Recessional

I.

Dear Lane how fair, we all love thee
Though you we may not see,
How fond thy memories will be
In lonesome hour;
Dear Lane, thy praise we'll ever sing
And speak for you, our praises bring
And many a laurel to you will cling
To spread your power.

II.

Dear Lane, through ages you will shine
And fulfill for all your mission divine,
Our boys and girls around your shrine
May learn the right;
Dear Lane, for right you will ever stand
And this from all you will demand,
Right strengthens the tie of any band
Rather than might.

III.

Dear Lane, your work was well begun
And many races we know you've run,
Through strife, turmoil, joy and fun
When will it end?
Dear Lane, with thee our hearts abide,
Our tongues speak ever of thee with pride.
And all thy works we'll ever strive
To help commend.

—Essie M. Atwater.
Foreword

We present herewith the first number of "The Lanite." For the existence or contents of this book the editor does not make any apology. We have striven diligently and assiduously to reach an admirable standard of excellence, that one which we may use in after years as a substantial and lasting foundation to build stepping stones for others to ascend and to gain higher ideals of perfection in the perpetuation of this work. May these pages ever keep fresh in your memory the delightful days spent in dear old Lane. This alone can be the reward of our labor of love which we trust may not have been wrought in vain.

If our adventurous and pioneer undertaking has met with any success it is due to the untiring zeal and painstaking efforts of members of the staff who have very conscientiously and well executed the tasks entrusted to their care. To them we express our hearty and sincere thanks for the kindly manner in which they have aided our work, the interest radiated therein, and the many timely suggestions offered in the maze and turmoil of difficulty and and uncertainty which have constantly confronted us. Our task, though arduous, has been a pleasant one, though trying and at times discouraging has been a welcome one. Into the hands of its readers, patrons and friends we commend this initial volume, with no fear lest they judge its faults too harshly and yet we trust they will realize everyone can do his best. No one can do more. We have done our best in this the first volume of "The Lanite." Accept this our united efforts along with our best wishes that this publication will bring joy, happiness, and pleasure.

For her careful criticisms and helpful suggestions, the staff feels indebted to Miss Willette E. Person.

The staff is grateful to the several classes and organizations for their co-operation and financial assistance; Prof. J. B. Dickens for his careful direction; and the Long-Johnson Printing Co. for a multitude of favors and suggestions without which the 1921 Lanite would never have been what it is.

D. W. RAGAN,
The Editor-in-Chief.
Dedication

For more reasons than can be written here we affectionately dedicate this initial volume of "The Lanite" to

James Franklin Lane
M.A., Ph.D.
President of Lane College

A courteous gentleman, a profound scholar and a proficient instructor. The Alumni, whatever fault they may find with other parts of the book, will, with one voice, declare that we have done the right thing, for in the hearts of the graduates and students he is lovably enshrined forever.
J. F. Lane, A.M., Ph.D.,
President.
History of Lane College

In the northeastern part of the City of Jackson, Tenn., upon a hill that overlooks the surrounding territory is situated Lane College, and for thirty-seven years has stood as a beacon light for the colored people. Bishop Isaac Lane, the founder, labored earnestly to establish the institution which is now flourishing. It was the time when the colored people were just out of slavery—poor and ignorant they were. It was regarded impossible for them to own, control and operate a high-school or a college.

The matter was looked upon as preposterous, yet in the midst of these embarrassments, Bishop Lane and his co-workers laid their plans well. A few of the trustees associated with the Bishop at that time were Rev. W. T. Thomas, J. D. Hatcher, Rev. P. D. Samples of Kentucky; Revs. Y. H. Anderson, S. Bobo, R. Bates, M. Ralston, Berry Cannon of Mississippi; J. W. Thurston and G. L. Davis of the Tennessee Annual Conference; besides the following, of the West Tennessee Annual Conference: Rev. H. N. Snow, C. H. Lee, W. W. Sevier, M. D. Partee, W. M. Payne, W. H. Daniel E. W. Moseley, R. T. James, H. Thompson, J. K. Daniel, Sandy Rivers, and Berry Smith.

They raised enough money to buy four acres of ground upon which the principal buildings now stand and paid cash for it. With this much accomplished, the heroes took on new zeal and they looked forward to the construction of a building. In the summer of 1882 the first building was erected at a cost of one thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. It was a two-story frame structure, thirty-four feet by forty feet, containing a chapel, a library and recitation rooms. And as the attendance grew larger, a more commodious building became necessary. The principal theological studies at that time were "Binney's Theological Compound," and Wesley's Lectures and Sermons.

The success of the work in the early days was due to the careful management and the sacrifices on the part of so many earnest, Christian men and women who became interested in it. The trustees selected their teachers with care. Among the early teachers who rendered the church and race service, we might mention with propriety Miss Jennie E. Lane, who is now Mrs. N. C. Cleaves; Prof. J. H. Harper, Dr. H. C. Philips, Prof. T. J. Austin, Prof. E. W. Benton, Prof. E. W. Bailey and Prof. E. L. Honesty.

All of these teachers and many others equally as earnest and deserving helped to lay the foundation for a work that is now known as Lane College. And because of the earnest efforts and untiring zeal of these workers, the Lane Institution grew rapidly and gained prestige with the public. But the one great need was larger and more modern buildings in which to carry on the work and to provide and protect the large number of new students who were crowding in. It was evident that the main hall would cost at least fifteen thousand dollars, besides the furniture and equipment. This was a great sum of money for our people and required sacrifice on the part of those who had challenged the cause. However, through their laborious efforts this building, in 1895, was completed; and on October 23, in the fall of the same year it was dedicated to the cause of Christian education by Bishop R. S. Williams of Augusta, Ga. Bishop Williams was assisted in this work by Elias Cottrell and Dr. C. H. Philips, the latter was editor of the Christian Index, now Bishop. Several of the trustees of the College assisted in the service with Bishop Lane as master of ceremony.

After this building was erected, the next great need and demand was a dormitory for the young men and an enlarged one for the young women. This meant an expense of ten thousand dollars or more. And finally two cottages and an industrial hall were erected.
These buildings served the purpose of the school until November 4, 1904, when a disastrous fire completely destroyed the plant. The loss was so great and the insurance of the property was little, so what to do was the great question confronting the leaders.

After the money from the Insurance Companies was collected, they had less than ten thousand dollars. A temporary building was constructed in which the school work was continued. By placing the young men in the city, the girls were taken care of in the young men’s hall. In passing over this period of time, it is well to note the interest bestowed upon us by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. In all our struggles the leaders and members of this church were eager to help. In 1886 they were petitioned to furnish a teacher of theology. The next year they sent Rev. T. F. Saunders, D.D., of the Memphis Conference. Dr. Saunders spent thirteen years of his life in this kind of work and did what he could for its advancement. During these years Dr. Saunders served as President of the school and Professor of Theology. When he retired from the work he had the confidence and respect of all who knew him.

All along, our beloved Bishop Lane travelled extensively among his people and among the white people making appeals for financial assistance. He sold tracts, pamphlets of all kinds and applied the proceeds to the building fund. He made public addresses, delivered lectures and preached sermons. By taking up collections and by private solicitations and public appeals, enough money was raised to carry on the work. The world will never know of the many sleepless nights he bore, but the years of toil and suffering endured in working for the educational welfare of his people shall never be forgotten and he shall live forever.

We now reach a period of great activity. After the loss made by the fire in 1904, the work of rebuilding was considered. The first and most needed building was a main hall, in which recitation rooms, class rooms, study halls, chapel, library and office rooms might be had. And Mr. R. A. Heavener of Jackson drew the plans for such a building. His plans were accepted with some modifications. The plans called for a brick building one hundred and twenty-eight feet long by seventy-six feet wide, three stories high, with stone trimmings and a flat roof. A most beautiful structure, well built, having large assembly rooms, study halls, recitation and lecture rooms, a library and laboratories.

This building, together with its furnishings, cost nearly thirty thousand dollars, and was completed in 1906. Rev. T. F. Saunders retired from the presidency of the school in the spring of 1903 and was succeeded by Rev. J. A. Bray, A.M., LL.D. Rev. Bray took charge November 17, 1903, and presided until June, 1907. The fire took place and the work of reconstruction began during the years of his administration. Before the main hall had been paid for, work on the girls’ dormitory was begun. This hall is a large, well-constructed, three-story brick structure with stone trimmings and metallic roof, containing kitchen, dining hall, reception rooms, Y. W. C. A. room and dormitory rooms. This building, together with a large heating plant, cost about twenty-one thousand dollars. The old buildings were moved and the campus then took on a new form. The president’s home and the Industrial Hall were moved and thus the new and greater Lane College began to make its appearance.

The plans for the third building were drawn by Mr. Moses McKissack of Nashville, Tenn., and called for a three-story brick structure containing dormitory rooms, Y. M. C. A. room, reception hall, workshop for the boys and a set of rooms for the Preceptor and Preceptress. This building was the boys’ dormitory and was constructed by Mr. William Burrows, a contractor and builder of Memphis, Tenn., for nineteen thousand six hundred and thirty-nine and one-half dollars. With the heating plant and lighting and other furnishings, the building cost nearly twenty-five thousand dollars. The General Education Board of New York made a donation of seven thousand dollars toward the erection of this hall. This was done in 1912.
The honorable president, J. F. Lane, A.M., Ph.D., whose name should have been mentioned long since, (and who took his office in May, 1907) at the annual meeting of the trustees, began his term May 25, 1907. Being an alumnus of the Institution, thoroughly acquainted with its history, its aims and purposes, he has done much in bringing the friends of the school in closer relation with the College and its needs. Because of the increasing patronage of the College, congestion again predominated so that larger quarters were much needed. The president, during the year 1919, placed the condition before the General Education Board of New York and after a thorough investigation, it voted $7,000 to a fund of $13,000 for the construction of an Industrial Art Building. The condition was met. In the fall of 1920, the foundation for a magnificent structure was laid. It is now almost ready for use. A beautiful building it is, brick with stone trimming. Since Bishop R. E. Cleaves headed the semi-centenary drive which backed the plan for the building, the Hall has been named for him.

With these improved facilities, the College enters upon a larger sphere of usefulness.

DAWSIE B. HATCHETT.
Dewey W. Ragan, Editor-in-Chief.

A. H. Rice, Business Manager of The Lanite.

Prof. James B. Dicken, A.B., Director of The Lanite.
Essie Mae Atwater,  
*Literary Editor.*

Willie Faye Smith,  

Edna Dorothy Winters,  
*Music Editor.*

Brawlus B. F. White,  
*Assistant Editor.*

Dawsie B. Hatchett,  
*Assistant Editor.*

James A. Hutson,  
*Sporting Editor.*

Annie Lee Clay,  
*Humorist and Statistician.*

Robert Tyler Crump,  
*Cartoonist and Art Editor.*
J. F. LANE, A.M., PH.D.,
President.

Graduate of Lane College and Walden University; Licentiate of Harvard University; President of Tennessee Colored Anti-Tuberculosis Society; Delegate to Methodist Ecumenical Conference, London, England, 1901; Director, First United War Work Campaign in Tennessee; Member of Academy of Social and Political Science; President of Lane College since 1907.
CHRISTOPHER C. OWENS, A.B.,
Head Teacher of Mathematics and
College Dean.

AARON O. JEFFRIES, A.B.,
Head Teacher of Languages and Dean of
Department of Education.

JAMES B. DICKENS, A.B.,
Head Teacher of Sciences.

LINDSAY BENNETT WARD, A.B., B.D.,
Dean of Theological Department,
Professor of Greek.
Miss Willette Estella Person, A.B.,
History and Literature.

Miss Beatrice Beaumont,
Department of Education and Critique Teacher.

Prof. Isaac J. Berry, A.B.,
Principal of the Music Department and Director of Chorus.

Daniel E. Johnson, A.B.,
Violin and Orchestra.
Miss Mary O. Mitchell,
Assistant, English Department.

Miss Katie P. Barbee,
Assistant, English Department.

Miss Rosie Lee Jefferson,
Head Teacher of Domestic Science.

Miss Ollie L. Brown,
Assistant, English Department.
MISS ADELLA CALDWELL,
Teacher of Domestic Art and Matron of Girls' Home.

MRS. C. C. OWENS,
Preceptress of Young Men's Hall.

REV. I. C. NICHOLSON, A.B., B.D.,
Instructor, Theological Department.
Librarian.
Pastor St. Paul C. M. E. Church.

MRS. J. F. LANE,
College Secretary.
PROF. GEO. F. PORTER,
Principal of the English Department and College Treasurer.

MRS. ADELAIDE E. PAYNE,
Principal Commercial Department.

MRS. I. C. NICHOLSON,
Assistant, Music Department.
Davis Drug Co. carries a full line of Drugs and the best Toilets
College Graduates

SYRL LUTHER POLK, A.B.,
Tennessee

"Reason is not measured by size, but by principles."

Finished Lane Academy 1917; Member A. E. F. of U. S. National Army 1918-19; President Class 1920; President Kappa Lambda Phi Literary Society 1920-21; Athletic Association; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

MRS. SUSIE E. PORTER, A.B.,
Tennessee

"Perseverance conquers all things."

Graduate Lane College Teacher Training Department 1911; Member Kappa Lambda Phi Literary Society; Member College Choral Society.
Essie Mae Atwater, Tennessee.

"And still they gaze and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all she knew."
Pastime: Reading
By-word: "Wont that freeze you"
Ambition: To be a Primary teacher
Essie Mae is member of Choral Society; Secretary of Senior Class; Assistant Secretary in 1919; Literary Editor for '20 and '21, and member of Kappa Lambda Phi.

Annetta Cornwell, Mississippi.

"Frisky"

"Doubt truth to be a liar
But never doubt she loves."
By-word: "Wouldn't that jar you"
Pastime: Singing
Ambition: To pass in Geometry
Annetta is member of Young Ladies' Glee Club, Choral Society, Kappa Lambda Phi; President of Y. W. C. A. in '19 and '20; President of Carnation Club, and Pianist for College Orchestra.

Margaret Marie Bailey, Tennessee.

"Arce"

"Her voice is soft, sweet, and low, an excellent thing in woman."
By-word: "Good Night!"
Pastime: Trying new music
Ambition: To be a housewife
Marie is member of Kappa Lambda Phi, Choral Society, Young Ladies' Glee Club; Secretary of Junior Class 1919, and critic of Senior Class.

Matty Valeda Murray, Tennessee.

"A friend for every smile and a smile for all."
By-word: "Land me"
Pastime: Powdering her face
Ambition: To see Washington, D. C.
Matty is Historian of Senior Class; a star in Geometry and Virgil; Kappa Lambda Phi; and the sweetest girl in the Senior class.
CECIL IRENE GOODE, Missouri.
"Love rules her without a sword
And binds her with a cord to——"

By-word                         "Hey! Hey"
Pastime                         Writing notes
Ambition                        To be a business lady

Cecil is a member of Y. W. C. A.; Music Department; and Kappa Lamda Phi.

---

GEORGIA LEE TYUS, Arkansas.
"Honey"

"Never a flower bloom so pure—
She is the Queen rose of the rose garden, of the Senior Normal Class."

By-word                         "By Jimmie"
Pastime                         "By Jimmie"
Ambition                        To be an expert violinist

Georgia is a member of: Young Ladies' Glee Club, Choral Society, Orchestra, Y. W. C. A., Kappa Lamda Phi; The President of Senior Class; and most dignified Senior.

---

MARGARET O'CONNELL WARE, Tennessee
"Bobby"

"Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm and self-possessed."

By-word                         "Fan me with a brick"
Pastime                         Eating
Ambition                        To be an artist in music

Margaret is Pianist of Senior Class, of Kappa Lamda Phi, Senior Music Department, and in 1920 member of Choral Society and Orchestra.

---

ALICE ALBERTA BLEDSOE, Tennessee.
"To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman."

By-word                         "Land sakes"
Pastime                         Reading
Ambition                        To travel

Alberta is a member of Choral Society, Kappa Lamda Phi, Music Department, and Poetess of Senior Class.
MARIE DAWSON WATSON, Missouri.

"Her eyes tell of deep sincerity."
By-word: "Listen girls"
Pastime: Playing piano
Ambition: To be a Primary teacher
Marie is member of Choral Society, Music Department, Kappa Lambda Phi, Y. W. C. A., and Class prophetess.

AGNES EUDORA STEVENS, Tennessee.

"Accuracy and Speed"

"If the heart of man is depressed with cares, The mist is dispelled when this girl appears."
By-word: "De Truth Lawd!"
Ambition: To be an orator
Agnes is member of Choral Society, Y. W. C. A., Kappa Lambda Phi, Music Department, and wittiest girl in class.

HENRIETTA F. BROOME, Tennessee.

"Hen"

"So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good."
By-word: "Shoot"
Pastime: Concentrating
Ambition: To be a Senior
Henrietta is member of Choral Society, Kappa Lambda Phi, Golden Link Circle; Assistant Secretary of Senior Class; and the tallest girl in class.

ANNIE LAURA WILKES, Tennessee.

"Little Bit"

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn, Sweet as the primrose that peeps beneath the thorn."
By-word: "For pity sake"
Pastime: Dreaming dreams
Ambition: To be a Primary teacher
Annie Laura is member of Young Ladies’ Glee Club, Choral Society, Kappa Lambda Phi; Vice-President of Senior Class, and Treasurer of Class in 1919 and 1920.
Officer of Senior Class
TEACHER TRAINING DEPARTMENT

GEORGIA LEE TYUS ............... President
ESSIE M. ATWATER ............... Secretary
HENRIETTA BROWN ................. Assistant Secretary
AGNES E. STEVENS ............... Treasurer
MARGARET O. WARE ............... Pianist
MATTIE MURRAY ................. Historian
ALBERTA BLEDSOE ............... Poetess
SEPTEMBER 24—Students Attended the County Fair.
SEPTEMBER 26—Opening Sermon by Bishop Cleaves.

JAMES A. HUTSON
Finished Lane Academy 1917; U. S. Army Vocational Unit Fisk University 1918; College quartet; College Choral Society; City Choral Society; College Band and Orchestra; Kappa Lambda Phi; President Junior Class; Captain Varsity Football Team 1919-20; Varsity Baseball '19, '20, '21; Chairman Y. M. C. A. Program Committee; Athletic Association; Sporting Editor of "The Lanite"; Men's Glee Club.

VASHTI BARNETT
Finished Lane Academy 1918; Treasurer of Junior Class 1920-21; Member Ladies Glee Club; College Choral Society; Secretary Class 1919; Class Poetess 1921; Kappa Lambda Phi.

DEWEY WASHINGTON RAGAN
Graduate from Humboldt Junior High School 1916; Finished Lane Academy 1918; President Class 1917; Member S. A. T. C. Fisk University 1918; Vice-President Kappa Lambda Phi 1920-21; College Yell Leader 1919; Manager of College Athletics 1920-21; Glee Club; Choral Society; Athletic Association; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Founder and Editor-in-Chief of "The Lanite", 1921.
ABRAHAM H. RICE
Kappa Lambda Phi; Finished Lane Academy 1918; President Class; President Athletic Association 1918-19-20-21; Member of Ministerial Council; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Varsity Football from 1916 to 1920; Business Manager of "The Lanite"; Ordained Minister.

BRAWLUS BENJ. F. WHITE
Chairman of Program Committee of Kappa Lambda Phi; Finished Lane Academy 1917; U. S. Army 1918; Kappa Lambda Phi representative Emancipation Anniversary January 1, 1921; Member of "The Lanite" Staff; Y. M. C. A.; Athletic Association; Secretary and Historian of Junior Class.

FRANK MYLES DICKEY
Finished Lane Academy 1918; Vice-President of Class 1919; Secretary Athletic Association '18, '19, '20, '21; Captain Varsity Baseball Team 1920-21; Member Varsity Football Team 1920; President of College Band and Orchestra Association; Kappa Lambda Phi; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1920-21; Secretary Ministerial Council 1920-21; Vice-President Junior Class.
OCTOBER 7—Kid Social Was a Success.

Junior Class Roll and Officers

J. A. Hutson ........................................... President
F. M. Dickey ............................................ Vice-President
B. B. F. White ........................................ Secretory and Historian
Vashti Barnett ........................................ Poetess
A. H. Rice .............................................. Treasurer
D. W. Ragan ........................................... Annual Representative
Colors: Gold and Black.
Flower: Red Carnation.

YELL
We are the Class of ’22.
Hylo! Kylo! Rankty Dee!
Juniors, Juniors, Don’t You See!
Ringle! Rangle! Doodle Doo!
Junior Class History

By BRAWLUS BENJ. FRANKLIN WHITE

There is a fascination about the beginning—the mythical period of all history. All histories agree in originating out of chaos and disorder, they are presented to us as chronicles of thrilling events and laws of succession. The history of the Class of '22 is no exception to this general rule.

We have but to close our eyes and allow our imagination to wander back over the scenes of our gradations and the history of the Class of '22 is vividly brought to light as a series of thrilling events.

First, as the Cave man battled with the bear, the saber toothed tiger and the giant mastodon for mastery of this little ball we call earth, and hunted and fished for food, so we as Freshmen, flushed with the spoils from the preparatory department, entered the College department with all of the zeal that must have inspired our early forebears. But there were bears and saber toothed tigers to be slain in the form of Mathematics of De Senectute, and of De Amicitia, and food to be garnered in the form of science. Who can forget those dark days in contending with primeval obstacles! Did we quit? But wait. Our history has just begun.

By dint of hard labor we reached the next stage of our development. "Surely this must be the goal of their ambition," says the Cynic. "They have subdued the beasts that disrupted the mastery of the Cave with him." They have reached the zenith of their career." But no. The Archaeologists tell of another age in the development of human progress and we had caught the forward spirit, and were not satisfied to remain stationary. We thus entered the bronze age in our Sophomore year.

More Mathematics, Science, Latin, and Greek. But with our more formidable bronze weapons we slew the enemy right and left. We had obtained a foothold and had gotten our bearing on the technicalities of College routine.

Our characters have developed from the embryonic state far enough to denote what kind of species they are.

When little Miss Vashti Barnett attacks logarithms with so much vigor, one can readily see that another Euclid is destined to startle the world. But we need some one to minister to our spiritual need, to administer some spiritual balm to a weary and sin-cursed world. At once a shout so loud that the grand old walls of Lane trembled, went up from Rev. F. M. Dickey and Rev. A. H. Rice, saying "Here we are, send us." Let a thrilling populace heave a sigh of relief, for the Class of '22 will send out a second Moses and Aaron to minister unto their thirst.

What do we need with an undertaker when we are preparing to give to the world such an eminent physician that death will be a thing of the past. Mr. James A. Hutson is unanimously elected for this important post. But to the end that the old ship of state might continue safely on her voyage—to the end that good government might function for all the people—to the end that a thorough interpretation and practical application of the Constitution be made, the Class of '22 will present to an expectant world, Mr. D. W. Ragan.
OCTOBER 21—Social Before Our Boys Left for Rust.

So we entered the Iron age, our Junior year with high hopes. We are in the autumn of our College life. The goal lies just over the hill. We are adjusting our armor for the stern duties of after life. Soon we must be in the greater fight. The shouts of the combatants can be heard in the distance.

We are proceeding straight onward to the performance of our duty, deeply sensible of our obligation to God and our fellowman, and conscious that:

"There are lessons to learn through the school-time of life,
In the great passing throng, 'midst its hurry and strife;
There are teachers around us great truths to make plain,
There are sources from which daily knowledge to gain.

Aye, and still there are lessons of honor and right,
Like radiant beams shining far through the night;
There are lessons of manhood, and wisdom, and truth,
Unrolled for the guidance and welfare of youth.

Let us heed them,—these lessons for mind and for heart;
Gleaning still, day by day, that each God-given part,
Well schooled through the years, form at last the grand whole
Which shall yet live eternal—a perfected soul."

—Historian.
Junior Class Poem

The toast of the faculty,
   The pride of the school,
The envy of Freshmen,
   The wise to the fool.

The goal of the Senior
   Is the hope for the Soph.
To be a dignified Junior,
   For whom all hats are off.

Here is little Vashti,
   Who is never satisfied
Until in the Mathematical room
   She is bewitchingly tried.

Sing friend James,
   Sing the songs, the songs of yore,
We, the other members,
   Are willing to help you o'er.

There is Dewey, Miss Person,
   The wise looking lad,
Who argues with his classmates,
   And can never be made sad.

Dickey, with sanctity,
   Which none can entice,
Just lines his own "sermons,"
   A man above "price."

Yell! yell! Abraham!
   Yell! for the class,
For we, your companions,
   Are yelling to make it pass.

Brawlas, with his fancy,
   Wrought into deep lore,
Responds as the orator,
   When they call for "Moore."

Hurrah! for the Juniors,
   Who fight persistently to gain.
"We will never forsake you."
   They say to dear old "Lane."

—Class Poetess.
OCTOBER 22—First Game of Season With Rust.
OCTOBER 29—Hallowe’en Frolics Under the Auspices of Y. W. C. A.

Lena Hamlett  Dawsie B. Hatchett

S. J. Tollette  Willa Faye Smith  Atha B. Seals

F. T. Jeans  J. A. Morse
Freshman Class

Motto: Laboremus excellere.  
Flower: Yellow Chrysanthemum.  
Colors: Orange and Green.

OFFICERS

Mrs. Lena Hamlett  . . . . . . President
J. A. Morsee  . . . . . . Vice-President
D. B. Hatchett  . . . . . . Secretary
F. T. Jeans  . . . . . . Treasurer
A. B. Seals  . . . . . . Historian
S. J. Tollett  . . . . . . Poet
Willie Faye Smith  . . . . Annual Representative

ROLL

Mrs. Lena Hamlett
Miss Dawsie B. Hatchett
Miss Willa Faye Smith
Mr. Atha B. Seals
Mr. John A. Morsee
Mr. S. J. Tollett
Mr. Floyd T. J.
Fourth Year Class Poem

By WILLIE LEE JOHNSON.

We are Senior Preparatories,  Of failures? We’ve a number of them.
But think, our work has just begun,  We used them all for stepping stones
We’ll have to end a thousand stories  Attaining a higher place in life’s dim
Before our work in Lane is done.  Old rugged shores, not travelled alone.

We’ve spent four happy years together.  Our failures and successes are marked
Do we regret them? Not the least.  Indelibly upon our minds.
Yes, we will spend four more together  We shall never forget our start,
And work until our lives have ceased.  We shall never leave it behind.

And should you ask us any time  Chemistry, Greek, Geometry,
How we have reached this point of life,  As first shall be written in gold
We’ll tell you with a smile in mind,  Across our hearts, where each can see
Hard work of brains, if cost’d one’s life.  Victory won was the strength of the bold.

Many dark, long and restless nights  And under that, we shall put Lane—
We’ve spent, yes hard tho fair we thought,  Yes dear old Lane, that we adore;
As we labored with all our might,  We’ll thank you again and again
With knowledge the thing to be sought.  For all ne’er forgetting days of yore.

OFFICERS OF FOURTH-YEAR CLASS

B. R. GRAHAM  President
D. MERRIWEATHER  Vice-President
O. M. ALLEN  Secretary
ALVA CHANDLER  Assistant Secretary
E. D. WINTERS  Treasurer
ETHEL BURNETT  Representative of “The Laniite”
WILLIE LEE JOHNSON  Poetess

Class Colors: Old Gold and Purple.  Class Motto: “Climbing tho’ the hills be rugged.”
Class Flower: American Beauty Rose.

MEMBERS OF FOURTH-YEAR CLASS

Allen, Mildred  George, William M.
Burnett, Ethel  Jones, Robert T.
Beck, Vera  Johnson, Willie L.
Beck, Irma  Johnson, Dimple V.
Clay, Anna L.  Kolheim, Louise
Chandler, Alva La H.  Little, Alice
Flowers, Viola  Ledsinger, Bettye D.
Graham, Brooksy R.  Moreland, Marcille
Grey, Loryne  Merriweather, DeWitt
Grey, Wittroyln  McLin, Willie G.
Morris, Mollie

Nelson, Lorenza R.
Nelson, Joseph
Nelson, Lonnel
Price, Lucille L.
Roman, Myra
Spran, Lessie B.
Tuggle, Dewey H.
Womack, Lillian
Woodson, Avery E.
Winters, Edna D.
November 20—Our Boys Won the Game With Roger Williams ??

Willie Lee Johnson
Poetess

Miss O. M. Allen
Secretary

Mr. B. R. Graham
President
Prophecy of the Fourth Year Prep Class

Being fatigued from a hard day's work on Easter Sunday (at the church I served as pastor,) I had returned to school. Now at early twilight before the boys had come up from supper, I was sitting in my room upon the third floor of the Boys' Dormitory; thinking first of home and then of the present conditions of the world and its needs as I saw them.

When suddenly I heard the footsteps of someone near my door in the hall. From the sound it appeared that someone was walking with a cane. They came directly to my door. Then they knocked. I, being somewhat under the influence of a hallucination, regained my balance, and before thinking to ask who was there, said: "Leave the door! I am busy now." But the visitor replied in a feeble but masculine voice: "I have only a message which will be of importance to you, my young friend."

Upon receiving this information (thinking possibly that it was a special from my mother,) said "Come." Slowly the visitor opened the door, and when I first beheld him, an old man with a mantle of grey wrapped about his body, a long cane in his left hand, a well-worn hat of a most peculiar sort which he lifted from his head, was held in his right hand, and sandals on his feet. I shuddered in my seat, and my soul, already touched by my former thoughts, filled with sympathy.

And I spoke to him as follows: What shall I do for you, sir? Art thou a stranger in the city, or have you a son here in the building that I may go down and call for you? Seeing that I was wont to do honor to him especially, because of his apparent age, he said: My son, there is one thing and only one you may do for me just now. Pray what may that be? said I. Only listen to the story I shall tell thee, he replied. My name is Wisdom. My father still lives and is the wealthiest of all men. But having a desire to help humanity to solve her many problems, (for even now I perceive that thou hast been troubled much over what can best be done to help better conditions in the world and for your people) I requested of my father many, many years ago that I should go out into the world and be a friend to man. When you were but an infinitesimal speck, I passed your mother's home and gave to her an herb, with which she made a tea and gave to you to drink, the substance of which became a part of you and caused you thus to choose the cause of service in life you now pursue. So it was through me that you were made able to be where you are today. And wherever I have helped those who accept, I claim them for my own. And besides you I have many more here that I shall ever love and cherish.

Just recently I had a book published at the firm of three tentions, which will unfold to you the future of the many children I have here that you talk with every day. Come walk with me to the stairway and I will give it thee.

I readily consented and wanted to go further. When we had reached the stairway he pulled back his mantle and from a pocket underneath he drew out a book with a morrocco binding. Across the back was printed in letters of gold, "The 4th year of 1921."

When I looked on the inside turning back the first leaf I read, published by the firm of three tentions, Attention, Intention and Extention, for Mr. Wisdom, edited by Mr. Foreknowledge.

When I turned to the first chapter I noted this title, Prognostication of B.R. Graham, president of the Libertas Voci Society and Fourth-year Class. In this chapter I read that Mr. Graham would swiftly make his way to the front as a pulpitier, thinker, and orator; and that after a few years he should be in attendance of a General Conference, and would there be elected as fraternal messenger to A. M. E. General Conference. When he should
November 25—Thanksgiving Holiday.

come to next General Conference he would be elected editor of Christian Index with headquarters at Nashville.

In the next chapter I read the future of our Secretary, Mildred O. Allen, who would become one of the best teachers in the state of Kentucky; a splendid church worker and very much loved and obeyed by the many girls and boys she had brought into a better way of thinking.

In the third chapter I read the future of Edna D. Winters, our Treasurer and Musician; that she would finish her Ph.D. degree at University of Chicago, Mus.B. at Boston Conservatory of Music, and would become an artist giving recitals at various Colleges and Universities of America, winning honors for herself and alma mater.

Next, I read the prophecy of Ethel Burnett, Treasurer of our Annual Fund. In bold type I saw that she would enter into the business world as a Pharmacist, and through her thrift and piety, earn an enormous fortune. But in middle life, because of her desire to be a more loving companion and model wife, she withdraws from business and makes brighter the light of a modern home.

Reading further, I found the future of Avery E. Woodson; that he should receive his B.Sc. degree at Lane; his Mus.B. degree at the University of Berlin; and then would win fame abroad as a most excellent baritone singer; that medals would be given him in France, England and America for his excellency as an artist. Finally he will settle in the City of New York to sing for the Grand Opera.

Next, I read the prophecy of Alva La Chandler; that she would become editor of one of the most important race journals through which she will send out uncompromising and undisputable facts of the unfair dealings meted out to our people. And the world hears of her work and compliments her courage.

On the next day, with some surprise, I read the future of R. T. Jones who, after getting his A.B. and Mus.B. degrees, would startle the world with his melody as a tenor singer; that he would be called the second Caruso of the world.

I noted also the prophecy of Anna L. Clay, who should become a very important factor in public life, writing articles for the leading race papers, lecturing and organizing race women to fight injustices of all kinds.

The following chapter treated upon the future of Messrs. Lorenzo Nelson, Lonial Nelson and Joseph Nelson. Lorenzo would become instructor of one of the leading bands in America. Lonial would hold the chair of Mathematics in some College of first rank, Joseph would become Moderator of some of the leading National Baptist Conventions, and will eventually be elected Manager of the National Baptist Publishing House, serving with dignity and efficiency.

The prophecy of Misses Alice Little, Louise Kolhiem and Willie L. Johnson is on this wise; that they should go to Africa serving as missionaries, thus helping to meet the needs of the world in the missionary field.

I then read the future of Misses Lucile Price, Betty Ledsinger and Viola Flowers (pleasing indeed) that they should repent of the follies of youth and serve their respective communities as model Christian workers and ideal housewifes.

Also the prophecy of the other classmates in general was given. M. H. Moreland would become a successful druggist. D. P. Willis a successful architect; Lillian Womack would become a leader in community uplift, a loving companion and an ideal wife of a pharmacist. Elizabeth Murray would fill the chair of Languages at some College of note, and in the after years make happy a home as none else could do.

D. H. Tuggle would fill the chair of Science in one of the foremost Colleges in America, distinguishing himself as a Chemist.
Mollie Morris would become a missionary to Brazil, winning souls for Christ and raising the standard of living. The others were to fill some of the most important places of life helping humanity in every conceivable way. Having read the book thru, I invoked the blessing of God upon the old man who gave the information, and pray that even more than these things may be accomplished by each one. That whatever each may do as ages roll by may redound to the glory and honor of the Father of Wisdom.

Now what was said of the writer will be left for you to conjecture and if you closely watch it will be rewritten, as the years go by, upon the bulletin board of service.

Yours for a happy vacation.

Willie Joseph Green McLin, Jr.
December 7—Dr. Rosser of Norfolk, Va., Spoke in Chapel.

Third Year Prep Roll and Officers

OFFICERS

ROBERT CRUMP ............ President
OSCAR COX .............. Treasurer
PAULINE FITE ............ Secretary
KATIE B. PARKS ........ Assistant Secretary

Motto: "We will keep the ball rolling until it becomes a thorn in the side of Ignorance."

Class Roll

Mattie Copeland
Abriel Head
Lenora Little
Ola Wells
Ethel Johnson
Annie L. Dodson
Katie Chandler
Alice Hall

Lanie Collins
Annice Barnes
Mary Malone
Katie B. Parks
Guyolfa McGee
Lena B. Gaye
Alice Jordan

Pauline Fite
Oscar L. Cox
Robert Crump
Johnnie V. Lewis
W. S. Williamson
G. S. Williamson
Ollie Seats
A. J. Buckley

Class Poem

Day by day Examination
Louder yelled and nearer crept,
Round and round our brain the serpent
Nearer circled, nearer crept;
"Pray for rescue, Jacks and Shirkers,
Pray today," the leader said;
Tomorrow life and death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.

Oh! we studied, looked and waited
Till our hopes became dispar;
Till the sobs and low bewailing
Filled the pauses with our prayer.
Till up spake a bright eyed maiden
With her soul upon her books:
Don't you hear it? Don't you hear it?
Examination Hope, just look!

Oh! we looked both dumb and breathless,
Then we caught the hope at last.
Faint and far beyond past ages
Rose and felt the hope, success.
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
From our hearts did roll out fast,
God be praised: the crisis ended,
Examination has no mask.

From the silver dames of study
Hope had sent success forth fair,
With accomplishment demanded
And each student gave his share.
Hope had conquered, Fate was powerless
And our parents home rejoicing
In our grades and work attained,
Caught the spirit had offered
Did repeat our God be praised.
DECEMBER 10—Prof. Gregory Spoke in Chapel.
Second Year Prep Class

CORA ATWATER
Secretary 2nd Year Class

P. B. DURRETT
President 2nd Year Class

MATTIE B. DURRETT
Treasurer 2nd Year Class

OFFICERS

P. B. DURRETT
C. A. ATWATER
M. B. DURRETT
C. J. LOWE

President
Secretary
Treasurer
Pianist

ROLL

Frances Adams
Cora Atwater
Annie R. Banks
Flossie P. Bailey
Eva E. Broome
Martha M. Donald
Mattie B. Durrett
Marjorie Hodges
Willie L. Jackson
Cornelia J. Lowe

Alice Maloy
Matilda Merriwether
Edna Mitchell
Floyd Bonds
Annie B. Phelps
Mayzell Smith
Ida McLeod
Jessie G. Sparks
Ethel Suts
Phillip Durrett
Alexander Golden

William Holder
Leroy Jeffries
Chas. Lewis
Lyru Nance
N. C. Quarrels
Leon Turner
A. M. Green
W. R. Sledge
Booker Wells
Willie Burnett
First Year Prep Class

H. C. Tobridge
President

Lucille Thompson
Secretary

Chester Tabor
Treasurer

OFFICERS

H. C. Tobridge
T. M. Smith
Lucille Thompson
Willie M. Starks
Chester A. Tabor
Virgie M. Green

Motto: Labor Omina Vincit.

ROLL

M. R. Austin
Cattrell Brown
Margurite Bobo
G. W. Brodox
Mozella Burnett
Floyd Bailey
Douglass Blair
Josephine Bearden
Aquella Bonds
Annie Carns
Fannie Collier
Noon Clifton
Jessie M. Durrett
Viola Duncan
Mozelle Franklin
Irene Faucett
Columbus Farris
Bessie Gray
Virgie M. Green
Jennie M. Green
Leella Glenn
Leuherda Glenn
Dearie Gillam
James Hamlett
Esther Hamlett
Gertrude Harris
Luther E. Hamlett
John W. Harwell
Ada L. Harwell
Floyd Quinn
Edna Johnson
Minnie Johnson
Marie Lemrett
Georgia Lewis
A. B. Mason
Lillie M. McLemore
Silas I. McCarter
Ruby Morrow
Inez Noble
Deborah Payne
L. T. Phinnisee
Effie M. Payne
Gladys Pratt
Lessie Pharr
Clarence Patrick

Turner W. Ross
Lucile Robinson
Carrie B. Spriggs
Willie M. Stark
Gertrude Spann
Lora Z. Stoner
Ruth C. Stoner
Thomas M. Smith
Lucile Thompson
Chester Tabor
Hazell Terry
Henry C. Tobridge
Fannie Tyus
Corenne Wade
Jennie L. Winrum
JANUARY 14—Play "Bachelor's Dream" Given by Senior Classes.
JANUARY 27—All Ponies and Airplanes Made Ready for the Exams.

music

Robert H. Crump
Music Department

Professor I. J. Berry . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Principal

Mrs. C. C. Nicholson
Professor D. E. Johnson

Under the able and proficient directorship of Professor I. J. Berry, the Music Department has been making wonderful progress. Each year the enrollment has been increasing, and this year is the largest in its history.

"As the true poem is the poet's mind,
So true expression of music is the Artist's mind."

The advantages of music in College are the atmosphere of culture and refinement of unlimited potentialities of literary opportunities that offer themselves.

The piano-forte occupies a place of dignity and value that should have treatment commensurate with its place as a potent factor in musical education. Professor Berry is highly recognized as one of the race's leading teachers. A splendid teacher training course in music is offered by the Lane College Music Department.

It is a well-founded fact that music extends to regions of inspiration which, to the poet and painter, are not easily accessible. The human voice is one of the mediums through which the sentiments of the heart and soul can be expressed. People have begun to realize that the art of voice culture is one of the greatest of "Fine Arts." This department has made wonderful advancement this year. Among the music students are two graduates and accomplished soloists who are singing acceptably in church and recital work. The College Quartette has experienced a very favorable season, and they were unable to satisfy the demands for their programmes throughout the state. The young ladies' Glee Club's work is exceptionally fine under the direction of Miss Person. The Orchestra and Violin students have been heard often and have always reflected honor upon the school and their former instructor, Professor D. E. Johnson.

Musical Interpretation

Music has been defined as the language of the emotions, a description of its properties which fits the art better than to term it the language of sound, and thus class it among "the least disagreeable of voices."

Few will deny that sensations produced by the hearing and performing of music should be pleasurable ones. However, the enjoyment which music-making gives varies with the kind of music rendered, as with the temperament, education, and natural gifts
of individuals. The reputation of a Nation's musicianship depends upon its faculties for gratification either in rendering or listening to music.

To bring the enjoyment of good music within the reach of every one, there needs broader intelligence on the part of audience, and greater tolerance on the part of those who musically cater for them.

The first step toward musical appreciation appears to be the sense of rhythm, and next to rhythm, or existing at the same time with rhythm, comes the appreciation of tune. Then the fondness for beautiful melody is by no means to be ignored by those who would make music for the people.

The taste for classical music is an acquired one, just as fondness for certain viands is brought about by circumstances and conditions of life. Tastes will always differ, but some compromise can always be arrived at which, while affording luxuries to palates desiring them, may yet cater on a liberal scale to those who have a healthy appetite for all foods that are wholesome and nourishing. Thus in music, if the masses do not yet fully enter into the delights of grand opera or orchestral symphony not by forcing such heavy food down their throats, but by gradually increasing mild doses, may the rarer musical tonic have due effect.

Surroundings have unquestionably much to do with the enjoyment of music. Possibly the keenest delight of all is felt by one who is brought up in unmusical environments, gradually makes for himself an atmosphere of sweet sounds, eventually drawing others into the same enchantment. The greatest musical enthusiasts appear to come from that class which, having encountered many obstacles in winning a position in the world of music, can enter into, and feel for the difficulties in the way of struggling professional musicians.

There is something marvelous in music. It may be said that it in itself is a marvel. It resembles poetry; in each are numerous graces which no methods teach and which only a master can reach. When once admitted to the soul it becomes a sort of spirit, and never dies.

A clearer understanding of the aims and possibilities of music, of means for getting practically acquainted with its various departments and branches, is the first inclination.

"Of all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away,
As music melting, mystic lay;
Slight emblem of the bliss above,
It soothes the spirit all to love."

By E. D. Winters, Music Editor.
EDNA DORA WINTERS . . . . . . . Illinois

"To know her is to love her
And love but her forever;
Nature made her what she is,
And never made another."

Finish Lane Academy 1921; Member Libertas Voci Literary Society; Treasurer of Class 1920-21; Music Editor of "The Lanite"; Pianist of the College Choral Society 1920-21; Member Y. W. C. A.; Member of Ladies' Glee Club; College Orchestra 1920; Carnation Club.

MARGUERITE O. WARE . . . . . . . Tennessee

"Music is the true expression of the heart."

Graduate Somerville public school 1918; Finished Lane Academy 1920; Graduate Lane Teacher Training Class 1921; Member Kappa Lambda Phi Literary Society; Member College Choral Society; College Orchestra 1920-21; Y. W. C. A.; Carnation Club.
An Ode

To the Music Graduates and Advanced Music Students.

Majors, minors, flats and sharps,
A wonderful galaxy are they;
With nocturnes, figures, etudes, and chords
We make a mass in G.

To Edna with her magic sway,
To Chopin we assign her;
In spite of all that she can play
She still will be "A Minor."

To Arnetta in Capriccio Maze
We'll have to make a wager
That she will dance thru all her days
A Rundo in "A Major."

Then Marguerite, with her fine technique,
Her runs with her "Charomat"
Is doomed to play her Pathetique
Forever in "A Flat."

While Georgia with her touch "Lamb like,"
Sweet as the "Aeolia harp"—
Will guide thru life without its strife
A—symphony in "A Sharp."

But Avery in the style of "frats"
And classics he exerts,
Combines all sharps and flats and "nats"
With "Erl King" by Schubert.

To you Mildred, au revoir,
We'll dance no more to "Starch"
With Hutson, Tuggle, Tollette, and Woodson in line,
The ball has come to "March."

When Viola sings the "Magnetic Waltz"
We hear her trills and see her smiles;
She faces us from restrains, all faults
But the melody still abides.

The Red and Blue will lead you on
As you trod seperate ways;
To dear old Lane ever be true
And sing and play her glorious praise!

D. W. Ragan.
February 10—Mr. Snider Spoke in Chapel.

QUARTETTE

1st Base . . . . A. E. Woodson 1st Tenor . . . . D. Tuggle
2nd Base . . . . C. J. Tollette 2nd Tenor . . . . J. A. Hutson
February 11—Movies of Heroes in France.

AVERY E. WOODSON
Baritone Recital, March 11, 1921

PROGRAMME

I. “Nita Gitana” De Koven
II. (a) “If I Called You Back Some Day” Dorel
     (b) “The Pilot” Protheroe
III. “Erl King” Schubert
     (a) “Mother of Mine” Tours
     (b) “Last Night” Kjerulf
IV. “Doan yon Lisen” Bonds
     (b) Philosophy Emmell
V. Scena and Aria from Il Trovatore—Act II. Verdi
VII. (a) “Sanctuary” La Forge
     (b) “The Want of You” Vanderpool
     (c) “Beauty’s Eyes” Tosti
February 12—Valentine Social by First Year Class.

Glee Club Members

1st Tenors
D. W. Reagan
D. Tuggle
R. T. Jones
O. Cox

2nd Tenors
J. A. Hudson
R. Tyler
C. Baker

1st Bass
A. E. Woodson
D. Willis
A. W. Greene

2nd Bass
S. J. Tollette
L. Nelson
C. Lewis
FEBRUARY 18—Birthday Celebration for Our President.

YOUNG LADIES' GLEE CLUB

MISS WILLETTE E. PERSON . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Directress

1st Sopranos
Miss Alva La H. Chandler
Miss Annetta Cornwell
Miss Lillian Womack

2nd Sopranos
Miss Marian Moore
Miss Viola Flowers

1st Altos
Miss Edna D. Winters
Miss Willa Fae Smith

2nd Altos
Miss Georgia L. Tyus
Miss Annie Laura Wilks
Miss Mittroleene Gray

Miss Marie Bailey
Miss Cornelia Lowe
FEBRUARY 24—Opening Day of Farmers Conference—Dr. Lester Spoke.

COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

Katie Johnson ................................................. Violin
Ethel Johnson ............................................... Violin
Dewitt Meriwether ......................................... Violin
Willie Faye Smith .......................................... Violin
Alva La H. Chandler ........................................ Violin
Georgia L. Tyus ............................................ Violin
Dimple Johnson ............................................. Violin
James Hutson ................................................ Cornet
L. R. Nelson ................................................ Cornet
Tyus Nance .................................................. Tuba
Samford Tollette ........................................... Bass Drums
H. C. Tobridge .............................................. Snare Drum, President
F. M. Dickey ................................................ Pianoforte
Annetta Cromwell .........................................
**LANE COLLEGE CHORAL SOCIETY**

**PROFESSOR I. J. BERRY**  
**MISS EDNA D. WINTERS**  

**Director**  
**Accompanist**

**Sopranos**  
Miss Mildred O. Allen  
Miss Anna L. Clay  
Miss Lucille Price  
Miss Laura A. Wilkes  
Miss Dawsie Hatchett  
Miss Essie M. Atwater  
Miss Tanzie Collins  
Miss Viola Flowers  
Miss Rosa L. Jefferson  
Miss Agnes E. Stevens  
Miss Ethel L. Burnette  
Miss Lorene Grep  
Miss Alva Chandler  
Miss M. Greene  
Miss Lillian Womack  
Miss Henrietta Broome  
Miss Vashii Barnett  
Miss Willette E. Person  
Miss Anetta Cornwell

**Tenors**  
Miss Willa Fae Smith  
Robert Jones  
Oscar L. Cox  
Lorenza Nelson  
Leroy Jeffries  
Ollie Seets  
James A. Hutson  
John A. Morsee  
A. B. Seals  
Dewey H. Tuggle  
Alexander Golden  
Dewey W. Ragan  
H. C. Tobridge  
Robert Tyler

**Bass**  
Mitrolyne Grey  
Marie Watson  
Edna Porter  
Cornelia B. Lowe  
Mattie Copeland  
Mary Como  
S. J. Tollette  
A. W. Greene  
Avery E. Woodson  
Duprice Willis  
Lonnie Nelson  
Joseph Nelson  
W. G. McLin  
Marvel Moreland  
Hume Clifton  
Charles Lewis  
B. R. Graham  
William E. George  
Floyd Jean
February 22—Washington’s Birthday.

Lane College Choral Society
HOME ECONOMICS—DOMESTIC SCIENCE

This department aims to meet the demands of the various duties of the home, the management of the home, both economically and sanitary. The course is planned to meet the needs of those students who may be called upon to teach domestic science. Requests are constantly being received for young women who are trained in Home Economics. We aim to meet this demand.

Aside from this course, a general course is offered as a basis for the study of art and science included in a liberal education.

SPECIALS I.—FOURTH YEAR NORMAL

Miss Vera Beck
Miss Irma Beck
Miss Viola Flowers
Miss Loryene Graye
Miss Willie Lee Johnson
Miss Louise Kolheinn
Miss Mollie Morris
MARCH 4—Play "Honesties" by D. S. Dept.

Class In The Commercial Department
Commercial Department

It is the purpose of the Commercial Course to give the students a practical knowledge of the principles which underlie all business operations, to acquaint them with some of the problems which every successful business man must understand and to furnish them with information which will greatly aid them to solve the problems of the Commercial World.

The courses given in the Commercial Department are Business and Stenographic. The Business course includes Bookkeeping leading up to Higher Accountancy, Business Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Business Spelling and Correspondence.

The course in Stenography includes Gregg Shorthand, Rational Typewriting, English, Spelling, and Shorthand Penmanship. Office Training is given to all students before the completion of either course.

The time required for the completion of the Business or Stenographic courses is from two to three years according to the ability of the student.

ENROLLMENT OF COMMERCIAL CLASSES FOR YEAR 1920-21

Atkinson, Grace
Adams, Lillie Mae
Barnes, Annie L
Beck, Irma
Beck, Vera
Brown, Joe Willie
Bonds, Ella
Braddir, Geo.
Bearden, Josephine
Burnette, M. M.
Coleman, C. H.
Collier, Fannie
Donnell, Lillie M.
Green, Jennie Mae
Green, L. O.
Hodges, Marjorie
Harwell, J. W.
Jones, Lewis
Johnson, Edna
Jackson, Willie L.
Jackson, W. H.
Little, Alice
Little, Lena
Moss, Carrie
Moore, Pearl
Moore, Marian
Moloy, Alice
Malone, Serena
McLin, W. G.
Mays, Carrie B.
Morris, Mollie
McLeod, Ida Mai
McLeod, Lillie
Noble, Inez
Reed, Adlene
Ross, W. T.
Reed, Lubirda
Rhodes, Katie
Smith, Ruth
Smith, Mozelle
Spann, Lessie B.
Starks, Willie M.
Trailor, Pecola
Tobridge, M. H.
Woodson, Avery
Walker, Julia
Williams, P. Greer
Kennerly, Julia
THE SPIRIT OF DEAR OLD LANE
By BRAWLUS BENJ. F. WHITE.

The spirit that made America the greatest nation on earth is the same spirit that characterizes the activities at Lane College, and has served to make her one of the greatest institutions in the South. Unity of purpose and forwardness of movement are her chief stock in trade.

The revolution of thought and action, coming as an aftermath of the World War, has struck a responsive chord at Lane. Traditions have been thrown aside, that were not conformable with the forward spirit of the new era. The knell of a new day in the affairs of the race has been sounded, and in all of the departments an atmosphere of optimism is manifest.

This spirit of optimism has materialized in the erection of a magnificent building and the outlining of plans for enlarging the science departments. These improvements make for a greater Lane, a college second to none in the South and incidentally in the Country.

But these things are not strange, when we recall the never-say-die spirit of the founder of this historic institution, in the person of our own venerable Bishop Isaac Lane. His is the spirit to which we have become heirs. As a result the foundation of the institution is secure and her destiny fixed. That destiny is the highest achievement in education.

This spirit of Lane is contagious, infecting all who come within its sphere. These things are the heralds who bring us the glad tidings of a better day for the institution, for the race, and for America.—Editor.
MARCH 11—Students Attended Woodson’s Recital at Berean Baptist Church.

Organizations
MARCH 10—Father Johnson Spoke in Chapel.

[Image of portraits of ten men]
KAPPA LAMBDA PHI LITERARY SOCIETY

S. L. Polk .......... President
D. W. Ragan .......... Vice-President
F. T. Jean .......... Secretary

Flowers: Violet and Sweet Peas.

The Kappa Lambda Phi Literary Society has been an organization in Lane College since 1906. No adequate history of the society could be written in any way, other than a comprehensive biography of the many men who have gone out from her walls to assume their rightful places as leaders in every profession.

Members—1921
Luther Polk
Brawlus White
James Hutson
Frank Dickey
Abraham Rice
James Morsee
Samford Tollette
Athal Seals
Dewey Ragan
Floyd Jeans
Andrew Carter

Founders—1906
J. H. Coleman
J. S. Vaughan
W. Y. Bell
N. T. Galloway
J. E. Anderson
R. T. Toower
A. O. Jeffries
Dan Ray
S. H. Johnson
I. C. Snowden
LIBERTAS VOCI

B. R. GRAHAM .......................... President
D. MERRIWETHER ........................ Vice-President
O. M. ALLEN .............................. Secretary
ETHEL BURNETTE ......................... Assistant Secretary
C. J. LOWE ............................... Chairman of Program Committee
M. M. MORELAND ......................... Chairman of Ways and Means Committee
W. J. McLIN ............................. Chairman of Constitutional Committee
J. NELSON ............................... Pianist

Motto: "To aim to strengthen our minds." Flower: Marshal B. Rose.
Colors: Pea Green and Gold.

The year 1920-21 has been an unusually successful one for the Libertas Voci Literary Society. The success of the organization during the past year is due in no small part to the untiring zeal of its officers and a few of its members. Mr. B. R. Graham as President of the Society for the term 1920-21, has made the meetings both interesting and instructive, and has inspired the members with the enthusiasm so necessary to the success of an organization of this kind.

Often have the walls of Lane Auditorium been made to tremble with the wonderful oratory of such members as McLin, Nelson, Ross, Merriwether, and others. We feel certain that both the pulpit and the bar of the future will be made to resound with eloquence and wisdom of the men who have played so important a part in the literary work of this institution.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Greene, Virgie Mae</th>
<th>Morrow, Ruby</th>
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<tr>
<td>Grey, Bessie</td>
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<td>Golden, A. H.</td>
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<td>Johnson, S. E.</td>
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<td>Smith, Mozelle</td>
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<td>Shaw, Alphonsa</td>
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<td>Spann, Lessie Bell</td>
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<td>Spann, Gertrude</td>
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<td>Sledge, W. R.</td>
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<td>Tyus, Fanny</td>
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<td>Little, Lenora</td>
<td>Tobridge, H. T.</td>
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<td>Lewis, J. V.</td>
<td>Trice, B. M.</td>
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<td>Lewis, Georgia</td>
<td>Tabor, Chester</td>
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<td>Lyone, Pearley</td>
<td>Thompson, Lucille</td>
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<td>Leverette, Marie</td>
<td>Tuggle, D. H.</td>
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<td>Terry, Hazelie</td>
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<td>Tyler, Robert Crump</td>
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<td>Wade, Corinne</td>
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<td>Woodson, Avery E.</td>
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<td>Word, Beever</td>
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<td>Williams, Marlette</td>
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<td>Williams, G. S.</td>
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<td>Williams, W. S.</td>
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<td>Morris, Mollie</td>
<td>Wells, Ola</td>
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<td>Mason, A. B.</td>
<td>Winrow, Jennie Lillian</td>
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MINISTERIAL COUNCIL CABINET

OFFICERS

C. H. Coleman .................. President
A. J. Buckley .................. Vice-President
A. B. Seals .................. Secretary
M. R. Austin .................. Treasurer

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W. G. McLin  J. A. Morsee
B. R. Graham

ROLL

U. G. Buren
W. G. Bradix
A. W. Carter
F. M. Dickey
L. E. Hamlett
A. B. Mason
I. Nelson
P. Northern
B. Ozie

L. T. Phenesssee
W. C. Quares
A. H. Rice
F. J. Richie
T. M. Smith
M. L. Tuggle
L. T. Tunner
S. J. Tollette
T. Williams
Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Our Aim. It is the highest ambition of the staff of this organization, with the beauty co-operation of its wide-awake members, to support a strong spiritual tie between the members. In our humble way, it is our greatest endeavor to put into practice the teachings of Christ and use our influence to inspire others to follow Him. This organization strives to impress upon its members a missionary spirit which will cause them to return to their several homes and make themselves instrumental in improving the conditions there.

CABINET MEMBERS

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IDA M. McLEOD, Chairman of Program Committee.

GEORGIA L. TYUS, Vice-President.

ALVA LA CHANDLER, Chairman of Entertainment Committee.

WILLIE L. JOHNSON, Secretary.

VIRGIE M. GREENE, Chairman of Membership Committee.

CECIL I. GOODE, Corresponding Secretary.

MISS O. BROWN, Directress.

CORNELIA J. LOWE, Pianist.

Ethel Burnette
President
Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

A. B. Seals, President.

C. H. Coleman
H. C. Tobrige
J. A. Morsee
L. L. Jeffries
J. A. Hutson
W. G. McLin
B. R. Graham
D. W. Ragan
A. H. Rice

Vice-President
Treasurer
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Assistant Secretary
Chairman Program Committee
Chairman Bible Study Committee
Chairman Students Committee
Chairman Social Service Committee
Chairman Finance Committee
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A. H. Rice
President

L. R. Nelson
Vice-President

F. M. Dickey
Secretary, and Baseball Captain

S. McCarter
Assistant Secretary

A. B. Seal
Treasurer

D. W. Ragan
Business Manager

J. A. Hutson
Captain Football Team and Reporter

The purpose of the Athletic Association of Lane College is to foster and arrange inter-society and inter-collegiate baseball and football games, tennis tournaments and track events. The unprecedented number of games played by Lane teams this term is proof of the Association's activity.
St. Paul C. M. E. Church—Community and College Sunday School
LANE VS. RUST

On October the 23rd, the first game for the season was scheduled, to be played on Rust campus. After quite a delightful trip, our boys arrived there with the dear old crimson and blue colors unfurled in the air. At two-thirty o'clock the teams met upon the field of play. In weight the teams were evenly matched, but in experience Rust had the advantage by five years. Lane, imbued with bull dog tenacity, fought courageously throughout the game, but was unable to put the ball over for a count. Rust’s famous half-back intercepted a forward pass and made quite a spectacular run crossing the goal as the whistle blew for the closing of the game.

LANE VS. FISK

This being our first game with Fisk in many years, perhaps our men were over anxious. Our team, although out-weighted by a large margin, acquitted itself well. In the first half the play was even. With but few exceptions did the Fiskites show superior training over our boys. As the whistle was sounded “for the second half our boys, refreshed by a message just received from our most loyal girls, dashed upon the field and many a time the Fiskites orange and black goal was threatened. Alexander (Studebaker) Golden broke away with the swiftness of Achilles destitute of the assistance of a Lanite o’er leaped a Fiskite falling short of the goal. Smith plowed Fisk’s line at will, but as had been decreed by the cruel sisters of Fate, so far and no farther did we advance. As a gale out upon the mighty deep turns the tide, so that the ship may steer straight to port, so did the substitutes play upon the field replace the weary, worn, and badly beaten Fiskites and carried them through to victory.

LANE VS. MILES MEMORIAL

With most of the regulars nursing injuries received in the preceding games, we played our first and only game at home with a team of substitutes. With the side lines beautifully bedecked with Lanites waving the dear old crimson and blue, our boys marched upon the field to the cadence of “They are boys of dear old Lane.” Tollette (Baby Sam), the star half-back, received the ball and made a twenty-five yard dash for a touchdown. Jeffries, left-half in place of Studebaker Golden, made many gains around the end from five to twenty-five yards. With many cheers from the side lines our boys came boldly upon the field in the second half. Our boys would have won by a larger score had it not been for the costly fumbles on the 5-yard line. Nelson played an excellent game at quarter, Morse was replaced by the incoming captain who exchanged with Jeffries after one play. Then the aerial route was tried which netted another touchdown as the whistle was sounded for the closing of the game.
"The All Stays" - The May

"A Jolly Bunch of Rooters"

Real Fans Watching Plays

Before the Game, At Ease

On the Way to Victory

"Loyal Supporters"
LANE vs. ROGER WILLIAMS UNIVERSITY

Again our team was outweighed by a large margin. However, our boys were now able to handle the excess avoid du pois. The R. W. U. boys tripped lightly upon the field to the tune of "Hail! Hail! the Gang's All Here." Our boys were perhaps too confident of victory. They outplayed the R. W. U. boys in every particular, but lacked the put-over. Many a time was victory in our hands but mysteriously lost. Our quarter pulled a play which startled the whole crowd of spectators, letting Stude Golden get away for a thirty-yard dash. For the most part we tried the aerial route completely bewildering the R. W. U. boys. Smith, the reliable full-back, being hurt was replaced by Jones who played well his part. We were again the victims of a defeat.

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SUMMARY

Friends, strangers, and students, lend me your ears. I come not to tell you of a most glorious triumphant victory; but of a victory through many defeats. Our boys have been taught to take defeats, not by the coach but by the many teams they have faced during the season. These defeats have given them stamina for the years to come. We have briefly analyzed each defeat and placed them as stepping stones. Never before had such a heavy schedule been arranged with schools of the caliber as those we faced this year. Much credit is due our Manager, D. W. Ragan, for his farsightedness. We regret much that we were not able to present to our most loyal faculty and students our colors unblemished, they were crushed to the ground, but truth crushed to the ground will rise again. Just watch our smoke next fall; for we have learned something interesting through defeats.

In our first game the 23rd of October we fought sternly against the odds. We always like to encounter Rust, they always give a pleasant game though stubbornly staged. Next we visited Fisk on the 30th of October. Our team showed much form but not the exactness that teams must have to triumph over these boys. Back home again, we started the punch that we knew would be successful in our next game. On the 6th of November Miles Memorial came to us, got their licked, then for home. Everyone was gleeful, this being the first and only game won during the season. On the 20th of November we encountered the R. W. U. boys on their campus. After a very interesting game we were willing to return home.
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<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>D. W. Ragan</td>
<td>Manager</td>
<td>Rice</td>
<td>Right Tackle</td>
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<td>Hutson</td>
<td>Captain-Quarter</td>
<td>Seets</td>
<td>Right End</td>
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<td>Nelson</td>
<td>Halfback and Quarter</td>
<td>Sims</td>
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<td>Tollette</td>
<td>Right Half</td>
<td>Sledge</td>
<td>Left End-Sub</td>
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<td>Golden</td>
<td>Left Half</td>
<td>Dickey</td>
<td>Left End-Sub</td>
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<td>Smith</td>
<td>Fullback</td>
<td>L. Jones</td>
<td>Left Guard-Sub</td>
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<td>R. Jones</td>
<td>Fullback-Sub</td>
<td>Merriweather</td>
<td>Sub (Captain-elect)</td>
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<td>Jeffries</td>
<td>Right Half and Guard</td>
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<td>Morree</td>
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<td>Boyd</td>
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<td>Lewis</td>
<td>Center</td>
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BASE BALL

Base ball filled all of our boys with pluck and vim. Everyone wanted to show his ability, but oh! the boiling put soon gave us a small squad which lasted well through the season. These were real husky fellows full of the pep that it takes to make a successful club. In our first game our boys tried each to set a pace for the other, thereby giving to the many enthusiastic fans an interesting game. In the opening game with Bruce High, Polk, the old reliable, did the twirling for us, with most loyal support from his teammates. The game closed in our favor 11 to 0. On the next day Studebaker Golden went to the mound with all the confidence of his fellow players that he could administer just what Polk had administered the day before. Studebaker pitched well though was not as successful as we hoped but acquitted himself well. They shamefully went in, beaten again 13 to 3.

Howe Institute came to us for their annual licking. Again Polk graced the mound and treated the visitors to a nice defeat. Graham, the giant third base and the almighty slugger, showed his skill with the willow by landing three doubles and a single of five times at bat. The next day McLin, the speed king, graced the mound for us. Our boys were sure of a victory for Willie never loses his first game. His work on the mound showed to the visitors that Polk was not the only twirler in Lane. As badly as before they were helplessly beaten. Phénnesee, the greatest second baseman since the days of Ancient Clark, was four times at bat and four times did he score. He is a nice fielder and is excellent at bat, always swatting for safe hits.

On the twenty-third of April we were in Memphis to play a double-header with Lemoynite Institute. Here we received our first licking. Studebaker Golden worked well on the diamond, but the pinks held his teammates firm in their grasp. However, our boys broke this hold just as the game was called. After about thirty minutes rest we again entered the fray. Polk hurriedly went to the mound. These fellows were well coached as to hitting but could not place or bunch their hits. Our outfielders had much work in this game but worked well. After bumping and placing many hits, accompanied by a few drives by the almighty slugger, Graham, we triumphed victoriously over the Lemoyntites. The next day we visited Howe Institute. Baby Sam (Tolette) who is the best first baseman in Jackson, went to the mound to prove to his teammates and the many fans that he too was a twirler. Crafton was the receiver in that game and well was it done. He and Baby Sam were all needed for the Howe boys; for the ball was invincible, also invisible to them. We joyfully sent message home, lost one won two.

Reaching home we found a letter bearing a challenge from Bruce High, which we gladly accepted. Bruce High was much perturbed, having recently lost two games to us. They came after ever so much recuperation. It so happened that it was McLin’s day for the mound, also Crafton’s as the receiver. The Fates were again against us, we suffered our first and only defeat at home.

The next day both teams spoke most freely of the expected victory of the afternoon. At 2:00 o’clock we were neatly clad in our uniforms ready for the struggle which we expected to be close. Just before the game each of our boys thought of just how his near friend would feel having lost two games in succession. Filled with such thoughts, we
happily plodded our way to the field of play, saying, “If we don’t win they won’t” Polk’s day. Polk showed to the Bruce High boys that he was still in trim and that the men in uniform behind him certainly knew how to handle the pill. In the fifth inning the score ran 4 and 4. Then the pitching battle began. After many thrilling plays by both teams the game was called because of darkness. Everyone was much enthused at the spirit our boys exhibited. The game was played ten innings 4 and 4. Thus ending our base ball for the year.

OUR CLUB

D. W. Ragan . . . . Manager
F. M. Dickey (Captain) . . . . Short Stop
Edmons . . . . Official Score Man
Williams . . . . 1st Baseman-Sub
Polk . . . . . . Pitcher
McLin . . . . . Pitcher (The Speed King)
Tollette . . . . Pitcher and 1st Baseman
Golden . . . . Pitcher and Fielder
Jeffries . . . . Pitcher and Fielder
Woodson . . . . Pitcher and Fielder
Hutson . . . . Catcher and Fielder
Crafton . . . . Catcher
Graham . . . . Catcher and 3rd Baseman
Willis . . . . C. Fielder and Short stop
Moreland . . L. Fielder and 1st Base

Phinnessee—
The Mighty 2nd Baseman

Sluggers—
Graham The Greatest
Tollette
Phinnessee
Willis

The Consistent Single Swatters—
Hutson The Greatest
Dickey (Captain)
Golden

Home Run Swats—
Polk
WHY WE SHOULD HONOR DEAR OLD LANE

Through the laborious, prayerful and painstaking efforts of Bishop Isaac Lane and his associates, Lane College exists. Bishop Lane, the founder, is a colored man who loved and took special notice of the conditions of his people and found that we needed first a common school education, such as would enable us to read, write and speak the English language correctly. And in order that the young preachers and all others who were to become leaders, would be able to command recognition and respect from the better informed folk, whose influence they so much needed.

The founder did not have the opportunity of the early training in the science of letters, but consecrated himself to his Heavenly Father and applied himself to such books as he had, until he came into possession of a vocabulary of words and a line of thought that served him well on all occasions. With such a genius as this as founder of an institution of learning, for his own race, why not reverence the plant produced by him. Let all honor a college made possible by one who in youth wanted to be a good man had resolved that he would live a pure and upright life before God and his fellowman and serve his race. Honor old Lane for the sake of its founder.

Lane College is dear to us, it exists for city, county, state, and race. It is our school. The advancement of our people calls for leaders who are trained mentally, morally and physically, and this kind of training is the slogan of dear old Lane.

A seat of learning that has the bestments as Lane College and then come out victorious needs commendation. Taking a retrospective view of this institution we see the heritage it has brought us. Great numbers of students have entered this institution in the grades and completed their education at this school; and their career after going out in life has been one of note. Some have become doctors, lawyers and various other professions they took up.

Any institution of learning which stands for the race, for the uplift of its people, let it be highly reverenced.
Juniors 23rd Psalm

Physics is my hobby; I shall never want (another). It maketh me to sit up until midnight; it causeth me to put aside games and novels. It saveth my soul. It leadeth me into paths of heat, electricity and magnetism, for its name sake. Yea, though I am tired and sleepy, I must bear down upon it; for the science teacher is against me; his F’s and P’s they discourage me. He maketh me to improve my drawing and computation; he anointeth my paper with red ink; my waste basket runneth over. Surely Newton, Joule and Faraday shall haunt me all the days of my life: And Carhart shall dwell in my memory forever.

—D. W. R.

A Twenty-Fourth Century Dictionary

Edited and Published by D. W. Ragan.

Libertas Voci: An organization through which a certain number of students beat the rest of the prep. dept. out of a “square deal.”

Classic: Books which the English teacher raves about and no one ever reads.

Love: An epidemic which appeared with unusual violence in Lane during 1921.

(For further information, see Messrs. Hutson, Tuggle, C. M. Lewis, Sledge, etc.)

Misdirected Energy: The attempt of our 1920 football team to win a game after the first half.

One Minute Meeting: Any meeting called for that length of time, but continued indefinitely.

Reign of Terror: The Prep and College men’s annual football game.

Quietude: The state of affairs existing in Prof. Ward’s room when a group of Juniors or Freshmen are arguing, Rice and Tolette being the chief spokesmen respectively.

College Sprint: An attitude consisting of two parts: the first an inclination to let the other fellow do it; the second, a propensity to unreasonably criticise what he does.

Crabs: Our friends on the second floor.

Pep: A disease to which a great many of our students are immune.

Faculty Club: A meeting of all the Professors and Instructors whom students of questionable conduct fear just what the fate of their destiny will be.

The Reporter: A College paper that has become extinct.

To Expedite Matters: A hungry “crab” fighting beans during dinner hour.

Mercy: An attribute a number of greedy students don’t have. (For reference see Graham, George, Polk, Howell, and Dickey.)

Yell Leader: A student elected to make a fool of himself (Infustra) in order to arouse some little enthusiasm on the part of others.

Brotherly Love: The affection that exists between the College and preparatory students.

Orations: A collection of stock phrases and clauses that have been repeated over and over again.

To Think Out: Is to fail to say what you wish to say.
NOTED CHAMPIONS AND EXPERTS OF THE CAMPUS

Expert Pony Riders—Duprice Willis and Louise Kolheim.
Expert Translators—Johnnie Lewis and Mary Malone.
Champion Ring Pitcher—O. D. Gouse.
Expert Beauty Culturists—Jimmie Cheers and Serena Malone.
Noted Gossipers—Irma Beck, Sam Tollette and Gertrude Harris.
Best Cootie (?) Crawlers—Lorenza Nelson and Adline Reid.
Love Experts—Marie Watson and A. W. Greene.
Best Conversationists—Ethel Burnette and Georgia Lewis.
Best on Flights—A. J. Buckley and Annetta Cornwell.
Champion Teasers—Bettie Ledsinger and Brawlus White.
Best Sentimental Tone Singers—C. J. Lowe, W. F. Smith and Ruth Stoner.
Most Outstanding Flirts—Marie Bailey, Frank Dickey and Alva Chandler.
Best Lecturers—Willie L. Johnson and A. H. Rice.
The Quietest—Dimple Johnson and Thomas Smith.
The "Understanding"—Silas McCarter and Dunagan.
Expert Eaters—Luther Polk, Ethel Burnette and Mozelle Smith.
Take Care—There isn’t much warmth to be gotten while basking in the sunlight of reflected glory.

WISE SAYINGS

"Who said so?"—Devey.
"Being not positive I would be afraid to say."—Cornelia.
"Who’s at bat tomorrow?"—I. Beck.
"He flunktissimo."—Moreland.
"I am working my ‘Move Joe.’"—Goode.
"Oh girl!"—Faye Smith.
"See?"—Dorothy.
"Oh Bis"—Legs Hutson.
"Ain’t that sonorous?"—George.
"Stivy"—Price.
"It’s de truth Lawd!"—Stevens.
"Hop high, the world’s against you."—L. R. Nelson.
"Really, sure enough to"—Clay.
"Well, it’s one thing about it"—Allen.
"Go along small change, I’ll spend you after awhile"—McCarter.
"And what did he say that for?"—Flowers.
"I ain’t gonna miss it"—Ledsinger.
"And girl let me tell you"—Chandler.
"Squivity squivity so"—Tabor.
"Now won’t that freeze you?"—Cornwell.
"I promised not to hollow but ‘heey holli ho’"—Jackson.
ASK—?

Polk: About spring fever.
Rooks: Why he imposes on verbs?
Austin: Why he looks so important?
Mason: About his girls?
I. Nelson: Why he doesn’t like to catch forward passes?
Sledge: How to become young again?
McCarter: Why he thinks the girls love him so?
Marion Moore: Why she doesn’t like Graham?
Robt. (Sgr.) Jones: How to study chemistry?
Jeans: Why Ragan left Fisk?
Driskel: How to grow tall?
Ragan: Why he is so fond of the song “In My Baby’s Arms”?
Chester Taber: Why he likes his kitchen duty?
R. Tyler Crump: Why he likes Flowers?
Little Tuggle—Why he is fond of Dimples?
Tollette: How to be genteel?
Seals: How to play two at a time?
McLin: About Princeton, Ky.?
Greene: Why he is fond of Good?
Miss Mitchell: About Florida?
“Curly” Jones: What is it to be a thing?

CANNOT CONCEIVE OF—

Bettie Ledsinger—Singing a solo?
Georgia Tyus—Orating?
Wm. George—“Courting?”
A. H. Rice—Admitting he is wrong?
D. B. Hatchett—Angry?
Floyd Jeans—Forgetting Miss Tyus?
Johnny Morsee—Speaking without coughing?
Alberta Bledsoe—Being harsh?
B. R. Graham—Not chewing?
Lucile Price—Not frowning?
Miss Person—Not being loved by everyone?
Prof. Owens—Letting you E. D. without proof?
Ida McLeod—Angry?
Luther Polk—Arguing?
Brawlus White—Being frivolous?
Dewey Ragan—Playing football?
Sam Tollette—Being dignified?
Anna Lee Clay—Still?
Annie L. Wilkes—Vamping?
Henrietta Broome—Quarreling?
Miss Brown—Telling a joke?
C. H. Coleman—Dancing?
Ruth Stoner—Being pious?
O. Mildred Allen—Being quiet?
Charlie Lewis—Tired of socials?
H. C. Tobridge—Making an after dinner speech?
Miss Barbee—Not smiling?
Agnes Stevens—Not ready for a conversation with the young men?

WOULDN'T SHE BE A WONDER IF SHE HAD—

Dignity like Cecil Goode?
Eyes like Alice Little?
Hair like Edna Winter?
Complexion like Baby Murray?
Dimples like Jennie M. Greene?
Profile like Agnes Stevens?
Size like Anna Lee Clay?
Smiles like Willie L. Johnson?
Voice like Viola Flowers?
Walk like Marie Bailey?
Feet like "Charlie" Chandler?

WOULDN'T HE BE A WONDER IF HE HAD—

Eyes like Alexander Golden?
Complexion like Roy Sledge?
Hair like Duprice Willis?
Profile like Phillip B. Durette?
Size like Dewey Tuggle?
Smiles like Oscar Cox?
Voice like Avery Woodson?
Walk like W. G. McLin?
Dignity like J. H. Hutson?
Feet like Booker Wells?

Best Orator—
W. J. G. McLin
Miss Dawsie B. Hatchett

Best Pulpiter—
B. R. Graham
A. B. Seals
AS WE CALL THEM—

Our President—"The Father of the Gods."
Prof. Owens—"Slow and Easy."
"C. C."
Prof. Jeffries—"Jeff."
Prof. Dickens—"Ole Hardy."
Prof. Ward—"Big Boy."
Miss Person—"Little Bit."
Prof. Porter—"Bully George."
Miss Mitchell—"Miss Important."
Miss Barbee—"Shorty."
Miss Jefferson—"Ducky Daddling."
Miss Brown—"Red Top."
Miss Caldwell—"Miss Know-all."
Miss Beaumont—"Miss Bumble Bee."
Mrs. Nicholson—"Miss Talk-a-lot."
Prof. Berry—"Grinns."
Dr. Nicholson—"Benedict."

FAMOUS SAYINGS THAT HURT

"These halls are to be used as passageways and not as reception rooms."
—Prof. Lane.
"Ho, I don't know how to mark you if you don't recite."
—Dean Owens.
"Exactly, exactly."
—Prof. Jeffries.
"Your composition on one of those subjects I have given you will be a prerequisite for your examination entrance."
—Miss Person.
"Now if the members of the Junior Class will write me a lengthy thesis on Carrot Cycle, Boyle's law or Heat by connection so a prep can understand it, I won't give you an examination."
—Prof. Dickens.
"No more socials after literary societies' programmes."
—Miss Jefferson.
"We will have to practice reading more."
—Prof. Berry.
"We can't possibly loan you anything at present."
—Prof. Porter.
"That song goes this way, now everybody take notice."
—Mrs. Nicholson.
"Girls you must get to your meals on time."
—Miss Caldwell.
"Turn on the lights, I hear something."
—Miss Brown.

Roses on my shoulders, slippers on my feet; I am my mamma's baby boy, don't you think I am sweet?—B. R. Graham.

From reliable statistics we note that it took over $50,000 to powder women's noses last year. Honest now girls, was it worth it?
The world is growing better. One seldom sees a student chewing gum these days.

Verily, verily, I say unto you. If you haven't learned to do without something you want, you haven't learned how to live.

A good student wouldn't mind admitting they are wrong occasionally if it weren't for the fact that they would have to then admit that somebody else was right.

Scientists have discovered and invented many wonderful things; but to date nothing has been invented to make a painted face look like anything but a painted face.

Prof. Jeffries (in Latin class): Mr. McCarter, give the principal parts of possum.
Mr. McCarter (an apt student): Head, feet, and tail, Professor.

Mr. Rice, on entering a baker shop, asked the lady the price of coffee cakes. The lady replied "two for fifteen sir." Mr. Rice: "What is this one worth?" The lady: "Ten cents." Mr. Rice: "Give me the other one then."

Prof. Dickens—Nelson, take the door.
Nelson—I can't carry it with me, Professor.

Miss Ware, teaching primary students in graded school said: "Children, each one sit up and be as quiet as a little mouse."

Prof. Owens: Seals, why do you continue to come to my class late?
Seals: I didn't hear the bell Professor.
Prof. Owens: I notice you always hear the dinner bell.

Nelson: Sledge, cut out pounding on that desk.
Sledge: I was just starting my watch.

Cox's roommate (getting up): Time to get up Cox.
Cox (with a stretch and yawn): What time is it?
His roommate (grabbing his trousers and coat): Just two minutes until eight.
Cox (diving under the covers): Oh, gee! one more minute to sleep!

Prof. Owens: Miss Cornwell take the next proposition.
Prof. Owens (after waiting five minutes without a word from Miss Cornwell): Speak a little louder, we can't understand you, can we class?

Teacher (to a young Miss): Parse the word "kiss."
Young Lady: This word is a noun, but it is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined and is more common than proper. It is not very singular in that it is generally used in the plural. It agrees with me. It also takes a prominent place in arithmetic and chemistry. In arithmetic it is 0 \div 2 — a kiss, and in chemistry we have the symbol K 12 S. — A brilliant student.
Miss Stevens (speaking to Mr. Hutson): Oh, say! they have stopped sending letters to Washington.

Mr. Hutson (distressingly): Why?
Miss Stevens: Because he is dead.

Prof. Ward (on walking to school with Miss Wilks): Yes, we have a very interesting class in Astronomy, we all get so well acquainted you should be in the class.

Miss Wilks (meekly): I am.

Moreland: George, when are you going to learn to play a piece?
George: Oh boy. I can make that piano talk.
Moreland: If that instrument speaks at all I bet it will say “Man, you have played me false.”

Miss Tyus was hearing the history class in practice teaching recite. “Now little girl,” she said, “who followed Edward VI?”
“Queen Mary,” replied the little girl.
Very good. And who followed Mary?
The class was silent for a moment. Soon a little girl waved her hand wildly.
“Well,” said Miss Tyus, “you may tell us who followed Mary.”
“Her little lamb.”

A real excuse. A knock at the door. Come in! Enters preceptress. Oh, Mr. R—I smell smoke. Mr. R—Yes, ma’am, my radiator is out of order.

B. B. White: “Isn’t it queer, that when you have anything you wish to squeeze it?”

Prof. Porter: “Now if you haven’t got sense enough to work that problem, I will work it for you.”

Prof. Ward (giving exam): Does any question embarrass you?
Seals: Not at all, sir not at all, the question are quite clear. It is the answers that bothers me.

When the referee carried the ball down the field between first and second quarters, Lewis (Curley) Jones wanted to know why they were penalizing our men so much.

Junior: How many subjects are you carrying?
Freshman: I’m carrying one and dragging four.

Prof. Jeffries: Oh! Mr. Hutson, if you could only read Greek like you can sing.

If you read these little jokes and their meaning you don’t understand, just stroll around occasionally, take a pen and try your hand.—Annie Clay.
Rev. Carter (rushing in the college room in the morning before classes): Still water runs deep.

White: “Prove to me that still water runs at all.”

Rev. Carter: “I don’t have to prove it, I said it.”

“Hello Rooks.” “President Lane calls me Mr. Rooks, I don’t see why you shouldn’t.”

The census embraces over twenty million women and girls, I wish I was the censor.

—Ollie Seats.

Prep: Did you take a shower today?
Crab: No, indeed. Is one missing?
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