The Beginning of the End

I.
The path of life each pilgrim sadly trod,
Hope beauteous high, unfaltering in his stride;
Each armed with truth and by the truth he led
To triumph in life’s battle what’er befall.

II.
Jehovah reigns—His blessings all invoke,
His guiding hand our footsteps to command;
A life of service be our privilege to devote,
To brave opposing hosts, and braving, stand.

III.
Jehovah reigns! Let friends and loved ones be ours still.
Their prayers and benedictions cheer us on;
With hearts united and with steadfast will,
Let us be an inspiration to generations yet unborn.

IV.
Jehovah reigns! Our labors here approve,
Will crown our efforts with success we trust;
Dissolv all doubts, obstacles to remove
Our anchor ere we’re gathered to our native dust.

V.
Jehovah reigns! Our labors are just begun,
The fight is on, all quarters we disdain;
Unfettered by fear, the race we boldly run.
An ornament to country, home and Dear Old Land.

VI.
Jehovah reigns! Thy mercy on us bestow,
To guide aight Thy children in the thickest of the fray.
To aid the depths of service as those who’re gone before.
And heaven’s choicest blessings rest upon us all, we pray.

—B. B. F. WHITE.
Bishop Isaac Lane

Bishop Isaac Lane, D. D., LL. D., who, because of his unflinching efforts and indefatigable labors for the cause of Christian education in the establishing of Lane College, for the Church, race and country, has won for himself a place of respect and honor in the hearts of all. As a token of general appreciation and esteem this, the second volume of "The Lante," is affectionately dedicated.

Foreword

We present herewith the second volume of "The Lante." As to the merits of the book, it will speak for itself. To the Staff it has been a pleasing task to allow sweet reminiscences to give the form of expression to this book. The only apology we have to make is, the memory is never responsible for what the attention never gives it in charge.

While incumbent with the painstaking duties of our seniority, we have labored zealously, and with much fervor to set forth in a graphic way the ideals and achievements of our dear Alma Mater.

To you, dear friends, we commend these, our best efforts, with fear and timidity, that you will not realize that there is always a chasm between actual knowledge and absolute truth. Our ideals often transcend the consummation of our best efforts and highest aims. May these pages bring to you much joy and happiness.

We unreservedly express our sincere gratitude to teachers, students and friends, without whose directions, criticisms and help this volume of "The Lante" would not be what it is.

D. W. RAGAN, Editor-in-Chief.
Belated Respect

"We bury love; Forgetfulness grows over it like grass; That is a thing to weep for, not the dead."

Why wait until men are dead before we recount and enumerate their deeds of service to their fellow-man? Every faithful public servant deserves a full measure of praise and of grateful appreciation while he yet lives. The time is not far hence when wreathes will be made for the living as well as for the dead. Flowers smell sweeter, and exude a much sweeter perfume to the living than to the dead; and their fragrant odor means more when given to the living than when they are showered upon the dead.

There is always a measure of uncertainty attached to the ever increasing history of the living. With the dead the book of life is closed. And the record and chronicles of a life that has been lived can be read, as the history of the earth can be read in the strata of the rocks of different epochs. There is no permanency in the life of men. Men often reverse themselves. A great and glorious career is often thwarted and spoiled by an unprepared and careless step taken at an unguarded moment. It is for this reason, no doubt, that men often hold back the measure of praise due the living. There are some men, however, who are yet active but have made full proof of their ministry. They have not only performed the duties assigned them admirably and well, but their eyes are fixed like flint upon the principles of righteousness and truth.

If a time limit of eighty-eight years were agreed upon when men should be rewarded for their deeds of service and years of toil in the promotion of well-being, that should certainly satisfy the most skeptical and please the most critical. Eighty-eight years is no brief space when measured by the lives of men whose allotted time is three score years and ten. It is more than twice the years of the average life. One who has lived eighty-eight years has lived through several epochs. He has seen many vicissitudes of life both temporal and moral, and seen the great course of public opinion turn many directions. To live four score years and eight and still possess definite opinion and vigorous notions to be guided by a clear mind in the path of sympathy for all the great movements for the progressive advancement of mankind is remarkable.

To live to become an octogenarian and look back over the rugged and meandering path over which you have trod with each milestone every year crowned with the lasting emblem of the most unselfish patriotic and Christ-like service for the race, country and others, is wonderful. All that has been fore-written was with the intention of announcing that this volume of "The Lunate" has been dedicated to Bishop Isaac Lane of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, founder of Lane College, who reached his eighty-eighth birthday March 3, 1922. The Alumni of Lane College, undergraduates, and former students, together with the membership of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in all parts of the world, rejoice that the good Bishop is with us, unobstructed in his activities and still in possession of all his faculties; agile and tempered to the demands of the hour, and directed by the deepest sympathies. It is the unusual pleasure of the class of '22 at this time to extend to Bishop Lane the hearty gratitude and solemn appreciation of hundreds of warm-hearted students and Alumni, that the fruits of his labors have been such a benediction to us, that our comforts, advantages, opportunities and educational privileges might be what they are.

"We owe a debt, a lasting debt, a debt we will never pay, to those who paved the way for us before we came this way."

As Francis Asbury stands to Methodism in America and the establishment of Wesleyan Doctrine, so Bishop Lane stands as a sainted hero of a mighty struggle by which the great Colored Methodist Episcopal Church was organized. Bishop Lane was born in 1834, eighteen years after Francis Asbury, the father of Methodism, had been laid to rest in New England.

No greater man has come from beginnings which promised so little. He was not only born in the shackles and fetters of slavery, "the blackest chapter in the history of the American republic," but was destitute of both father and mother at an early age. He fought against the cold shocks of adversity and the poignants of poverty. And his early days were days of ignorance, poverty and hard work. Out of such insipidious surroundings he slowly and painfully lifted himself. He gave himself an education by studying the Bible. Binney's, Clark's, Watson's, and Ralphson's works on theology. Reading by flickering light and pine torches late into the nocturnal hours. Then he was ordained into the ministry of the Methodist Church and began preaching. His reputation as a preacher having power with God and influence with man went abroad among both white and colored people.

The struggle was hard and very bitter, but the movement was always upward. After the dawn of freedom greater and larger opportunities were given him to preach the unsearchable truths of the Master, and to proclaim his lofty ideas and sterling principles. His position was made. All that was needed was an opportunity, and that came during the great Reconstruction period of our republic. When the destiny of our race as a free people was swinging in the balance, when men of clear faculties, consecrated hearts, constructive minds, and willing hands were most needed and in great demand, he played a leading and conspicuous part during the periods from 1867 to 1870 in constructing plans, seeking counsel and paving the way for the organization of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America, the greatest evangelical organization in the world, which organization rewarded him for his labors by a seat upon the Episcopacy, and he was consecrated to the holy office of Bishop March 29, 1872.

Lane College shall long stand as a monument to the unifying efforts and indefatigable labors of Bishop Lane.

The fondest wishes of the class of '22 are that the good Bishop be spared to us for many years hence to bless us with his counsel, enlighten us with his wisdom, and cheer us with his buoyant optimism.

DEWEY W. RAGAN.
Staff

DEWEY W. RAGAN
Editor-in-Chief

PROF. J. B. DICKENS, A.B.
Director of "The Lanite"

A. H. RICE
Business Manager of "The Lanite"
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President
Graduate of Lane College and Walden University; Litt.D. of Harvard University; President of Tennessee Colored Anti-Tuberculosis Society; Delegate to Methodist Ecumenical Conference, London, England, 1907; 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
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J. F. LANE, A. M., PH. D.
President
Logic, Mental and Moral Science.

CHRISTOPHER C. OWENS, A. B.
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MRS. F. C. LANE
Nun of Boarding Department and Preceptress Girls' Hall

MRS. L. M. GRIEBER
Preceptress Coles' Hall

REV. I. C. NICHOLSON, A. B., B. D.
College Pastor and Librarian.

MRS. J. F. LANE
College Secretary.

MRS. J. A. HAY
Teacher in Veterinary Veterinary Department.

MRS. W. D. HOLDER
Teacher in Veterinary Veterinary Department.

HENRY E. DENT
Instructor Shoemaking Department.

CALVIN JORDAN
Instructor Tailoring Department.

FREDERICK D. HUTCHINGS
Instructor Carpentry.

ICE McLELLAN
Engineer.
BOYS' HALL

"Witticism"

"It's how much, not how long you live that counts."

"Power finds its place."

"Circumstances do not make the man; man makes the circumstances.

"To bury the future kill time."

"A swelled head contains a shrunken brain."

"Pilots are made in the storm."

"Life is a stage upon which every man must play his part."

"The day is unmeasurably long to him who knows not how to value and use it."

"Nothing great ever began great."

"Education is an ornament in prosperity, and a refuge in adversity."

"Courage, like virtue, stands on its own footstool."

"In the Lexicon of youth which fate has preserved for a bright manhood there is no such word as fail."

---12---
Senior Class

Class Motto:
Fidus, Fortes, et Verum

Class Colors:
Nile Green and Yellow

Class Flower:
American Beauty Rose

CLASS OFFICERS

President
Franklin M. Dickey

Vice-President
Dewey W. Ragan

Secretary
Miss Vashhi Barnett

Treasurer
Andrew W. Carter

Historian
Abraham H. Rice

Poet
B. Benj. F. White

Critic
James A. W. Hutson

FRANKLIN MYLES DICKEY, A. B.
Dyer, Tennessee.

"None without hope ever loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope when reason would despair."

Dewey Washington Ragan, A. B.
Humboldt, Tennessee.

"Men are judged not by their intention,
but by the results of their actions."

Founder and Editor-in-Chief of "The Lambda" 1921-22; Finished Humboldt Junior High School 1914; Finished Lane Academy 1918; President Class 1917; Member B. A. T. C. Fisk University 1918; Vice-President Kappa Lambda Phi 1920-21; Deutscher Verein 1924; Manager College Athletics 1919-20-21; Athletic Association; Chairman of Y. M. C. A. Program Committee; Vice-President Senior Class; Chairman of Kappa Lambda Phi Constitutional Committee.

Yashhi Barnett, A. B.
Jackson, Tennessee.

"The world is the book of women.
Whatever knowledge they may possess is more commonly acquired by observation, then by reading."

Class 1920-21; Ladies' Glee Club 1920-21; College Choral Society; Oratorical Contest 1921; Class President 1921; Kappa Lambda Phi; Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Senior Class 1921-22.

President Senior Class 1921-22; Finished Lane Academy 1918; Secretary Athletic Association 1921-22; Captains baseball team 1920-21; President College Band and Orchestra Society 1920-21; Kappa Lambda Phi; Y. M. C. A.; Ministerial Council; Pastor Franklin Chapel C. M. E. Church, Whiteville, Tennessee.
ANDREW WASHINGTON CARTER, A. B.
Jackson, Tennessee.

"With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes silk."

Finished Okolona Normal School 1896; Finished Teacher Training Department of
Knoxville College 1900; Studied Pharmacy
at West Tennessee University 1902; Princip-
elary Conference in Texas 1901 to 1907; Prin-
ncipal City School, Halls, Tenn., 1909 to 1913; Joined Mem-
ples-Jackson Conference 1915; Entered
Lane College as a special student in 1916;
Pastored Lane Tabernacle, Jackson, Tenn.,
1917; Treasurer Senior Class 1921-22; De-
gatee to C. M. E. Church General Con-
ference, May, 1922, St. Louis, Mo.; Kappa
Lambda Phi; Now Pastoring Churches at
Mercur and Denmark, Tennessee.

ABRAHAM H. RICE, A. B.
Brownsville, Tennessee.

"Ambition is the spur that makes man
struggle with destiny."

Kappa Lambda Phi; Finished Lane
Academy 1918; President Class 1920-21;
President Athletic Association 1918-19-20-
21; Ministerial Council; Varsity Football
Team 1916 to 1921; Business Manager of
"The Lionite" 1921-22; Pastor First Baptist
Church Dyer, Tennessee; Class Historian
1922.

JAMES ADAMS W. HUTSON, A. B.
Jackson, Tennessee.

"The man that hath no music in his soul,
Let no such man be trusted."

Finished Lane Academy 1917; U. S.
Army Vocational Unit Fisk University 1918;
College Quartet; College Choral Society;
City Choral Society; Men's Glee Club;
President Kappa Lambda Phi 1921-22;
President Junior Class 1920-21; Captain
Varsity Football team 1919-20-21; Y. M.
C. A.; Athletic Association; Class Senior
Class; Sporting Editor of "The Lionite."

BRAWLUS BENJ. F. WHITE, A. B.
Jackson, Tennessee.

"If I take care of my character, my repu-
tation will take care of itself."

Chairman of Program Committee of
Kappa Lambda Phi; Finished Lane Acad-
emy 1917; U. S. Army 1918; Y. M. C. A.;
Athletic Association; Class Secretary and
Historian 1920-21; Class Poet 1922; As-
sistant Editor of "The Lionite" 1921-22.
CLEAVES INDUSTRIAL HALL

Class of '22 History

We are proud of Lane College because of the wonderful opportunities it offers to all for the development of body, mind and soul. At the time this institution began to rise to prestige and power the class of '22, deeply realizing its inability for effective service, lay itself at the feet of the faculty to be trained and instructed, that it might shake off the dust of insufficiency, stamp its life with moral excellence, to render a life of service and to take its place in that more ideal and sacred society which rightly belongs to it by heritgage.

The class of '22 has witnessed many perpilacties. When it knocked at the door of dear old Lane in 1915 it was twenty-four strong. In 1916 it was stricken with grief on account of its death rate and other conditions over which it had no control. But the class, deeply realizing that "in the garden of sorrow God has planted a rose," continued its onward and upward march, desiring and hoping that God would send more material to continue its progress. In 1915, when everything seemed to be cold and vain, little Franklin Myles Dickey of Clinia, Tenn., joined the class. By virtue of his natural ability as a mathematician and locoviseable the class took on a new aspect. In 1916 others became a part of the class of '22. The one of note was little Dewey Washington Ragan of Humboldt, Tennessee, having very great ability for journalism, literature and history, meant much to its strength and progress. In 1918, when the class seemed to have come forth in its vigor and maturity and being enthroned by the faculty and student body of Lane College as a class of great power and splendor, it was affected by the World War. It had the honor of furnishing the United States Army more men than any other class in Lane College. In the year 1919 the class found itself reduced to the following three: Miss Vashiti Barnett, who is especially noted for Latin and literature; Franklin Myles Dickey, whose mathematical ability has been mentioned, and Abraham Henry Rice.

In 1920 Messrs. James A. Hutson and B. B. F. White joined the class. They were formerly members of the class of '21, but on account of the great World War, feeling that the safeguarding of their country's interest demanded their services, volunteered for mobilization to meet the external enemy. Spending one year in training they returned to dear old Lane and joined the class of '22. It was very unfortunate for them, but a blessed gift for the class of '22. They are young men of great ability. James A. Hutson is especially noted for Latin, literature and music. B. B. F. White is especially noted for Latin, History and mental philosophy.

"Shoot me to the climax and let me fall."—Cox.

Now if the question, "After the faculty, who runs Lane College?" were to be asked, the only answer would be, the class of '22. D. W. Ragin, the young hero of Lane College, has served as general manager of Lane College Athletic Association; Chairman of the Social Service Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association; President of the Class and Vice-President of Kappa Lambda Phi Society. He is founder and editor-in-chief of "The Lambda." He drafted and wrote the first constitution of the Kappa Lambda Phi Literary Society and is now Vice-President of the class of '22.

Franklin Myles Dickey has served as Secretary and Treasurer of Lane College Athletic Association; Vice-President of Senior Class; and Vice-President of the Kappa Lambda Phi Literary Society 1919; captain of baseball team; member of the Young Men's Christian Association Board of Finance; and is now President of the class of '22.

James Hutson has served as captain of Lane College football team. He traveled extensively with Lane College Quartette in 1916-1920. He has served as Chairman of the Young Men's Christian Association Program Committee, 1921, and is now President of Kappa Lambda Phi Society.

B. B. F. White, the student leader in debates, has served as Chairman of Program Committee of the Kappa Lambda Phi Society; Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association Board of Finance, assistant editor of "The Lambda," and President of Lane College Debating Society.

Miss Vashiti Barnett is a great leader in student activities among young ladies of Lane College. A. W. Carter has for more than two years given his support to the class of 1922 and is new Treasurer. He is pastor of Mercer C. M. E. Church; delegate to the C. M. E. General Conference in St. Louis, Mo., 1922. A. B. Rice has served as President of Lane College Athletic Association; member of varsity football team; President and Chaplain of the Kappa Lambda Phi Society; Chairman of the Board of Finance of the Young Men's Christian Association. He is now Historian of the class of 1922 and Business Manager of "The Lambda."

Never before has such a class received its sheepskins from "Dear Old Lane," and never shall there be its equal. We say this not to discourage the struggling undergraduates and future students, but merely to set before them a goal toward which they may strive but never hope to attain.

For our standing in scholarship you need only to glance at the starred list to be convinced that the future scientists and literati of the century will be recruited from our ranks.

And now you wonder that we set ourselves as an ideal to which others should look for inspiration, and now you marvel that we bear the safety of the school. On all sides in the question board, who will take our place? But consider we leave these halls of learning, for we go with the thought that our field of influence is only enlarged.

"Now we launch; where shall we anchor?"

ABRAHAM HENRY RICE

"Oh! Boy!"—Gertrude Harris.

—18—
"What the Seniors Think About Themselves"

Cute! That's the way I feel about it. I talk cute, I walk cute, I sing cute. Oh! I've even got a cute laugh. I assume an air of haughty dignity which makes me feel cute. In fact the thoughts of being a Senior makes me cute.

J. A. Hudson.

If I don't make an ideal preacher it won't be my fault, because all my sermons are over an hour long. Nevertheless I shall not worry about a church, because there are too many. I never did have to study. I can reason so well, especially in mental science, the world is waiting for me. My service is in great demand.

A. H. Rice.

I am a rare bird. Nobody knows it, because no one has ever seen me fly. I have my eye on the Seniors Chamber. Why not? Am I not an American Citizen? Edward Morris and Eliza Root are shutters. Just wait until I finish Ann Arbor.

B. B. F. White.

I know everything! There is no doubt about it. I've been told, and I think so. Some folks say I am stuck up. It's not that my head is swollen. Don't think I am conceited, because you have to be deep to appreciate me. I am telling you this because otherwise you may not know it, and, too, I just like to talk about myself.

D. W. Reagan.

A sweet disposition will get you by. Try it. I've tried it so long that it's really quite natural with me now. I am the only boy in Luce that can play three girls at the same time and keep them all in a good humor. I am smart too. When I make below B I just didn't have time to think.

F. M. Dickey.

There are so many interesting things about me that I hardly know what to say. I am a grand lady, a cultural, a pretty princess. As I are fit I can take the platform when I desire and by the effervescence of eloquence electrify most any audience. I can comment elaborately upon the cosmogony of the early philosophers or the proposition of Euclid. I am really so profound the average person can't appreciate my logic. Being a young lady I am too modest to speak of myself.

Yashti Burnett.

Watch out, fellows."—Beaum Allen.

"As the Freshmen See Us"

"Speaking of senior brags," said an honorable Freshman, "I wonder what these Seniors of 1922 will wish on us? They certainly can't say a thing about their being examples of good behavior as long as Abraham Rice and Dewey Ragan are members of the class. For Ragan and Rice are always before the Dean for loud talking, to whom Rice admitted he couldn't control his voice. Still, there are some good Seniors in the class—Frank Dickey, for instance. He said himself he didn't hold but one or two things against the faculty, and that he was going to try to get off of it in the future. Prof. Berry just loves to point our 'Legs' Hudson to visitors and tell them of the amazing regularity of his daily vocal and harmony practice. All of which is the cause of Hutson's 'lost chords' and 'broken voice.' 'Dr.' Carter is to be admired for his unconquerable pertinacity. Now Yashti, we can't say much about her, only she is the only girl in the class, and has been here long enough to change her name and still remain a Madamoiseelle. White is cold, stoi, and pessimistic, who feels he has a strong heritage on knowledge and a legacy on wisdom.

"Taking them all together they are not such a bad lot. But individually they think they are cute."

"Great balls of fire."—Lucille Price.
GIRLS' DORMITORY

Class Song

(Tune: Auld Lang Syne.)

Hail to the name we love so well,
Our Lane, Our Lane, Dear Lane;
Our work the toils and battles tell,
We're conquered in thy name.

Old Lane, Our Lane, Oh, Dear Old Lane,
Our toils with thee are through:
We'll fight our foe where'er we go—
The class of twenty-two.

We'll strive so hard to do the right,
For the class of '22 must win;
May those who follow in our light
Find victory as their end.

Old Lane, Old Lane, Oh, Dear Old Lane,
Our toils with thee are through,
We'll fight our foe where'er we go,
The class of twenty-two.

—Friend Jones.

"Tell 'em about me."—Annie B. Phelps.

22

Farwell Dear Lane

E'en has been, Troy has been, and the last day and the inevitable hour has come, when we, the class of '22, shall leave the pleasing atmosphere of your association which has so long sweetened the fragrant odors of our love and buckled the eternal bond of your friendship. To go out from dear old Lane and make a life in that world seemingly so far removed from your bliss, where "There is a divinity to shape our end, rough hew them as you may." Life is a serious proposition where chaos reigns supreme, assisted only by sickle chance; where fate and destiny fight all our battles, and strike our great director.

The class of '22 shall leave your fold and depart from your tutelage with the highest regard for truth and we realize the fact that the future shaping of our lives is our own work. Forever conscious of the ever present responsibility and obligation as you have had us to see them and trained us to meet them will henceforth devolve solely upon our shoulders with all their preponderance and perils. The future is ever before us. Our faces are directed toward it; and in the light of our own conscience, and by the conclusion of reason, we are journeying on. "Duty being our polar guide, we shall do the right whatever betide."

By the natural order of things, to teachers and friends we must soon say the parting words. Where there is no parting there is no farewell, but as long as friends and classmates are traveling toward different destinies, varied goals in life, good-bye must be said. Whether the "au revoir" of the French, or the "God be with you" of the English, the heart is overwhelmed by the intensity of sorrow where the sincere farewell is spoken.

Dear teachers, this opportunity to thank you for the instructions you have given us comes at a time when we are not in a position to realize fully the great benefit you have been to us, but some day we will fully appreciate your earnest co-operation and influence in the moulding of our character and education. It is indeed impossible to express our heartfelt gratitude to you for what you have done for us. To you we are grateful for your kind and loving interest in our education and advancement. May you ever think of us in kindness. We are known by you as by no one else. Our lives have been an open book for your study and correction. You have discovered our frailties and our faults, but we hope that they will not hide the noble qualities that your kindness and patience have developed within us to bear much fruit in the years to come. You have our hearts and we trust that you may never have cause to regret ever sending us forth from this institution.

"Tears, idle tears. I know not what they mean. That gather in the eyes and rise to the heart In looking over some happy autumn field and Thinking of the days that are no more."

Girls and Boys, we wish for you joyous and successful futures. May the histories of our lives be records of duty well performed, of suffering nobly endured and triumph honorably attained, and when our brows are furrowed and wrinkled and our limbs have become decrepit and trembling with the toll of old age, may memory still bring us back to this time and this spot, where now we reluctantly say "Farewell, dear Lane!"

DEWEY W. RAGAN, 1922.

"By Heckt!"—Hildred Allen.

—23—
Commercial Department

BUSINESS
NEATNESS
SPEED
ACCURACY

It is the purpose of the Commercial Department to give the students a practical knowledge of the principles which underlie all business operation; to acquaint them with 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.

As in previous years, the Gregg system of shorthand is used at Lane. Speed, accuracy, and simplicity is the slogan. The record of one hundred words a minute is the goal which has been attained. In typewriting the touch system is employed, which has long proved its efficiency in the business world.

Commercial Students

BESSIE LILLIAN ALLEN LILLIE MAE McCLEMORE
ANNE L. BLACKMON MARIAN MOORE
JOSEPHINE BEARDEN STONIE WILLIAM MUTRA
ROSA LIE DAVIS JOSEPH MOORE
LILA DONALD JESSIE MAE NORMINT
COLUMBUS B. FARRIS ADLENE ELIZABETH REED
ESTEE B. HAMLETTE A. H. RICE
JAMES HUDSON ZENOBIA LILLIAN BOLIN
GONZELLA JACKSON CARRIE MAE SHEPHERD
WILLIE LEE JACKSON MOZELLA C. SMITH
CARRIE BELL MAYO LORA STONER
IDA MAE McLEOD WILLIE MAE STARKS
ZEREDAE CLARINDA VAN PELT

"Take him to the river bottom and end it all."—C. J. Lowe.
History of Commercial Class

The Commercial Class, with its candidates for graduation, began its hard work the second week of school, as circumstances did not permit us to be favored with a teacher on the opening day.

The work was hard, consisting of review of past year’s work, which caused us to work hard trying to reach the goal of the work by the end of the second semester. The journey was long, the strife was hard, but we have striven hard and earnestly, and have almost reached the goal.

Some may think that the commercial work is easy, but we, the candidates for graduation of the Commercial Department, have found that saying to be in every way different and absolutely wrong. The things that we think are easy are the hardest of all.

The members of this class have co-operated and made the work interesting. We are holding a part of an old saying, “together we stand.”

We have just begun our life’s journey, as we are just at the crossing. In this history, which is a brief one, we wish to leave you our motto, which is

“We have crossed the bay, the ocean lies before us.”

Class Will

The graduates of the Commercial Department wish to make individual wills as follows:

To the young women who enroll for regular work in the Commercial Department Miss Rollin wishes to make her will to the one who applies for the position first, to keep a continued watch on the typewriter door. She wishes one with some experience to apply for this responsible position, as she may not be here to give lessons

To the young man, Mr. Mutra wishes to will his ten dollars and his excellent postmaster and newspaper position to one who is capable, and who will deliver mail more promptly than he; and one who knows that “HIM” is not a VERB.

Miss Sherrod is very much worried, as she thinks that no one can fill her position. For well prepared lessons in shorthand and English. Without someone who is capable of filling the position of Miss Sherrod, the one who fills Miss Rollin’s position will find the work a little difficult, unless a person who thoroughly understands the business conditions apply in person.

Miss Moore, with her melodious voice, will need a “Cursus” to fill her position while during her vacation she will be with “Love.” She wishes to will her voice to one who can furnish references, and promises not to come down the hall from chorus singing, running and talking.

Miss Reid, a punctual student, wishes to will her punctuality to one who doesn’t know that school opens at 9 o’clock, and not at 10:30.

Quietude and well prepared lessons are essential to the advancement in the Commercial work, so Miss Mayo wills to the class of ’23 her knowledge and admired modesty.

Of course we all understand that no person who isn’t well qualified for the foregoing positions would apply for them.

May we be long remembered by one and all, both individual and collective. May we enter into the business world striving hard and earnestly to prove a success to our school, teachers and parents, who have worked with us so faithfully that we in the future may be beneficial to our race.

“Hey! now”—Flossie Bailey.
Jokes

Carrie Bell Mayo:
Can you imagine a quiet, modest young lady like Miss Mayo being called the "Vamp" of the Commercial class?

Marvin Moore:
Miss Moore is very fond of finding out how long it takes anyone to type, especially when she doesn't want to type herself. So one day she thought she would find out whether Miss Sherrod would make her a good office girl, and this was her question:
Miss Moore—"This letter has only twenty-five words, and how long will it take you to type it?"
Miss Sherrod—"Oh, not long. Just about 35 minutes." (Some stenographer.)

Stoney Mastro:
Mr. Mastro used to use "y" frequently when using the collective nouns, but he has about thrown away the "y" on gentlemen and many other of the collective nouns. How glad all the Commercial students are!
See the Dictionary for words, and see Mr. Mastro for pronouncing them IN-correctly. Your conduct is excelling all others (with about 50 demerits)

Adlene Reid:
Oh, Adlene! How we will miss you, for you kept the record of being punctual to school (getting to school when the class was nearly over). Adlene, I will sure miss you telling us jokes, but this is one that we will never forget. The day you said you were kissing your bull dog, and saw a man coming down the street smoking, and you said how you couldn't stand to see a man smoke. How in the world did you stand to kiss your bull dog? (Or was it a D-O-G?)

Zeomba Lillian Rolin:
Lillian is so inquisitive. You should have heard her and Adlene discussing operators.
Example:
Lillian—"Why is a telephone girl called an operator?"
Adlene—"Because she usually cuts you off in the middle of a conversation." (Smart commercial students.)
Miss Rolin hast originated a new word that has three tenses: Speaking of the past it is, "Spagnotious"; present, "Spagnoemous"; future, "Spagnoamonious." Gee
But she is enlarging her vocabulary.
Miss Rolin made a "boo-boo" down the hall the other day, when Prof. saw her talking to Miss Moore. She came in the classroom almost breathless, and reminded us very much of the way Miss Moore usually comes in on Mondays and Thursdays from chorus practice. (I wonder why?)
It has been said that the noted Miss Reid, Moore and Rolin are the Jazziest Three in Lane College. We suppose that is because they are noted for their enormous number of followers. Miss Sheegog, our most worthy teacher, delights in giving demerits.

Miss Carrie Mae Sherrod:
She is yet taking her physical exercise (throwing crayons). It seems to make her healthy. Although you were not so successful in securing a fellow, Carrie Mae, you have to be given the credit for keeping other couples together.

"Ain't gonna miss."—Guy McGee.
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet ’21, ’22.

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MISS ROSIE LEE JEFFERSON .................................. Faculty Directress

"Hold her, Nance, she's runnin."—Nance.

—31—
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Principal of the Music Department and
Director of Chorus and Quartet

A. B. SEALS
Tenor

COLLEGE QUARTET
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S. W. J. Tollette   2nd Bass   J. A. Huston .... 2nd Tenor

"Owen, Sir."—Armstead Stevens.

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WILLIE ROY SLEDGE .... Tennis

"That's right down my alley."—Lula B. McGoy.

—33—
Athletics

"The Facts of the Case"

Just a few years ago avoidopoulos was mostly relied upon as the success of the Foot Ball Game. But as everything undergoes development in the career of its existence, the manner of playing Foot Ball has changed greatly. In the game of yesterday, the small one hundred thirty pounder was pushed aside invariably for his brother who possessed more avoidopoulos than he. The game of today is being played on a scientific basis with a mixture of the large and small. The game is becoming such a scientific problem until they no longer search for the heavy-weights alone, but those who can work their brain in harmony with their muscles to the best advantage.

In observing a game of Foot Ball the observer, unless a former player, often times fails to mention the men who are really the backbone of the team. I have in mind the men who play in the middle of the line, namely: Right and Left Guards, Right and Left Tackles, and the Center, the man who handles the ball for every play. Many a time in the write-up of the game, the men who play these positions, are seldom mentioned. When on the other hand the smashing half-backs with their assistance have advanced the ball a great distance were gaining for themselves the praise and approbation of the spectators. Everyone likes to hear his name herald as having been the lucky one to put the oval at the desired place in the minute most counted; But the player who is a real sport who knows that the game must be played by the heartly co-operation of the eleven men, will say, had it not been for the effective work of the line men, I would not have been able to advance one step.

It is a fact that for a machine to function well, all parts must work harmoniously to one common end. If for example, you observe closely a locomotive engine as it slides from one place to another, you will become cognizant of the fact that the sole cause of its movements is the simplicity of action throughout its mechanism. To some, it’s almost a miracle as to the vastness with which it moves, but to the mechanic the reason is well understood, because everything has been so adjusted that the ultimate end of all the many actions is movement. Then if you should cast your eyes upon the Grid-iron and see the human machine advancing up the field with their advancement interrupted only by the counteraction and dis-integration of their opponents, you perhaps would be filled with astonishment at the manner in which it is able to do such. But to the ex-player and well-informed spectator on the side line, the thoughts would arise of how smoothly the machine has the action of its eleven members. It’s no wonder that by a little more trickery they would soon be beyond the apprehension of their contestants.

He, who is able to advance the oval when it seems that all powers are against him, is able to tell how helpful the men on the line are. Were it not for their concerted actions, those in whose arms the oval is placed, would score nothing. Then let us not forget the men who pave the way to victory for our

"I wouldn't know."—Louise Thompson.
Public Opinion is That

James Hutson is an alarmist.
Abe Rice never lost an argument.
Bill Jeans ought to join the circus and give the world the benefit of his "unusual personality."
Sam Tollette knows all the scandal before it ever happens.
Dewey Tuggle makes all notes "above the staff" on his toes.
I. R. Nelson can run a bigger bluff than anybody.
Anna Lee is a vamp.
Freedonia is cute.
Graham can't get Geometry.
Metrolyne is more like Looyene than Savannah is like Sevier.
Daisy Baylis will make good on the stage.
Essie Lee Stinson and Lula Bell ought to join the movies.
Stonie Mutra never gets enough to eat.
Alberta Spencer is "A. Green" girl.
Ollie Woods never misses a meal.
Ada White is always right.

EXTRA! EXTRA!!

President Lane has bought a new Studebaker Six Sedan.

"That makes the peaches more delicious."—Douglas Blair.

Extra—President Lane has bought a new Studebaker Six Sedan.

"Show 'ough, girl."—Viola Flowers.
JOKES
Echoes From the Class Room

Prof. Owens—"He! Cox, what are you doing coming here after the bell has rung?"
Cox—"Professor, I didn't hear the bell.
Prof. Owens—"Well, you get right out of here.
Cox—"Thank you, sir."
Prof. Owens—"Thank you, nothing. You'll be sitting around this class next year.
Prof. Dickens—"What is cohesion?"
Miss Morrisweather—"Cohesion is adhesion."
Prof. Dickens—"My! Class, that would be funny if it weren't so ridiculous."

Prof. Owens—"Now look here, class, I'm going to send you out if you don't stop whispering to Greene how to demonstrate that proposition."
Stevens—"Oh, Professor, we are not telling him; he is talking to himself."
Miss Woolridge—"Roses are red and violets are blue."
Tyler—"Grass is green and so are you."

Prof. White—"Miss Stark, give me the construction of how?"
Miss Stark—"Here is nominative singular subject to garden."

Prof. Owens—"Now, I. E. Nelson, you tell us how to square a Binomial."
Nelson—"Square of 1st plus 2 times 1st by 2nd plus square of 3rd."

R. D. Lewis—"Miss Spann, what is an apothecary?"
Miss Spann—"He is a preacher."

Prof. Owens—"Tell us the simplest way to divide a circle into six equal parts."
Gladys Brown—"Divide the radius of the center."

Miss R. Lewis—"If you can't express your thoughts briefly, how can you express them?"
Miss Flowers (a bright student)—"Express them short!"

Dr. Lane—"Mr. Rice, I don't like that syllogism."
Rice—"You say you don't agree with my conclusion."
Dr. Lane—"No, your syllogism is invalid.
Rice—"Well, write me one then."

Prof. White—"Mr. Tuggle, what kind of phrase would you call 'that'?"
Tuggle—"I wouldn't call 'that' an adversative phrase, but it is one."

Mr. Moreland—"Prof. Owens, I can't work the 13th problem because it is an unlucky number."
Prof. Owens—"That's why you should have worked it last night instead of making a study hall of the classroom today."

Prof. Dickens—"What is a polypetalous flower?"
Miss Hall—"A polypetalous flower is a flower with only one petal."

"Napoleon met his Waterloo, and you are sure to meet yours."—Ann Clay.
Miscellaneous Volumes

"Dorjie" ........................................ Lane College
"Fighting Chance" ............................. Making Breakfast
"The Great Awakening" ...................... Rising bell
"The Burden" .................................... Ten demerits
"The Review of Reviews" ..................... Beans and Beef
"The Man of the Age" ......................... Dean Owens
"Orpheus and Eurydice" ...................... Masses Corner and Lewis
"The Shak" ....................................... F. M. Dickey
"Pilgrim's Progress" ......................... First to Third Floor
"The Three Musketeers" ...................... Nelson, Cox and Wedge
"The Round Table" ............................. Class of '22
"Leed Chesterfield" ............................. J. A. Huson
"Saint Elmo" ..................................... A. E. Woodson
"When Man's a Man" .......................... Lonnie Nelson
"Vanity Fair" .................................. College Social
"Camille" ......................................... Georgia Lewis
"Prince of Peloni" .............................. Wesley Johnson
"Love Expert" .................................... A. W. Green
"The Clergy" ..................................... Ministerial Council
"Who's Who in the Church" .................. B. R. Graham
"Fighting Parson" .............................. Lane College Baseball Team
"King Lear" ..................................... W. J. G. McLean
"Socrates" ........................................ Floyd Jeans
"The Silent Knight" ................ .......... Willie Burnett
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