

## UNIVERSITY DIRECTORY.

### GENERAL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

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W. D. Carmichael, Vice-President.  
Jas. A. Gwyn, Secy. and Treas.

### UNIVERSITY FOOT-BALL TEAM.

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Walter Brem, Manager.  
J. H. White, Assistant Manager.

### UNIVERSITY BASE-BALL TEAM.

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W. D. Carmichael, Manager.

### UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB.

Prof. Harrington, Director.  
Darius Eatman, Leader.  
Pride J. Thomas, Business Manager.

### ELISHA MITCHELL SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

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Henry V. Wilson, Ph D. Vice-President.  
Francis P. Venable, Ph D., Secretary and Treasurer.  
Charles Baskerville, Ph D. Corresponding Secretary. Meets in Person Hall the second Thursday night of each month. Journals issued twice a year.

### HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Kemp P. Battle, LL. D., President.  
Geo. T. Winston, LL. D., First Vice Pres.  
Edwin A. Alderman, Ph D. 2nd Vice Pres.  
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### SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Thomas Hume, D. D. LL D., President.  
Walter D. Toy, M. A., Secretary.  
Herbert Bingham, Treasurer.  
Herman H. Horne, Assistant Secretary.

### PHILOLOGICAL CLUB.

Meets on the last Tuesday night of each month in the English Lecture room. Officers: K. P. Harrington, President, F. K. Ball, Vice-President, W. D. Toy, Secretary and Treasurer.

### FRATERNITIES (SECRET).

Delta Kappa Epsilon, Beta Theta Pi, Zeta Psi, Sigma Nu, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Alpha Tau Omega, Sigma Chi, Phi Gamma Delta, Kappa Sigma, Kappa Alpha, Pi Kappa Alpha.

### SOCIETIES.

Theta Nu Epsilon (secret).  
Pi Sigma (secret).  
Order of Gimghouls (Junior secret). The society meets in February and October. Banquet Thursday night of commencement.  
Philanthropic (secret, literary. Established 1795. Meets every Saturday night in the Phi Hall, New East Building.  
Dialectic (secret) literary. Established 1795. Meets every Saturday night in the Di Hall, New West Building.

### UNIVERSITY GERMAN CLUB.

E. C. Gregory, President.  
Jas. A. Gwyn, Vice-President.  
C. R. Dey, Secretary.  
R. S. Busbee, Treasurer. Meets at call of President. Leader selected for each german.

### UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

W. R. Webb, editor in chief.  
Editors,  
E. C. Gregory, Dick Lewis, Burton Craige, D. Eatman, E. E. Sams.

### Y. M. C. A.

H. H. Horne, President,  
W. R. Webb, Vice-President,  
J. S. Wray, Secretary.  
R. E. Coker, Corresponding Secretary.  
J. W. Canada, Treasurer. Meets in Chapel on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday nights of each week.

### TENNIS ASSOCIATION.

A. W. Myers, President.  
H. C. Bridgers, Vice-President.  
Jas. A. Gwyn, Secretary and Treasurer.

### Church Directory.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Rev. D. J. Currie. Services every Sunday morning and night except the first Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

**EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—Rev. Paul Shubert. Services every Sunday morning and night.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**—Rev. L. S. Massey. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

**BAPTIST CAURCH.**—Rev. Dr. Thos. Hume. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer meeting every Wenday night.

## The Lost Tribe.

OR HOW I DIDN'T BECOME ONE OF THEM.

It all started back in those "good old days" when "Bobby", "Sly", "Hudy", "Hawks", "T. Bailey" and all that crowd were here; and those to whom the above names are familiar will see that it was not at all strange for "most anything" to start up that human or infernal ingenuity could devise. It was all a mystery and began when one morning those entering the chapel observed upon the doors in large characters the inscription "O. H."

The chaplain read the services beneath the same mysterious symbol and when we dispersed to the various recitation rooms, lo, there they were. The professor of mathematics gazed upon the letters on his black-boards but there were two unknown quantities and only one equation so he had to give it up.

The next night about two o'clock we were all aroused by the beating of drums and flocking to the windows we saw a band of ghost like figures clad in white with black hoods march on the square in front of the South building and after going through some mysterious manouvering marched away again.

They were led by a figure in black who carried a large sword and in the midst was borne a large transparency on which were the mysterious letters "O. H."

Next day it spread through college that a new social order had made its appearance, no badges were worn however and the members were unknown. Various rumors at once got about.

Some said it was in opposition to the Gimghouls. Others even said that some members of the faculty were members and one member of the Glee Club insisted that the man with the kettle drum was playing, "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

I didn't know what it was but I had a wild desire to be one. I thought about it all day and when I went to bed and said my prayers ending with, "make me a good boy" I added—"and an O. H."

Little did I realize how soon these prayers were to be answered, for a few nights after a white robed spirit stood by my bed and waking me silently handed me the fatal invitation and then as silently stole away.

I was instructed to go to the monument in the square at twelve o'clock next night, and I went but my enthusiasm had gotten very shaky and my knees had a decidedly unsteady movement. I waited about two hours and a half it seemed to me before two of the band approached and blindfolded me and after rolling me along on the ground until I had lost my ideas of direction I was carried away I knew not where.

I was at last unblinded in a dark dimly lighted compartment before the figure in the black robe who seemed to be the most high muck-a-muck.

I was first requested to answer a lot of most unearthly questions the answers to which were taken down by a secretary and sealed in an envelope which I observed was addressed to my father.

Then began the fun—only I didn't see it that way. It first became my painful duty to have extracted from my body some drops of blood. I was prostrated upon the floor and the M. H. B. E. proceeded to execute the duties of his office with a dull razor and apparently regardless of the fact that my trousers were comparatively new. This blood was mixed in a concoction which all had to drink—the others didn't seem to mind it but it was awful, and I swore then and there I would never be a cannibal.

I was then put in a coffin, nailed up and lowered into a grave and I could hear the dirt falling on the coffin and the voices growing indistinct

After I had stayed there until I supposed I resembled old Rip Van Winkle was dug up, and then the "band played on" but I was so scared that it all seems hazy to me now.

As last it became their pleasure to reveal to me the grand secret of their order and I was accordingly placed upon my knees with my face upon the ground.

The M. H. P. W. was commanded to come forward and I heard a kind of whirring noise as if something was circulating very rapidly through the atmosphere. At last it struck—I won't say what direction it struck in for that is not the purpose of this story—but I struck about this time myself, struck something very hard and disagreeable and when I arose from it and looked around all was dark; but it was a mighty homelike darkness and there was some one snoring on a very familiar key, about four feet away.

This is all I know about it. I got back in bed very quietly and next morning I arose early and scraped up the remains of my knees that were still sticking to the floor and then got excused from recitations on account of rheumatism.

The O. H.'s are all gone now, but I am not one of them and never want to be.

## LIBERTY BELL.

Proceedings at the Guilford Battle Grounds—Mrs. Martin's poem.

On January the 31st. the committee in charge of the "old Liberty Bell" on its return trip from Atlanta stopped at Greensboro, and under the auspices of the Guilford Battle Ground Company the bell was carried to the battle field.

Here, upon this historic spot, where so many of North Carolina's sons nobly fought and died in defence of the proclamation which it rang out at Independence Hall in 1775, the bell was welcomed by an enthusiastic multitude and appropriate exercises held in its honor.

Prominent among the exercises of the day was the recital of a poem written by Mrs. Leonora B. Martin.

We publish below the entire poem knowing that from this author it must be welcomed by all, while many of us who have had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Martin personally during her recent residence in our village will read with a special interest the following beautiful and patriotic welcome to:

## THE GRAND OLD BELL

Here, where the Tory's footsteps turned,  
Here, where the Continentals spurned  
Their tyrants, while their brave hearts burned

For freedom, ere they bleeding fell:  
We welcome you, O, grand old Bell!

Long past the day when patriots rung  
For a list'ning world, your stern old tongue,  
Guilford echoed, the song you sung;  
Clarion of freedom! England's Knell!

We welcome you, O, grand old Bell!

Around the hills of Guilford spread  
All silent lie the honored dead,  
Heroes all, their brave hands sped  
To England's King your message well,  
Of "Liberty", O, grand old Bell!

Here Hooper lies and dauntless Penn,  
Who signed for right; here Winston's men  
Made the last charge; here Greene again,  
Made Tories pause. Each hill, and dell,  
Are heroes' graves, O, grand old Bell!

When British feet were at your door,  
A nation's love sent on before,  
From harm, their Bell. The guard who bore

Were from the Old North State and well  
Kept they their trust, the grand old Bell!

Her patriot sons, the Old North State,  
Sent to keep from a despot's hate  
The nation's Bell. And Trentons fate  
They share, for history still doth tell  
How well they guarded the grand old Bell.

And now, as in those days of yore,  
Carolinas love comes out once more  
To meet the Bell, and to out pour  
At Guilford, welcome! All hearts swell  
With joy to greet you, grand old Bell!

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