BEEKEEPERS MEET AT CLINTON
Prof. Steele's Classes Attend
By J. V. Williams

An all-day field meeting of the East Tennessee Beekeepers Association was held near Clinton on Aug. 21st. in the yard of Mr. George Taylor.

This was one of several meetings of its kind being held during the season.

The Association now has 112 members and much good work is being accomplished in introducing modern methods of bee-keeping and developing the possibilities of the bee industry in East Tennessee.

Demonstrations began promptly at 10 o'clock and continued until 12. Prof. Bently, State Entomologist, who had charge of the program, was assisted in speaking and the various demonstrations, by Mr. James Heath-erly, State Apiarist, Professor Steele, of the Vocational Department, University of Tenn., Mr. Tatum, Mr. Needham, Mr. Green, Mr. Tipton, Dr. Armstrong, and Mr. Jerry Frasier, of Memphis.

Demonstrations were along the lines of Queen Introduction, Disease Inspection, Feeding and Preparation for winter.

Near the noon hour a photographer appeared on the scene and photographs were made of the different demonstrations. Following this a bounteous dinner was spread beneath the beautiful shade trees just in front of Mr. Taylor's home, and every one present did justice to the many tempting viands set before them.

The women of Anderson County showed beyond question, their proficiency in the culinary arts on this occasion.

In the afternoon further demonstrations were made and some interesting talks relative to the care of honey and beehive in general were made. Before the meeting closed several new members were added and everybody present expressed themselves as having had a good time.

There were present about 75 persons including the different classes in bee-keeping taught by Prof. Steele at the University of Tennessee.

(continued on page 5)

THE SURVEYING CLASS IN SEVIER COUNTY

MEETING OF MCGHEE
TYSON POST

The members of McGhee Tyson Post met in a call-meeting at Science Hall, University of Tennessee, August 29. 107 members were present.

Mr. John Myatt was selected as delegate to the Department of Tennessee Convention at Clarksville September 14-15.

—0—

TRY TO GET CHECKS HERE SEPT. 2.

As the Vocational Department closes its Summer Session Saturday, September 2, Mr. Hess is attempting to have the pay-checks here on that date, instead of on the 5th., when they are usually due. This will be much more convenient to everyone if it can be arranged.

MEMORIES

by

Geo. F. Murray

Often when I hear the stories
That a college fellow tells,
Of his favorite football players
And his many baseball thrills,
I'm reminded of he chatters
With his youthful eyes aglow,
Of a baseball team he reads
In the days called long ago.

It was at old U. T. in the year of 22
About a team of war veterans,
When I'll introduce to you,
First I'll speak of Captain Day,
The All Star of the nine.
He played on all positions,
But preferred the third base line.
He used to look so funny
When behind the bat
With his doe face made of wire
And his padded stomach mat;
But I'll tell you something honest
That it wasn't safe to roam
Very far away from first base.
When Davy was at home,
Next I'll speak of Shiloading,
A king when on the mound;
With his wicked fade-away it meant
Three up and then three down.

Now we'll journey out to first base,
There you find a dangerous man;
And they call him home-run Taylor,
And I'll say that's his name.

You could always get your money
When the score was two and two,
The pitcher sure would walk him.
For they knew what he would do.

Now I name the faithful stop stop,
Whom the fans called speedy Hall.
And owing to his many chances
Sometimes he muffed a ball.

But little need you worry,
For when he came to bat,
He'd round all four bases
In ten seconds flat.
There are some lazy players,
But there was one who never loaded.
It's the guy who held down second
And his name was Monty Shaw.

And I'll tell you gentle readers
When things were running bad
The way that fellow moved around
Would have made Ty Cobb look sad.

Now we'll go out in old center
Here we find a different man.
Although he wasn't fickle
But they called him "Hansom Dan."
He was liked by all the fellows,
And especially by the girls.
And when he wasn't playing baseball
He was chasing blond-hairied curls.
He had a right hand partner
Who was tall and stately too,
But the way he handled horse-shoe
Would thrill you thru and thru.
He also had a weakness
The same as "Hansom Dan."
But his name was Luther Smith.
So I think you'll understand.
There's another familiar figure
Always on the players bench.
You would hear his crafty coaching
When things were in a clutch.
He always seemed so busy
Writing about this and that,
Then you hear him yell at Turner
Or "lose the pill, Kid Brat."

His name was W. J. Galloway.
Although they called him Bill.
Which is a very common name,
But common never was Bill.
I could write and write for ever
And always something new,
About the good days back yonder
And the things I used to do.
And there's ever and ever a longing
Down in the heart of me
To tread once more o'er the campus
At the good old U. of T.
To be once more a college boy
And live a college life,

Where days were full of sunshine
Free from care and strife.
But as the years pass swiftly onward
We all shall learn at last
That travel is forbidden
Into the land of our past.

First Frat Brother—"Why the crepe in the bathroom? Somebody dead?"
Second Frat Bro.—"Crepe? Say, that's the face towel."

Yungun—"Have you lived here all your life. Old Timer?"
Oldan—"Nope, not yet."

—0—
The devil looked up from his daily register. "I see you got a fellow named Sherman here."
"Yes," said Beelzebub, "he came in with the last lot."
"Well, see if he is any relation to a General of that name who said war was hell, and if he is, give him the limit. I ain't a-going to stand for people slandering hell that way."

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A QUESTION OF SIZE, SPACE AND SPEED

Mr. Bud Wise, Our Local Geographyscientist, Clears Up Some Long-standing Mysteries
(Note: this writer is not to be confused with Bud Weiser)

Which is growing the faster, Knoxville or Maryville? Well, that depends upon whether you live in Maryville, or Knoxville. You can not go by the census returns, of course; Maryville does not show up there as well as Knoxville. You can not know. Maryville’s corporate limits do not take in all the town, and there is Alcoa incorporated separately (because the big Aluminum Company naturally desires to control its city tax rates). And as everybody knows, and nobody pretends to, much of Knoxville’s 114% increase was due to the indubitable facts that Maryville really has only one street, and that a census taken right now would show the town up even lower than do the figures of 1920. A dispute like this can never be settled, and it is not the intention of the writer to attempt a solution. The object of this dissertation is quite other than this.

Aside from the question as to which of the rival county metropolises is increasing faster in population, regarding which the evidence is conflicting, there is an astonishing bit of evidence to show either that both the cities are undergoing a phenomenal growth, or that there is an unexplained geological change taking place somewhere between them.

The writer, like a true scientist, has no opinion of his own, but is content to state the facts as he has found them and to leave the public to choose between these two possibilities. An explanation of these strange facts will now be attempted.

According to members of the Highway Surveying Class, the distance between the two towns is measured from center to center and the mile-stones set accordingly. Now, here are the facts which seem so strange and significant to me: there are two or three posts marking each mile, and these are standing anywhere from an eighth to a half a mile apart! How can these facts be explained? My theory is that the original locations of these posts have been found inaccurate, and that the various posts have been set up in the attempt to correct these errors. The fact that there are so many of these mile-posts for every mile shows that the distance between Knoxville and Maryville is constantly increasing. And this gradual, but constant stretching of the distance between the two cities can be explained only in the two ways mentioned in the last paragraph, namely, either the cities are growing at a terrific rate in opposite directions—thus causing the gradual displacement of their centers away from each other, and consequently increasing the official distance between them—or else there is some gigantic geological upheaval, perhaps a bulging out of the surface of the earth, taking place somewhere between here and there. Maybe the earth is preparing to give birth to a new range of mountains, who knows?

Whatever the cause of these phenomena may be, it is very discouraging to attempt the journey from Maryville to Knoxville, as one never knows whether he will be able to overtake the latter city or not. Imagine: an automobile setting out for Knoxville over the great modern boulevard. It passes mile-post after mile-post and the passengers, unaccustomed to the peculiarities of the route, begin to crane their necks in the expectancy of seeing the great skyscrapers of the city. But no—they see a mile-post go by that reads “9 miles to Knoxville, Sam V. Tarver Co.”; after they have proceeded for 15 minutes or so, another whistles past, bearing the inscription, “Only 9 miles to Knoxville and the Farraclut Hotel”; farther on they are astonished to see “9 miles to Knox-ville, U. S. Recruiting Station” and begin to wonder how Uncle Sam ever gets any men for his army under such circumstances.

So it is for each mile marked, and the passengers pass from amusement, through impatience and anxiety to desperation. They begin to suspect that the pike is made of rubber, and is being stretched—but if so, how explain the rough-riding? The hardened and indomitable chauffeur reassures them as to its inelasticity, and explains that the uncanny condition is due to the fast growth of the two towns in opposite directions—but is it? He tells them that he never attempts to do more than hold his own while on

(continued on page 5)
THE VOCATIONAL VOICE

Published semi-monthly

Dedicated to the interests of the Vocational Department of the University of Tennessee.

EDITORIAL STAFF
JOHN HOWARD — Editor-in-Chief
HORACE S. DEAN — Managing Editor
R. G. TURNER — Assistant Mgr. Editor

BUSINESS STAFF
Wm. J. GALLOWAY — Business Mgr.
THOS. H. TROXEL — Assistant Business Mgr.
SAM DOSS — Circulation Manager

THE VOICE STOPS TO CATCH ITS BREATH

A few more days will mark the end of the summer term. From the point of view of the Vocational Department this term has been a memorable one, in that it saw the establishment of a journal dedicated to the amusement, enlightenment, encouragement, and defense of the Vocational Department, as a whole, and its individuality. As such a journal, the Vocational Voice is a new institution over and above the men who have charge of it, just as the Government of the United States has a personality and a majesty superior to the representatives, judges and presidents, who administer it. In consequence, the Vocational Voice cannot be guilty of egotism in speaking of its accomplishments and its plans, whatever may be thought of the men who, at any given time are responsible for its utterances and its administration.

The Vocational Voice, having been established by the student-body, cannot in itself be worthy of distrust and non-support. All objections to it should take the form of criticism of the men in charge, and never result in hostility to the paper, refusal to support it, or withdrawal of support already given. Hostility to a given administration in government is perfectly legitimate; its outlet is change of officials in power where they continue to be unsatisfactory. But hostility to the government is treason. This analogy helps explain the difference between the Vocational Voice, and its editorial and business staffs.

You have every right to criticize the way the paper is managed, and the editorial and business staffs, together with the Publication Council, stand ready to consider any criticism made. They promise to adopt, or show why they cannot adopt, any suggestions sincerely made by the subscribers. Drop criticisms or suggestions in the box in Carrick Hall, and they will be attended to.

The reason this is written is that another year is about to begin, in which the Voice will face somewhat different conditions from those of this summer. The regular University will be in session, and our paper will be subjected to comparison with the University publications, both by the students, and by the people of Knoxville. And in order that this comparison may be favorable to the Voice, it is very necessary that all the students be behind their paper, and pushing it. Just as in France, when the boys went over the top and advanced their line of trenches, they had to dig in and hold the new positions, so it is with the Voice: we have put it over; now it is up to us to hold our ground—and not only to hold our ground, but to keep pushing ahead.

Don't think that all you have to do is to say to yourself, "Well, I'm for it." Here's what you have to do if you are really for it—three things: 1. Subscribe for it; 2. Talk it up to your buddies and get them to subscribe; 3. Trade with the firms who advertise with us. Do this, everybody, and the Vocational Voice will begin the fall term strong and confident.

It is planned to start exchanges with the Stars and Stripes, the American Legion Weekly, and all the publications of vocational students throughout the country. In this way we shall learn what is going on in our line, and at the same time get the dollops of our school before the whole country. Is this not a worthy ambition, and one that will bring benefit to you?

The Vocational Department and every student in it are under obligations to two men especially for what they have done for the Vocational Voice. These two men are Mr. Wm. J. Galloway, Business Manager, and Mr. Sam Doss, Circulation Manager. These men have worked faithfully and earnestly, giving their time and thought to the Voice. They have received no remuneration except the satisfaction of work well done. When these men can work like this without pay can not every student afford at least the price of a subscription to this paper?

The Editor-in-chief wishes publicly to express his appreciation of the cooperation of these men, and hopes, for the welfare of the paper, that they may be able to continue their work for many months.

A day or two more then the Voice will be stifled for a little while. Then about the middle of September it will open up with a roar. Be in on it from now on.

NOTICE

If you are a subscriber and are leaving not to come back in the fall, drop a card to Sam Doss, 709 W. Cumberland Ave., Knoxville, and notify him of your new address.

JOKES AND JOKERS

"Mr. Morris," began Hampton.
"Now Hampton," replied Mr. Morris, "I shall answer only one more question today; so be careful what you ask."

Hampton: "Well, can you tell me why they don't bury the Dead Sea?"

Taylor (at the telephone): "Hello! Is this Lewis and Adecok's?—Well, send me up four bags of oats, and hurry up with them."

"What's that?—Who are they for?"

"Now don't get gay with me—they're for the horse, to be sure."

"Beg pardon, but haven't I kissed you before, somewhere?"

"Are there any moonshiners and bootleggers in this part of the country?"

"No not any more."

"Ah, I see. You have an efficient bunch of officers who have run them out, eh?"

"No. They got rich and moved away."

"Look at th' farmer boy," said the smart city slicker.

"Well?"

"I wonder if that hick has ever seen outside of these backwoods?"

"Why he's been in France and Germany."

And that ended that.

Knicker—"What is your idea of the height of sutility?"

Boxer—"A woodpecker trying to build a nest in a concrete telephone pole."
(Continued from page 3) the rough roads of Mount Cau- but that as soon as they reach the superb asphalt boulevard on the Knox County side, they will gradually begin to gain on the city. Hardy are the words out of his mouth until the county line is crossed, and hardly has car begun to skin over the floor-like surface until there comes a terrible jolt which sends the heads of all six of the passengers through the top of the car. This accident is caused by the advancement of the engine into high, and the administration of more gas to it, which causes it to pick up with a powerful jerk, not as some who do not know the road might suspect, by its running into a great hole in the asphalt. This very position, though uncomfortable, is of great advantage to the travelers, in the unexcelled view it gives of the famous buildings of Gay Street, when they finally arrive there, after having jumped across the series of holes known as the County Bridge. As they roll up the wide and roomy thoroughfare, the chauffeur points out a tower bearing a flag, which can be seen gradually moving along the horizon toward the North. This tower marks the center of the city, and is controlled by clockwork so as to advance to new positions automatically as the city expands—or, as the building of the earth’s surface forces it farther North as the case may be; the principle of the mechanism is the same in either case. This is confidently submitted as a rational explanation of this heretofore mysterious condition. And aside from its theoretical value, the writer believes that the knowledge of these facts may result in much practical benefit. If those in authority should realize the serious present state of affairs to the point of devising a mechanism such as that used in working the city center marker of Knoxville, for the purpose of keeping the distance between Maryville and Knox ville automatically and correctly marked off, it would relieve the road workers from the occupation that keeps them busy, at present, namely, that of resetting the ever inaccurate milestones along the route, and give them more time for keeping the road itself in repair. Moreover, the knowledge of the peculiar conditions in this case should influence the building of the proposed new Maryville-Knoxville Highway. Since the cities are thus gradually being separated by an over-widening distance would it not be wiser and more economical instead of following the old route, to start the new road out of Maryville toward the Chilhowee Mountains and out of Knoxville northward? If the present process keeps up, by the time the road is completed the cities will be nearer together on their opposite sides than on the sides that are at present that is, on August 28, only 17 miles apart. —0—

SOME KNOCKS FOR THE KNOCKER
By Robt. E. Turner

After God had finished the rattle-snake, the toad, and the vampire, he took the soul substance he had left over, and made the Knocker. The Knocker is a two legged animal with a cork-screw soul, a water logged brain, and a combination back bone composed of jelly and glue. Where other people have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principal. When the Knocker comes down the street, honest people turn their backs the Angels in Heaven weep, and the Devil shuts the gates of Hell to keep him out. No man has the right to knock as long as there is a pool of water deep enough for him to be drowned in, or a rope with which his carcass may be hanged. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman in comparison to a knocker. After betraying his Master, he had character enough left to go and hang himself. Did a knocker ever hang unless somebody else swung him up?

—0—

See-Keeping Students, Attention

She left her hubby alone in their room at the hotel while she did some shopping. She returned. The many doors and numbers confused her. But she soon decided which was her room. She knocked and called: "I'm back, honey—let me in!"

No answer. "Honey, honey—let me in!" She called again, knocking harder. "Hon- ney, it's me—please honey." Brief silence, then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door: "Madam, this is not a bee-hive; it's a bath room."

—0—

Repairing the Damage

put him to sleep." Poundah Bowl Prof.: "Wake that fellow next to you, will you?"

Student: "Aw, do it yourself, you

PERSONAL MENTION

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilson are the parents of a girl born August 23, 1922.

—0—

Mr. Charley Williams recently visited in Atlanta, Georgia.

—0—

Mr. Drexell Day suffered painful cuts in an automobile accident Sunday, August 27.

—0—

Mr. Kruebbenbuhl will not be with the Vocational Department next term. He will teach Senior Electrics in the University of Illinois at Urbana, Ill.

—0—

Mr. C. C. Wilson, instructor in drawing, is leaving the Vocational Department and will be located in Bristol, Tenn.

—0—

Messrs. Moore, Harmon, Nunly, Bible, Williams, Raines, seniors of the Poultry Department will fly the coop at the end of this term. Giving them six months time, we expect to hear of the poultry industry being revolutionized.

—0—

Mr. Dan W. Campbell, former vocational student at the University, is now foreman for the Murray Construction Co., and is working on a job here in Knoxville.

—0—

On September 14, at Greenville, Tennessee, Mr. James P. Hess, and Miss Helen Rosenblatt are to be married. The Coordinators evidently has come to the conclusion that his job is a bigger one than one can handle single-handed. After September 18, the newly-married couple will reside in Knoxville.

—0—

Misses Isabel and Edith Lohr will not return after vacation. They will go to Jacksonville, Florida to reside. Miss Bell, and Miss Denton will take their places in the Vocational Office. Of the old force Miss Walkers alone will be left—but for how long?"

—0—

Jerry Frasier mentioned in another place in this issue, is now Branch Manager of G. B. Lewis Co’s big warehouses at Memphis. This is the largest manufacturer of beekeepers’ supplies in the country. Frasier was trained in the University Vocational Department, and has been with his company only about a year.
continued from page 1)

On the following day a meeting was held in the yard of Mr. John Davis, at Spring Hill. Mr. Kenneth Hawkins, Bee Specialist of the U. S. Bureau, Washington, was present and added materially to the program.

It will be remembered by a large circle of friends that Mr. Jerry Frazier, mentioned in the preceding program of Bookkeepers Association, held at Clinton, was rehabilitated in the Vocational Department of the U. T. only about a year ago. He having specialized in beekeeping. Soon after completing his training he accepted the responsible position as manager of a large Bee Supply Warehouse at Memphis, belonging to the G. B. Lewis Co., Watertown Wis.

Mr. Frazier is only one of the many young men who have been rehabilitated by the Government at the University of Tennessee, and have gone forth well qualified for the positions which they hold.

—

Avy—"Say, is this airship absolutely safe?"

Aber—"Why, it's the safest on earth."

—

Mr. R. W. Coward will leave the Vocational Department to teach in the regular University.

—

Mr. W. G. Davies and Mr. J. H. Nicholson will be at the Central High School of Chattanooga next year, the former as instructor in Manual Training, the latter as Athletic Director.

—

Mr. Eldred H. Gibbons and wife have recently moved from Maryville to Knoxville. They live in South Knoxville.

—

Mr. John Howard and family have moved from Maryville to 1907 Yale Avenue, Knoxville.

—

George F. Murray, manager of the Vocational Baseball team leaves for the sand flats of Georgia at the close of the summer term.

—

He—"I hate the bright lights and the crowd. Let's go where we can be apart."

She—"All right. You go that way and I'll go this."

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THE FILLOSI SFUR'S COL YUM

Some of our instructors went to Spain to hunt wild animals, others found all they could do in that line here in Knoxville.

Vacation time is near, and our wish is that you may live to eat the hen that scratches over your grave.

The Editor received the following letter:

"Dear Editor, we have just married and wish to start light-housekeeping. Can you give me any information?"

This is the answer:

"Write to the Bureau of Navigation for a list of lighthouses."

Andes: "What is the oldest joke?"

Shorty Johnson: "Love, Honor and Obey!"

The best way to get on your feet is to sell your car.

Very few women can cass; they will not listen to their husbands long enough to learn how.

MASSACHUSETTS YANKEE SEES DIXIE IN NEW LIGHT

The following is an excerpt from an open letter by H. B. Parker, to the New Republic. The letter was written on the occasion of a controversy, on the subject of slavery. The parties in this controversy were a Virginia woman and Hart a prominent historian.

Mr. Parker says: "Letters concerning slavery published in the New Republic (editions of May 10 and June 14) are of peculiar interest and significance to a Massachusetts Yankee, born and bred, who is convalescing in Sunny Dixie."

I wish to call attention to the second sentence in the 6th paragraph. It reads in substance, "No successful effort was made in any slave holding state between 1836 and 1839 to even ameliorate the harsh condition of slavery."

Of course most of your readers will very likely read "legislative" in between success and effort. Mr. Hart writes, very likely with this fact in mind, and is aware that the majority of your readers know that very real and successful efforts were made in several of the slave-holding states between 1830 and '69 to "ameliorate the harsh conditions of slavery" in the local pulpits, but powerful social pressure, planter's codes of honor, etc.

WHO'S YOUR BARBER

THERE'S ONE THAT YOU WILL WANT TO KEEP, AT

THE CLINCH AVE. BARBER SHOP

OR AT OUR NEW SHOP IN

THE FARRAGUT HOTEL

FRED S. BREEDEN.

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"On the Viaduct"
But many less well informed and therefore more easily prejudiced people will read this letter through the papers and magazines which reprint your material. I should suggest therefore, that all such statements involving a consideration of the character of many of our countrymen be made more scientific and apparent to all concerned by inserting the appropriate qualifying word.

I say this with all due respect to all concerned, but very earnestly after having nearly died in the same war in which many brave sons of Southern folk gave their all. I feel the need of giving Southerners the good name they deserve, whenever I remember that five of my kin who struggled in 1775 were readily helped by southerners whose assistance was sorely needed. I remember that my own kin of two generations ago, several of whom were active in an effort to preserve the Union, had a wholesome appreciation of the upright character possessed by Southern men, even though differing with them politically and above all, since living and studying here for a year and a half, I have felt urged to hope that our already too bitterly sectionalized groups may be more wholesomey united by stronger bonds of mutual understanding, Christian forbearance and forgiveness.

I can no longer believe that the folk of ante-bellum Dixie were the cruel, harsh lot I once thought them. They lived in a region, the conditions (climate, soil, industry) of which led them to see no quiet way of changing the labor system which had been in vogue since before our constitution was adopted.

I am glad to see geographical, industrial, personal and social factors given more place in the history text books now being written. In this way young Americans will gradually gain a more truly scientific and wholesome appreciation of the at present misunderstood southerners and their ancestors as well as of folks even less understood and appreciated.

I have tried to force myself to be moderate, but the impatience of my distant kinman Theodore Parker is strong in me, and I long to help hasten the day when a more thoroughly informed race will possess a mutually respectful brotherly, dignified, more truly sportsmanlike spirit.”

Sincerely your comrade for a better Republic.

Henry Baxter Parker.

---

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---

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---

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