. Dublin was banished and was not heard much of after that, except that one day a courier brought word that Dublin had been seen at "Hunyiadi Springs." The law never tried to reach him and nothing more was heard of him.

Friends, I close now with my short history of that Kingdom which you all love and know so much about, and refer you further to Claudius E. Daniel, the man we no longer think of as an enemy, but a friend.

W_____



IN 'UNIFORM'



IN 'CITZ'

Good-bye S. M. A.

Our days at S. M. A. are ending,
With each "retreat" the time draws near,
When we shall leave this place called Staunton,
Leave this school we hold so dear.

We have had our fun at Kable's,
Our pleasures and our woes;
Made some friends, and to our sorrow,
Some have made some foes.

We look back and laugh when thinking,
Of the way we walked the "beat."
Laugh, when we think how we suffered,
From large blisters on our feet.

Or how some of us Com's had to
Stay in our rooms quite a while,
And when we would ask, "What was it?"
Captain Dan would only grin and smile.

We have had our fun with Baldwin's,
And at V. F. I. the same;
But, in doing so, some of us
Have received some awful names.

Yet, with all our cares and troubles,
We regret the time has come,
When we hand back all our trappings —
Hand back sabres, and hand back guns.

Some of us will come back next year,
And again at S. M. A.
Enjoy all its fun and pleasures,
Wear its uniform of gray.

Others in the world may wander
Far from home and loved ones dear;
Far from firesides, far from mothers,
Who have filled their hearts with cheer.

But, my comrades, let's remember
We were schoolmates for a year,
Down in this dear old Virginia —
Virginia, whom the South holds dear.

Here in study hall I listen
And I hear the clock recall
The way it ticked off hours
Which we spent in study hall.

Farewell sash, farewell old sabre;
Farewell chevrons, farewell cap;
We are going to let you slumber;
Let you take a long, long nap.

The last release is gladly blowing;
How we cheer, and how we shout.
Why — because our year has ended,
School is over, school is out!

S. M. A. YELL

Kables, Kables, Kables,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Kables, Kables, Kables,
S. M. A.!

THE SERGEANT OF THE GUARD.

When you meet him anywhere
He regards you with an air,
Of a busy man of business, don't you know.
He expects you to salute
Or he'll lift you with his boot,
So when you see him coming, just lay low.

When you're walking on the "beat,"
With your heavy weary feet,
And your tired arms just a little sag;
He bellows like an ox,
And gives your ear a box,
Or heaves at you a heavy piece of "slag."

So keep out of his way
Or you'll find out some day
That he holds the winning card;
His name nor mine I'll tell
For I think it just as well,
He's the important "Sergeant of the Guard."



RESPECTFULLY FORWARDED TO

Quartermaster's Department

Headquarters Staunton Military Academy, }
March 20th, 1907. }

The Petition of the High and Most Honorable Staff respectfully shows that:

On account of the excessive amount of work attached to our offices, we beg that you excuse us from all academic duties.

That the difficulty with which we have to contend with three times per day, in going to and fro to the beautiful MESS hall, is becoming most monotonous and unbearable, and we demand of your Majesty that you purchase for each and every one of us one Texas Pony. Should you find that it will be impossible to furnish the entire six, you may throw in a "Speckled Heifer," to furnish milk and transportation for the Hospital Sergeant.

WE DEMAND, That on all State occasions, and when our pleasure and comfort require it, that you furnish each one of us with one Touring Car and one Victoria, also accompany therewith attendants and footmen galore.

We further wish to state that in case our requests and demands are not immediately complied with, that we will from said date resign our respective offices.

This, the 20th day of March, Nineteen Hundred and Seven.

ADJUTANT C. THOMPSON,
QUARTERMASTER T. R. ELDER,
R. D. CAMPBELL, S. M.,
E. F. SERENA, C. S.,
M. T. CAPPELEN, S. Q.,
W. I. OLIVER, H. S.,

Petitioners.

Augusta County, }
State of Virginia. }

Said officers personally appeared before me, duly authorized by law to administer oaths, and say that all allegations in the above petition are true.

WILLIAM T. STEWART,
Legal Adviser.

Toasts

MILITARY

Here's to your arms, my defense,
Here's to my arms, your recompense,
Fall in!

Here's to your arms,
My arms!
Attention! Fall in!

ORIGINAL TOAST FROM M. B. S. TOAST BOOK

(With apologies to M. B. S.)

Here's NOT to the girl that kisses a boy,
And runs and tells her mother;
But here's to the girl that kisses a boy,
And smothers it with another.

On the toilsome beat at last,
Once and many times we pass;
If the watching corporals show,
That a good deed they may do,
To the walking fellow-men,
Let them do it when they can.
Nor delay it, for 'tis plain,
They themselves may walk again.

A Toast to S. M. A.

Three cheers for S. M. A., the best school in the State,
And three for Perry C., the boy that's never late.
We'll drink her down for Elder, the laziest man afloat,
And take a gulp for Maxwell, who's in the self-same boat.
Best wishes are for Whitehead, for he strives with all his might,
To instantly distinguish his left hand from his right.
We'll cheer for all the Thompsons, a motly crowd indeed,
And for friend "Oppy," who's always there for feed.
Huzza for "Ikey" Lieberman, the good boy of the school,
And ditto for young Hornik, the boy with the curly wool.
Congratulate the S. M. A. on having Dub. and Devlin,
When they get starved at mess, they think it is a sin.
Our friend Kerr and Brast we will but mention here,
A pair of solemn deacons with a wagon-load of care.
Hurrah for all the Captains, the men behind the guns,
For we surmise 'tis very hard a school like this to run.
We'll finish with "old lady" Frost, the coldest man we've got,
And also with O. Finkelpearl, who's nothing but a dot.

An S. M. A. Love Letter

Staunton Military Academy,
Staunton, Va.,
March 11, '07.

My Darling :

My heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher every time I think of you. Sensations of exquisite joy caper over it like goats on a stable roof and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of drop-stitch stockings. When I first beheld your queenly form I was bewildered and my brain whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler.

My eyes stood out like cellar doors and I lifted my eyes to catch the accents of your sweet voice.

Oh! how often have I in my slumbers been disturbed by visions of you. Since the light of your face fell upon my life I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself to the top of the church steeple by my shoestrings and pull the bell rope for singing school. Your hair is like the mane of a Texas pony rolled in soot. Your eyes are glorious to behold. Oh! how I long for a look at them. I only live when in thy presence. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. If I only thought that you loved me I would be as happy as a duck in a mud puddle or a lazy cat in the sunshine. You are sweeter than the sweetest crab apples. If you cannot now understand my thrilling passion for you I shall go and drown myself in the great geechee like the Indians do when they cannot swim. And in coming years, when the philosophical frog sings his evening hymns, you may come and drop a tear and catch a cold at the place where they have buried me.

Yours devotedly,

An S. M. A. Cadet.

Our Zoo

TO CADET ———

Down in the jungle
Lived a monk.
He was a peach,
But his face looked "punk."

He left the jungle;
Left his wife,
To take up living
The military life.

The day he got here
He rode the rail.
He hangs from the tree-tops
By his tail.

He squeals for peanuts,
This monkey mild,
And all the time sighs
For the African wild.

No names are mentioned
We leave it to you.
Don't you know who this monk is —
I certainly do.

Headquarters Staunton Military Academy

Staunton, Va., February 15th, 1907.

General Order No. 21.

In order to advance the interior police and improve the outward appearance of the barracks, the Commandant sees fit to publish the following order for the information of all. Commencing from this reading, the O. D. and other members of the guard will request ladies upon entering barracks to immediately remove their hats.

By order of

WILLIAM G. KABLE,
Commandant.

Who Sent the Hat-pin?

It was a windy day, and the gallant Captain T. was coming up the hill by the Seminary. If any cadet does not know where that is he may write to the question bureau of the BLUE AND GOLD and find out. As the story runs, a fearful gust of wind blew his sky-piece up on the lawn, and then something blew him up after it. We will not say it was the fair ones, as everybody knows that he hates ladies. But anyhow, he ascended the hill, and put his "mud hook" on the "lid."

Did anyone see the hat-pin that one of the considerates of the convent sent him? If they have any more to spare, please send one to Major.

PULLMAN PETE.

"The Cape"

It was a joyous crowd from Staunton that boarded the "Palm Limited" at C—— on a cold, snappy evening during the Christmas holidays; they were school girls and boys and other Yuletide merry-makers. But my story has to deal with a certain school girl and a certain very military-looking man with Major's leaves on his shoulders.

The military man laid off his cape (it was a fine, big blue one, lined with white silk). He sat down. The school girl saw the cape.

It has been said that school girls are foolish about things military anyhow.

The next morning the porter quietly informed the military man, "Columbia." He joyfully arose and began getting his belongings together, but alas! there was no cape to be found.

The military man was hot, and the way he ripped and roared around that car for a few minutes was a scandal; no cape was forthcoming.

When school opened for the spring term, "Mex" said he saw a bulky blue cloth bundle, bound in barb wire, bearing this address:

"Major Thomas H. Russell, Headmaster,"
Staunton Military Academy,
City.

"From M. B. S."



Captain (during Latin recitation)—“ Odi ” is not present but perfect.

Bright Cadet—No, the O. D. is only perfect when he is absent.

A good subject for debate in the R. E. D. would be “Is Ames, A., the best bugler that has attended S. M. A. in three years?”

Gumbinsky—Lend me a half dollar?

Blum—If you will pay me seventy-five cents back.

Cadet—Have you heard anything about the basket ball game?

Other Cadet—No, but Kimball knows (nose).

Lucas thinks that a fellow ought not to go with more than one girl at once (he has only four), but true love will always find a way.



Cadet—Captain, what is it that you like?

Captain Hodges—(In an off-hand way) O, pie.

Captain (?) Ames, H—— and Lieutenant (?) Carter during the Christmas holidays played a visit in full dress uniform on some V. F. I. girls.

Knott—Shut your door, Dold?

Dold, V.—I will Knott (not).

Lloyd claims that any boy that expectorates on the floor cannot "expect" to rate as a gentleman.

Priest (performing marriage ceremony)—If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him speak or else forever hereafter remain silent.

Groom—I will.

Athletic Note—The most important basket ball game of the season was the one played on Thanksgiving day. Detailed information may be had from Clem Thompson, Bill Strawn, and Otto Jones.

I wonder why the Cincinnati people think Clem Thompson looks so much like a porter.

Privates—The bane of our existence—sentinel duty and setting up exercises.

Poetic Cadet at Mess—Hark, I scent a conspiracy.

The Opposite—Ah, shut up, you smell the butter.

He—Wanbaugh always has money.

It—He ought to; he is a third of a hock-shop sign.

Captain Stevens—What does Darwin's theory teach?

Bright Cadet—That man is gradually getting bald-headed.

Captain Stevens—Who founded the romantic school of English poetry?

Riddlemoser—Wadsworth and Byron were the finders of the romantic school of English poetry. One found it at midnight while the other found it at daybreak.

Any Cadet who is fond of driving may get the hammer and nails from Captain Long.

Cadet to Aaron—Aaron, are you of German descent?

Aaron—Yes, why?

Cadet—Because the map of Germany is on your face.

Captain Stevens (American literature class)—Spear, what lesson does Thanatopsis teach?

Spear—Thanatopsis teaches that you always ought to be prepared to die and never be caught otherwise.

Trigonometry—A cow-pea, traveling at the rate of 8,654,231.24 miles per hour, came in contact with a major's head. The Major was situated three feet northwest, corner of study hall. The angle of depression at the Major's head was 490 degrees, and Venus, Mars, and the Moon were seen (the Major's figures). Who shot the pea?

Little Liverpool thinks that Sergeant Kitty is very rude.

Rat from the Country at his First Dance—Please tell me what is a chaperon?

Dignified Officer—That, sir, is the French for a nuisance.

Thompson, C., seems to be quite a scholar in geometry. When asked the other day what geometrical figure represented a lost parrot he promptly answered, "A pol-y-gon(e) of course."

During the winter Johnson, H., went "coon" hunting.

Captain Manuel—Carter, how many seasons are there?

Carter—Why, three: football, baseball, and basket ball.

Crawford—I had a horrible dream last night. I thought I passed my exam.

Fretwell—Well, what are you going to do?

Crawford—I'll turn over a new leaf and study this year so I'll pass; if I don't "flunk."

Fretwell—They say Carter is lucky in love.

Crawford—Yes, every girl he proposes to turns him down.

Elder, to Captain Kable—Say, Captain, how much does it cost to go to the show to-night?

Captain Kable—One dollar in the circle.

Elder—How much in the gallery?

Captain Kable—Fifty cents.

Elder—Gee whiz, I'll have to sit on the roof.

Those wishing answers question—

Campbell, R., about \$1,000.

Serena about two earrings.

Spear about one bracelet.

Elder and Goodhue about the box party.

Captain Tiller about 52 Skidoo.

Maxwell, E. L., about \$6.30.

Rat—What girl do you go with in Staunton?

Harper—I go with any girl I please.

Rat—But a girl told me you didn't please—any.

Harrison is still trying with the aid of Small and Riles to think what kind of a letter to write to his "wife"—a "lemon" or a "peach."

Captain Hodges—Can anyone tell me why Columbus stopped at the Canary Islands on his first voyage?

Johnson, H.—To get his engine repaired.

If you decide to go to Captain Daniel to have a report
scratched, remember that you are

"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

(And the next Monday afternoon)

"Stood up and answered, I have felt."

—In Memoriam.

Snively—Hubbard, what is the definition of a Duke?

Hubbard—Some "Guy" that lives on his allowance
and never works.

Snively—Then there are a lot of Dukes around here.

Provost is (or was) thinking of buying an automobile.

Hardy—Why does Oliver walk on his heels?

Crowfoot Armstrong—To save his soul (sole).

Oh, Riddle, how my love affairs bother me, Crawford
was heard to exclaim one evening.

Dublin makes a splendid appearance in uniform.

Liggett giving Christmas gift to Miss—— "To my
wife."

O—my what a fuss we officers make

F—from Reveille until Taps.

F—irst a visit to the lake

I—in order to outshine the rats.

C—alling in the afternoon we go,

E—ver missing our Evening Parade.

R—ound the barracks we chase our foe

S—o we can get the bugler who all the trouble has made.

S—uch a bunch of "lemons" are we,

E—asily squeezed of our knowledge and fears.

N—ever a failure (?) to pass, you see,

I—in all our school years.

O—my, what a fuss we Seniors make,

R—unning the school our way.

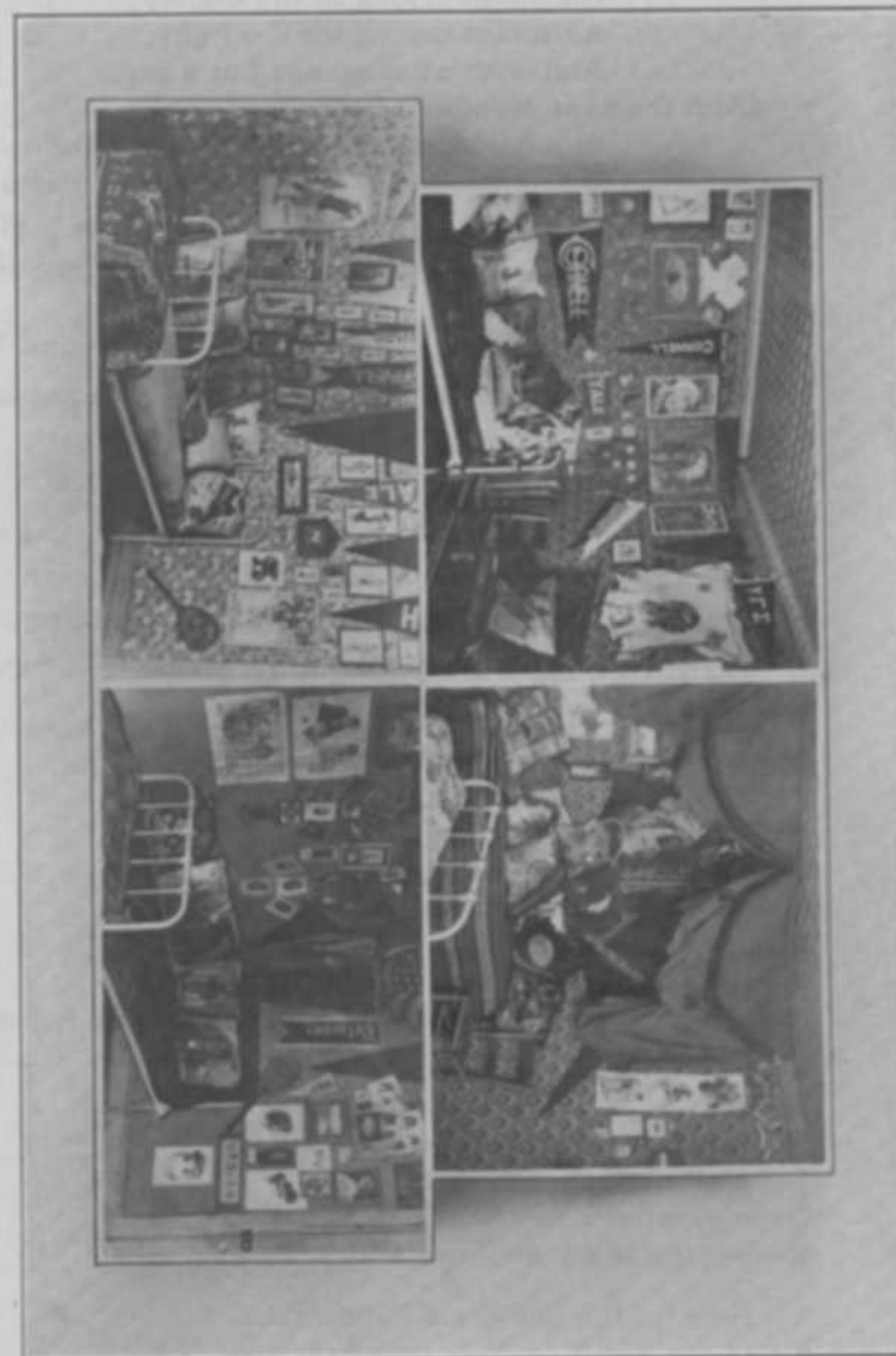
1—time let the Seniors a notion take,

9—to ten 'twill be done that day.

0—why do you fret and continually fuss,

7—and eighteen for you if you go against us.

CORNER OF CADET ROOMS.



Cadet (receiving box of flowers)—These flowers wont die, will they Bloom (bloom).

Farmer Harrison when attending a play at the theater became so excited and careless as to leave his plow outside, but that was only a "Small" thing, as it "Riles" him to take it along.

Rylander—Have you seen Hooks in the barracks?

Lucas—No, but I've seen Crooks.

Among the most important events occurring on the "Ides of March" was the sad departure of Hon. Lieberman of Company "E," and Hook's definition of larceny in Major Russell's spelling class, as being a type of laziness.

LOCAL EXPRESSIONS

Brast—"Kid."

Crawford—Whoa mule!

Ames, H.—All to the sabre.

Fretwell—For goodness sake.

Bradshaw—Mighty keen lad.

Riddlemoser—That's tough luck.

SOME OF THE IMPOSSIBILITIES

Ragan—Swearing.

"Buzz"—Studying.

Farrington—Smoking.

Brast—Falling in love.

Goodhue—Not talking.

Fretwell—Doing geometry.

Oliver—Treating the crowd.

We Wonder

- Why Ragan does not wear his sabre?
- How much Robbins' chevrons cost?
- Why they keep the arc light burning while Ames' sabre was on the wire?
- Why the staff requires all afternoon to bathe?
- Why Captain H. signs his name to the bill affair and sends it in?
- Why the sudden promotion of Capt. Ames and Lieut. Carter was not officially announced?
- When Godwin will get his Sergeant chevrons.
- How soon Elder's shoes will grow to catch his pants.
- If the faculty will make a pipe collection this year.
- Why Goodhue's box party did not come off.

Conundrums

- What is the longest thing in the school?
Forty minutes in physics.
- What is the shortest thing in school?
9:30 P. M. to 7:00 A. M.
- What is the biggest thing in school?
Drum Major Robbins.
- What is the slowest thing in school?
The Guard Room clock.
- What is the biggest nuisance in school?
Robbins' drum.

Who is Who at S. M. A.

- The oldest—Elder.
- The tallest—Long.
- The greatest—King.
- The fastest—Swift.
- The coldest—Frost.
- The bravest—Gard.
- The shiniest—Bright.
- The sharpest—Spear.
- The sleepest—Knap.
- The hottest—Summers.
- The gentleman—Mann.
- Has the cutest hat—Hood.
- Learns the most—Memory.
- Most talkative—Converse.
- The most fun with—Poole.
- Tenth cousin to a cent—Mills.
- Who are birds—Jay and Crane.
- From the best country—Loveland.
- Who is the "littlest" cadet in school—Small.

Menu

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VEGETABLES

Stringers Boiled Bricks Chicken Feed
Imported Armoured Spuds
Baked Pebbles

BREADS

Hot Dough Cold Dough Sinkers
Served with best Axle Grease

DESSERT

Pie Pie Pie
And then some

Witticisms?

What color is a policeman's beat?

If you ate a square meal would the corners hurt?

Ask "Lucius" Hamlin if the elephant still eats peanuts.

Ask Riles how much Lang pays for old brooms; and also if Miss Dewar likes gum drops.

If you saw a cow-slip on the sidewalk how far would a bull-rush into the thicket?

If a man ate his mother-in-law what would he be?
Bright Cadet—Gladiator. (Glad-he-ate-her).

DEPARTED SHE

She has went,
She did gone,
She has left I all alone;
Cen I never went to she?
Can she never come to I?
Oh! it cannot was!
Am she gone?
Be she went?
And she left I to lament?
Oh! cruel fate to be so blind,
To take her 'fore and leave I 'hind;
She can never come back to me,
But we can at any time go to she.

— Exchange.

DR. DIPPY'S "POME"

"Twas winter and the sky was gray,
He asked the question, she replied "nay;"
"Oh! why, oh! why," he asked in dismay,
"Do you always treat me this way?"
She answered him thusly, with an icy stare,
"Because you wouldn't buy me a Teddy Bear!"

Then croaked the hero and fell the maid —
Lemonade is made in the shade with a spade!

— P. C. K.

Taps

Taps!

The lonely call over the lonely woodlands

Rising like the soaring of wings,

Like the flight of an eagle—

Taps!

They sound forever in my heart.

From farther still,

The echoes—still the echoes!

—Hovey.





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E. A. GARLINGTON, Inspector-General U. S. Army.

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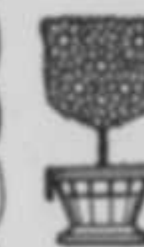
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